



In 10 Minutes or Less

**Sample Pages from  
Sixteen in 10 Minutes or Less**

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# SIXTEEN

## IN 10 MINUTES OR LESS

*Friend Request*  
*Double Click*  
*Brace Yourself*  
*Lazy Eye*  
*Fireworks*  
*Pay Phone*  
*Bench Warrant*  
*Wheels*  
*Tumblefur*  
*Status Update: A Symphony*

A Suite of Short Plays  
BY  
*Bradley Hayward*



*Sixteen in 10 Minutes or Less*

*Friend Request*

*Double Click*

*Brace Yourself*

*Lazy Eye*

*Fireworks*

*Pay Phone*

*Bench Warrant*

*Wheels*

*Tumblefur*

*Status Update: A Symphony*

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Printed in the USA

## Sixteen in 10 Minutes or Less

The plays herein may be licensed together or separately. The piece was conceived as a full length evening of entertainment, but each short stands perfectly well on its own without any prior knowledge of the characters. When produced in its entirety, the plays should be presented in the following order:

### Act One

#### Friend Request (3M, 4W).....5

*Thanks to a series of ill-fated friend requests, a doctored photo of a student spreads like wildfire among a group of teenagers.*

#### Double Click (1M, 1W)..... 15

*Young love blossoms when two teenagers flip open their laptops and start chatting.*

#### Brace Yourself (1M, 1W)..... 23

*A teenage brother and sister squabble as they try to extract a gummy bear that has lodged itself in a set of braces.*

#### Lazy Eye (2 Either) .....31

*Two eyeballs get bent out of shape while defending their half of a teenager's brain.*

#### Fireworks (1M, 1W)..... 39

*A couple of teenagers in love look up at the night sky and wait for colorful explosions to dance among the stars.*

### Act Two

#### Pay Phone (2M, 1W, 1 Either)..... 47

*When a teenager loses his cell phone, he has no choice but to use a pay phone. Things quickly take a turn for the worse when a mysterious operator starts telling him what to do.*

#### Bench Warrant (4W)..... 57

*Three teenage girls have claimed a bench as their very own and routinely chase away all the "losers" who come near it.*

#### Wheels (2M)..... 65

*A teenage boy tries to repair a beat-up old truck so that he can get away from his parents and their broken down marriage.*

#### Tumblefur (1W)..... 73

*A sweet teenage girl takes her dog for a walk in the park and discovers that there is something exciting around every corner.*

#### Status Update: A Symphony

#### (3M, 4W) ..... 79

*Seven teenagers express their hopes and fears online in a rousing symphony of status updates.*

## Settings

When the plays are presented together, the settings should be simple representations of each locale. The use of blocks is more than sufficient and will help facilitate quick scene changes between plays. When the plays are presented separately, the settings may be as simple or elaborate as you wish.

## Characters

3M+4W, Expandable to 13M+17W+3 Either

**James:** Hyper & jumpy, male.

**Piper:** Outgoing & popular, female.

**Cindy:** Sarcastic & spontaneous,  
female.

**Samantha:** Exuberant & talkative,  
female.

**Laura:** Artistic & lonely, female.

**Brody:** Quiet & introspective, male.

**Vance:** Shy & thoughtful, male.

**Right Eye:** Eyeball, male or female.

**Left Eye:** Eyeball, male or female.

**Operator:** Voice only, male or  
female.

**Mom:** Voice only, female.

**Dad:** Voice only, male.

When all of the plays are presented together, the characters may be played by the same actors throughout (for a minimum cast of 7) or the roles may be assigned separately (for a cast up to 33). All of the named characters are sixteen years old.

Right Eye, Left Eye, Operator, Mom, and Dad were written to be played by the same actors as the named characters, but could be cast separately.

If the plays are presented independently, many of the roles become gender flexible. Simply change the pronouns when appropriate.

# Friend Request

by Bradley Hayward

## Characters

James, Brody, Laura, Samantha, Vance, Cindy, Piper

## Setting

A bare stage; cyberspace

---

*Seven STUDENTS are scattered around a bare stage, standing with their backs to the audience. JAMES turns around.*

JAMES: James Lawson. Sixteen. Sacred Heart High School. Single. Born on July 17th. Click.

BRODY: Accept.

LAURA: Accept.

SAMANTHA: Accept.

VANCE: Accept.

CINDY: Accept.

PIPER: Accept.

*JAMES turns back around. CINDY turns around.*

CINDY: Cindy Steckler. Sixteen. Sacred Heart High School. Single. Born on November 1st. Click.

JAMES: Accept.

LAURA: Accept.

BRODY: Accept.

PIPER: Accept.

VANCE: Accept.

SAMANTHA: Accept.

*CINDY turns back around. VANCE turns around.*

VANCE: Vance McCarthy. Sixteen. Sacred Heart High School. Dating. I think. Born on November 4th. Click.

BRODY: Accept.

LAURA: Accept.

SAMANTHA: Ignore.

JAMES: Accept.

CINDY: Accept.

PIPER: Ignore.

*VANCE turns back around. BRODY turns around.*

BRODY: Brody Anderson. Sixteen. Sacred Heart High School. It's complicated. Born on January 10th. Click.

LAURA: Accept.

SAMANTHA: Accept.

PIPER: Ignore.

CINDY: Ignore.

JAMES: Hide.

VANCE: Accept.

*BRODY turns back around. SAMANTHA turns around.*

SAMANTHA: Samantha Peters. Sixteen. Sacred Heart High School. Dating Brody Anderson. Born on May 30th. Click.

BRODY: Accept.

PIPER: Accept.

CINDY: Accept.

JAMES: Deny.

VANCE: Ignore.

LAURA: Accept.

*SAMANTHA turns back around. PIPER turns around.*

PIPER: Piper Lawson. Sixteen and fabulous. Sacred Heart High School.  
Go Eagles! Single and looking. Looking good! Born on my birthday.  
Presents always accepted! Click.

CINDY: Accept.

SAMANTHA: Accept.

JAMES: Hide.

VANCE: Deny.

BRODY: Deny.

LAURA: Really? Accept!

*PIPER turns back around. LAURA turns around.*

Laura Berg. Sixteen. Sacred Heart High School. Very much single.  
Born on May 30th. Click.

PIPER: Deny.

CINDY: Deny.

SAMANTHA: Accept.

JAMES: Deny.

BRODY: Ignore.

VANCE: Deny.

*LAURA turns back around.*

EVERYONE: Click.

*EVERYONE turns around at the same time and faces forward.*

PIPER: Hey Cindy.

CINDY: Hey Laura.

PIPER/CINDY: Click.

*EVERYONE turns back around, except PIPER and CINDY.*

PIPER: I accidentally asked Laura to be my friend.



CINDY: You did?

PIPER: (*laughs*) Wait till you get a load of her pictures!

CINDY: Ooooh, tell me!

PIPER: There's this one... sorry, but I can't stop laughing! She's holding this cat. Only it's not a real cat. It's a stuffed cat. And she's kissing its face and the caption says: "Me and Miss Kitty forever."

CINDY: (*laughs*) For real?

PIPER: That's not even the best one!

CINDY: What else?

PIPER: You better come over right away and see for yourself! You. Are. Going. To. Die!

CINDY: I'll be right there!

PIPER: First, let me give you a hint. She spends a lot of time Photoshopping her face!

CINDY: Can't wait!

PIPER/CINDY: Click.

*EVERYONE faces forward.*

SAMANTHA: Hey Cindy.

CINDY: Hey Samantha.

SAMANTHA/CINDY: Click.

*EVERYONE turns back around, except SAMANTHA and CINDY.*

SAMANTHA: Whatcha doin'?

CINDY: Heading over to Piper's.

SAMANTHA: Can I come?

CINDY: Better ask her yourself.

SAMANTHA: Why?

CINDY: Last time I asked someone over, she flipped.

SAMANTHA: Well, who was it?

CINDY: I don't remember. I blocked the whole incident from my memory.

SAMANTHA: One sec. Hey Piper.

SAMANTHA/PIPER: Click.

*PIPER turns around.*

PIPER: Hey Samantha. Sup?

SAMANTHA: Can I come over with Cindy?

PIPER: Only if you bring chips.

SAMANTHA: Um... sure.

PIPER: Low fat. Low sodium. And no ripple ones because... well, I just don't like the ripple ones.

SAMANTHA/PIPER/CINDY: Click.

*EVERYONE faces forward.*

JAMES: Hey Vance.

VANCE: James?

JAMES/VANCE: Click.

*EVERYONE turns back around, except JAMES and VANCE.*

VANCE: What do you want?

JAMES: I dunno. Just sayin' hey.

VANCE: Why?

JAMES: Why not?

VANCE: I'm kinda busy.

JAMES: Doing what?

VANCE: Stuff.

JAMES: What stuff?

VANCE: "Stuff" is a nice way of saying "mind your own business."

JAMES: Sorrrrrrrry.

JAMES/VANCE: Click.

*EVERYONE faces forward.*

BRODY: Hey Vance.

VANCE: Hey Brody.

BRODY/VANCE: Click.

*EVERYONE turns back around, except BRODY and VANCE.*

BRODY: Did you get a message from James?

VANCE: Just now. It was weird.

BRODY: I know, right? It's the fifth one I've got. Today.

VANCE: Well, at least he's cutting back.

JAMES/SAMANTHA: Click.

*JAMES and SAMANTHA turn around.*

JAMES: Hey Samantha.

SAMANTHA: What do you want, James?

JAMES: I'm bored.

SAMANTHA: You're always bored.

JAMES/CINDY: Click.

*CINDY turns around.*

CINDY: Yeah, James?

JAMES: I'm bored.

CINDY: Check your inbox.

JAMES/CINDY: Click.

*CINDY turns back around.*

JAMES: (*laughs*) Samantha, check your inbox.

SAMANTHA: I already saw it. I'm with Cindy.

SAMANTHA/JAMES: Click.

