



**Sample Pages from
Somewhere, Nowhere**

Welcome! This is copyrighted material for promotional purposes. It's intended to give you a taste of the script to see whether or not you want to use it in your classroom or perform it. You can't print this document or use this document for production purposes.

Royalty fees apply to all performances **whether or not admission is charged**. Any performance in front of an audience (e.g. an invited dress rehearsal) is considered a performance for royalty purposes.

Visit <https://folk.me/p193> to order a printable copy or for rights/royalty information and pricing.

**DO NOT POST THIS SAMPLE ONLINE.
IT MAY BE DOWNLOADED ANY TIME FROM THE LINK ABOVE.**

SOMEWHERE, NOWHERE

Frying Pan to Frying Pan

The Tower of Tyler

Underneath

The Egg Carton And Shaving Cream Solution

A SMALL TOWN CYCLE BY
Lindsay Price



Somewhere, Nowhere

Frying Pan to Frying Pan

The Tower of Tyler

Underneath

The Egg Carton and Shaving Cream Solution

Copyright © 2011 Lindsay Price

CAUTION: The plays in this collection are fully protected under the copyright laws of Canada and all other countries of the Universal Copyright Convention and are subject to royalty. Changes to the scripts are expressly forbidden without written consent of the author. Rights to produce, film, or record, in whole or in part, in any medium or in any language, by any group amateur or professional, are fully reserved.

Interested persons are requested to apply for amateur rights to:

Theatrefolk

www.theatrefolk.com/licensing

help@theatrefolk.com

Those interested in professional rights may contact the author c/o the above address.

No part of this script covered by the copyrights hereon may be reproduced or used in any form or by any means - graphic, electronic or mechanical - without the prior written permission of the author. Any request for photocopying, recording, or taping shall be directed in writing to the author at the address above.

Printed in the USA

One Full Length or Four One Acts

Somewhere, Nowhere is both a full-length play, and four independent competition-length one acts. Each one-act is a snapshot of teenage life in the small town of Brayton. The full-length takes place over the course of four seasons. The characters re-appear, change and grow with each subsequent story.

Act One	Act Two
<p>1) Frying Pan to Frying Pan</p> <p><i>3M+4W</i></p> <p>Echo Moss (17) Brittney Poole (16) Ms. Valerie Bright (25) Trina Tews (15) Shane Lynch (20) Pete Quinn (17) Jim Hill (17)</p>	<p>3) Underneath</p> <p><i>5W</i></p> <p>Fee (Fiona) Glass (30) Echo Moss (18) Brittney Poole (16) Trina Tews (15) Josie McDaniel (15)</p>
<p>2) The Tower of Tyler</p> <p><i>3M+8W+7 Either</i></p> <p>Trina Tews (15) Becks Steinberg-Espinosa (25) Brittney Poole (16) Ms. Valerie Bright (25) Jane Rose (16) Caitlin (16) Courtney (16) Crystal (16) Tyler Tews (17) Pete Quinn (17) Jim Hill (17) Reporter 1, 2, 3 Community Group A, B, C Photographer</p> <p>Becks, Photographer, and all Reporters & Community Group members can be either gender. Community A, B and C can be doubled by Jim, Pete and Brittney.</p>	<p>4) The Egg Carton and Shaving Cream Solution</p> <p><i>4M+11W</i></p> <p>Josie McDaniel (15) Brittney Poole (16) Jane Rose (16) Mrs. Smith (40) Ms. Valerie Bright (25) Caitlin (16) Courtney (16) Crystal (16) Marley (14) Gemma (15) Dawn (14) Pete Quinn (17) Jim Hill (17) Tyler Tews (17) Sam (15)</p>

Full Length Casting

The minimum cast size for the full length is 3M+13W. It is possible to expand to 15W+5M+7 Either (using no doubling) or you can offer multiple roles to actors with smaller significant parts (e.g. Shane and Fee).

Doubling

Shane also plays Reporter One (*The Tower of Tyler*) and Sam (*Egg Carton*)

Fee also plays Reporter Two (*The Tower of Tyler*)

Josie also plays Community A (*The Tower of Tyler*)

Becks also plays Gemma (*Egg Carton*)

Marley also plays Photographer (*The Tower of Tyler*)

Dawn also plays Community C (*The Tower of Tyler*)

Mrs. Smith also plays Reporter Three (*The Tower of Tyler*)

Ms. Bright also plays Community B (*The Tower of Tyler*)

If you're doing the whole play, you'll notice some characters (Trina, Echo and Shane) don't return to the story in *The Egg Carton and Shaving Cream Solution*. There just wasn't an organic way to weave them in as their stories conclude earlier in the play. I would strongly suggest that the actor playing Shane is also given a part in *The Tower of Tyler* or the part of Sam in *Egg Carton* so he isn't sitting around waiting for the play to be over.

I would also suggest that those who aren't in *Egg Carton* be used as extra crowd characters who enter with Jim, keeping in mind to change their wardrobe so they look like different characters.

Set

The plays can be set with risers and cubes, or with something more elaborate. If you're doing the whole play, the scene changes between *Frying Pan to Frying Pan* and *The Tower of Tyler* and between *Underneath* and *The Egg Carton and Shaving Cream Solution* must be very short. Keep the flow of action continuous.

Regardless, there should be a set of risers stage left that lead offstage for all plays. They lead to Shane's office in *Frying Pan*, to the Tews house in *Tower*, to Fee's front door in *Underneath*, and they act as the doorway onto the roof in *Egg Carton*.

Setting

Frying Pan to Frying Pan: The Super Speedy Lube. There needs to be at least one chair/cube for Pete to sit on, and a waist-high counter (two stacked cubes) for Echo to do her nails on.

The Tower of Tyler: The front yard of Tyler Tews's House.

Underneath: The living room of Fee's house. There needs to be a couch, chair, and something for the girls to stand on when their dresses are being hemmed. Again, this could be covered by three cubes for the couch, one for the chair and one to stand on.

The Egg Carton and Shaving Cream Solution: The Brayton High School roof. There should be two cubes stage left for Pete and Josie to use.

Somewhere, Nowhere was first presented by Lakewood Ranch High School in December, 2010 with the following cast:

Echo Moss	Kayla Taylor
Pete Quinn.....	Rasheed Waliagha
Jim Hill.....	Zachary Zimmer
Shane Lynch.....	Kyle James
Brittney Poole	Julia Barrow
Trina Tews	Brandi Wanecski
Ms. Valerie Bright.....	Megan Dehn
Tyler Tews	Nico Cianfarino
Caitlin	Casey Henshaw
Courtney.....	Jordan O'Donnell
Crystal.....	Renee Rogers
Reporters.....	Juan Martinez, Anna Hickey
Photographer.....	Sean Darcy
Jane Rose.....	Jillian Smith
Becks Steinberg-Espinosa.....	Madison McDonald
Fee (Fiona) Glass.....	Melina Cuffaro
Josie McDaniel.....	Tali Cohen
Mrs. Smith	Cassie Rankin
Sam.....	Joseph Grosso
Marley	Megan Nauman
Dawn	Kelli Bagwell
Community Members.....	Casey Blanco, Carlotta Murri
Director	Roxane Caravan
Stage Manager.....	Dani Duguay
Paint Charge.....	Katy Knowles, Rachel Knowles
Set Design / Construction.....	Christopher Parrish
Property Master	Sean Darcy
Sound Design	Sean Knowles
Costume Mistress.....	Kayla Taylor
Hair/Makeup.....	Rachel Knowles
Stagehand.....	Jonathon Signaigo

Underneath and *The Egg Carton and Shaving Cream Solution* were subsequently featured at the 2011 Missouri State Thespian Festival by the following:

Underneath (Parkway South High School)

Echo Moss Marisa Badamo
 Brittney Poole Kelsey Smugala
 Trina Tews Mady Finn
 Fee (Fiona) Glass Victoria Zepp
 Josie McDaniel Margo Leitschuh

Director Abbie Shull

The Egg Carton and Shaving Cream Solution (Branson High School)

Pete Quinn Jared Campbell
 Jim Hill Dakota Callaway
 Brittney Poole Ashley Herrera
 Ms. Valerie Bright Hannah Stark
 Tyler Tews Josh Farley
 Caitlin Lucy Givens
 Courtney Brenna Stone
 Crystal Lindy Monaco
 Jane Rose Andie Gerbel
 Josie McDaniel Jenna Sarni
 Mrs. Smith Julie Drayer
 Gemma Nez Abbey
 Sam Luke Elfrink
 Marley Haleigh Mackey

Somewhere, Nowhere was subsequently presented in its entirety by St. Cloud High School in February, 2011 with the following cast:

Echo Moss	Yesenia Avila
Pete Quinn.....	Nick Simmons
Jim Hill.....	Jacob Spigle
Shane Lynch.....	Austin Courtney
Brittney Poole	Moriah Yex
Trina Tews	Margaret Toner
Ms. Valerie Bright.....	Shannon Esford
Tyler Tews	Cory Dunn
Caitlin	Brandie Troxell
Courtney.....	Tatianna Ross
Crystal.....	Lauren Strecker
Reporters.....	Max Gomer, Stephanie Pagan, Jon Noah
Photographer.....	Erica Dukes
Jane Rose.....	Ashely Marsdale
Becks Steinberg-Espinosa.....	Aaron Collado
Fee (Fiona) Glass.....	Shari Riascos
Josie McDaniel.....	Katy Williams
Mrs. Smith	Megan Lubick
Gemma	Sierra Welch
Sam.....	Eduardo Rivera
Marley	Megan Caudill
Dawn	Jessie Suarez
Community Members.....	Alison Harper, Stephano Brizzio, Devon Griffis Liz Simmons, Rachel Jones, Daniel Richards, Addison Shipley
Director	Karen Loftus
Stage Manager.....	Melissa Moss
Run Crew Chief.....	Matt Cole
Run Crew.....	Addison Shipley, Stephano Brizzio, Eduardo Rivera Nicole Castro, Austin Courtney
Set Crew	Austin Courtney, Matt Cole, Eduardo Rivera, Nicole Castro Ashley Marsdale, Alison Harper, Tatianna Ross, Katy Williams Bekah Rivera, Casandra Wilcox, Megan Lubick, Cory Dunn
Scenic Charge.....	Melissa Moss

Frying Pan To Frying Pan

Summer.

In the darkness, upbeat pop music plays. Something perfect for summer. Lights rise slowly on the Super Speedy Lube. Alas, there isn't a soul who wants their oil changed. The heat hangs in the air. The employees are doing as little as possible. ECHO concentrates on doing her nails. There is nail paraphernalia on a counter in front of her: a nail file, a small cosmetics bag, and two seemingly identical colours of pink nail polish. There is also a cell phone.

JIM lies on his back on the floor. PETE lounges with his hat pulled over his eyes, clearly napping. The music fades, and ECHO examines her nails. She really examines her nails. She looks confused.

ECHO: Pete. Pete!

PETE raises his hat and ECHO presents her nails to him.

ECHO: Which one?

PETE: They're the same.

ECHO: They are not.

PETE: They're pink.

ECHO: *(waving her left hand)* Strawberry Ice. *(waving her right hand)* Cotton Candy.

JIM sits up suddenly.

JIM: Candy? Did someone say Candy?

ECHO's cell phone rings. ECHO starts waving her hands in the air, trying to speed dry her nails.

ECHO: Ohhh. *(she gingerly opens it and pushes a key, leaving it on the counter)* Hi Mom! I'm happy. I'm really happy. Really really. Still going. Okay, uh huh. Bye! *(she gingerly closes the phone)*

JIM: Six.

ECHO: Six what?

JIM: That's the sixth time she's called.

ECHO: (*shrugging*) So?

PETE: And the sixth time you've had the same conversation.

ECHO: She's checking up on me.

JIM: Cause you've changed so much from call five to six?

ECHO: She wants me to go to hairdresser school. Doesn't your mom check up on you?

JIM: She checks up on the car. "Did you set the car on fire?" Car's not on fire, she's happy.

PETE: Why would you set the car on fire?

JIM: I wouldn't do it on purpose. I might accidentally. Whoops, whoa, fire!

ECHO: (*she's been examining her nails*) I don't like either of these.

There is a pause. ECHO hums as she pulls a new pink nail polish from her bag and starts to paint the nails on one hand. PETE slides back down in his seat and puts his hat back over his face. JIM takes his hat off and fans himself with it. It does no good. Finally, JIM turns to PETE.

JIM: Pete. (*pause*) Pete. (*pause*) Pete. (*pause*) Pete. (*pause*) Pete.

PETE: What?

JIM: What time is it?

PETE: Five minutes past the last time you asked.

JIM: So it's five minutes later.

PETE: So do the math.

JIM: So I forget.

PETE: So buy a watch.

JIM: So, that's not going to help me now.

PETE: So?

JIM: So help me out.

PETE: Echo?

ECHO: (*focusing on her nails*) Can't talk, busy.

JIM: So?

PETE: It's five minutes later.

JIM: Than what?

PETE: Before.

JIM: Look at your watch. It's right there. Come on. (*pause*) Pete. (*pause*) Pete. (*pause*) Pete. Pete. Pete. Pete. I can do this all day. Pete. Pete. Pete. Pete.

PETE: (*looking at his watch*) 11:17! It's 11:17! Happy?

JIM: Oh. (*pause*) That's not a good time.

PETE: It is what it is.

JIM: What time did we start?

PETE: Same as always. (*JIM opens his mouth, PETE speaks before JIM can*) Eight. We started at eight.

JIM: So how long is that?

PETE: So do the math.

JIM: I don't do math in summer.

PETE: So why do I have to?

JIM: (*whining*) Echo...

ECHO: (*focusing on her nails*) Can't talk, busy.

JIM: (*same whiny tone*) Pete...

PETE: (*fast*) Three hours and seventeen minutes. Okay?

JIM: Oh. 11:17... 11:17... eleven... seven... teen... I was hoping it was later.

PETE: Sorry.

JIM: I was thinking maybe time, you know, did this big... leap... thing.

PETE: (*looking at JIM*) What?

JIM: Big leap thing.

PETE: You were hoping time just leaped forward.

JIM: Yeah. In a big way.

PETE: Time doesn't do that.

JIM: It could.

PETE: No.

JIM: It might.

PETE: I'm telling you—

JIM: You don't know everything, Pete. You aren't a time expert.

PETE: Time doesn't just move around. It's very consistent. One second at a time. One second after another after another after another. One, one, one, one. That's how it works.

JIM: Maybe.

PETE: That's how it works!

JIM: Echo!

ECHO: (*focusing on her nails*) Can't talk...

JIM: This is important. Life and death.

PETE: It is not.

JIM: It is. I could die.

ECHO: (*looking up*) From what?

JIM: Something. Something really really awful and then you'd feel really really sorry you didn't stop doing your nails for five seconds. You'd have my senseless death on your head for the rest of your life.

ECHO: What is it?

JIM: Pete and I are having a discussion.

PETE: (*pulling his hat back over his eyes*) It's the debate team 'round here.

JIM: Don't you think, that if Time wanted to, it would jump around? Like, take a huge leap forward? If it wanted to, it could whenever it wanted, whenever it felt like it. "I feel like it!" All of a sudden, LEAP! And no one would notice. You'd look at your watch and go, "I'll be. Where'd that hour go?" Time jump. Big leap. Don't you think?

ECHO: That's life and death?

JIM: It could be. To someone...

ECHO: You two better step outside. The fumes are getting to your heads.

PETE: (*sitting up*) Fumes? There would have to be cars here for there to be fumes. There would have to be actual customers. There would have to be something for us to do. It's impossible to have fumes go to your head when we are sitting in a fume-less void. (*he sees JIM staring at him*) What. What?

JIM: (*to PETE*) Cranky...

PETE: I'm fine.

JIM: Cranky McCranker pants.

ECHO: Did you have a bad time last night?

PETE: Something like that.

ECHO: What happened?

PETE: (*sitting back, pulling his hat over his eyes*) I have no idea.

ECHO's cellphone rings.

ECHO: Ohhhh.

She goes through the same gingerly process of opening her phone.

ECHO: Hi Mom! Yep, still happy. Still going. Okay, uh huh. Bye! (*she gingerly shuts the phone*)

JIM: Hey Echo. (*pause*) Echo. Echo. Echo.

ECHO: What?

JIM: Get your boyfriend to close up shop early.

ECHO: You get him.

JIM: He won't listen to me.

ECHO: What makes you think he'll listen to me?

JIM: (*singsong*) You're his girlfriend.

ECHO: (*singsong*) Not when we're working.

JIM: It's too hot! Nobody is thinking about an oil change today. Ask him, Echo. Echo. Echo. Echo. I can do this all day. Echo. Echo.

ECHO: Go ahead. You're only going to annoy Pete.

JIM: That's fun too.

PETE: Maybe if you asked nicely...

ECHO: (*surprised, referring to JIM*) You're siding with him?

PETE: I am dying a slow death here.

JIM: Ah ha! You see? Life and death. Pete's death.

PETE: Nobody wants an oil change. We haven't seen one car all morning.

JIM: Everyone's gone to the lake but us. That's what people do when it's hot. They don't get oil changes. Why should we be the only ones trapped inside like roasted turkeys? Shane is putting his young employees at risk. (*he points at ECHO*) That IS life and death.

ECHO: You want Shane to close up early... (*she gestures off to SHANE'S office*)

JIM: Aw, he'll never do it. Not now.

ECHO: What does that mean?

JIM: He's changed.

ECHO: How?

JIM: He used to be fun.

ECHO: He's fun.

PETE: He's changed.

ECHO: What are you talking about?

PETE: (*shrugging*) He's not the same. Not like when we were all, you know, on the same level. Now he's all...

JIM: Manager-y.

ECHO: He's the manager.

JIM: So the manager's girlfriend should talk to him.

ECHO's cellphone rings. Now she's getting a little annoyed. She snaps up the phone, wrenches it open.

ECHO: Mom! Happy! Going! Bye! (*she snaps the phone shut and then remembers her nails*) Shoot.

SHANE suddenly enters from his office, holding a clipboard and looking very manager-y. The boys hop to standing. ECHO tries to sneak the nail polish away before SHANE sees.

SHANE: What's going on here? Jim get off the floor, what are you doing?

JIM: Nothing.

SHANE: This is unacceptable. UN-acceptable.

PETE: There aren't any customers.

SHANE: And why would there be? Who would come in when you're just lying around?

PETE: There hasn't been a customer all morning.

SHANE: Echo. (*picking up a nail polish bottle*) What is this? What are you doing?

ECHO: (*wincing*) Sorry.

JIM: Shane?

SHANE: I can't believe you're doing your nails at work. I expect better from you.

ECHO: Sorry.

JIM: Shane?

SHANE: What's the matter with you today?

JIM: Shane?

ECHO: It's hot.

JIM: Ah, Shane?

SHANE: What? What is it?

JIM: I wanted to say, that is, we wanted to say, (*he tries to pull PETE to stand beside him and fails*) there's something we wanted to, there's ah, really not much point in staying open. Not really. We were thinking maybe, it might be okay, you know, just this once, to close? Early? No one's coming in for an oil change. Not on a day like this. (*he fans himself*) Hot. Too Hot. Sweating. Dripping. Death. Right?

SHANE: Someone could need an emergency oil change. Someone could come off the highway in the middle of a long drive. What if we're not open? What if we don't look like we know what we're doing? Jim, get off the floor and do something.

*SHANE exits to his office. ECHO puts her stuff away.
JIM and PETE don't move.*

JIM: Why do I always get singled out?

ECHO: You heard him. Do something.

JIM: I'm not the only one here.

PETE: There aren't any customers. We would do something if there was something to do.

JIM: Shane is a changed man. He is a changed man, he's become the man. I don't like it.

ECHO: So what if he's changed? I like the changes.

JIM: (*more to himself*) I liked it better when Charlie was manager.

ECHO: Shane is improving himself, he is working on himself. Unlike some people.

JIM: Charlie'd close on a stinking hot Saturday afternoon so we could go to the lake.

PETE: (*to ECHO, referring to SHANE*) Still taking those courses?

ECHO: (*proud*) He's on the fourth one. They're all online so he can do the assignments whenever he has time. He'll have his business certificate by the end of the year.

JIM: Did you know you can become a doctor online?

PETE: It's not like going to a real school like (*hoity-toity voice*) Lindstam.

ECHO: Hey!

PETE: (*instantly backing down*) Sorry.

ECHO: Don't you mock Shane.

PETE: I think I was mocking you.

ECHO: Same thing.

JIM: (*just recalling*) Emergency oil change?

SHANE: (*enters from office with a broom*) Come on, you three. Look alive. This is UN-acceptable. Pete, you're going to sweep. Jim, you're going to clean the tools. Echo, put that stuff away. Don't make me tell you again. Make yourself useful. All right, I have to go to the bank. This place better look spotless when I get back. No slacking off, no funny business. Got that, Jim?

JIM: AND Pete?

SHANE: (*ignoring JIM*) Look alive, people. Let's look alive.

SHANE exits downstage right. During the following dialogue PETE slowly rises and crosses to get the broom. JIM slowly gets up and grabs a rag and haphazardly cleans a couple of wrenches. ECHO slowly puts her iPod away.

JIM: That is a cranky man.

ECHO: He's fine.

JIM: If that's what happens to you when you get out of high school, I am never leaving.

PETE: I think you're safe.

JIM: He mad about you going away?

ECHO: No. Of course not. I don't know, we don't talk about it.

PETE: No?

ECHO: (*trying to make light*) No.

PETE: Shouldn't you?

JIM: I'd be peeeeeeeeeee-od.

ECHO: Why?

JIM: Cause. I wouldn't want my girlfriend taking off to the other side of the country. Long distance relationships never work.

ECHO: Says who?

JIM: The Lifetime Channel.

PETE: Are you really going for an English degree?

ECHO: Yep. That's the plan.

JIM: What are you gonna do with that?

ECHO: Who are you, my mother?

ECHO's cellphone rings. She looks at it.

ECHO: *(talking to the phone)* Seriously. Do you have nothing better to do? *(when she answers, she's as cheery as she's been during every other call)* Hi Mom! Hey Mom, Mom, *(there is a pause, as ECHO's mom is taking fast and furious)* Mom, I'll make you a deal. I'll make Hamburger Helper. Three cheese, with extra cheese, tonight, if you don't call for the rest of my shift. But you can't call, Okay? Shane doesn't like it. No, I wouldn't like to date Joey Sloss. Yes, Mom. Still happy. Still going. Okay, uh huh. Bye! *(she closes her phone)*

PETE: Why does she want you to go to hairdresser's school?

ECHO: Free perms.

JIM: Joey Sloss can turn his eyelids inside out. *(ECHO looks at him.)* Just saying.

PETE: I can't believe you're going. Away.

ECHO: Why?

PETE: I don't know. I just never figured you for the big school type.

ECHO: You don't think I can do it?

PETE: I didn't say that.

ECHO: I earned my spot, I worked hard for it, I belong at that school as much as anyone.

PETE: Okay, okay.

ECHO: At least I'm doing something with my life. At least Shane is, better than you two doing nothing all day.

JIM: Hey! I like doing nothing.

BRITTNEY: *(offstage)* Echo!

PETE: *(groaning)* Oh great.

BRITTNEY: *(offstage)* Echo!

ECHO: *(moving right, calling off)* Hai Brittney!

BRITTNEY: *(offstage)* Come out here!

ECHO: I can't.

JIM: *(to PETE)* You okay, Pete?

BRITTNEY: *(offstage)* Come here!

ECHO: I can't!

JIM: You just turned an awesome shade of green.

PETE: *(sitting wearily)* Shut up, Jim.

JIM: Just saying.

BRITTNEY: *(offstage)* Echo!

ECHO: I'm working! You come here.

BRITTNEY: *(offstage)* I can't!

JIM: *(moving to stand by ECHO)* Hey Brittney!

BRITTNEY: *(offstage)* Hi Jim!

JIM: *(hissing to PETE, in awe)* She's with Tyler Tews. She's with Tyler Tews!

PETE: Oh, great.

ECHO: She is?

JIM: That's his car across the street. Brand new. Senior year present. Pete, you gotta see this car.

PETE: *(muttering)* Slow death. I am dying a slow death.

ECHO: (*calling*) Brittney, are you with Tyler Tews?

BRITTNEY: (*offstage*) Is Pete there?

ECHO: Of course he is. (*to PETE*) Did you and Brittney have a fight?

PETE: Something like that.

JIM: (*calling out*) Hey man!

ECHO: Did you break up?

PETE: Something like that.

ECHO: Oh Pete. (*calling out*) Brittney, get in here!

PETE: What do you want? I can't compete with Tyler Tews.

JIM: True.

PETE: Shut up.

BRITTNEY enters from downstage right. She looks exactly like a Brittney.

BRITTNEY: Echo, it's sooooooooooooo hot! Can you believe how hot it is? I can't stand it, how can you stand it, I can't. We're going to the lake, you gotta come. Everybody's going.

JIM: That Tyler's new car?

BRITTNEY: Uh huh. Got it yesterday. Ain't it nice?

JIM: I'm going to check it out. Cover for me! (*he runs off*)

BRITTNEY walks over to stand in front of PETE.

BRITTNEY: Hello, Peter.

PETE: Brittney.

BRITTNEY: How are you?

PETE: Peachy.

BRITTNEY: I'm fabulous, thank you for asking. Did you see Tyler's new car?

PETE: (*not looking*) Uh huh.

BRITTNEY: What are you driving, Pete? Oh that's right, nothing.

ECHO: (*dragging BRITTNEY to the side*) Brittney, get over here.

BRITTNEY: Ow!

ECHO: What are you doing?

BRITTNEY: (*proud*) I'm going out with Tyler Tews!

ECHO: Since when?

BRITTNEY: This morning. He drove by my house and we started talking and...

ECHO: (*whispering*) When did you break up with Pete?

BRITTNEY: Last night. I don't know what I was thinking. He's really not my type. He's not going anywhere. Tyler's got plans. And a car.

PETE: Slow death. Very slow death.

PETE gets up and starts to sweep, as far away from the girls as he can get.

ECHO: Does Tyler know he's going out with you?

BRITTNEY: Yes.

ECHO: Does he?

BRITTNEY: Yes.

ECHO: For sure?

BRITTNEY: Echo.

ECHO: Jillian West pretended to date Tyler for three weeks before she got caught out.

BRITTNEY: He's taking me to the lake. It'll be official by next weekend. I got it all figured out. Aren't you happy for me?

BRITTNEY & ECHO: Tyler Tews!

The girls squeal and hug. PETE bangs his head on the counter.

BRITTNEY: (*total shift*) Echo, did you hear? I overheard Mrs. Van and Mrs. Best when I was looking for shampoo. Some new girl has to move here cause her parents are going to jail.

ECHO: No!

BRITTNEY: Uh huh. And guess who's back in town? Scott Glass's older sister. *(like it's a big deal)* She's selling Grandma Wills's place.

ECHO: No!

BRITTNEY: Uh huh.

ECHO: I love that house.

BRITTNEY: Mrs. Peet says the sister ran away from here years ago. Probably gonna sell the house for drugs.

ECHO: No!

BRITTNEY: Uh huh. Grandma Wills is spinning in her grave, I'm sure.

ECHO: She used to sneak me peppermints in church. I love that house.

BRITTNEY: Come to the lake.

ECHO: I'm working.

BRITTNEY: It's soooooooooooooo hot! Shane'll let you go if you ask nice.

ECHO: Can't.

BRITTNEY: You have to, Echo. Before you know it the summer'll be over and you'll be gone.

ECHO: *(not looking at BRITTNEY)* It's not that far.

BRITTNEY: You'll forget all about me.

ECHO: *(she holds up her nails)* Cotton Candy or Tutti-Frutti Tutu?

There is the sound of a car horn.

TRINA: *(offstage)* Brittney! Brittney!

ECHO: *(wincing)* That's... loud.

BRITTNEY: Trina is such a troll. I can't believe she's related to him.

TRINA: Brit! Ney!

BRITTNEY: *(she closes her eyes and chants to herself)* Be nice, be nice, it's worth it, be nice.