*SAMANTHA turns back around.*

JAMES: Hey Vance.

VANCE: What now?

JAMES: Check your inbox.

JAMES/VANCE: Click.

*JAMES turns back around.*

VANCE: Brody, check your inbox.

BRODY: What for?

VANCE: Just do it!

VANCE/BRODY: Click.

*VANCE turns back around.*

BRODY/SAMANTHA: Click.

*SAMANTHA turns around.*

SAMANTHA: Hey, honey.

BRODY: Did you check your inbox?

PIPER/CINDY: Click.

*PIPER and CINDY turn around, laughing hysterically.*

Click.

*PIPER and CINDY turn back around.*

BRODY: Why did they send that picture?

SAMANTHA: They only sent it to James.

BRODY: Well, I have it now.

SAMANTHA: Cindy!

SAMANTHA/CINDY: Click.

*CINDY turns around.*

# Double Click

by Bradley Hayward

## Characters

Vance, Cindy

## Setting

Two desks; two bedrooms

---

*There are two desks, in two separate rooms, pointing away from one another. They both have a laptop on them. VANCE is sitting behind his desk. He takes out a comb and slicks his hair back. He takes a deep breath and then opens his laptop.*

VANCE: Double click. *(he clicks his mouse twice and then nervously rubs his hands together)* And now I wait...

*He takes another deep breath. CINDY enters and approaches her desk, excitedly. She straightens her dress and then flips her hair over one shoulder. She sits down and opens her laptop.*

CINDY: Double click. *(she clicks her mouse twice)* And now I –

VANCE: *(sees her on his screen)* Hi there!

CINDY: Oh, hi!

VANCE: It's good to see you.

CINDY: Have you been waiting long?

VANCE: All day.

CINDY: You've been sitting there all day? That's kinda weird.

VANCE: No, I mean I've been looking forward to chatting with you all day. I just turned on my computer now.

CINDY: Whew! For a second there, I thought you were a psycho. You know, one of those weirdos who spends all his time online, waiting for someone to chat with because he's so lonely. But when nobody comes online, he gets mad and chops his parents into bits, then pops a TV dinner in the microwave as if nothing happened.

VANCE: Okaaaaay...

CINDY: What?

VANCE: Now you sound like a psycho.

CINDY: (*laughs*) Gotcha! I just got back from the movies and that's what it was about.

VANCE: A guy chops his parents into bits and then has a TV dinner?

CINDY: Yeah. It was hilarious.

VANCE: You find that sort of thing funny?

CINDY: Not usually. But it was funny cause it starred that guy from that show I like.

VANCE: What guy from what show?

CINDY: You know. The funny one. The one where they live near the beach and take off their shirts all the time cause... I dunno, it's hot or something.

VANCE: I don't think I know it.

CINDY: Sure you do.

VANCE: What's it called?

CINDY: It's on Thursdays.

VANCE: Not ringing a bell.

CINDY: I'll think of it. It's really funny. So... what did you do today?

VANCE: I went shopping for school clothes.

CINDY: That's fun.

VANCE: Not really. Mom came with me. Ugh.

CINDY: Bummer.

VANCE: Yeah. She kept poking her head in the dressing room. "How are you doing in there, honey? Try this on. Try these on. Are those jeans snug in the crotch?" At full volume! When I tried on the jeans, she had every mom in place pop their head over the door to take a look. "Snazzy," they said. "I bet you're quite a heartbreaker." Like I was a toddler or something. I keep trying to tell her that I can shop for myself, but she doesn't want to believe

it. I swear, if she could wave a magic wand and turn me back into a five year old forever, she would.

CINDY: Well, were they?

VANCE: Were they what?

CINDY: Snug in the crotch?

VANCE: Yeah. But no way was I gonna tell her that. I can't let her always be right.

CINDY: So you bought them?

VANCE: (*nods*) I guess I'll have to lose some weight. Anything to avoid another "I told you so."

CINDY: Can I see them?

VANCE: Maybe later.

CINDY: Come on. Try them on and show me.

VANCE: I'll wear them tomorrow. Maybe I can lose ten pounds in the next twenty four hours.

CINDY: Fine. If that's the way you want it.

VANCE: That's the way I want it.

CINDY: Fine.

VANCE: What did you do?

CINDY: I went to the movies. But I guess I already told you that.

VANCE: Anything else?

CINDY: I bought some clothes, too.

VANCE: Yeah?

CINDY: I always buy a new outfit for the first day of school. A few weeks into the semester, you can wear whatever. But that first day has to be something special. Especially when it's a new school and you don't know anybody yet. But you know how that goes.

VANCE: Yeah. I'm glad we found each other. It's nice knowing I'm not the only one that's going to be new tomorrow.

CINDY: After changing schools three times in three years, I've gotten pretty good at figuring out the shortcuts. The first switch was awful. Everybody hated me. But I figured out pretty quick how to spot the popular girls. So the second time, I found them right away and made nice. Now it's a piece of cake. I figure I'll be one of them in no time.

VANCE: I'm not very good at meeting people in person. I'm far better online. But not in a weird, psycho way. I'm just more comfortable at a distance.

CINDY: Don't worry. I'll take you under my wing and we won't be "the new kids" for long.

VANCE: So can I see what you bought?

CINDY: I thought you'd never ask. *(she stands up and twirls in front of her laptop)* Do you like it?

VANCE: That's what you bought?

CINDY: What? You don't like it?

VANCE: No, I like it very much. But shouldn't you save it for tomorrow?

CINDY: Why?

VANCE: Isn't that why you bought it?

CINDY: Yeah. But I wanted you to see it first.

VANCE: Really? You wore it for me?

CINDY: *(smiles)* That's right. Just for you.

*She leans in at the camera and winks. VANCE covers his with his hand and mouths the words "holy cow!"*

Hey, where'd you go?

VANCE: *(takes his hand off the camera)* Nowhere. I'm here.

CINDY: You went away for a second.

VANCE: Must have been a glitch.

CINDY: So you like it?

VANCE: Do I ever. You look really nice.



CINDY: Thanks. It was really expensive, but I had Mom's credit card.

VANCE: She lets you use her credit card?

CINDY: I didn't say that. I just said I had her credit card.

VANCE: Won't she get mad when she finds out?

CINDY: She won't even notice. You should see all the junk she buys.  
Every time we move, we have to get a bigger U-Haul.

VANCE: What kind of stuff does she buy?

CINDY: You know. Crap.

VANCE: Like what?

CINDY: Like one time she bought this dollhouse. I have no idea why, but she did. It's one of those big ones with a dozen rooms or more. Then she bought a little grandfather clock. And then a little kitchen table. And a little china cabinet. And a little bed. And a little rug. A little everything.

VANCE: It must be really nice.

CINDY: It would be if she'd ever build the stupid thing.

VANCE: She hasn't built it yet?

CINDY: Nope. It's all in little boxes.

VANCE: And she keeps moving it from city to city?

CINDY: (*nods*) I told you. She's crackers.

VANCE: I dunno. Maybe it's the house she wishes she had.

CINDY: How do you mean?

VANCE: I know I wish I could stay in the same house. Moving around from one base to another doesn't exactly make life easy. I don't even put nails in the wall anymore. I hang all my pictures up with pieces of tape. Why would I put holes in the wall when I know I'll be out of there in a year or less? The first time we moved, after I packed everything up, there were all these nails in the wall. They looked so lonely. I couldn't help but wonder if the next person who moved in would hang things up the way they wanted to or put their pictures where I did. Or worse, what if they didn't have any pictures? Then they would have to look at the nails and wonder what used to be there. At least that's what I'd think

about. Now I just use tape because then I can put things where I want them, but not make any decisions for those who come after me. So maybe that's why your mom bought the dollhouse. So she could hang things up and know they'll always be there.

CINDY: Sexy Man!

VANCE: Huh?

CINDY: Sexy Man! That's the name of that show with that guy from the movie today.

VANCE: Oh.

CINDY: I just Googled it.

VANCE: Right.

CINDY: Sorry, you were saying?

VANCE: Nothing.

CINDY: So you really like my dress?

VANCE: I really like it.

CINDY: I can't wait to meet you. I've never gotten to know a guy like this before we actually met in person. It makes the first day of school less scary, that's for sure.

VANCE: Yeah.

CINDY: Maybe this is an odd request, but will you hold my hand when we go down the hall tomorrow?

VANCE: Really?

CINDY: Totally! *(she winks at him)*

VANCE: I'd like that.

CINDY: Awesome.

VANCE: I'd like that a lot.

CINDY: Then we won't look like total losers. Nothing worse than people thinking you're a loser on the first day.

VANCE: Oh.

# Brace Yourself

by Bradley Hayward

## Characters

Piper, James

## Setting

A bare stage; a bathroom

---

*JAMES has his mouth gaping wide open as PIPER inspects what's inside.*

PIPER: Ew, gross.

JAMES: I know it's gross.

PIPER: What is it?

JAMES: I don't know.

PIPER: What do you mean, you don't know? Do you just stick random things in your mouth without checking what they are first?

JAMES: No, I mean it could be one of two things.

PIPER: And that would be...?

JAMES: A Cheerio or a gummy bear.

PIPER: Well, it's green, so I think you can rule out Cheerio.

JAMES: Gummy bear it is.

PIPER: Unless the Cheerios are really old.

JAMES: Or maybe it's an olive.

PIPER: What the hell kind of lunch did you have?

JAMES: I was hungry. It's all we had.

PIPER: Why are you showing me this?

JAMES: Help me get it out.

PIPER: I'm not sticking my fingers in your mouth. Ick!

JAMES: I tried already, but it's in there really good.

PIPER: Don't look at me. I've never had braces before. I wouldn't know how to begin digging it out.

JAMES: Me neither. I've only had them a week.

PIPER: Didn't they tell you what to eat and what not to eat?

JAMES: Yeah, but I'm sixteen. I eat everything.

PIPER: Have you tried a toothpick?