TRINA: *(offstage)* Brittney!

TRINA TEWS stomps in from downstage right. She frowns and crosses her arms.

TRINA: Would you hurry up?

BRITTNEY: *(overly nice)* Sorry! Be right out!

ECHO: Hey Trina.

TRINA: *(looking around)* Oh my God. What a pigsty.

PETE: It's a garage.

TRINA: It's disgusting. I'd never bring my car in here.

PETE: *(turning away)* Well, that's a shame.

ECHO: *(again)* Hey Trina.

TRINA: *(ignoring ECHO)* Brittney, Tyler says we gotta go. We're missing everything. We don't have time to sit around. Tyler says everybody is already at the lake. He doesn't want to sit around doing nothing when he could be having fun. That's what he's thinking. I always know what he's thinking. And if Tyler's not having fun, then I'm not having fun. Tyler doesn't like it when I'm not having fun. He always makes sure I'm having fun.

PETE: Well, isn't that fun of him.

TRINA: Hey! *(she snaps at PETE to get his attention)* Hey! You! Hey!

BRITTNEY: *(enjoying)* She's talking to you, Peter.

PETE: *(looking up)* God? What did I do? *(looking at TRINA)* Yes?

TRINA: Are you making fun of my brother?

PETE: Your brother?

TRINA: Yes.

PETE: Tyler Tews is your brother? Who knew?

TRINA: You know who my brother is. Everybody does. If you're making fun of him, I'll make sure he knows.

PETE: Okay then.

TRINA: *(to BRITTNEY)* Coming?

BRITTNEY: *(overly nice)* You bet! Echo?

ECHO: Can't.

There is the sound of a car horn.

TRINA: Don't keep Tyler waiting! *(she stomps off)*

BRITTNEY: *(to ECHO)* Call me! *(she runs off right)*

ECHO: *(to herself)* I can't believe she got Tyler Tews.

JIM: *(entering from right)* That is a sweet ride. Man. My dad still talks about Tyler's Hail Mary pass from last year. *(he mimes throwing a football)* It's going, it's going, it's going... The clock's run out... He caught it! Nash has caught the ball! Bulldogs win the game! Bulldogs win! *(JIM celebrates. PETE throws down his broom and heads out the back.)* Where you going?

PETE: *(exiting upstage left)* I'm gonna go see how many Twinkies I can shove into my mouth at one time.

JIM: *(following PETE)* Can I watch? Can I have a Twinkie? *(exits)*

ECHO watches them go and shakes her head. She hums, picks up the broom and puts it off to the side. She examines her nails and tilts her head.

ECHO: Cotton Candy. Definitely Cotton Candy.

MS. BRIGHT stumbles in from downstage right, clearly out of breath and gasping for air. She looks horrible – sweaty, hair matted, red face. She looks like she's been running, but isn't really dressed in running clothes.

NOTE: MS. BRIGHT is often in a manic state during her lines. She's suffering from heat stroke and she feels a sense of panic, so she's temporarily out of her mind. This DOES NOT mean she yells all her lines. I repeat. DO NOT YELL ALL YOUR LINES. Audiences do not like to be yelled at and if everything MS. BRIGHT does IS ALL LIKE THIS, then there's nowhere for her to grow. Exclamation points do not always equal volume. They can equal intensity, energy, excitement, or emphasis. Play with that. Explore variety of tone.

MS. BRIGHT: *(gasping)* Echo?

ECHO: *(bewildered)* Ms. Bright?

MS. BRIGHT: *(gasping)* Echo?

ECHO: Ms... Bright?

MS. BRIGHT: (*gasping, reaching out*) You're here?

ECHO: Are you okay?

MS. BRIGHT: (*still reaching out to ECHO*) You're here! (*waving her arms*)
You're not a mirage?

ECHO: (*looking around*) No...

MS. BRIGHT: I found you!

ECHO: I always work Saturdays.

MS. BRIGHT lets out a yelp, grabs her leg and topples to the floor. ECHO is bewildered.

ECHO: What is it?

MS. BRIGHT: Leg cramp, leg cramp, leg cramp, AGH!

And just as suddenly as MS. BRIGHT has cried out she is silent. She passes out flat on the floor. ECHO looks left and right, still no idea what to do. ECHO's cellphone rings. She jumps in surprise and answers.

ECHO: Hi Mom. I thought we... (*as if surprised*) Yes. Yes. (*she looks at MS. BRIGHT*) How did you... (*MS. BRIGHT moans*) I gotta go. (*she hangs up and crouches down beside MS. BRIGHT*) Ms. Bright? (*there is silence*) Do you want an oil change?

MS. BRIGHT gasps for air, and sits up suddenly. ECHO falls backwards in surprise.

MS. BRIGHT: (*gulping in a big breath before speaking*) Air! (*she inhales*) Air! Water. I need water. Water, water, water, water, lots and lots of water. (*she starts crawling toward ECHO*) I need a bucket of water. Do you understand me, Echo? Do you get what I'm trying to tell you?

ECHO: Yes.

MS. BRIGHT: Then stop talking and get me a bucket. Go, go, go! (*she grabs her leg*) Leg cramp, leg cramp, leg cramp, AGH! (*and just as suddenly passes out flat on the floor*)

ECHO runs upstage, calling out for the boys.

ECHO: (*hissing*) Pete. Jim. Get in here!

ECHO runs to MS. BRIGHT, looking at her worriedly. PETE and JIM stroll in.

PETE: Would you drop it?

JIM: If you say there's going to be Twinkies, there should be Twinkies.

ECHO: Get over here.

JIM: (seeing MS. BRIGHT on the floor) What the...

PETE: Is that Ms. Bright?

ECHO: Stay here. Watch her. Fan her or something. I have to get some water.

ECHO runs off to SHANE's office. JIM and PETE slowly turn to stare at MS. BRIGHT.

JIM: Is she dead?

MS. BRIGHT: (bolting up) Leg cramp, leg cramp, leg cramp, AGH! (and she passes out flat again)

JIM: Nope.

PETE: Fan her.

JIM: With what?

PETE: I don't know. Your hat.

JIM: Maybe we both should. She doesn't look so good. She's sweating like a pig.

PETE: Fan!

JIM and PETE pull off their caps and start awkwardly fanning. Neither actually bends down to fan MS. BRIGHT's face. They stand straight up, with straight arms, as awkwardly as possible.

JIM: Do you think it's working?

PETE: Feels weird seeing a teacher like this.

JIM: Now would probably be a bad time to talk about my grade.

ECHO runs in with a bottle of water and a bucket.

ECHO: Okay, here. Here, Ms. Bright, sit up and drink. *(to the boys)* Are you useless? Help her up!

The boys scramble to help MS. BRIGHT up into a seated position.

ECHO: *(handing her the bucket and the water)* Here you go.

MS. BRIGHT: What's this?

ECHO: Water... and a bucket... ?

MS. BRIGHT: A bucket of water. A bucket OF water, not a bucket AND water. What am I supposed to do with an empty bucket?

JIM: *(muttering to PETE)* She's crankier than you and Shane put together.

PETE: You could pour the water over your head and put your head over the bucket so you don't drip. *(MS. BRIGHT stares at him)* Just a suggestion...

MS. BRIGHT: *(to JIM)* And you wonder about your grades...

MS. BRIGHT takes a drink and then pours the contents over her head, keeping the bucket underneath so she doesn't drip too much. She sits with the bucket in her lap.

MS. BRIGHT: Aaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhh.

ECHO: Does that feel better?

PETE: Um, Ms. Bright were you running... on purpose? It's kind of hot out, isn't it?

JIM: Stinking hot.

ECHO: When Shane trained for that marathon he did all his running early. Like five in the morning.

PETE: She doesn't look dressed for running.

JIM: Maybe she's trying to lose weight.

ECHO: Jim!

JIM: Isn't there some kind of sweat diet?

MS. BRIGHT: I ran all the way from Duke's! *(the others stop and turn to her)* I ran all the way from Duke's. Which was a stupid thing to

do because my bike was right there. I had my bike, right outside. I could have ridden here in half the time.

JIM: You should have done that.

ECHO hits JIM. MS. BRIGHT upends the water bottle but it's empty. She tries to coax a last drop out but nothing comes.

MS. BRIGHT: I'm out of water. *(she throws the bottle at JIM)* More water!

JIM: Hey...

PETE: Actually, you probably shouldn't drink too fast, you'll get sick.

JIM: It's not nice to throw things.

ECHO: Shane doesn't have any more in his fridge. I'll have to go out to get it. Unless you want tap. But it's not very cold. We can never get it cold here.

MS. BRIGHT: You, get me a glass of tap. Tweedledum and Tweedledee, go to the corner mart for the cold stuff. *(she pulls some bills out of her purse, crumples them up and throws them at JIM)* Buy all the water they have. Clean 'em out.

ECHO: We're supposed to be working...

JIM: She keeps throwing stuff at me.

PETE: She's dehydrated.

JIM: She's losing it.

MS. BRIGHT: Go, go, go!

PETE: Echo?

ECHO: Oh go on, I'll deal with Shane.

ECHO exits to SHANE's office. The boys turn to exit when MS. BRIGHT stops them.

MS. BRIGHT: Hold it! *(JIM and PETE freeze)* Come back here. *(JIM and PETE don't move)* Here, over here. Get over here! *(JIM and PETE slowly turn)* What's your price?

PETE: Pardon?

MS. BRIGHT: Don't pardon me. (*she points at them*) I know you. I know what you're going to do.

PETE: Get you some water?

MS. BRIGHT: Yip, yip, yip! Always yipping, always talking, did you hear about so and so and so and so and (*she claps her hands to the side of her head*) Mrs. Best was in the diner!

PETE & JIM: (*they know exactly what that means*) Oh oh...

MS. BRIGHT: She saw me. I dashed out with my coffee still steaming on the counter. She's bound to have noticed. Who knows what she's saying right now and you two, you'll be happy to add fuel to the fire. (*she adds hand gestures to her explosion sound*) WHOOSH! Name your price.

PETE: Ms. Bright, we're not going to say—

JIM: Twinkies.

PETE: What?

JIM: That's my price.

PETE: Jim!

JIM: You said there'd be Twinkies and there were no Twinkies and now I got Twinkies on the brain.

PETE: You can't blackmail a teacher.

JIM: It's not blackmail if she asks.

ECHO reenters with a cup of water.

ECHO: What are you still doing here?

JIM: Twinkies!

ECHO: Pete?

PETE: She thinks we're going to talk.

ECHO: About what?

MS. BRIGHT: Yip, yip, yip, yip, yip!

PETE: This.

ECHO: You two are going to get water. You're not going to open your mouths to anyone about anything. Understood? Jim?

JIM: Again with the singling out.

ECHO: Go!

PETE and JIM exit downstage right. ECHO sits by MS. BRIGHT and hands her the cup.

ECHO: Here.

MS. BRIGHT takes the water and gulps it down.

MS. BRIGHT: Gah. It's warm.

ECHO: Sorry.

MS. BRIGHT: *(she tosses the cup away)* Gross.

ECHO: *(goes after the cup and puts it away)* Shane can't figure it out. So, how are you? Did you have a nice trip? I'll bet Paris is really pretty in the summer. Does it get as hot as here?

MS. BRIGHT: *(not exactly stable)* Echo, do you like me?

ECHO: Huh?

MS. BRIGHT: *(leaning in)* You like me, don't you? As a person? A human being?

ECHO: *(leaning back)* Sure...

MS. BRIGHT: We had many, many, chats this year. I'm not imagining that. You and me. I'm not imagining. You and I were friendly. Talking. *(she uses her hands like puppets to imitate two people talking)* "Hello, Echo." "Hello, Ms. Bright." "How are you?" "Just fine." That was you and me.

ECHO: Ms. Bright?

MS. BRIGHT: I always hated my teachers. Ice cold crabby, nasty people just trying to get through the day. All my teachers were so... distant. None of them ever talked to me.

ECHO: I think you need to lie down.

MS. BRIGHT: And I made a solemn vow, cross my heart, hope to die, stick a needle in my eye, if I was going to teach, I'd never be mean. Distant. *(she thumps her chest)* I would care. *(she thumps her chest)*

I would encourage. I would get involved. I would push and kick butt when necessary, but in a loving way. *(she reaches out, as if posing for an award)* That's what the students would say about me at the Teacher of the Year awards banquet. "She kicked butt, and we loved her for it. We love Ms. Bright." *(she waves to the crowd)* The crowd cheers... the crowd cheers...

ECHO: *(standing)* Yep, we should go into Shane's office. Let's do that. *(helps MS. BRIGHT to stand)*

MS. BRIGHT: You wouldn't do anything without telling me... would you?

ECHO: *(no idea)* Like what?

MS. BRIGHT: *(she starts laughing and weaves away from ECHO)* Picture this. The diner. Duke's. Got it? I'm sitting at the counter. *(she sits in the chair, and speaks chipperly)* Coffee, please. Eggs over easy, brown toast and bacon! *(she looks at ECHO)* I love bacon. That's the one good thing about living here. Nobody gives a crap if you eat a boatload of bacon. *(chipper)* Double order, please! Not even a blink. I'm in my seat. Double order coming up! And your mom walks in.

ECHO: Okay...

MS. BRIGHT: She walks in, sees me, walks right on up. *(extra chipper)* "Hello, Ms. Bright! How are you, Ms. Bright! Try the bacon, it's delicious! Have a nice trip? Guess what?" *(to ECHO, changing tone)* She says, "Guess what?" She says, "Guess what?" like she's got something great and amazing and awesome to tell me. Like she won the lottery. But she doesn't say something awesome. She tells me the craziest story. *(she takes a breath)* She says, you're pulling out of Lindstam. She says, you're not going.

ECHO: Ms. Bright, it's just—

MS. BRIGHT: Crazy! It is crazy, isn't it? Crazy? Just a crazy story that's not at all in any way true?

ECHO: You know my mom. She's used to getting her own way. She thinks if she says I'm not going, and she tells people I'm not going, then I won't go. That's all.

MS. BRIGHT: That's all it is? Your mom being wacko?

ECHO: Well, she's not wacko...