JAMES: Duh! That's the first thing I tried.

PIPER: And?

JAMES: It got stuck. So I used a fork to get the toothpick out.

PIPER: And?

JAMES: That got stuck.

PIPER: You mean to tell me that you had a Cheerio, a gummy bear, a toothpick and a fork stuck in your mouth? All at the same time?

JAMES: And possibly an olive.

PIPER: And me without my camera.

JAMES: You're not helping.

PIPER: I have no intention of helping.

JAMES: Then why are you here?

PIPER: I was in my bedroom and heard you screaming in the bathroom. That would make anyone drop what they're doing.

JAMES: I wasn't screaming.

PIPER: Yes you were.

JAMES: I did not scream.

PIPER: You did. Like a girl.

JAMES: Did not.

PIPER: Like a wee little girl who lost her Barbie.

JAMES: Get lost.

PIPER: The same way you scream after that recurring pay phone dream of yours.

JAMES: That's not a dream. It's a nightmare!

PIPER: You lose your cell and have to use a pay phone. Some nightmare.

JAMES: It's worse than it sounds. Trust me.

PIPER: Why don't you just use a toothbrush?

JAMES: Huh?

PIPER: You know. It's that stick with bristles on the end of it.

JAMES: What are you talking about?

PIPER: To get out the gummy Cheerio olive.

JAMES: It hurts when I brush them.

PIPER: But jabbing them with a fork feels good?

JAMES: I tried to brush it out, but the bristles got tangled in the metal. That's why I was screami... yelling.

PIPER: You didn't use my toothbrush, I hope.

JAMES: Maybe. Maybe not.

PIPER: You didn't!

JAMES: You'll never know. Heh heh.

PIPER: You are so immature.

JAMES: I am way mature.

PIPER: Resorting to psychological warfare against your own sister? Not a wise idea.

JAMES: It is if it works.

PIPER: It didn't work.

JAMES: Yes it did. Right now all you're thinking about is your toothbrush in my mouth. Heh heh.

PIPER: "Heh heh." Stop being such a dork.

JAMES: You think you're sooooo smart, don'tcha?

PIPER: Cause I am. Smarter than you anyway.

JAMES: I beg to differ.

PIPER: This from the one who ate a fork.

JAMES: I didn't eat it. It just got stuck in my mouth.

PIPER: Pardon me. Nothing says genius like chewing on cutlery.

JAMES: I told you, I was just trying to get the toothpick out.

PIPER: Remind me when finals roll around to suck on a soup spoon.

JAMES: You think you're so smart, just because you're older than me.

PIPER: That's right.

JAMES: I'd hardly call five minutes "older."

PIPER: Hey, you could have come out first if you wanted to.

JAMES: Maybe I did.

PIPER: Nuh uh. I came out first. It says so on our birth certificates.

JAMES: How do you know for sure you came out first? They could have mixed us up. All babies look the same.

PIPER: I'll give you five seconds to figure out how stupid what you just said is.

JAMES: It's not stupid.

PIPER: Five –

JAMES: All babies have alien heads.

PIPER: Four –

JAMES: Five fingers.

PIPER: Three –

JAMES: Five toes.

PIPER: Two –

JAMES: And one –

PIPER: One.

JAMES: (*realizes*) Oh.

PIPER: Now you got it.

JAMES: Okay, so what if you came out first?

PIPER: It's not just that I came out first. I came out ahead. And I've been coming out ahead for the last sixteen years.

JAMES: Talk about psychological warfare.

PIPER: It's not your fault you're slightly... well, not so slightly... behind me. Girls mature faster than boys. It's a fact. So don't get down on yourself.

JAMES: I'm not down on myself.

PIPER: Yes you are. You whine and whine all the time that you're stuck playing catch-up.

JAMES: I don't play with ketchup.

PIPER: Catch-up, you moron. Catch-up. Not ketchup. Did you also stick a fork in your ear?

JAMES: Even if I concede that you're older, that doesn't make you any better.

PIPER: I don't think I'm better than you are. That would be totally narcissistic.

JAMES: Your point?

PIPER: I'm not a narcissist.

JAMES: Said the narcissist, as she pulled her big britches out of her crack.

PIPER: Hey, I was just playing around with you. You're being mean.

JAMES: You do. You think you're better than everybody else.

PIPER: Hold on. What are we talking about? You or everybody else?

JAMES: What's the difference?

PIPER: There's a big difference. Even though you pour grape soda on your cereal, I don't think I'm better than you are. Wiser, yes. Brighter, yes. Prettier, yes. But not better. However, if we're talking about "other people," then chances are I am a little better.

JAMES: Said the narcissist, looking down from on high.

PIPER: Listen. I could take back all the nice things I just said about you.  
You want that?

JAMES: Nice?

PIPER: Yeah, nice.

JAMES: You have a pretty messed up idea of “nice.”

PIPER: I’m nice.

JAMES: If you weren’t my sister, I’d be terrified of you.

PIPER: (*proudly*) Really?

JAMES: Wipe that smug look off your face. It’s people like you that make it impossible for people like me to feel good about themselves. I haven’t smiled for a week because of these braces. I’ve barely spoken to anyone at all. And you know why? I’ll tell you why. Because there are at least a dozen other people like you that patrol up and down the hallways at school, looking for things like pimples and bra straps and braces, just so they can feel superior.

PIPER: Tell me who’s bothering you. I’ll set them straight.

JAMES: That’s not why I’m telling you this.

PIPER: Then why are you telling me?

JAMES: Someday you’ll have braces. Or something like them. And I don’t want you to end up with nowhere to turn. But keep this attitude up and that’s exactly where you’ll be. Nowhere.

PIPER: Open your mouth.

JAMES: Why?

PIPER: Just open it! (*JAMES opens his mouth*) Say “ahhh.”

JAMES: Ahhh.

PIPER: Hmm. Guess not.

JAMES: What was that for?

PIPER: I was just checking to see if you also had Dr. Phil stuck in there.

JAMES: Fine, don’t listen to me. See if I care.



# Lazy Eye

by Bradley Hayward

## Characters

Right Eye, Left Eye

## Setting

A bare stage; two eye sockets

*LEFT EYE and RIGHT EYE stand next to one another. LEFT EYE is fast asleep, her head drooping to the side as she snores. RIGHT EYE is alert, looking forward as she squints. She nudges LEFT EYE.*

RIGHT EYE: Wake up! Wake up! (*LEFT EYE stirs a little, snorts and goes back to sleep*) Come on! We've got business to attend to! (*LEFT EYE groans*) Hurry! She's next!

*LEFT EYE looks up, more than a little groggy.*

LEFT EYE: What time is it?

RIGHT EYE: Time to get up!

LEFT EYE: The actual time.

RIGHT EYE: You know I can't see the clock without you.

LEFT EYE: Wake me when class is over.

*She goes back to sleep and snores almost instantly.*

RIGHT EYE: Useless. Totally useless.

*She stomps on LEFT EYE's foot. Very hard. LEFT EYE wakes up with a start.*

LEFT EYE: Ow! What was that for?

RIGHT EYE: We're next.

LEFT EYE: Next for what?

RIGHT EYE: The teacher is going to ask Laura a question and if you don't help me, she won't know how to answer it.

LEFT EYE: What's the question?

RIGHT EYE: It's on the blackboard.

LEFT EYE: That's not what I asked.

RIGHT EYE: I don't know what the question is, stupid. I can't see it.

LEFT EYE: She'll come up with something. She always does.

RIGHT EYE: This is math. She can't just "come up with something."

LEFT EYE: You need to chill out. Close your lid and have a nap.

*She leans her head sideways again, but RIGHT EYE stops her.*

RIGHT EYE: If you fall asleep again, I swear I'll tug on your optic nerve.

LEFT EYE: You wouldn't.

RIGHT EYE: Oh, yes I would.

LEFT EYE: You know that makes me crazy.

RIGHT EYE: Exactly why I'd do it.

LEFT EYE: But it hurts.

RIGHT EYE: It's the only way to wake you up.

LEFT EYE: Some friend you are!

RIGHT EYE: Don't get mad at me. If you weren't so lazy, I wouldn't have to yell at you like this.

LEFT EYE: I'm not lazy.

RIGHT EYE: Yes you are.

LEFT EYE: No I'm not.

RIGHT EYE: Yes you are.

LEFT EYE: No I'm not.

RIGHT EYE: Let's not get into that again! We have work to do.

LEFT EYE: You think you're all high and mighty just because you're on the right side. Well, let me tell you. You may be the one who finds all the ideas, but I'm the one who sees the beauty in them.

RIGHT EYE: What's that supposed to mean?

LEFT EYE: I think you know what it means.

RIGHT EYE: No. Tell me.

LEFT EYE: My pleasure. Remember that time you saw a dandelion sticking out of the sidewalk?

RIGHT EYE: Yeah.

LEFT EYE: You wanted to kill it.

RIGHT EYE: So? It's a weed.

LEFT EYE: It's a flower.

RIGHT EYE: It's a weed.

LEFT EYE: Flower.

RIGHT EYE: Weed.

LEFT EYE: Dandelions are survivors. Nobody plants them. Nobody waters them. Nobody even looks at them. Yet they keep coming back time and time again. Don't you see the beauty in that?

RIGHT EYE: No I don't. Don't you see that they're a nuisance?

LEFT EYE: No I don't.

RIGHT EYE: Then it's settled. We'll just have to agree to disagree on this one.

LEFT EYE: There you go again.

RIGHT EYE: Where have I gone again?

LEFT EYE: You're such a martyr. Instead of coming to an agreement, you always say stupid things like "we'll just have to agree to disagree." And you think I'm lazy.

RIGHT EYE: I've been with you, what, sixteen years now?

LEFT EYE: Sounds right. But I'm not very good with numbers.

RIGHT EYE: Well, in all that time, I've learned that there's no use arguing. It's impossible to get through to you. You have no sense of reason.

LEFT EYE: And you have no sense of fun!