MS. BRIGHT: (*she laughs*) She scared the ever living crap out of me. I ran all the way here for nothing? (*she laughs*) Mrs. Best is probably having a stroke! Ha ha, the joke's on her. This was all just a silly, wackadoodle misunderstanding. (*she laughs*) That's all right, then. That's all right. (*she laughs again*) Look at me, I'm a total mess. I missed out on my bacon for nothing! (*she laughs again*)

ECHO's cellphone rings. She pulls it out and answers it.

ECHO: (*answering*) Mom. You have to stop tell—

MS. BRIGHT: Tell her you're going away.

ECHO: (*on phone*) No.

MS. BRIGHT: Tell her.

ECHO: (*on phone*) No. You can't go around saying—

MS. BRIGHT: Set her straight.

ECHO: Mom can I just—

MS. BRIGHT: She's going, Mrs. Moss.

ECHO: (*on phone*) No. Let me—

MS. BRIGHT: (*singsong*) You can't stop her.

ECHO: Ms. Bright, please! (*to mom*) No. I mean yes, I mean—

MS. BRIGHT: You can't stop her.

ECHO: Would you let me talk?

MS. BRIGHT: (*starts to dance around, taunting*) She's getting out of here. She's getting out...

ECHO: Can I just – Ms. Bright! (*to mom*) Stop it!

MS. BRIGHT: I'm saving her!

ECHO: What about me?

MS. BRIGHT: I'm saving her!

ECHO: I don't want to be a hairdresser.

MS. BRIGHT: (*starts chanting*) Lindstam, Lindstam, Lindstam, (*keeps going till ECHO yells at her*)

ECHO: How many times do I have to tell you? You never listen to— you never listen to anything I— I'm happy! I'm so happy I could spew all over— Would you both just shut up! Shut up!

There is a pause. ECHO is in shock.

ECHO: *(on phone)* Okay, uh huh. Bye. *(she hangs up and sits in a bit of a daze)* I can't believe this.

MS. BRIGHT: *(putting a hand on ECHO's shoulder)* It's all right.

ECHO: *(shrugging her off, walking away)* It's not all right.

MS. BRIGHT: It is, it is.

ECHO: It's not all right. My stomach hurts. I think... I think...

MS. BRIGHT: *(barging ahead)* This is good for you. You had to do that, Echo. You have to take control. You can't let people who don't know any better get in your brain. You earned a spot in that school. You deserve to be there. You've got talent. I knew I shouldn't have gone away.

ECHO: *(head in hands)* Please, Ms. Bright...

MS. BRIGHT: I knew someone'd try to brainwash you, weaken your resolve, convince you not to go. I know how small town people work. They want you to stay small forever. Don't you worry, I'll be here for the rest of the summer. No one is going to stop you from—

ECHO jumps up and down screaming, not in horror, but in a frustrated manner, She's frustrated and doesn't know how to verbalize it. Also, she just wants MS. BRIGHT to stop talking.

ECHO: Push, push, push, push, push, push, push!

MS. BRIGHT: That's it! That's it, Echo! Stand up and speak out!

ECHO: I am sick of it!

MS. BRIGHT: Shout it out!

ECHO: I'm not happy!

MS. BRIGHT: Say it!

ECHO: I don't like English!

MS. BRIGHT: Go Echo! (*realizing*) What?

ECHO: I don't like English! I don't like it, I don't want to study it! (*she takes a deep breath and speaks calmly*) I don't like English. I don't want to study it. I'm not happy.

MS. BRIGHT: I don't... understand...

ECHO: I thought I was. I've been telling myself I am.

MS. BRIGHT: Aren't we talking about your mom?

ECHO: And I should want to go. I know it. It's an honour to go. I deserve to go. I'm supposed to go. And boy oh boy wouldn't that just stick it to her. I go away, I get away. All my problems solved. What a great idea. A perfect plan. Who cares if it's totally the wrong plan? Who cares if I like English or not? You like it enough for the both of us. I tried, Ms. Bright. But you're just another person pushing me around.

MS. BRIGHT: I want what's best for you. (*stronger*) I want what's best for you. We're friends, Echo.

ECHO: You are a teacher.

MS. BRIGHT: But you like me. As a human being. We talk.

ECHO: You talk. You talk a lot Ms. Bright.

MS. BRIGHT: I went out of my way for you, I spoke to the dean.

ECHO: (*saying out loud for the first time*) I don't want to go to that school.

MS. BRIGHT: Don't say that.

ECHO: I want, I want... (*she gives a laugh and sits quietly*) I want to stay here.

MS. BRIGHT: Don't say that.

ECHO: I want a garden.

MS. BRIGHT: No, no, no, this is what your mother wants.

ECHO: I want to be able to see the stars at night.

MS. BRIGHT: If you don't go, she wins. She gets her way.

ECHO: I want to go to the fish fry every second Friday. With Shane. I want to be with Shane. Oh Shane.

MS. BRIGHT: Echo, listen to me. You can't—

ECHO: This is what I want. (*she laughs*) I know what I want. I thought I didn't, but I do.

MS. BRIGHT: I won't let you waste your life, I will not! You must go to that school.

ECHO: I can't just because you want me to.

MS. BRIGHT: When I came here, I decided, I — (*she takes a frustrated breath*) You're not thinking ahead. You think you are, you think, you think, but trust me. You don't want to get ten years down the road and still be here, filled with regret. This is your opportunity! You have to get away. You'll be sorry if you don't.

ECHO: How do you know?

MS. BRIGHT: I know! I — Echo, I have been in your shoes. This town is just like mine. I know what goes on if you don't get out. I've seen it. I've seen what happens to people. You think it's all good now, it's a beautiful summer day, it all makes sense. Just wait till this winter and the next winter and the next, the next, the next, the next, the next. You'll wrinkle with the weight of living here. What's here for you? What can you accomplish? (*she gestures around*) Are you going to work here? In a garage? Is that what you want for your life? Live here, work here, die here? Marry that stupid dull boy and die?

ECHO: Hey.

MS. BRIGHT: He's nothing, Echo. He knows nothing. He's keeping you from everything and he'll push you around harder than I ever did, harder than your mother.

ECHO: (*interrupting loudly*) You don't know anything about Shane. (*pause*) You don't know anything about me, either. You never did listen. I'm just a person you can push around. And I'm done.

SHANE pulls PETE and JIM on from downstage right.

PETE: (*same time as JIM*) Just ask her, she'll tell you exactly the same thing we did. She told us to get water for Ms. Bright. Ask her!

The Tower Of Tyler

Fall.

Upbeat and lively marching band music plays in the dark – The Victors by Louis Elbel. A spot comes up downstage left. The CHEERLEADERS stand in a pose of readiness. The music pauses.

CHEERLEADERS: T-Y-L (one clap) T-Y-L (one clap) T-Y-L-E-R! (two claps)
Tyler! Who's that? Tyler! Who's he? Tyler is the man, man, Tyler is the best, best, Tyler is the one, one, better than the rest, rest!
Tyler! Tyler! Gooooooooooooooooo Tyler!

The CHEERLEADERS jump and hoot as CHEERLEADERS are wont to do. The marching band music starts up again and the lights come up full. The stage is full of people, noise, and activity.

Downstage left stand the CHEERLEADERS. They are enthusiastically talking to REPORTER 3.

Downstage right stand more REPORTERS. They clamour for TYLER's attention.

Standing in a line behind TYLER are the COMMUNITY GROUP. They represent the various community groups in town who want a piece of TYLER. They are all talking about how great TYLER is.

NOTE: You can have individual actors play each part in the COMMUNITY GROUP, have three actors double the roles, or double from the existing cast and have PETE, BRITTNEY and JIM play the COMMUNITY GROUP.

TYLER TEWS stands centre stage. He stands confidentially and with a big smile on his face. He's loving every single second. The music stops.

REPORTER 1: Tyler!

REPORTER 2: Tyler!

PHOTOGRAPHER: Over here, Tyler!

REPORTER 3: (to the CHEERLEADERS) What can you tell me about him?

CHEERLEADERS: We love Tyler Tews!

COMMUNITY A: The Brayton Lions...

COMMUNITY B: First Baptist Ladies Auxiliary...

COMMUNITY C: The Mayor's office...

COMMUNITY A: Proudly presents this Certificate of Congratulations!

COMMUNITY B: Welcomes Tyler as this month's guest speaker.

COMMUNITY C: Thinks Brayton needs more young men like Tyler Tews!

The COMMUNITY GROUP steps back.

REPORTER 1: Tyler! What's your favourite restaurant?

REPORTER 2: Are you going to try out for the NFL?

PHOTOGRAPHER: Can we get a picture with your award?

REPORTER 3: What was your reaction when you heard Tyler won a national essay writing contest?

CAITLIN: Go Tyler!

COURTNEY: I didn't know he could write.

CRYSTAL: It makes him even more awesome!

The COMMUNITY GROUP steps forward again.

COMMUNITY A: Avondale Public School...

COMMUNITY B: The Kinette Club...

COMMUNITY C: The Volunteer Fire Department...

COMMUNITY A: Honour you as citizen of the year!

COMMUNITY B: Invite you to be guest of honour at our annual banquet!

COMMUNITY C: It is our honour to make you our newest active member!

REPORTER 1: Tyler!

COMMUNITY GROUP: Congratulations!

REPORTER 2: Tyler!

CHEERLEADERS: He's the best!

PHOTOGRAPHER: Over here, Tyler!

REPORTER 3: Can you get me an interview?

A small girl runs on from stage right. It looks like it's taken quite a bit of courage for her to enter. This is JANE ROSE, reporter for the Brayton High Beacon.

JANE: (as she enters) Brayton High Beacon! Brayton High Beacon! Brayton... (she's now standing in front of TYLER) High... Beacon? (her resolve is fading) I have a question. For the Brayton High Beacon? (pause) I forgot my question.

JANE runs off as fast as she can. Everyone on stage starts talking at once, clamouring for TYLER.

EVERYONE: (everyone overlaps, no one says the same thing) Tyler! We love you Tyler! Talk to me, over here! Over here for the Monroe Weekly! One more picture Tyler! Tyler, Tyler, he's our man!

At the height of the noise, TYLER raises his hand. The noise stops.

TYLER: People!

Everyone stops talking on a dime.

TYLER: People. There's plenty of Tyler Tews to go around.

He poses and everyone applauds the greatness of TYLER TEWS. TRINA runs out of the house. She wears a t-shirt that says, "Tyler's Number One Fan."

TRINA: Tyler, Tyler! I've got the lemonade set up on the back porch.

TYLER: Awesome! Thanks, T.

TRINA: You got it, T! (pointing up centre) Ladies and Gentlemen, please make your way around the side of the house. I would invite you in, but my mom is in the middle of making her award-winning carrot cake for the Brayton Fair baking contest.

Everyone Ooooooooooooohs. They know what carrot cake means.

TYLER: Whoa! Stand back! I'm sure you all know what it means when a Tews is in competition mode.

Everyone laughs in agreement.

TYLER: She's taking first place tomorrow, isn't she T?

TRINA: Blue ribbon all the way, T!

TYLER: Follow me, everyone. You'll be able to see our awesome float for the parade.

Everyone moves upstage centre and off to the left. TRINA watches them go and sits on the steps. She sighs. JANE runs on from stage right.

JANE: *(as she enters)* Brayton High Beacon! Brayton High Beacon! Brayton... High... Beacon? *(her resolve is fading)* I have a question. For the Brayton High Beacon?

TRINA: He's around the back.

JANE: Never mind!

JANE runs off as fast as she can. PETE and JIM enter from stage right carrying boxes of decorating supplies.

JIM: Hi Jane. *(JANE runs by him without even looking up)* Bye Jane.

PETE: Why are we doing this?

JIM: Girls asked us to.

PETE: I don't care about girls.

JIM: Your ex-girlfriend asked you to bring boxes of tissue paper to her boyfriend's house.

PETE: Do you have to be so specific? Do you have to lay it out like that?

JIM: Just saying.

PETE: *(referring to the boxes he's holding)* Where are we supposed to put these?

JIM: Here looks good.

They drop their boxes.

PETE: I can't blame her. Can you blame her for dating Tyler?

JIM: Nope.

PETE: Did you have to be so quick to agree? You could have paused for a second. Half a second.

JIM: Dude.

PETE: *(sigh)* I know.

JIM: He's the man. The guy. The one. The ult. Hey Trina.

TRINA: *(irritated)* Don't you have anything better to do than talk about Tyler?

PETE: I thought he was your favourite topic.

JIM: You're the one wearing a "Tyler's Number One Fan" t-shirt.

TRINA: I know. And I am. *(recovering and gaining speed)* Of course I am. I think you're making fun of him. That's all. So rude. You're just trying to make yourselves feel better by saying mean things about my brother.

PETE: *(confused)* We weren't doing that...

TRINA: You better not. Cause I'll tell Tyler and then you'll be sorry.

The GROUP out back is heard offstage.

REPORTER 1: Go long, Tyler! Go long!

TYLER runs backwards upstage left to right. He disappears from sight. There is a cheer offstage – he's caught the ball. TYLER re-enters carrying a football. He poses and everyone from offstage crowds in, holding on his every word. The CHEERLEADERS surge forward.

CAITLIN: That was amazing!

COURTNEY: Tyler, we can't wait any longer, did you like our cheer?

TYLER: You bet I did.

CRYSTAL: We practised the moves all day.

TYLER: Do you want to perform it in the parade?

CRYSTAL: Do we?

COURTNEY: Do we ever!

TYLER: You can do it in front of the float.

CAITLIN: That is so awesome!

TYLER: Awesome.

The CHEERLEADERS squeal and hug each other. The REPORTERS clamour.

REPORTERS: Tyler, Tyler!

REPORTER 1: What time's the parade?

TYLER: Tomorrow at three.

REPORTER 2: What's your float?

TYLER: King and Queen of the Fall Fair. It'll be awesome. I'm the King, of course.

REPORTERS: Tyler, Tyler!

REPORTER 3: Tell us more about the star quality you're so famous for.

TYLER: (*posing*) Absolutely.

PHOTOGRAPHER: Let's get a photo with the girls.

The CHEERLEADERS squeal and pose with TYLER.

TYLER: Here's the thing. I AM a star. (*changing pose*) I am the best. But you can't just be the best in a vacuum. You have to do things with your stardom. I have a responsibility to my family, the town, to kids everywhere to live up to being a star.

REPORTER 2: What about when you leave high school?

TYLER: (*changing pose*) I'll become the Brayton Ambassador wherever I go, whatever I do. Brayton is who I am. I love this town and I'll never stop talking about it!

CHEERLEADERS: Go Tyler! Go Brayton!

TYLER: (*to PHOTOGRAPHER*) How's that?

PHOTOGRAPHER: We're good. How about on the back porch?

TYLER: Awesome.

PHOTOGRAPHER: I'd like to see that float fully decorated. It'd make a great backdrop.

TYLER: We're waiting on my girlfriend. She's in charge. Hey T? Any news?

TRINA: She's not answering T.

TYLER: Keep trying. Those paper tissue flowers won't make themselves.

The GROUP exits off upstage left.

PETE: He sure is getting a lot of attention.

TRINA: Of course he is. He deserves it.

PETE: I didn't say he didn't.

TRINA: You better not.

PETE: How does he do that? Seriously, everything he touches turns to gold.

JIM: Sure does.

PETE: Again with the fast agree.

JIM: I call 'em as I see 'em. *(he takes a deep sniff)*

PETE: Brittney not here yet?

TRINA: Uh uh. *(reacting to what JIM is doing)* What are you doing?

JIM: *(he takes a deep sniff)* I smell... cake.

TRINA: It's carrot cake.

JIM: Oh.

PETE: Ugh.

JIM: Who cares? Cake is cake. Your mom baking for the fair?

TRINA: She wants to "take back the crown."

PETE: There's a crown?

TRINA: That's what she says.

JIM: *(takes a step toward the house)* I smell... free samples.

TRINA: She's in competition mode.

JIM: I'm in free cake mode.

PETE: Why can't it be brownies?

JIM: (*he takes another step forward*) There's got to be a couple of crumbs...

TRINA: She'll take your head off.

JIM: ...or a batter bowl just lying around...

TRINA: I'm not kidding. Head. Off.

PETE: Do you think she'll win?

TRINA: I don't know. (*catching herself*) Of course she will. She makes the best carrot cake. None better. How dare you think my mom's going to lose. The Tews never lose anything.

PETE: But I didn't...

JIM: Come on, Pete. Cake is calling.

PETE: I like my head where it is.

JIM: Cake is worth the risk.

They exit as BECKS STEINBERG-ESPINOSA enters from stage right. She carries a huge messenger bag, stuffed to the gills. She wears sunglasses. She is on the phone.

BECKS: I know. I know. What? No, I didn't know. How can he... I did. I did. I did. I texted him. That's the only way he'll answer, he doesn't pick up. He doesn't pick up. I've called him, he doesn't pick up. So call. He doesn't pick up. Get on this, get an answer. Today. Today. Text him. Okay? Okay. Thanks, doll. (*She hangs up and is right away in TRINA's face, which startles her a little. She's been staring at the whole exchange. BECKS thrusts a hand at TRINA.*) Becks Steinberg-Espinosa.

TRINA: What?

BECKS: Becks Steinberg-Espinosa.

TRINA: That's your real name?

BECKS: This is the Tews house, right? I'm at the right house? The Tews? Kid, you have to say something.

TRINA: Sorry. Yes. The right house. This is my house. I'm Trina.

BECKS: Trina Tews, yes? Getting it. Getting it. Got it.

TRINA: You know who I am?

BECKS: I know who Tyler is. And I know everything about Tyler. He's the man. The guy. The one. The ult. He's Everyman. Every boy. Every guy. The guy everyone wants to be. We want that guy. But I don't have to tell you this. Why am I telling you this? You know this. You know him.

TRINA: (*a little hope*) Do you want to talk to me?

BECKS: No.

TRINA: Oh.

BECKS: It's all about Tyler. And he is...?

TRINA: Oh! He's out back talking to some reporters. You're kind of late.

BECKS: I have my own appointment. (*she thrusts out her hand again*) Casting Producer. Small Town Superstars.

TRINA: What?

BECKS: Small Town Superstars.

TRINA: Small Town Superstars? You're with Small Town Superstars? Tyler's going to be on the show? Really? You liked the video? He's gonna be on? (*she starts to jump up and down*) Oh my God, I can't believe—

BECKS: Whoa, whoa, there. Slow down. Back it up. Take that tornado, stick a stamp on it and send it to Arizona to do yoga in the desert. This is a pre-interview to see if Tyler's a good fit for the show. He's expecting me.

TRINA: He never said anything.

TYLER and GROUP enters from upstage left and moves downstage.

TYLER: All right, you guys are (*he finger shoots them*) awesome. You got what you need?

REPORTER 3: We got it.

BECKS: Tyler! Tyler, the man, the ult. Love, how are you? Becks Steinberg-Espinosa.

REPORTER 2: (to REPORTER 3) Who's this? (REPORTER 3 shrugs)

BECKS: (she steers TYLER away from the others) Got to tell you, everyone in LA loves you. Loves you, doll. You are all we talk about.

PHOTOGRAPHER: What's she doing?

REPORTER 2: She's hijacking Tyler, that's what she's doing.

BECKS: Loves the video. Loves it. Loves you. Love this town, driving in, so cute. I'm getting a feeling. I'm getting it. Star athlete! National Contest winner! Hometown hero!

REPORTER 1: (getting in between BECKS and TYLER) Hey, hey, hey. You can't just come in here and take Tyler away.

PHOTOGRAPHER: Who do you think you are?

REPORTER 2: (joining in) We were here first.

REPORTER 3: We're the locals. He's our hometown hero.

PHOTOGRAPHER: We get first dibs.

BECKS: Dibs? Cute.

COURTNEY: (to other girls) I can't believe they're fighting over him.

CRYSTAL: So awesome.

CAITLIN: I know.

REPORTER 1: We have manners.

REPORTER 2: We don't just waltz in and scoop up Tyler Tews cause we feel like it.

REPORTER 3 & PHOTOGRAPHER: Yeah.

BECKS: Doll. I don't care.

REPORTER 2: You should care.

PHOTOGRAPHER: We could make you or break you round here.

REPORTER 3: We call the shots.

REPORTER 2: No one in Eastdale County would return your calls.

REPORTER 1: And you'd get the day old coffee at the diner.

REPORTER 3: We are important people.

BECKS: And who are we?

REPORTER 1: (*proud*) The Monroe Weekly.

REPORTER 3: (*prouder*) The Shelton Times.

REPORTER 2 & PHOTOGRAPHER: (*proudest*) The Eastdale County Gazette-Tribune.

BECKS: Does anyone even read newspapers anymore?

TYLER: Now Becks, you gotta watch what you say around here. We take our towns seriously.

REPORTER 1: And who are you?

BECKS: TV, baby.

REPORTER 3: Who watches TV anymore?

REPORTER 2: She's probably from some low rent cable show.

BECKS: Ever heard of Small Town Superstars? (*the rest stop their posturing to stare at her*) Well I guess you have.

REPORTER 1: Small Town Superstars?

REPORTER 2: You're from Small Town Superstars?

PHOTOGRAPHER: (*going right up to BECKS*) Can I be on the show? I'm from a real small town. Way smaller than this.

The REPORTERS start yelling at the PHOTOGRAPHER about how there's no way he could be on the show, and the PHOTOGRAPHER starts yelling back.

While this is all going on, BECKS has her phone out, taking pictures of the house, of TYLER. She's not in any way interested in the REPORTERS.

TYLER: People! (*everyone stops talking*) People. There's plenty of Tyler Tews for everyone. But right now, it's TV time for Tyler. You understand.

REPORTERS & PHOTOGRAPHER: (*each picks one sentence and they all speak at the same time*) Oh yeah. Of course we do. Totally understand. I totally get it. Small Town Superstars!

TYLER: Knew you would. (*he finger shoots the REPORTERS*) You're awesome.

REPORTERS & PHOTOGRAPHER: Bye Tyler!

REPORTER 2: Tyler called me awesome.

PHOTOGRAPHER: He was talking to me.

REPORTER 3: He looked right at me.

They exit, all talking to each other excitedly.

TYLER: Sorry about that. You know how it is.

BECKS: Totally. Everyone wants a piece of the star.

TYLER: (*posing*) Exactly.

BECKS: And you are a star. A big star.

TYLER: Guilty as charged.

BECKS: We're going to put you and your town on the map. On the map. No one is going to ask where Brayton is, everyone will know.

TYLER: (*he finger shoots her*) Awesome.

BECKS: Everyone will plan their vacations around finding out where Tyler Tews lives, where Tyler Tews throws that football. We've been waiting for someone like you. The world is waiting for you, Tyler Tews.

TYLER: I don't want to keep the world waiting.

The two share a laugh and BECKS takes a picture of the two of them.

BECKS: You mentioned something about a float? A parade?

TYLER: The Fall Fair parade. The fair's the biggest event of the year.

BECKS: (*taking a picture*) Loves it.

TYLER: I'm the King. Of course.

BECKS: (*taking a picture*) Getting it, getting it.

TYLER: I couldn't turn down the crown, they begged me, how could I say no? Everyone's out back decorating. Hey T, any word?

TRINA: Uh uh.

TYLER: Brittney'll be here any minute.

BECKS: Do you have another shirt? Something in a solid colour. Stripes are last year.

TYLER: Solid. Awesome. You got it.

TYLER exits into the house. TRINA awkwardly moves closer to BECKS, who has started texting.

TRINA: So... you work in TV. You live in LA?

BECKS: *(not really paying attention)* Uh huh.

TRINA: What's it like? Do you know any movie stars?

BECKS: Busy, kid.

TRINA: I was in the video.

BECKS: *(not listening)* Uh huh.

TRINA: Do you remember me?

BECKS: What?

TRINA: Tyler's video for Small Town Superstars. I was in it too. Do you remember me?

BECKS: *(not looking up)* No.

TRINA: Oh. Did you get to read his essay? The one Tyler won with? We sent it too.

BECKS: *(looking up)* I don't read.

TRINA: You don't? Ever?

BECKS: It's all about the visuals. The pictures. *(she looks around)* And this place has a lot of pictures. I've got the tingle, Tracey, got the tingle.

TRINA: Trina.

BECKS: *(back to texting)* Your brother's going to be a star.

TRINA: The essay was really good...

TYLER comes out of the house in a new shirt.

TYLER: Magic time!

BECKS: You know it! Talk and walk, talk and walk. Show off your domain.

TYLER: Right this way.

BECKS: Watch my bag, will you kid?

BECKS dumps her bag in TRINA's lap as she and TYLER exit upstage left. TRINA watches them go. She folds her arms across her chest and kicks at the steps.

TRINA: Ow. Stupid. Stupid. Tyler. *(she shakes her head, takes out her phone and keys in a number)* Small Town Superstars... Brittney, it's Trina. Again. Tyler wants to know where you are. And whatever Tyler wants... you know. Call me back. Or show up. Or don't.

JANE runs on from stage right.

JANE: *(as she enters)* Brayton High Beacon! Brayton High Beacon! Brayton... High... Beacon? *(her resolve is fading)* I have a question. For the Brayton High Beacon? Where's Tyler?

TRINA: Not here.

JANE: Oh good.

JANE runs off. MS. BRIGHT enters from stage right. She carries a small bag.

MS. BRIGHT: Hi Jane. *(JANE runs past)* Bye Jane.

TRINA: Ms. Bright!

MS. BRIGHT: Hello Trina.

TRINA: What are you doing here?

MS. BRIGHT: *(holding up the bag)* Cane sugar.

TRINA: For my mom.

MS. BRIGHT: She knows I order it in. Regular sugar's not the same.

TRINA: *(not getting it)* Oh.

MS. BRIGHT: *(she starts to move toward the house)* See you Monday.

TRINA: Ms. Bright! Did you have Tyler in your class last year? For English?

MS. BRIGHT: I did.

TRINA: Did you know he did that essay thing? The contest? Did you know he entered?

MS. BRIGHT: No. I found out about it when the principal showed me the award letter.

TRINA: (*trying to fish for a reaction*) He's never entered anything like that before.

MS. BRIGHT: Lucky on the first try then. I didn't even know he liked to write. (*she turns away*)

TRINA: Did you read it?

MS. BRIGHT: I did.

TRINA: And?

MS. BRIGHT: (*with a shrug*) It was good.

TRINA: You think so? Really? Ms. Bright, can I – can I talk to you for a second?

MS. BRIGHT: Sorry, no. I have to get back home.

TRINA: (*getting in her way*) Just for a second. Honest. (*blurting out*) I have a secret. What if I had a secret on someone? A big one.

MS. BRIGHT: Trina, if you know something about Tyler, you should talk to your parents.

TRINA: I didn't say it was about Tyler. It isn't. Of course it isn't. Would I be wearing this shirt if I was keeping secrets? He's the best. He's always thinking about me. When he plays? Whenever he throws a touchdown? He always finds me in the crowd. It's like he made the point just for me.

MS. BRIGHT: (*not meaning it*) How nice.

TRINA: It's just that, I have this secret, about someone else entirely. I've been keeping this secret for a long time and I don't think I can do it anymore. I'm supposed to keep it. It's my duty to keep this and do these things, but when's it going to be my turn? When do I get to be special? I mean, Small Town Superstars.

MS. BRIGHT: What?

TRINA: I don't know what to do.

MS. BRIGHT: You should leave it alone.

TRINA: What?

MS. BRIGHT: Stay out of it.

TRINA: But, why would you—

MS. BRIGHT: Trina. I know your secret.

TRINA: It's not about Tyler, I said it wasn't.

MS. BRIGHT: Uh huh. Trina, I'm not an idiot. And neither are you.
You're a bright girl so you should be well aware that no one
around here, in this town, wants to hear what you have to say.

TRINA: But— If you know, if you really know, we could tell together.

MS. BRIGHT: No..

TRINA: Why?

MS. BRIGHT: I don't get involved with my students' lives. It's better to
keep a distance.