RIGHT EYE: Can we stop quibbling and get to the task at hand?

LEFT EYE: You're so bossy.

RIGHT EYE: And you're so lazy.

LEFT EYE: Am not.

RIGHT EYE: Are too.

LEFT EYE: Am not.

RIGHT EYE: Then prove it!

LEFT EYE: Fine.

RIGHT EYE: Good. Now stand up straight. (*LEFT EYE does*) Lean forward. (*they do*) Now what does it say?

*They read the blackboard together, slowly.*

RIGHT EYE/LEFT EYE: "Coming out of the toy store, Janet has eight coins that add up to \$1.45. Unfortunately, on the way home she loses one of them. If the chances of losing a quarter, dime or nickel are equal, which coin is most probably lost?"

RIGHT EYE: There. Now was that so hard?

LEFT EYE: I didn't say it was hard. I'm just saying, why does it matter?

RIGHT EYE: If we don't do our job, Laura will look stupid. And we don't want her to look stupid, do we?

LEFT EYE: Of course not.

RIGHT EYE: So that's why it matters.

LEFT EYE: But who cares what coin Janet lost? There is no Janet. There are no coins. And furthermore, that story would be far more interesting if they told us what toy she bought.

RIGHT EYE: It's not a story. It's a problem.

LEFT EYE: But why clutter her brain with fake problems? She has enough real ones as it is.

RIGHT EYE: She's learning the rules of probability. It might come in handy someday.

LEFT EYE: Do you think it's probable that she'll just happen to bump into a woman named Janet who just happened to have lost all her money?

RIGHT EYE: It's theoretical.

LEFT EYE: It's ridiculous.

RIGHT EYE: Listen. It's not our job to process the information. We're just supposed to take it in and let Laura do with it what she pleases.

LEFT EYE: I'd rather sleep.

RIGHT EYE: I know you would. That's why you're always getting us into trouble.

LEFT EYE: What kind of trouble?

RIGHT EYE: Like the time you got us pink eye.

LEFT EYE: That wasn't my fault!

RIGHT EYE: Yes it was. You took a nap mid-blink.

LEFT EYE: So?

RIGHT EYE: So you dried out and she stuck her finger in your socket.

LEFT EYE: It's not my fault her finger was dirty. You should have told her to wash it.

RIGHT EYE: It wouldn't have been dirty if you didn't tell her to pick up that crusty sock from the gutter.

LEFT EYE: I thought it was a daisy.

RIGHT EYE: It was embroidery. Anyone with half a brain could tell it was a sock and not a daisy.

LEFT EYE: There you go rubbing it in my socket again.

RIGHT EYE: I don't rub anything in your socket. That's the point.

LEFT EYE: No, I mean that your half of the brain is smarter than my half. I know you're smarter. You don't have to keep reminding me.

RIGHT EYE: You could be smart if you just applied yourself.

LEFT EYE: But I don't want to apply myself. I want to explore! I want to examine! I want to probe!

RIGHT EYE: While you're busy probing, I have to reason. I have to rationalize. I have to work!

LEFT EYE: It's not all roses over here, you know. What I do is hard work, too!

RIGHT EYE: Yeah right.

LEFT EYE: It is! When I see a dandelion, I see a flower.

RIGHT EYE: We already covered this.

LEFT EYE: I know, but listen to me. When I see a dandelion, I think it's beautiful and want to share it with Laura. I want her to see how beautiful it is, too. But that's hard work when all you see is a weed. You always win because you're smarter than I am. Maybe smarter isn't the right word. Convincing. Or conniving. Whatever it is, you win and I have no choice but to watch her pluck it out of the ground. You have no idea how much that hurts. I try to salvage the situation and convince her that it's still beautiful. Sometimes she listens, sometimes not. But even if she does save the dandelion in a little cup of water, it eventually withers and dies. It's still beautiful, even when it's dead. At least I think so. But I can't help but think that it could still be living and breathing if you and all the other right eyes weren't so set in your ways. *(There is a pause. RIGHT EYE turns away, trying to hide the fact that she is crying.)* Are you crying?

RIGHT EYE: I'm not crying. I just have something stuck in me.

LEFT EYE: You're crying.

RIGHT EYE: Am not.

LEFT EYE: Are too.

RIGHT EYE: Am not.

LEFT EYE: *(smiles)* You're totally crying! Did I just tug on your optic nerve a little?

RIGHT EYE: No.

LEFT EYE: Yes I did.

RIGHT EYE: No you didn't.

LEFT EYE: Come on, admit it. I made you cry!

RIGHT EYE: Stop it.

LEFT EYE: I never thought I'd live to see the day.

# Fireworks

by Bradley Hayward

## Characters

Brody, Samantha

## Setting

A large stone; under the stars

*Moonlight glows on a large stone somewhere under the stars. BRODY sits on the ground, leaning against the stone as he looks wistfully toward the night sky. He sighs. SAMANTHA enters exuberantly with a picnic basket.*

SAMANTHA: I didn't miss them, did I?

BRODY: No. You're fine.

SAMANTHA: Good! I looked everywhere, but I had no idea where you were. You should see how many people are down there, all camped out on their blankets. The entire baseball diamond is filled to capacity!

BRODY: I saw.

SAMANTHA: When I came around the bullpen, I knocked Miss Warner in the head with my picnic basket. I'm sure I'll pay for that in class on Monday. I don't know why, but she has it in for me. She hasn't liked me since day one.

BRODY: Sit with me.

*SAMANTHA is too full of energy to sit. She plops the basket down on the stone and starts to go through it.*

SAMANTHA: I hope you like pastrami. I thought we had turkey breast, but Mom must have fed it to the dog. I swear, every time she opens the fridge door, Whisper comes running. Even when he's outside, he can hear it. Yesterday Mom was pouring herself a glass of milk and Whisper ran all the way across the back yard and crashed through the screen door. But instead of punishing him, she emptied the carton into his water dish. How will he ever learn?

BRODY: Pastrami is fine. Sit.

SAMANTHA: I brought cookies, too! Oatmeal even. Those are your favorite, right? I hope so because I woke up extra early to make them from scratch. They might even still be warm. There's nothing better than a chewy cookie that's warm in the middle.

*She hands him a cookie.*

Here, try one! Sorry the edges are dark. I had the timer on so they wouldn't burn, but Whisper also hears oven doors. I was afraid he might jump in, so I tied him up before I took them out. Some of them got a little crispy.

BRODY: Thanks. Now sit with me.

SAMANTHA: How come you're way up here, all by yourself?

BRODY: I dunno.

*SAMANTHA climbs on top of the stone, looking out front.*

SAMANTHA: Look at all the people down there! I love how the Ferris wheel lights up when it goes around in circles like that. It's cool the way the bulbs flash in the middle before they shoot sideways. It's like each arm is trying to reach out and touch something.

BRODY: Look up.

SAMANTHA: Where?

BRODY: (*points to the sky*) There.

SAMANTHA: I can look at the stars any old time. Don't you want to go on the Ferris wheel with me? I'd love to see the world from way up there. And have all the lights blink around us as we come over the top! Red, blue, orange, yellow, green!

BRODY: I like it up here.

SAMANTHA: You'll like it up there, too!

BRODY: Maybe later. But don't let me stop you.

SAMANTHA: You're not stopping me. I just like to be a part of the action.

BRODY: I know.



SAMANTHA: How's the cookie?

BRODY: Good.

SAMANTHA: I got hungry looking for you, so I had a hot dog. Which was really good, so I had some cotton candy. Then I washed it all down with an orange soda. I think that's enough sugar for me. So you can eat all the cookies. I made them for you anyway.

BRODY: They're good.

SAMANTHA: Good!

BRODY: Now why don't you sit down? They'll start any second.

SAMANTHA: Are you sure you don't want to get on the Ferris wheel?! If we go now, maybe we can catch them while we're up there.

BRODY: We can see them better from here.

SAMANTHA: I guess you're right.

*She sits cross-legged on the stone.*

BRODY: Sit next to me.

SAMANTHA: Come up here and eat your sandwich! The view is awesome. (BRODY shrugs) Are you okay?

BRODY: Yep.

SAMANTHA: If you have something on your mind, you can tell me. I won't say a word to anyone. You know I'm really good at keeping secrets. Even when the secret is super juicy and I want to tell everyone, I don't. You know that.

BRODY: I know.

SAMANTHA: Cindy told me all about this thing that happened to her over summer break. It's totally major, but I didn't tell anyone about it. I almost did, but then I remembered that I promised. It wasn't easy, though. Not easy at all. You'd know why if I could tell you. So tell me. I want to know what you're thinking about.

BRODY: Nothing.

SAMANTHA: I think all the time. I can't help it. When I'm in the shower, I think about all the things I have to do that day. But by the time I get dressed, I forget what they were. That's why I write everything down in my journal. You've seen my journal.

It's the one with the butterflies on the cover. Mom pokes fun of me and says that I have Alzheimer's, but I just can't keep track of my thoughts from one second to the next. That book has been a lifesaver! It's a huge relief knowing that I can open it up and remember all the things that are important to me.

BRODY: That's good.

SAMANTHA: Maybe you should get a journal! Then you can write down all your thoughts. You must have amazing thoughts. That's why I like you. I don't know what your thoughts are, but I know they must be amazing. (BRODY shrugs) You don't have thoughts?

*All of a sudden, there is a bright red flash in the sky. Their heads swivel toward it.*

Wow! Did you see that? Did you see that?!

BRODY: I saw.

SAMANTHA: That was awesome!

BRODY: It was.

SAMANTHA: So pretty! I love watching the colors fall from the sky, as if they were melting down the side of an ice cream cone. Most people like the explosion part, but I like watching them twinkle as they fade away.

*There is a burst of green and she stands up on the stone again.*

Whoa! That one was huge! Don't they usually save the big ones for the end? And look! You can still see the trails of smoke from the first one behind it. It's like the red one is saying, "don't forget about me!"