TRINA: But what if this is—

MS. BRIGHT: And if you choose to act like an idiot and tell your secret,
if you choose to mention my name in any way, I'll deny it. I don't
know anything. Understood? Tyler wrote that essay fair and
square. That's how the Tews do everything, isn't it? Your mother
is waiting for this sugar. She called me five times to ask when I was
bringing it over. I shouldn't keep her. *(She moves up the step. TRINA
is still.)* You'll thank me later. *(she exits)*

*MS. BRIGHT exits into the house as JIM walks out. He
holds a bowl and spatula.*

JIM: Hey Ms. Bright. *(with a sigh)* Cake. *(he holds the spatula out to TRINA)*
Want some?

TRINA: Don't be gross. *(she sits on the steps)*

JIM: Good. I wasn't going to share anyway. *(he sits beside her on the steps)*

TRINA: Can I ask you something?

JIM: Does it involve math?

TRINA: No.

JIM: Go ahead.

TRINA: If you knew a secret on someone, would you tell?

JIM: Oh totally.

TRINA: (*surprised*) You would?

JIM: I am the worst secret keeper. If you tell me a secret, I'll tell it. (*almost goes into a trance*) Caitlin Knox used to steal chocolate bars from the drug store! (*snaps out of it*) See? Can't keep 'em. If anyone ever says anything to me and follows it up with, "Promise you'll keep this is a secret," the first thing I do, after promising, is run out and tell someone. (*almost goes into a trance*) Pete Quinn wet the bed till he was ten! (*snaps out of it*) See? (*he licks the spatula*) Mmmmm. Cake. Why? Do you have a secret?

TRINA: No. Not at all. Just asking. School project.

TYLER and BECKS stroll in from upstage. They are followed by the CHEERLEADERS, PETE. TRINA and JIM watch. PETE moves over to stand by JIM.

BECKS: I'm telling you Tyler, you want to hitch your horse to my wagon. You want to be on my train. I'm fast tracking. I'm a bullet. Small Town Superstars is just the start. A stepping stone to bigger things.

CAITLIN: (*whispering to COURTNEY*) Small Town Superstars!

COURTNEY: (*whispering back*) I know!

CRYSTAL: (*whispering*) Do you think we'll be on the show?

BECKS: I'm young. I'm hungry. I got six pitches next week and your name's going to come up in every one. I'm looking at you. I'm looking right at you.

JIM: Dude.

PETE: I know.

TYLER: Becks, I have no problem being a star.

BECKS: (*texting*) Getting it, getting it, got it.

TYLER: Stars don't come along every day. Stars don't just happen naturally. Stars are made. You got to work at it. It takes time and energy and commitment. I'm committed, Becks.

COURTNEY: (*whispering*) This is so exciting.

PETE: (*sighing*) Everything he touches...

TYLER: Some people wouldn't be able to handle the pressure. Handle the weight. They'd crumble to pieces. Particularly in a small town. Every eye in Brayton is on me, all the time. I've got to step up. The Tews were made to step up. We're a step up kind of family. My dad stepped up and opened a car dealership when everyone told him not to. Boom! I stepped up and I've got seven schools looking to give me scholarships next year. Boom! Entered that essay contest and won, first time out of the gate. Boom! My mom is in there, in the kitchen, right now, stepping up. Boom! She's reaching for the stars, wanting the best, doing what it takes to make the most awesomest, tastiest, carrot cake, and she will win the blue ribbon. No doubt in my mind. No lousy lemon cake will get the best of my mom this year.

CHEERLEADERS: Gooooooooo carrot cake!

TYLER: She's totally going to rock it out this year!

TRINA: (*standing*) I rock it out!

TRINA's exclamation has totally come from out of left field, throwing a wrench into the conversation. When she speaks, she throws everyone off guard. There is silence as all stare at her. This instantly makes TRINA uncomfortable.

TRINA: I... step... up. I made a decorative fly swatter for the craft competition... the fair? Boom.

She sits again. JANE runs in from stage right.

JANE: (*as she enters*) Brayton High Beacon! Brayton High Beacon! (*she sees the way everyone is situated, and does a complete 180*) Never mind!

JANE runs out as fast as she can. In the silence JIM moves to BECKS, BECKS has pulled out her phone and is texting.

JIM: Are you staying for the fair? You should, if you want to get the full Brayton experience. We have the best food carts. The best.

PETE: (*aside to TRINA*) What was that?

TRINA: Go away.

TYLER: Becks doesn't want to hear about the fair, Jim.

JIM: Two words. (*he holds up two fingers*) Fryer Freddie. Fryer Freddie, deep fries everything.

BECKS: I don't eat fried.

JIM: You don't know what you're missing. I weep for you. Every year Fryer Freddie's got something new in his truck. There's always something that hasn't been fried yet that Fryer Freddie will fry. Sometimes it's something good for you like cauliflower but it doesn't matter cause it's been fried. I'm hoping they bring back the fried Twinkie. I'm partial to Twinkies. And there's something about deep frying them that makes them... the best thing I've ever eaten in my whole life. I think you could deep fry a shoe and I'd still eat it. Hey, if I ate a deep fried shoe would you put me in the show?

BECKS: No.

JIM: Fair enough.

TYLER: So Becks, what do we—

BECKS' phone rings. BECKS holds up a finger and answers the phone.

BECK: Yep. Uh huh. No, no, no. You gotta text him. (*she moves away out of earshot*)

TYLER: All right. (*TYLER claps his hands together, trying to get this back on track*) Back to the float kids.

The CHEERLEADERS groan.

CAITLIN: Can't we stay?

COURTNEY: We promise to be quiet.

CHEERLEADERS: Cross our heart and hope to die.

TYLER: Come on, gang. Be awesome for me.

CRYSTAL: But we can't do anything till Brittney gets here.

BRITTNEY slowly enters stage right. She looks a little sad, but also determined.

TYLER: And there she is.

CHEERLEADERS: Brittney!

The CHEERLEADERS flock to BRITTNEY.

CAITLIN: Where have you been?

COURTNEY: You have to show us how to make those flowers.

BRITTNEY: Sorry. I'm sorry I'm so late.

TYLER: You're here now. Come meet Becks.

BRITTNEY: Who?

CHEERLEADERS: Small Town Superstars!

BRITTNEY: They picked you?

TYLER: Practically. They love me.

JIM: Dude.

PETE: I know.

TRINA: (*muttering*) I can't believe this.

PETE: What?

TRINA: Was I talking to you?

TYLER: This is just the beginning.

CRYSTAL: There are pitches with Tyler's name all over it!

BRITTNEY: Well. Congratulations.

COURTNEY: Are you okay?

CRYSTAL: You look down and stuff.

CAITLIN: You didn't put any concealer under your eyes.

COURTNEY: (*whispering, as if this is a really bad thing*) And you're outside without mascara.

TYLER: Brittney?

BRITTNEY: Let's go work on the float. Wait till you start making these flowers. You'll want to decorate your whole room. They're so cute.

The CHEERLEADERS giggle and head off up left.

TYLER: Hang back a second, you gotta meet Becks. She's gonna love you.

BRITTNEY: Later, okay? *(she looks at his shirt)* You have something on your shirt.

TYLER: Oh crap. Crap! This was my – why didn't any of you tell me there was something on my shirt? Trina, tell Becks I'll be right back.

TYLER runs into the house.

TRINA: Sure. Why not.

PETE: *(to JIM)* Let's take these boxes on back.

BRITTNEY: Hey Pete, can I talk to you? Um, Trina, will you help Jim?

TRINA: Sure. Why not.

TRINA and JIM exit upstage left carrying the boxes.

PETE: What's up?

BRITTNEY: *(whispering)* Over here.

PETE: You okay?

BRITTNEY: I wanted... hmm. I wanted to tell you something. *(she takes a breath)* I'm sorry.

PETE: It's okay, you're always late.

BRITTNEY: No, not about that. *(realizing what he said)* What do you mean I'm always late?

PETE: You are. Were. So what? Are you sure you're all right?

BRITTNEY: I'm fine. Listen, let me, I gotta get this out before Tyler gets back. I'm sorry. I'm sorry I dumped you. I'm sorry I thought Tyler was better than you. I'm sorry I said he was better. Okay?

PETE: Sure. I guess. But he is.

BRITTNEY: Don't say that.

PETE: Brittney, it's okay. You're supposed to think he's better. He's your boyfriend.

BRITTNEY: *(with a sigh)* Yeah. Why did you come today?

PETE: You asked me to.

BRITTNEY: But I've been awful.

PETE: I guess. *(he shrugs)* I don't mind helping. *(she kisses him on the cheek)* What was that for?

BRITTNEY: You're a nice guy.

BRITTNEY and PETE move to exit upstage left. TYLER bounds out of the house.

TYLER: Hey Brit, Brit! Hold back.

PETE continues on and BRITTNEY slowly and reluctantly turns to TYLER. During the following, TRINA enters and eavesdrops on BRITTNEY and TYLER.

BRITTNEY: I have to get the girls started. I brought some streamers too. They'll look nice.

TYLER: Come here a sec. *(he pulls her over to the side for a private conversation)* So?

BRITTNEY: It's fine.

TYLER: Fine?

BRITTNEY: Uh huh.

TYLER: We're good?

BRITTNEY: Yeah.

TYLER crows and pulls BRITTNEY into a hug. Again, she is very stiff.

TYLER: Oh ho! All that worry over nothing.

TYLER twirls BRITTNEY around. She does not participate.

BRITTNEY: Let go of me please.

TYLER: Awesome news!

BRITTNEY: Let go!

TYLER: Huh? *(BRITTNEY untangles herself and steps away)* Okay, sorry. I just got a little excited. You shouldn't have worried so much. I'm sorry about this morning, I didn't mean to yell. It just... *(he shrugs)*

and smiles) wasn't part of the plan. You know? You get it. Not that it matters, right? Things always turn out for me.

BRITTNEY: I'll do the fair. I'll decorate the float. I'll be the Queen, ride in the parade. But that's it.

TYLER: What are you talking about?

BRITTNEY: You have no idea. Really?

TYLER: You said everything's fine.

BRITTNEY: *(fast)* I'm breaking up with you.

TYLER: What?

BRITTNEY: *(She takes a breath. This is a life-changing moment. Slow.)* I'm breaking up with you.

TYLER: *(bewildered, doesn't get it)* No one breaks up with Tyler Tews.

BECKS gets off the phone. TYLER scoops up BRITTNEY and drags her over to BECKS.

TYLER: Hey Becks, I want you to meet my girl. Becks, Brittney.

BECKS: *(holding out a hand)* Becks Steinberg-Espinosa.

BRITTNEY: *(not taking the hand)* Really? That's your name?

TYLER: Becks has big plans, Brit.

BECKS: You got quite the guy here. He's a star.

TYLER: And this star couldn't do anything without this girl right here. *(He slings an arm over BRITTNEY's shoulders. She does not react.)* She's perfect for me. A hundred percent behind everything I do. Always by my side. It's not easy being the girlfriend of Tyler Tews. She never complains about being number two. Like my dad always says, second place to a Tews is a good place to be. Right, Brit?

BRITTNEY: I have to get back to the float.

BRITTNEY exits upstage left. TYLER looks like he's torn between going after BRITTNEY or talking to BECKS. TRINA still hovers.

BECKS: All right, let's do this.

TYLER: *(with a big smile)* I'm ready. Where do we—

BECKS' phone rings. She holds up a finger and turns away.

BECKS: *(she answers the phone)* You got him? So? Fantastic! What do you mean he has to think about it? Get him back. I'm serious. *(she walks off to the side)*

TRINA: *(stepping forward)* Tyler?

TYLER: Hey T! Busy day, huh?

TRINA: What was Brittney talking about?

TYLER: T. Kiddo, you shouldn't eavesdrop on people. Gotta respect the space. Gotta respect. *(he ruffles her hair)* Don't worry about it. Just wait till she gets all dressed up and on top of that float. She'll be fine. It's all falling into place. How's it coming? Lots of flowers?

TRINA: *(fast)* You shouldn't have said you wrote that essay. *(she takes a deep breath)* You shouldn't have told everyone you wrote it, by yourself, you should have said you had help. The video, too. I can do this if I can get some credit, a little something. I want people to know I do things.

TYLER: *(he really believes this)* But I did write it.

TRINA: You didn't.

TYLER: Sure, sure, you helped. A bit. But I wrote that essay fair and square. I do everything fair and square. Isn't that the way Dad taught us? That's the way Tews do things.

TRINA: No, no! Tyler, it's just you and me. You don't have to be like this.

TYLER: Love that t-shirt T. It's awesome.

BECKS moves back toward them.

BECKS: *(on phone)* Okay? Okay... Okay! You're the best, doll. Oh no, you are. *(hangs up)* Change of plans.

TYLER: What?

BECKS: *(texting as she talks)* Another guy. Remission from bone cancer, and his movie just got picked up for Sundance. Now *that's* a small town superstar.

TYLER: But what about...? There are other episodes. Right?

Underneath

Winter.

The living room of FEE (Fiona) GLASS. ECHO stands on a cube being fitted for a bridesmaid dress. She is wearing thick winter socks with the dress. BRITTNEY also wears a bridesmaid dress, but she's wrapped in a blanket. She's staring off into space, not paying attention to the fitting. ECHO wiggles about.

FEE: Stand still...

ECHO: I can't help it. I don't want to get stuck.

FEE: I haven't stuck anyone yet. (*ECHO wiggles again*) Stop moving...

ECHO: Sorry. That was a shiver. (*she wraps her arms around her body*) I feel weird in a summer dress when there's been so much snow.

FEE: Almost done.

ECHO: I think the socks make the outfit. We should tell Stephanie, huh Brit?

BRITTNEY: (*turning*) What?

ECHO: Socks. We should all wear these socks with our dresses. Don't you think? (*she wiggles her feet*)

BRITTNEY: Sure. You make a lot of wedding stuff?

FEE: Some clothes. No wedding stuff. This'll be the first. (*to ECHO*) Have you seen the dress?

ECHO: Uh uh. She won't show anybody. She wants to make a grand entrance. (*ECHO giggles*) What's it like? Is it white? Is it lacy? Stephanie always said she'd never have a lacy wedding dress. Is it close to the bridesmaid dresses?