BRODY: Yeah.

SAMANTHA: Shoot! I should have brought my camera. Did you bring your camera? I don't want to forget this.

BRODY: You won't.

SAMANTHA: This is too exciting!

*There is a burst of yellow. The bursts continue, in various colors, throughout.*

We should be on the Ferris wheel. Now that would be romantic! It would be like we were exploding and melting right along with them.

BRODY: Sit.

SAMANTHA: I wonder what it would feel like to be kissed in the sky!

BRODY: Please.

SAMANTHA: I'm sorry. Am I annoying you?

BRODY: No.

SAMANTHA: Do you want me to go away?

BRODY: I want you to come closer.

SAMANTHA: I talk too much.

BRODY: No.

SAMANTHA: I do. I know I do. I just have so many things in my head that I can't keep them from coming out. Like the other day, I looked out the window in math class and saw a butterfly land on a can of Coke that someone had left in the grass. It's poor little butterfly legs ended up glued around the rim and no matter how hard it flapped its wings, it couldn't get away. What was I supposed to do? Just watch it flap helplessly until it died? So I raised my hand and asked if I could go rescue it. You know, maybe that's why Miss Warner doesn't like me. I'm always interrupting.

BRODY: Maybe.

SAMANTHA: She said no, but you know what? I went anyway. I didn't care if I was going to get into trouble. There was a life on the line!

BRODY: What happened?

SAMANTHA: I tried to set it free, but its legs were really stuck and they separated from its body. It was so sad. You would have loved its wings. They were so beautiful.

BRODY: (*gently touches her hand*) I'm sorry.

SAMANTHA: I was crying when I came inside, but Miss Warner sent me to the principal's office anyway. How could she have been so insensitive? Come to think of it, I'm glad I knocked her in the head with my basket. She had it coming.

BRODY: Sit.

SAMANTHA: Even though it died, I feel good about what I did. It reminded me that I still have options.

*BRODY nods. They silently look up toward the light show for a few moments. SAMANTHA gets restless and goes back to rifling through the picnic basket.*

Would you like your sandwich now? I didn't know if you wanted lettuce and tomato on it, so I packed both. There's also mustard and mayonnaise if you want. I wonder who bought the pastrami anyway. I don't eat it and my parents don't eat it.

BRODY: (*points upward*) You're missing them.

SAMANTHA: Unless Whisper eats it. But if that's the case, I don't know why Mom would have given him the turkey breast. I'll have to ask cause this was the first time I've ever seen pastrami in the fridge. Do your parents eat pastrami?

BRODY: Sit.

SAMANTHA: It's things like that I want to know about you. You never talk to me about your parents. Like if they eat pastrami or turkey breast. Or if they eat salami or ham.

BRODY: Sit.

SAMANTHA: Or maybe they're vegetarians. Or vegans. I don't really understand the difference, but I'd still like to know.

BRODY: Yeah right.

SAMANTHA: What did you say?

BRODY: Nothing.

SAMANTHA: What do you mean, "yeah right"? Is there something going on with your parents?

BRODY: (*loses his temper*) Sit!

*Silence. SAMANTHA closes the picnic basket.*

SAMANTHA: Sorry. Maybe I should go.

BRODY: Don't.

SAMANTHA: I'll go.

# Pay Phone

by Bradley Hayward

## Characters

James, Operator, Mom, Dad

## Setting

Three pay phones; the mall

*There are three pay phones lined up in a row. Phone Three rings three times, then stops. JAMES enters in a hurry. He rushes over to Phone One and picks up the receiver. He puts a quarter in and dials. Suddenly, a soothing OPERATOR comes over the loud speaker, sounding oddly like a recording. It could be male or female.*

OPERATOR: Please insert twenty-five cents.

JAMES: I just did.

OPERATOR: Please insert twenty-five cents.

JAMES: I said I did.

OPERATOR: Please insert twenty-five cents.

JAMES: Stop arguing with me!

OPERATOR: Local calls, fifty cents. Please insert twenty-five cents.

JAMES: Fifty cents? For a local call?

*He digs into his pocket and pulls out another quarter.*

OPERATOR: Local calls, fifty cents. Please insert twenty-five cents.

JAMES: (*puts the quarter in*) I heard you.

OPERATOR: Please insert twenty-five cents.

JAMES: Not this again! I just did!

OPERATOR: Please insert two dimes and one nickel.

JAMES: I just put in a quarter.

OPERATOR: Please insert two dimes and one nickel.

JAMES: That's the same as a quarter.

OPERATOR: Please insert one dime and three nickels.

JAMES: What's going on here?

OPERATOR: Please insert one dime and three nickels.

JAMES: I don't have any nickels.

OPERATOR: Please insert three dimes.

JAMES: That's thirty cents.

OPERATOR: You will not receive change.

JAMES: You're really starting to tick me off!

OPERATOR: Please insert three dimes.

JAMES: No. I won't.

OPERATOR: You will not receive change.

JAMES: Neither will you!

OPERATOR: Now connecting. Thank you.

*All of a sudden, Phone Three starts to ring again.  
JAMES ignores it. Phone Three stops ringing. The  
OPERATOR comes back.*

No answer. Would you like to try again?

JAMES: Yes!

OPERATOR: Please press one to try again. Otherwise, press two to hang up.

*JAMES pushes one.*

JAMES: No wonder nobody uses these things anymore!

OPERATOR: Please press one to try again. Otherwise, press two to hang up.

JAMES: Oh, I give up!

*He slams the phone back down on the receiver. Almost instantly, it rings. He picks it up.*

Hello?

OPERATOR: I said, press two to hang up. Do not hang up to hang up.

JAMES: Is this a joke?

OPERATOR: I said, press two to hang up. Do not hang up to hang up.

*JAMES pushes two.*

JAMES: There! Happy now?

OPERATOR: I am very happy. Are you happy?

JAMES: What?

OPERATOR: I am very happy. Are you happy?

JAMES: That's none of your business.

OPERATOR: Now connecting. Thank you.

*Phone Three rings again. JAMES ignores it. It stops ringing and the OPERATOR returns.*

You should answer that.

JAMES: Answer what?

*Phone Three rings once.*

OPERATOR: That.

JAMES: Nobody's calling me. I'm calling someone else!

*Phone Three rings once.*

OPERATOR: Answer it. Or else.

JAMES: Or else what?

OPERATOR: You have been warned.

*Phone Three rings. It keeps ringing.*

Go on. You know want to.

*JAMES has finally had enough. He leaves Phone One off the hook and answers Phone Three.*

JAMES: Hello?

*Another voice comes over the loud speaker. It belongs to MOM.*

MOM: Hi, James. You called?

JAMES: Mom, is that you?

MOM: Yes. What do you want?

JAMES: I'm at the mall, but I lost my cell phone. You can pick me up now.

MOM: You sound upset. Is something wrong?

JAMES: Nothing's wrong. I just had a fight with the operator.

MOM: The operator?

JAMES: It was the weirdest thing. I could swear it was a recording, but it was like it was talking just to me.

MOM: Have you been drinking?

JAMES: Mom! I don't drink!

MOM: Not alcohol. Have you had an energy drink?

JAMES: No.

MOM: Don't lie.

JAMES: I didn't. I swear.

MOM: You know what they do to you.

JAMES: I know.

MOM: You sound jittery. I know you had one.

JAMES: I told you. The operator put me on edge.

MOM: The recording?

JAMES: I can't explain it. Come to think of it, how did you know it was me calling?

OPERATOR: Hello, James.

JAMES: There it goes again!



MOM: Hello?

OPERATOR: Please insert twenty-five cents.

MOM: Who is that?

JAMES: This is getting weird.

OPERATOR: Please insert twenty-five cents.

JAMES: All right already!

*JAMES puts a quarter in Phone Three.*

MOM: This is James' mom. Who is this and why are you bothering him?

OPERATOR: Hello, Mom. James is lying to you.

JAMES: About what?

OPERATOR: James had an energy drink.

MOM: I knew it. I knew it! What do you have to say for yourself?

OPERATOR: You are welcome.

MOM: Not you. James.

JAMES: Okay, fine! I had one energy drink. What's the problem?

MOM: The problem is that you promised you wouldn't. It makes you act strange and jittery and all together weird.

OPERATOR: You are weird, James.

JAMES: I'm not weird.

OPERATOR: Yes you are. Right, Mom?

JAMES: Don't answer that!

MOM: How can I trust you if you keep breaking your promises to me?

JAMES: How can I trust *you* if *you* keep breaking *your* promises to *me*?

MOM: What promises?

JAMES: You said everything was going to be okay. Well, everything is not okay.

*Phone Two rings.*

OPERATOR: Answer it, James.

JAMES: Answer it?

OPERATOR: You know you want to.

*JAMES leaves Phone Three off the hook and picks up Phone Two. DAD's voice comes over the loudspeaker.*

DAD: Don't listen to your mother, James.

JAMES: Dad?

DAD: She's filling your head with lies about me.

JAMES: So it's not true?

DAD: Not a word.

JAMES: That's a relief!

DAD: I did not have an affair.

JAMES: I didn't think you did.

DAD: That's right. We split up because of you.

JAMES: Huh?

DAD: That's right. You're weird, James. We couldn't take it anymore. So we got a divorce.

JAMES: It's my fault?

OPERATOR: Please insert twenty-five cents.

JAMES: Go away! I'm talking to Dad.

OPERATOR: I cannot go away, James.

JAMES: Why not?

OPERATOR: Please insert twenty-five cents.

*JAMES puts a quarter in the pay phone.*

JAMES: There! Now why can't you go away?

OPERATOR: I am always here, James.

JAMES: Where?

OPERATOR: You know where.

JAMES: Dad, is it true? Did you really get divorced because of me?

DAD: If you don't believe me, ask your mother.

JAMES: Hold on. *(he drops the receiver and picks up Phone Three)* Mom, are you still there?

MOM: Yes, James.

JAMES: Did you and Dad get divorced because of me?

MOM: Is that what he told you?

JAMES: Yes.

MOM: He shouldn't have told you. But now that the cat's out of the bag, yes! Yes, James! YES! It's all your stupid, stinking, awful, rotten, heartless, idiotic, moronic, ugly, absolute, complete and total bloody fault!

JAMES: Really?

MOM: Boy, does it feel good to get that off my chest.

JAMES: What's wrong with me?

MOM: What isn't?

OPERATOR: Please insert twenty-five cents.

JAMES: I'm all out of money.

OPERATOR: Please insert twenty-five cents.

MOM: Good-bye, James.

OPERATOR: Good-bye.

*Dial tone. JAMES slams the receiver down on Phone Three. He picks up Phone Two.*

JAMES: Dad? You there?

DAD: I'm here.

JAMES: That's good.

DAD: But you're not.

# Bench Warrant

by Bradley Hayward

## Characters

Piper, Cindy, Samantha, Laura

## Setting

A bench; a schoolyard

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*Three girls sit on a bench, eating lunch. They are  
PIPER, CINDY and SAMANTHA.*

PIPER: I ordered a B-L-T, but she put onion on it. I mean, what kind of idiot puts onion on a B-L-T?

CINDY: That would make it a bolt.

PIPER: Which makes the lunch lady a dolt. Some people are so stupid.

SAMANTHA: If you don't like onion, just take it off. What's the big deal?

PIPER: What's the big deal? The big deal, Samantha, is that if I let the little things slide, soon I'll let the big things slide. And if I let the big things slide, then my life will go straight down the tubes. Then I'll end up with a crappy husband, working some crappy job until the day I die.

CINDY: Just like the lunch lady.

PIPER: That's right. Like the lunch lady.

SAMANTHA: Maybe she likes her job.

PIPER: I doubt it. And have you seen her husband? There's no way she likes him.

SAMANTHA: Why not?

PIPER: He drives a Pontiac.

SAMANTHA: So?

PIPER: So I don't even think they make those anymore. It's so pathetic.

CINDY: Speaking of pathetic, here comes Laura.

PIPER: Now she's a real dolt.

SAMANTHA: Come on you guys. Be nice.

PIPER: “Come on you guys. Be nice.” What’s gotten into you lately?

SAMANTHA: I don’t know. I’ve just been thinking about things.

CINDY: Like what?

SAMANTHA: Like stuff.

PIPER: Well, don’t. Thinking only leads to wrinkles.

CINDY: And bags.

PIPER: And sags.

SAMANTHA: Nevermind.

PIPER: (*rolls her eyes*) You take everything so personally. I’m just looking out for you. Haven’t I always looked out for you? Sheesh.

SAMANTHA: I don’t need looking out for.

PIPER: I think you do.

SAMANTHA: What’s that supposed to mean?

PIPER: When did you stop being fun, Sam? There was a time when you would have laughed at that bolt story. You would have laughed so hard that milk would have come out your nose.

SAMANTHA: I just don’t think it’s funny.

CINDY: Not even a little smile?

SAMANTHA: Just take the onion off. You don’t have to make fun of people.

PIPER: I’m not making fun of anyone.

SAMANTHA: You just... Never mind. Why do I even bother trying to talk to you guys?

PIPER: Quiet! Here comes Laura. Let’s do that thing we were talking about.

CINDY: Yeah!

SAMANTHA: What thing?

PIPER: You’ll figure it out. Just play along.

*LAURA enters. She wears an artsy outfit that she may have made herself and carries a backpack.*

LAURA: (tentatively) Hey guys. I was just wondering... uh... when are you going to be done using your bench?

PIPER: Why? Do you want to sit on it?

LAURA: Uh... kinda. But not until you're done with it, of course. It's just that... uh... Mrs. Harris said I should paint a picture of that weeping willow across the street. For extra credit. And this is the best place to get a good view. But only when you're done with it. No rush.

CINDY: Why do you have to wait until we're done with it?

PIPER: Yeah, you can sit with us! We'd love to have you!

LAURA: Uh... really?

PIPER: Sure! Move over, Sam. Wouldn't you love to have Laura join us?

SAMANTHA: (sensing trouble) Maybe you should wait, Laura.

PIPER: Jeez, Sam. You're so mean. Isn't she mean, Cindy?

CINDY: Totally mean!

PIPER: Who made you queen of this bench?

CINDY: Yeah.

PIPER: You can sit next to me, Laura. I'll make sure Sam doesn't do anything to hurt you.

SAMANTHA: I wouldn't hurt –

*PIPER and CINDY scoot over and pull LAURA onto the bench.*

PIPER: So, Laura. I hear your paintings are really beautiful.

LAURA: Really?

CINDY: Totally. Mrs. Harris went on and on about them in class the other day.

LAURA: She did?

PIPER: (opens LAURA's backpack) Do you have one with you? I'd love to see one of your beautiful paintings.

LAURA: Really?

SAMANTHA: Piper, stop it.

PIPER: Stop what? I'm being very nice to Laura. Didn't you know she paints beautiful paintings? And now she's going to paint a beautiful painting of that beautiful weeping willow.

CINDY: Beautiful!

SAMANTHA: Laura, you should go.

LAURA: (*gets up*) Okay. I will.

PIPER: (*yanks her back down*) Don't go anywhere. Let me see one of your beautiful paintings. (*She pulls out a small canvas from the backpack. She holds it up to the light.*) Wow, this is beautiful. Isn't it beautiful, Cindy?

CINDY: Beautiful. Really beautiful.

PIPER: Isn't it beautiful, Sam?

SAMANTHA: (*honestly*) Yes it is. Very. Nice job, Laura.

LAURA: Thanks.

PIPER: What else do we have in here? (*she takes out an inhaler*)  
Ooooh! An inhaler! Isn't this a beautiful inhaler, Cindy?

CINDY: Beautiful!

PIPER: (*pumps the inhaler into the air*) And look at that beautiful mist.

CINDY: It sure is beautiful.

PIPER: I bet you could paint a real beautiful picture of that beautiful mist.

SAMANTHA: Stop it.

PIPER: What? Laura said she wanted to sit here. Didn't you, Laura?

LAURA: Uh...

CINDY: (*pulls a can of spray paint out of the backpack*) Lookie here. Spray paint.

PIPER: (*snatches the can*) Cherry red. Beautiful. What do you use this for?

LAURA: You know. Murals and... uh... stuff.

PIPER: Can I try it?

LAURA: Well... uh... I dunno.

SAMANTHA: That's enough.

CINDY: What? We just want to see what the color looks like.

PIPER: Yeah. Laura wanted to try out our bench, so we should be able to try out her spray paint.

LAURA: I should go.

PIPER: Fair is fair.

SAMANTHA: Come on, Laura. Let's go.

PIPER: You don't own this bench, Sam. If Laura wants to sit on it, you should let her sit on it.

SAMANTHA: Then let her sit on it and we'll go.

PIPER: If we go, then she won't want to sit on it anymore. Isn't that right, Laura?

LAURA: Uh...

PIPER: The whole point of sitting on this bench is to sit with us. Isn't that right, Cindy?

CINDY: Everyone wants to sit with us.

SAMANTHA: I don't know if I do anymore.

PIPER: Would you rather sit down there with everybody else?

SAMANTHA: When did this happen to you?

PIPER: What?

SAMANTHA: Were you always this mean?

CINDY: Sounds like someone is jealous.

PIPER: If you don't want to sit here anymore, fine. We have Laura now. She can take your place. Then the three of us can sit here together every day and look at that weeping willow over there. You know, I never noticed it until today. Thanks, Laura.



CINDY: Yeah. Thanks, Laura.

SAMANTHA: You're right, Piper. I don't own this bench. But neither do you. It's here for everyone to sit on and relax on and eat on.

PIPER: You know what? You're totally right! This isn't my bench.

SAMANTHA: Good.

PIPER: It's Laura's bench.

CINDY: Yeah!

PIPER: From now on, Laura, this bench is yours. Consider it my gift to you. In fact, I don't think we should even be allowed sit here anymore. Get up, Cindy.

*PIPER and CINDY get off the bench.*

CINDY: You're so thoughtful, Piper.

PIPER: I know, Cindy. Come on, Sam. Get up. This is Laura's bench now.

*She drags SAMANTHA off the bench.*

SAMANTHA: It's nobody's bench!

PIPER: That's what I said. It's Laura's bench.

*She and CINDY laugh uproariously.*

LAURA: I should go.

PIPER: Don't go yet. I have something I want to show you.

*She pops the lid off the spray paint and shakes it.*

SAMANTHA: What are you doing?

PIPER: I think it's my turn to do a little painting.

CINDY: Make it beautiful.

PIPER: Oh, I will. But not as beautiful as Laura, of course.

CINDY: Of course.

*PIPER aims the paint can at the bench and sprays.*

SAMANTHA: Stop it! You'll get us into trouble.

LAURA: That's for my mural.

# Wheels

by Bradley Hayward

## Characters

Brody, Vance

## Setting

A bare stage; a driveway

*The hood of a truck is open and propped up. This could simply be a block turned upside down. BRODY has his head buried in the engine. VANCE sits in a wheelchair with a toolbox on his lap.*

BRODY: Wrench.

*Without looking at VANCE, he holds out his hand behind his back.*

VANCE: Is that the one with the claws?

BRODY: It's the one that's a wrench.

VANCE: *(hands him a set of pliers)* Here you go.

*BRODY takes them and starts to work. Then he takes his head out of the engine.*

BRODY: These are pliers.

VANCE: Sorry.

BRODY: How do you not know what a wrench is?

VANCE: I don't know. The only tool I ever use is my brain.

BRODY: Try a wrench. It works better. *(he drops the pliers into the toolbox and pulls out a wrench)* See. This is a wrench.

VANCE: Got it.

BRODY: *(sticks his head back in the engine)* Man, it's a mess in here. All rusty. Pieces breaking off. And the battery is crusted over.