FEE: I'm not telling if she's not telling.

ECHO: (*giggling*) She almost burst a blood vessel when she found out you lived here. (*imitating*) "Echo, she's in Vogue! She's in Vogue!"

FEE: Well, my jewelry was in Vogue.

ECHO: (*giggling, still imitating*) “I get to tell everyone my wedding dress was made by someone in Vogue!” I bet she’s going to print it in the programs, just to see who gets jealous. “Dress made by someone in Vogue. Suck it!” (*she giggles*) I think Stephanie and I were switched at birth. She’s my mom’s daughter and I’m my aunt’s. (*gasping*) Brit, do you think that happened? (*she giggles*) Except she’s three years older. That’d be a big baby...

BRITTNEY: (*now seeing how ECHO is acting*) What’s up with you?

ECHO: (*giggling*) What? (*she coughs and loses the giggle*) What am I doing?

BRITTNEY: (*giving up*) Nothing.

FEE: (*she sits back*) That’s it, you’re done.

ECHO: (*jumping off the cube*) Sweater time!

FEE: Gently! Take it off, gently.

ECHO: I can’t wait till it’s finished. We’re going to look so pretty! (*she exits right*)

FEE: (*to BRITTNEY*) Your turn. Stand up here.

BRITTNEY: Sure.

BRITTNEY shrugs off the blanket and stands on the cube.

NOTE: BRITTNEY is depressed. But if all her lines ‘sound’ depressed, if they all go down, the presentation will become one note. Find variety of tone in the delivery.

FEE: This is fitting nicely, very nice. Do you like the dress?

BRITTNEY: (*not really paying attention*) It’s nice.

FEE: (*smiling, not offended at all*) You don’t sound so sure.

BRITTNEY: Sorry. I was just thinking about... never mind. So. You’re a designer? You make a lot of wedding stuff?

FEE: (*gently, not at all thrown*) No wedding stuff. This’ll be my first.

BRITTNEY: Echo says you take old scarves and make broaches out of them.

FEE: (*focusing on pinning the dress*) Uh huh...

BRITTNEY: And people pay you for that?

FEE: They do.

BRITTNEY: (*without thinking*) That's so weird. (*she shakes her head*)
Sorry. Not weird. Different.

FEE: It's okay. It is weird. That's why I love it. Best job in the world. For me, anyway.

BRITTNEY: My dad says people shouldn't love their jobs. There's no room for happiness in the workplace.

FEE: That's... one way of looking at it. So, what do you want to do? After school.

BRITTNEY: I don't know. (*this hits her*) I don't know. I haven't even thought... Is that bad?

FEE: No.

BRITTNEY: It's too late now.

FEE: Of course it's not!

BRITTNEY: I'm not going to college.

FEE: Do you want to? (*BRITTNEY shrugs*) Do your parents want you to?

BRITTNEY: I don't know. They're not talking to me right now. (*she crosses her arms*) My mom didn't want me to... she didn't want you to make my dress.

FEE: Uncross your arms please. How come?

BRITTNEY: She think you're weird.

FEE: Ah.

BRITTNEY: So. You're a designer? You make a lot of wedding stuff?

FEE: (*gently, not at all thrown*) No wedding stuff. This'll be my first.

ECHO: (*entering from right*) That dress is so pretty! You're beautiful Brittney.

BRITTNEY: I guess.

ECHO: (*she's said this before – like a mantra*) You're better off without Tyler Tews...

BRITTNEY: I know.

ECHO: He's a horrible human being...

BRITTNEY: I know.

ECHO: You didn't want to be married to him anyway.

BRITTNEY: (*wistful*) It would have been a big wedding.

ECHO: Your mom still upset?

BRITTNEY: I'll like catch her staring at me? And when I do, she just shakes her head. Like I did something.

ECHO: I saw him at the community centre squealing around the parking lot with Caitlin Knox who was squealing like a pig.

BRITTNEY: He can date whoever he wants.

ECHO: She's still a pig. And so is he.

BRITTNEY: I know...

FEE: Okay, you're done. Take it off, gently.

BRITTNEY: It's a really pretty dress, Ms. Glass. We're going to look great. (*she exits right*)

ECHO: (*stamping her feet in frustration*) Oh that Tyler!

FEE: She's so sad.

ECHO: He's working his way through the cheerleading squad like it's a buffet. (*she sighs and looks offstage*) I hate seeing her like this.

FEE: Is that why you don't want to tell her you're engaged?

ECHO: (*spluttering*) What? I am not... How did you—? I'm not, we just, I mean... (*bursting out, losing all pretence of cool*) You can't say anything. I haven't told anybody. We're keeping it a secret till after Valentine's Day so everyone will think Shane proposed on Valentine's Day, which is normal instead of in the middle of January and it doesn't matter anyway because my mother keeps pushing me to date the Sloss brothers, which is really funny now because I know something she doesn't. How did you know? Is it on my face? It's all over my face. Oh, I've been trying so hard not

to show it on my face. *(she slaps her hands to her face)* I gotta work on that.

FEE: You want a tip?

ECHO: Anything.

FEE: It's the gushing. You've gone Niagara Falls at the mouth.

ECHO: *(slapping a hand over her mouth)* I know, I know, I never talk like this! I can't help it! *(she takes her hand away from her mouth)* I keep thinking about my own bridesmaid dresses and the flowers and... Niagara Falls! I'm getting married! *(she clamps a hand over her mouth again)* Shhhhhh.

FEE: When's the big day?

ECHO: Five years from next spring.

FEE: *(surprised)* Oh?

ECHO: Or whenever we raise the downpayment for a house, whichever comes first.

FEE: That's... practical.

ECHO: You mean, 'un-romantic.'

FEE: Romance is overrated.

ECHO: *(laughs then sighs)* Grandma Wills always said I could have my reception here.

FEE: You still can.

ECHO: *(loud)* Really?? Oh My— *(She claps a hand over her mouth and looks offstage. Confident BRITTNEY didn't hear, she removes her hand and sighs.)* I miss Grandma Wills.

FEE: Me too.

ECHO: I'm glad I met you, Ms. Glass. Met you, met you, not what people say—

There is the sound of a door opening, a person stumbling and a voice calls out.

JOSIE: *(offstage)* Hello?

FEE: Who's that?

JOSIE stumbles into the entryway. She looks worse for wear with a huge scarf wrapped around her head, and a heavy knapsack on her back.

NOTE: JOSIE is manic and on a huge sugar rush. REMEMBER! This is a play, not real life. JOSIE cannot rush every single solitary line. Pay attention to the pauses and the periods. They are purposefully there to slow JOSIE down.

JOSIE: I think I just ran away from home. But it's freezing and I can't feel my feet.

FEE: My goodness. Come in.

JOSIE: And I did. I hope you don't mind. The door was open and there isn't a doorbell and if I knocked my hand might shatter. I'd rather not go through life with one hand and one stump.

FEE: Take your boots off and get over by the fire.

During the following JOSIE un-gracefully pulls her boots off, unwraps her scarf, falls over because of the knapsack and eventually ends up on the couch. FEE stands in amazement at the chaos. ECHO tries to pick up after JOSIE.

JOSIE: Thank you, thank you, thank you! I didn't prepare. I should have planned. It was an impulse. Throw some things in a bag impulse. Bang! Just a thing, a moment, it came rushing at me like a tidal wave: Had it! Leave! Now! And I did. But maybe I would have gotten further with my "Had It! Leave! Now!" in the summer. Or the spring. Or even the late fall. Impulses in the wintertime don't carry the same weight when you're walking in snow up to your armpits. Okay. (pause) Not exactly my armpits. (pause) I'm not walking to school up hill in the snow both ways (pause) in my bare feet. But it's really, really, really, reallyreallyreally close. I swear. Hi. (she thrusts her hand out) Josie McDaniel.

FEE: (shaking hands) Hi. I'm—

JOSIE: Oh I know who you are, I know who you are. You. Are. Known. Fiona Glass. (she squeals a little) Fiona Glass. You are my idol. For a vat of reasons. First off, can I say what a wicked awesome freak show it is that you're here? In this crappy town? I love your jewelry! I've wanted to say something. I've seen you at the grocery store, or out walking, or at the diner... I've always wanted to but

couldn't ever get up the nerve. (*up close to FEE*) I mean, what am I? A stalker? (*moving away*) But here I am. It's fate you see, because there I was outside (*pause*) in the dead of winter (*pause*) up to my armpits, not barefoot but not knowing what to do, where to go, in grave danger of having my feet fall off and I turn and... (*she throws her arms out*) Ta da! This. House. Right in front of me. I must have subconsciously been heading for you all along and you and I were destined to meet. As soon as I found out you were here? And what you had done? Destiny! (*she makes a "This is destiny" bowing-to-the-gods kind of noise*) Oh ah! You're here to help me. You have to be. You're here to give me all the tips, hints, clues, ins, outs, ups, downs, rights, wrongs – Teach me! (*beat*) I have to pee.

FEE: Ah, down the hall, first door on the left.

JOSIE: Thanks.

JOSIE runs off. FEE and ECHO look at each other.

FEE: What was that?

ECHO: I feel like I've been hit by a word tornado.

FEE: Do you know her?

ECHO: Josie McDaniel.

FEE: I got that.

BRITTNEY: (*entering*) What's going on?

ECHO: Word tornado.

BRITTNEY: (*looking around*) For real?

FEE: Very.

BRITTNEY: Where?

ECHO: Do you know Josie McDaniel?

BRITTNEY: The new girl. She's here?

FEE: In the bathroom.

BRITTNEY: (*confused, looking off*) Did she get hurt by the tornado?

FEE: Not a real tornado, Brittney. A girl.

ECHO: Josie McDaniel.

BRITTNEY & ECHO: Parents in jail.

FEE: So what's she doing here? In my house?

JOSIE enters like a whirlwind and holds at the door.

JOSIE: My idol!

FEE, BRITTNEY, ECHO: (startled) Ah!

JOSIE runs in and kneels at FEE's feet. She takes up right where she left off.

JOSIE: Teach me! Teach me what you know. You have to. You've been there. You've done it.

FEE: Josie, Josie! Slow down. And get off the floor. Sit and take a big breath, you're making my head spin.

ECHO: A word tornado will do that to you.

JOSIE: Sorry. (she gets up and sits on the couch) Sorry. That was not my intention. At all. I'm spinning myself. My head. (she makes a spinning gesture with her hand) Whoop!

FEE: Are you on something?

During this, every time JOSIE tries to get up, FEE gently pushes her back down.

JOSIE: Me? No. Not really. Sort of. I'll explain. It's my brain.

Fastfastfastfastfast! My brain is going a million miles a minute. I can't catch up! I've done this thing and I'm not sure at all what to do about it. I'm excited. (pause) And terrified. (pause) And excited and terrified, back and forth, back and forth. I don't know which side to land. I don't know what to feel or what to do and there's the lack of sugar. In general. Not now. Now I am on a boatload of sugar. I am on a sugar rush like you would not believe! But in general, my grandmother doesn't allow sweets in the house. You never know how much you miss sugar until someone takes it away. And when I left the house (pause) I emptied out the change jar and spent the whole thing on chocolate bars. So I am on a sugar rush like you would not believe! Sorry, sorry, I said that, but it's true cause I ate them all which would be way less pathetic if this were Willy Wonka and there was the potential of a golden ticket but there's no ticket, nothing but a stomachache and a sugar rush like you would—

FEE: Josie!

JOSIE: Sorry! Sorry. Sugar. Whooooooo.

FEE: Let's be quiet for a moment. Can you do that?

JOSIE: Quiet. Very quiet.

FEE: There's no need for anyone to get overexcited. Right?

JOSIE: Quiet. Very quiet.

FEE: Great. Can you please tell me, quietly and without excitement: why are you here?

JOSIE: It's obvious.

FEE: Not to me.

JOSIE: Today was the day. The end. The straw that broke that camel's back. Who knew camels had such weak backs? Today, today, I left school. I drove out to 3rd line. I sat in my car. I may have had a cigarette. It's not a crime. Not really. *(she thrusts out four fingers)* FOUR people called my grandmother on me. FOUR tattletales felt it necessary to inform my grandmother about my activities. The Nelson sisters called her separately, except their calls were like three seconds apart so you know they were sitting side by side, cackling with glee over it all. *(she imitates someone cackling with glee)* Can't a person skip school and have a smoke without the whole world knowing?

FEE: Well you shouldn't skip... or smoke.

JOSIE: It's like everyone here is waiting for me to do something bad. Or get involved with insider trading, which, as poetic as that would be, daughter falls down same well as parents, is practically impossible since I don't even know what that is. So if I'm not doing anything near as bad as that, why am I being spied on? Why, why, why??? I thought I could stick it out. How bad could it be in the middle of nowhere? It. Sucks. Bad. I hate everything and everyone in this stupid crap-ass town. I've had it. I am out.

FEE: And what do you want me to do?

There is a knock knock on the door followed by the sound of a door opening and a person stumbling inside.

TRINA: *(offstage)* Hello?

FEE: Again?

They all get up as TRINA crashes into the entryway. When BRITTNEY sees who it is, she turns away.

ECHO: Trina?

TRINA: I think I just ran away from home. But it's freezing and I can't feel my feet.

JOSIE: Join the club!

JOSIE sits. She is über-focused on TRINA, staring at her, not moving. DO NOT fidget, even though it may feel natural. It'll take the focus away from TRINA and her story.

FEE: Come in, come in.

TRINA: Your door was open. I'm sorry I didn't knock. This is an emergency and— *(she turns to see BRITTNEY)* Brittney?

BRITTNEY: *(moving)* I gotta go.

TRINA: Wait! Don't you move! *(she takes a breath)* My brother is a scumbag. Ha! Tyler Tews is a scumbag!

There is a pause. This is a big thing for TRINA to say out loud. BRITTNEY and ECHO stare at her.

ECHO: You didn't just...

BRITTNEY: *(wide eyed)* Trina...

TRINA: I've wanted to say that. Out loud. Especially to you. Those are my feelings and I want them known. I will no longer keep my true feelings inside. Tyler is a scumbag! *(she does a little spin of joy)* Tyler is a scumbag! Ha, ha! It gets easier every time.