VANCE: Sounds bad.

BRODY: Yeah. When an engine sits still for too long, battery fluid starts to ooze out the top. Then it gets hard and crusty. You practically need a chisel to get it off.

VANCE: Why are you even bothering to fix it if it's such a mess?

BRODY: Are you kidding me? Dad said the truck was mine if I could get it going again. I've been out here for three days and three nights now.

VANCE: Really?

BRODY: I don't mind. I like working with my hands. It clears my mind and I don't have to talk to anybody.

VANCE: Sorry. I can go if you want.

BRODY: No, you can stay. I like the help. Even if you don't know what a wrench is.

VANCE: With Dad in the military, I don't see him much. And Mom doesn't know anything about anything, except hair care products. So nobody ever taught me about tools. But if you ever need to know how to use a blow drier, I'm your guy.

BRODY: I'll remember that.

VANCE: Where do you want to go anyway?

BRODY: What do you mean?

VANCE: In the truck. If you get it running, where are you going to go?

BRODY: When I get it running.

VANCE: Sorry. When you get it running.

BRODY: Away.

VANCE: Away where?

BRODY: Wherever. Just away.

VANCE: Nowhere in particular?

BRODY: No. I just want to know what it's like to go where I want, when I want. Feel the wind in my hair. And not sit in one place all the time. Like this truck. It's been parked in the driveway for two years. It hasn't moved, not once.

VANCE: Why not?

BRODY: Do you want the long version or the short version?

VANCE: That doesn't sound good.

BRODY: I'll give you the short one. *(he drops the wrench into the toolbox)*  
My parents suck.

VANCE: Why?

BRODY: The long version it is. You better crack open a couple cans of Coke.

VANCE: You don't have to tell me.

BRODY: Maybe if I say it out loud, it won't seem so crazy.

VANCE: You really don't –

BRODY: Samantha says it's good to talk about your feelings. She should know. She never stops yakking. Babble, babble, jabber, jabber.

VANCE: I thought you liked her.

BRODY: I love her. Don't tell her that, though. She'd run all over town and announce it to the world.

VANCE: *(laughs)* Yeah, she would.

BRODY: But I like listening to her feelings. It gives me a chance to forget about mine for a while.

VANCE: Like I said, you don't have to tell me.

BRODY: Grab me a Coke from the toolbox, would ya?

*VANCE digs around in the toolbox.*

*It's the red can that says Coca-Cola.*

VANCE: Hardy har har.

*He hands BRODY a can of Coke. BRODY cracks it open and sits on the fender.*

BRODY: Dad was driving me home from ball practice when he pulled up to the house.

VANCE: You don't play ball.

BRODY: This was two years ago.

VANCE: Oh.

BRODY: He was just about to pull into the driveway when he saw that Mom had parked her car on his side of the driveway.

VANCE: They each have their own side?

BRODY: Apparently.

VANCE: What happened?

BRODY: He flew into a rage. He told me to wait in the truck. So I did. He locked me in, so I couldn't have got out even if I wanted to. So I sat in the front seat for a long time. The clock has never worked, so I don't know how long exactly, but it was at least an hour. Or at least it felt like an hour. I kept one hand in my baseball glove and the other on my bat. When it started getting hot in there, I considered smashing the window. But then Dad would have got mad and me and, believe me, you don't want him mad at you.

VANCE: Does he...?

BRODY: Never. Not once. Not yet. His bark is worse than his bite, but sometimes his bark leaves tooth marks. Anyway, the front door of the house opened up. But it wasn't Dad that came out. It was Mom. She unlocked the truck and gave me a glass of water. Then she told me to go inside and take a shower.

VANCE: Did you ever find out what happened in there? (*BRODY shakes his head. Takes a sip.*) But they worked it out, right? I mean, they're still together. (*BRODY shakes his head*) They're not still together?

BRODY: A day went by. And then a week. Then a month. The truck never moved. It was like whoever moved it would be losing the argument. It became this sick game between them. Every day Mom would walk by it on the way to her car. She never looked at it. Dad rented a car for a while. Then he eventually bought a new one that he parks in the back. All this over a stupid parking spot.

*VANCE cracks open a Coke for himself. He takes a long sip.*

VANCE: So then what happened?

BRODY: The weeds started to come up through the driveway. The battery crusted over. The whole thing is so beyond stupid that I can't even believe it.

VANCE: I mean with your parents.

BRODY: Mom couldn't take it anymore so she filed for divorce.

VANCE: They got divorced? (*BRODY nods*) But they still live together. (*BRODY nods*) Can they do that?

BRODY: No, they can't. But they do.

VANCE: That's... strange.

BRODY: She gets the upstairs and he gets the basement. He even put in his own little kitchen down there. Well, if you can call a mini-fridge and a microwave a kitchen. He washes his dishes in the bathtub. It's been this way for a year now.

VANCE: Why don't they get separate places?

BRODY: They can't afford it.

VANCE: What does Samantha say about all this?

BRODY: I haven't told her.

VANCE: No?

BRODY: I haven't told anyone.

VANCE: You should tell her. She loves you too, you know.

BRODY: When she talks, she has this light in her eyes that I don't want to turn off. It's not that she wouldn't care. If anything, she'd care too much. She'd probably show up on my doorstep and wag her finger in my parent's faces. It would change things. And I don't want them to change. It's the only thing I have right now that I don't want to change.

VANCE: I see.

BRODY: The weirdest part is that both of them are trying so hard to be my favorite that it makes me sick. Every time I go up and down the stairs, my curfew gets later and later.

VANCE: At least there's one benefit.

# Tumblefur

by Bradley Hayward

## Characters

Laura

## Setting

A bare stage; a park

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*LAURA holds a leash and at the end of it is a dog, invisible to the audience. She bends down to him.*

LAURA: Sit.

*She feeds him a treat.*

Good boy! Now shake a paw.

*She shakes his paw and then feeds him a treat.*

Good boy! Other paw.

*She shakes his other paw and then feeds him a treat.*

Good boy! Now lie down.

*She waits.*

Come on. Lie down.

*She waits.*

I know you know it. Lie down.

*He does and she pats him on the head and gives him a treat.*

Good boy! Now speak.

*She waits.*

Speak.

*She waits.*

No treat if you don't speak.

*She pats him again and gives him another treat.*

That's my good boy!

*She rustles the fur on his head.*

You know what, Jeff? You're the best dog ever. That's right. The best friend a person could ever have!

*She rustles him again, but this time notices what must be dog hair flying everywhere. She follows it as it soars into the air and swirls around.*

Whoa! Did you see that, Jeff? Your fur is flying! Up, up, up and away! Soon that chunk will be right up there with the clouds. Look at the way it swirls in the breeze. Woosh, to the right. Woosh, to the left. The clouds are gonna love it, Jeff. They're gonna take that chunk of fur and mix it up with all the other white bunches. And don't worry, you'll grow more fur. You always do. Tons and tons and tons of fur!

*She pets him again.*

I hope you don't listen when Mom gets mad at you. I like it when I come into a room and know you've been there. Like the other day, I came home from school and was pretty sad. I won't bore you with the details because they don't matter, but some of the other girls weren't very nice to me. Not at all. When I opened the door, I waited for you to rush at me with your stuffed raccoon. I love how you bring me presents when I come home. You're always happy to see me! But anyways, you weren't there. I looked all over the house, but it turns out you were at the vet with Mom. Sorry about that, by the way. I know you don't like it there. But sometimes we have to do things we don't like. That's just the way it is. Anyways, I flopped on my bed and was just about to cry. Not a lot, mind you. Crying a lot isn't healthy. A little is okay, though. But just as I was about to cry, I saw something out of the corner of my eye. What was it, Jeff? I'll tell you! It was a piece of you! A whole bunch of your fur had clumped up into a pretty ball. As soon as I realized what it was, all of a sudden it lifted off the ground. Up, up, up and away! The window wasn't even open! I watched it as it danced in the air. First it blew over to my dresser and landed on my teddy bear. It was like you were saying hello to him even though you weren't there. It made me smile. A lot! Unlike crying, you can smile a lot. There's no harm in that. Then woosh! Your little ball of fur took off again. It said hello to the picture on the wall, then my computer, then my stereo. Finally,



like you were saving the best for last, you fluttered over and landed on my pillow. Right next to my head! It was awesome.

*She pets him.*

So go ahead and shed, Jeff. I don't mind. Not one little bit!

*She watches another chunk of fur fly into the air.*

There goes another one! Good boy! The clouds are going to be so happy.

*All of a sudden, Jeff pulls on the leash.*

Are you all done sitting? You wanna go for a walk?

*She is practically pulled down by the force on the leash.*

I'll take that as a yes. Come on, then. Let's go.

*She and Jeff walk to another part of the stage, stopping several times on the way.*

Whoa! How much water have you had, Jeff?

*She tilts her head at him.*

Don't give me that look. I'm just saying, that's an awful lot of pee you got there.

*She laughs. There's more tugging on the leash.*

Oh, there you go with your little dance. It must be time for number two.

*She dances in a little circle, back and forth over one spot.*

It's funny the way you do that. To the left. Then to the right. Why, I wonder?

*She looks at Jeff and grins.*

Fine. I'll turn around.

*She turns around.*

You're the only dog I know that wants privacy when he goes to the bathroom. Not that I blame you. I wouldn't want to have anybody watch me either. One time Piper threw open the door to the bathroom stall I was in at school. "Do you need any help,"

she asked. “Since everything is so difficult for you?” And then she laughed and laughed in that way of hers.

*She imitates the laugh.*

She thinks she’s so clever. She likes to disguise how mean she is with nice words. I’m on to her, though. I listen. Whenever she gets into trouble, which is barely ever, she always says, “I didn’t say anything mean.” Which is true, but it’s the way she says things that’s mean. “All I said was that I could help her find a shirt that didn’t accentuate her back fat.” Or, “friends don’t let friends ignore pimples.”

*She imitates the laugh again.*

Whatever. She doesn’t have any real friends. Not like I do. Isn’t that right, Jeff?

*She turns around.*

Are you all done now?

*She looks down at the ground.*

Yep. You sure are.

*She takes a little plastic bag out of her pocket and wraps it around her hand. Jeff tugs on the leash.*

Not yet, little guy. I have to pick this up.

*She bends down and picks up his little gift.*

Fine. Turn around. I know this embarrasses you, but it’s rude to just leave it there for someone to step in. Unless it’s on Piper’s lawn.

*She ties up the little bag, then looks at Jeff.*

I know, that wasn’t very nice. Sorry. I didn’t mean it. You would never do something like that. That’s cause you’re my good boy!

*She pets him, then her eyes dart back into the sky.*

There it goes again! More tumblefur! Up, up, up and away! You’re lucky, you know that? You get to shed all your fur and then see what happens when it grows back in again. You’re always the same dog on the inside, but you get to try on a new outside every few

# Status Update: A Symphony

by Bradley Hayward

## Characters

James, Piper, Cindy, Samantha, Laura, Brody, Vance

## Setting

A bare stage; cyberspace

*Seven STUDENTS are standing, sitting and lying down on various levels. Unless denoted by “beats,” the characters begin saying the next line a few words before the character before them has finished.*

CINDY: Cindy Steckler. Sixteen. Sacred Heart High School.

PIPER: Piper Lawson. Sixteen. Sacred Heart High School.

LAURA: Laura Berg. Sixteen. Sacred Heart High School.

VANCE: Vance McCarthy. Sixteen. Sacred Heart High School.

JAMES: James Lawson. Sixteen. Sacred Heart High School.

SAMANTHA: Samantha Peters. Sixteen. Sacred Heart High School.

BRODY: Brody Anderson. Sixteen. Sacred Heart High School.

*Beat. They change positions.*

EVERYONE: Status update.

*Beat.*

CINDY: Weekend! Chillin’ with my home girls. Listening to some good music, having good talks about life, drinking our cold glasses of sweet ice tea. Loving life right now.

*Beat.*

PIPER: Woohoo! Pool gettin’ done! Yeahhhhhhhhh so happy!

*Beat.*

LAURA: A chunk of butter floated in a puddle of syrup on my waffle before it melted. Yum!

*Beat.*

VANCE: I can't call anyone due to network errors till Monday, yet some random guy from India can call me and ask if I am happy with my health insurance. Gotta love cell phones.

*Beat.*

JAMES: Sup freaks? Ready to get my Slurpee on! Say hey yeah!

*Beat.*

SAMANTHA: Ohhhhhhhh! Friday, I smooch you! X-O-X-O!

*Beat.*

BRODY: Long story short, epic fail turned into epic win.

*Beat.*

EVERYONE: Status update.

*Beat. They all change positions.*

CINDY: Monday morning! Ugh! Wake me when it's over.

PIPER: Woke up to a text that made my day!

LAURA: Sun shines around the room and bounces off everything like a balloon.

VANCE: The day starts whether you turn on the alarm or not.

JAMES: Wake up wake up wake up wake up. Hahahahahahahaha!

SAMANTHA: Got all cleaned up and dressed up. Think I'm ready to go.

BRODY: Shirt on. Deodorant on. Brody out.

*Beat.*

EVERYONE: Status update.

*Beat. They all change positions.*

CINDY: Class! Sittin' up in this desk freezing my tail off! A/C blastin'. At least this one ends early so I can go outside to warm up, but the next class starts in like thirty minutes.

PIPER: Some people are just dumb! Wish they could teach common sense and skip parabolas.

LAURA: Drama class canceled. Boo. Fire alarm did it. Talk about drama.  
Oh the woe.

VANCE: Whoops. Studied wrong country. No idea where Uzbekistan  
is. Ask me 'bout Hawaii and I'm your guy. Fail.

JAMES: Passing notes in class not a good idea. 'Specially when you draw  
pictures of the teacher. Waiting for principal.

SAMANTHA: If I can get motivated to organize my backpack I might  
actually find something like where my markers are and the book I  
need now.

BRODY: Boring boring boring boring boring boring. Zzzzzz...

*Beat.*

EVERYONE: Status update.

*Beat. They all change positions.*

CINDY: Lunch! Cafeteria smells like wings. Bleah! Messy fingers  
touching all the knobs and handles. Think I'll skip it.

PIPER: Can't wait to smash! L-O-L! I'm hungry!

LAURA: Table over here. Table over there. Come over here.

VANCE: Brown bagging it today.

JAMES: I'm starving. Imma gonna get myself a Hot Pocket. Yum yum!

SAMANTHA: How quick a gallon of milk disappears!

BRODY: Finally gonna eat. What should I eat, umm?

*Beat.*

EVERYONE: Status update.

*Beat. They all change positions.*

CINDY: Work! No play! Gotta jet and get there before boss flips.

PIPER: Cash to burn equals new dress, ya think?

LAURA: Interview was good and I hope uniform is too.

VANCE: It's not about how much money you make, but what you do  
with the money. Ha!

JAMES: Need a job A-S-A-P!

SAMANTHA: Working tonight, four to close. Come see me and cool down!

BRODY: Just now getting off work. Gonna park the truck and lay on the grass and watch tomorrow come.

*Beat.*

EVERYONE: Status update.

*Beat. They all change positions.*

CINDY: Parents! Gone for a few days. What to do what to do? Hmm.

PIPER: Love it when the rents go on holiday!

LAURA: Mom/Dad watching Forrest Gump again. Can't take it!

VANCE: I'd say mow the yard if Mom did my laundry.

JAMES: Woot woot! House to myself!

SAMANTHA: Thanks Dad for sorting me out. Lurve you! Heart heart smile.

BRODY: Mother is the mother of all mothers. Bad way, not good.

*Beat.*

EVERYONE: Status update.

*Beat. They all change positions.*

CINDY: Love! Star star sigh star star.

PIPER: Squiggle squiggle happy face. You know who!

LAURA: Broken hearts are easily mended.

VANCE: I'm not poet, but I can show it.

JAMES: Ick!

SAMANTHA: Happy b-day to my boy!

BRODY: Got some new tools. Will use 'em for sure. Thanks.

*Beat.*

EVERYONE: Status update.

*Beat. They all change positions.*

CINDY: Image! Good hair day makes me smile!

PIPER: Tacky pink lipstick and bad fake tan all over your face!

LAURA: Pop it or leave it?

VANCE: If I was a blade I'd shave you smooth.

JAMES: Pants r baggy. Deal with it sucka.

SAMANTHA: Mom wears my shoes so much they don't fit anymore.

BRODY: Shampoo commercial. For real? Who cares?

*Beat.*

EVERYONE: Status update.

*Beat. They all change positions.*

CINDY: Fears! Staying up to finish homework. Call me.

PIPER: Test tomorrow. Have to pass it. Summer here I come.

LAURA: Why isn't it M-C squared equals E?

VANCE: Dentist tomorrow. Oh joy.

JAMES: Don't forget the shoulder check. Zoom zoom!

SAMANTHA: Check email. Check email. Why no reply?

BRODY: Why does this always happen to me?

*Beat.*

EVERYONE: Status update.

*Beat. They all change positions.*

CINDY: Sleep! The pillow awaits! Whew!

PIPER: Cucumbers on the eyes.

LAURA: New face cream, wish me luck.

VANCE: Can't sleep. Computer playing a movie.

JAMES: Music on. Keeps the nightmares away.

SAMANTHA: Night night all!

BRODY: *Zzzzzzzzzz.*

*Beat.*

EVERYONE: Status update.

*Beat. They all change positions, getting a little closer to one another.*

CINDY: I hope the sun comes out tomorrow.

EVERYONE: Comment.

PIPER: Me too!

LAURA: Love the rain.

VANCE: TV says so.

JAMES: Wanna go swimming?

SAMANTHA: It will.

BRODY: Meh.

*Beat.*

EVERYONE: Status update.

*Beat. They all change positions. They get even closer.*

PIPER: I wish they made bathing suits that didn't pucker.

EVERYONE: Comment.

CINDY: L-O-L.

LAURA: Yeah.

VANCE: Whistle.

JAMES: Ew sis!

SAMANTHA: Smiley face.

BRODY: Heh.

*Beat.*

EVERYONE: Status update.



*Beat. They all change positions. Closer still.*

LAURA: I pray he's okay.

EVERYONE: Comment.

PIPER: Who?

CINDY: Who?

VANCE: Who?

JAMES: Who?

SAMANTHA: Who?

BRODY: He's fine.

*Beat.*

EVERYONE: Status update.

*Beat. They all change positions. Closer still.*

VANCE: I want what I want. Deal with it.

EVERYONE: Comment.

PIPER: You funny!

LAURA: I hear you.

CINDY: You got it babe.

JAMES: Snort bahahahaha!

SAMANTHA: Done. Dealt with it.

BRODY: Dude. Really?

*Beat.*

EVERYONE: Status update.

*Beat. They all change positions. Even closer yet.*

JAMES: I think I can.

EVERYONE: Comment.

PIPER: I think I can.

LAURA: I think I can.

VANCE: I think I can.

CINDY: I think I can.

SAMANTHA: I think I can.

BRODY: Nuff said.

*Beat.*

EVERYONE: Status update.

*Beat. They all change positions. Very close now.*

SAMANTHA: I can and did.

EVERYONE: Comment.

PIPER: Told ya.

LAURA: Smile.

VANCE: What?

JAMES: Woot woot!

CINDY: Hearts and more!

BRODY: I love you.

*Beat.*

EVERYONE: Status update.

*Beat. They all change positions. They are all huddled up together.*

BRODY: I did it.

EVERYONE: Comment.

PIPER: Did what?

LAURA: I knew you could.

VANCE: Good for you.

JAMES: Did what?

SAMANTHA: I love you too.



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