ECHO: Who else knows Tyler is a scumbag?

TRINA: My mother.

BRITTNEY and ECHO gasp.

BRITTNEY: You did not.

ECHO: Trina!

TRINA: I couldn't take it anymore, I couldn't hold it in, it was the straw that broke the camel's back!

JOSIE: Again with the camel!

TRINA: (to FEE) I have to run away. If I go back, my mom's gonna rip my out my tongue.

FEE: You spoke hastily, that's all. She'll understand. There's no need to run; just apologize.

TRINA: That's going to be hard without a tongue.

FEE: Do it before the tongue comes out. Hopefully you'll keep your tongue. Of course you will. Your mother wouldn't actually rip out... You're exaggerating.

BRITTNEY: You don't know Mrs. Tews, do you?

ECHO: Didn't you hear what happened at the fall fair?

FEE: I don't listen to gossip.

TRINA: It's not gossip. When she didn't win, several judges saw their lives flash before their eyes when they narrowly escaped having a spatula shoved in a place spatulas should not go. My mother is very quick. One second she's smiling and nodding, the next you've got a spatula up your nose. The hard way.

ECHO: Mrs. Tews doesn't like to lose.

TRINA: She's very focused. It's better when she's not focused on you. Right now, she's very, very, focused on me.

BRITTNEY: How did you get out of the house?

TRINA: The unexpected shock of the moment. "Tyler is a scumbag!" By the final 'ag' I was out the door. I'm not even wearing boots. It's pure luck there were mitts in my pocket. (to FEE) I ran outside and you're the first person I thought of.

JOSIE: (*leaping up*) Ah ha! Ah ha! I'm not the only one.

FEE: What are you talking about?

JOSIE: (*running to TRINA*) Sister, I feel your pain.

TRINA: You're the new girl...

JOSIE: You're the second fiddle sister, Trina Tews.

TRINA: And I'm sick of it!

JOSIE: You're sick of this town.

TRINA: Yes!

JOSIE: Sick of what people think of you.

TRINA: Yes!

JOSIE: Say about you.

TRINA: Yes!

JOSIE: You feel trapped.

TRINA: Yes!

JOSIE: You want out like nobody's business.

TRINA: Yes! Yes!

BRITTNEY: (*standing*) I want out like nobody's business!

ECHO: Brittney?

BRITTNEY: I want out! (*runs over to JOSIE and TRINA*) I feel trapped.

TRINA: Frozen?

JOSIE: Like you can't breathe?

TRINA & BRITTNEY: Yes!

BRITTNEY: I hate it here. I hate being talked about.

JOSIE: People talk about you a lot.

BRITTNEY: I know!

TRINA: No one breaks up with Tyler Tews.

BRITTNEY: I hate that people whisper about me behind my back and look away when I walk by.

JOSIE: It's worse when they whisper.

BRITTNEY: I hate that everyone stayed friends with Tyler and nobody stayed friends with me.

TRINA: I hate being a second fiddle. Do you know what I've done for that stupid scumbag? Do you know how much I've missed out on?

BRITTNEY: People I've known since kindergarten.

TRINA: Nobody ever asks how I am or what I'm doing.

JOSIE: I hate being the new girl. I'm not even that new.

TRINA: How's Tyler? Did you see what Tyler did today? How come you're not like Tyler?

JOSIE: And it's not my fault my parents went to jail!

BRITTNEY: I hate being sad all the time. I used to be a really happy person. It is so not fair someone made me unhappy and I can't shake it. This town won't let me shake it!

JOSIE: I hate this town.

TRINA: This town sucks!

JOSIE: It's time to go.

TRINA: Vamoose!

JOSIE: Outta here!

BRITTNEY: Where do we go?

JOSIE: She'll tell us.

BRITTNEY: She?

JOSIE: (*grandly gesturing to FEE*) She'll tell us what to do.

All three stare at FEE.

TRINA: You think so?

JOSIE: I know so. It's fate don't you see? Fate has delivered us to her doorstep on this very night, all at the same time. Fate has conspired to bring three lost souls together to learn from the master. (*turning to FEE*) How did you do it? What did you do when the straw broke that camel's back and you ran? Teach us how to run away. We are in your hands.

There is a pause. No one moves.

JOSIE: Fiona? You are going to help us. Aren't you?

FEE: (*in a daze*) Um, you should call me Fee. Nobody calls me Fiona. Except my grandmother. She did. Cause it was her name. I guess.

And not anymore. Cause she's dead. I need to go make... some... tea...

FEE turns and exits. In a daze. The rest move to sit on the couch.

TRINA: She didn't look interested in helping.

JOSIE: She's overwhelmed.

BRITTNEY: That was overwhelming.

JOSIE: She just needs a few minutes. Time to digest. Whoa. *(her head rolls back)*

TRINA: Are you all right?

JOSIE: *(straightening up)* I'm fine. Does anyone have any chocolate?

ECHO: Don't you think you've had enough?

JOSIE: I might be crashing. *(her head rolls back)* Yep. Definitely crashing. *(straightening up)* This isn't going to be pretty.

BRITTNEY: *(looking in her purse)* I've got Life Savers.

JOSIE: I'll take 'em. *(BRITTNEY hands over the candy)* Thanks. *(she throws one in her mouth)*

ECHO: *(standing)* I want to say something. I love Brayton.

The other girls groan.

ECHO: I do.

JOSIE: How?

ECHO: What do you mean, "How?" It's my home. I like living here, I want to raise a family here.

BRITTNEY: *(groaning)* Echo, you don't have a say in this.

ECHO: Why not?

BRITTNEY: You moved to the other side of the highway.

ECHO: It's a ten minute drive!

BRITTNEY: It's not the same as being in town.

ECHO: I get talked about just as much as any of you. My mother talks about me to anyone who'll listen.

BRITTNEY: (to JOSIE) AND she had a scholarship. A scholarship.

JOSIE: That would have taken her away?

BRITTNEY: Uh huh.

TRINA: She turned it down.

JOSIE: (*moving to ECHO*) You turned down a scholarship? To stay here? To STAY?

ECHO: I did, I did, so what?

JOSIE: What are you, a crackhead?

ECHO: People belong where they belong. It doesn't make me a crackhead if I want to stay.

TRINA: I don't know, Echo. Sounds pretty stupid to me.

JOSIE: I know what I want. Out of here.

BRITTNEY: You said it.

TRINA: Out of here!

BRITTNEY: We don't belong.

TRINA: We know exactly what we want.

ECHO: Maybe I do too. And it doesn't make me a crackhead. (*moving to BRITTNEY*) And for the record, Ms. Brittney, I stayed your friend.

ECHO storms out to the kitchen.

JOSIE: Did she?

BRITTNEY: She did.

JOSIE: Ouch.

BRITTNEY: She doesn't understand. She lives on the other side of the highway. She has a nice boyfriend. (*she puts her face in her hands*) I'm losing my mind.

JOSIE: Sister, I feel your pain.

TRINA: You can't win against Tyler.

BRITTNEY: I'm not trying to win. I'm trying not be reminded of him.
Constantly.

JOSIE: Running away is the only option.

TRINA: A fresh start.

BRITTNEY: Yeah.

They sit side by side on the couch and stare off toward the kitchen.

TRINA: (*pause, pause, pause*) What do we do now?

JOSIE: Wait for her to come out.

BRITTNEY: (*pause, pause, pause*) What if she doesn't?

JOSIE: She will.

TRINA: You think so?

JOSIE: I know so.

TRINA: (*pause, pause, pause*) There's a back door in the kitchen.

JOSIE: Listen, if you don't want to be here...

TRINA: I do, I do.

JOSIE: If you don't really want to run away...

TRINA: I do!

JOSIE: Then you'd know that she will come out and she will help us. We are kindred spirits. We have all been down the same road. She knows what we've been through. She's on our side.

TRINA: (*pause, pause*) I should take notes.

BRITTNEY: (*getting up*) I have extra paper. (*she goes to her knapsack*)

TRINA: Awesome. (*she cringes*) Tyler word. Tyler word!

BRITTNEY: I hate that word. (*pulling out a binder full of blank paper*) I haven't been taking many notes this year. Here. (*she hands out paper*)

JOSIE: This was meant to be. Do you have a pen?

BRITTNEY: Sure.

JOSIE: See? Fate. Kismet.

TRINA: (*taking a pen*) Thanks.

JOSIE: Here she comes! Shhh!

FEE enters very, very slowly. No one says a word.

FEE: Stop staring at me.

They all look quickly away.

FEE: Apparently, all of you have an impression of me. A very specific impression of who I am. One I'm not aware of and before we proceed any further I would like to know what that impression is.

JOSIE: But... everybody knows the story.

FEE: I don't.

TRINA: Mrs. Best tells it at Duke's every Sunday.

FEE: I don't listen to Mrs. Best.

BRITTNEY: But she talks so loud...

FEE: What's the story?

During the following ECHO enters with a cup of tea and listens.

JOSIE: You ran away at fifteen.

TRINA: You left town and never looked back.

BRITTNEY: You wore a lot of black in high school.

JOSIE: You stole a lot of money from Grandma Wills.

TRINA: You went to New York.

BRITTNEY: Lived on the streets.

JOSIE: You had to live on the streets for years.

TRINA: Then you were discovered.

JOSIE: And became a famous designer.

BRITTNEY: And you never mentioned Brayton.

TRINA: Turned your back on everything and everyone here.

JOSIE: And you're a drug addict.

BRITTNEY: Used to be a drug addict.

TRINA: My mom thinks she's a drug addict.

BRITTNEY: My mom didn't want me to come here.

TRINA: Says she's just like her brother.

BRITTNEY: They both stole money from Grandma Wills.

TRINA: Broke into the school and trashed the library.

BRITTNEY: She ran away and never looked back.

JOSIE: You ran away and got out.

TRINA: You made it on your own.

JOSIE: You were all alone and you made it.

There is a pause. FEE is shocked by what she's heard.

FEE: Wow. Wow. *(she sits)* Wow.

TRINA: That's it.

FEE: That's it? What else could there be? That is some... *(she giggles a little)* that is some story.

JOSIE: That's what they say.

FEE: Really? Really. That's what people are saying about me? Here?

BRITTNEY: You've never heard?

FEE: I guess I've been busy, it's been a busy year. That's what they're saying? Really? All those things?

JOSIE: It's not true?

FEE: Not true? *(she gives a short laugh)* I've never heard such a... If that were my story, I could have made a lot more money. I would own that story. I'd tell everyone and their dog that story. I'd be on 60 Minutes and TMZ. That story, that's the story you're clinging to? Don't you think it makes you a little wacko? Stealing, drugs, trashing school property, really? That's what you think of me?

TRINA: It was the running away part. I think.

JOSIE: Wait a minute. What are you saying?

BRITTNEY: Is any of it true?

FEE: (*she laughs a bit more*) No.

TRINA: No?

BRITTNEY: None of it?

JOSIE: Wait a minute.

FEE: I mean, sure there are connections, there are a lot of connect the dots. But that's just... (*she really falls to laughing*) That takes the cake and the whole donut buffet.

JOSIE: Hey, hey! Stop laughing!

ECHO: Josie, don't be rude.

FEE: That's what people think? I'm surprised my ears aren't on fire twenty-four seven.

TRINA: So what happened?

FEE: I, ah, unbelievable, well, (*she clears her throat*) I did hate Brayton. I did leave when Scott died. (*she sighs*) It was supposed to be safe here. It wasn't. He was so smart, in his own way. We all wanted Scott to... get better. He didn't. And then he died. That's it.

JOSIE: That's it? What do you mean that's it? That's it? That's all? No running? No stealing? No fist to the sky? No middle finger to Brayton?

ECHO: Grandma Wills never told anybody.

BRITTNEY: She never said anything. Not like that.

FEE: Unlike Mrs. Best, some people know how to keep their mouths shut.

JOSIE: That's a horrible story!

ECHO: Josie.

JOSIE: Don't Josie me. This is a crisis. We are in a crisis red level situation here. I have with great fanfare left my home with a toothbrush and seven pairs of underwear. I need clarification. I need – you've been in town how long?

FEE: Since the summer.

JOSIE: And you're telling me you've never once heard any of this? Not one aspect of any of these stories? You had no idea? Seriously? That's what we're supposed to believe?

FEE: I don't listen to gossip.

BRITTNEY: How? How do you do that? How do you block it out? I can't, it just seeps into my brain. I wake up and I think I can handle things, then I hear people whispering and I'm back where I started. Every day someone or something reminds me of Tyler, over and over again. I can't handle it anymore. I'm failing, I'm so tired all the time...

ECHO sits beside BRITTNEY and gives her a hug.

JOSIE: Hey, hey, hey! Who cares about Tyler? Back to me, back to me! (to FEE) You ran away.

FEE: I didn't.

JOSIE: I'm telling you, you ran away. That's the story! You ran away at fifteen. I'm fifteen, running away. You have to have the same story. You have to help me or else I'm stuck.

FEE: I think you're stuck here anyway.

JOSIE: (*pacing*) I don't accept this. I don't. I don't accept this at all. I do not accept. I had a plan. I was going to follow in your footsteps and everything was going to work out. You have to have footsteps. You have to!

ECHO: Calm down Josie.

JOSIE: I won't!

FEE: Sit down.

JOSIE: (*dancing out of her grasp*) I won't, I won't!

ECHO: There's no story.

BRITTNEY: Deal with it.

JOSIE: If you don't help me I'm going to do something drastic.

TRINA: Like what?

ECHO: You're acting like a baby.

JOSIE: I mean it. Really drastic!

BRITTNEY: There's nothing you can do.

JOSIE: I can too! I'm gonna... I'm gonna... (*an idea hits her*) I'm gonna gossip about Grandma Wills.

TRINA: Josie!

ECHO: (*moving toward JOSIE*) You wouldn't dare.

JOSIE: (*dancing out of the way, she keeps moving about the space*) I so would. I'm gonna tell everyone and their dog I was in her house and I saw a whole bunch of horrible things. Grandma Wills practised taxidermy on house cats! Grandma Wills grew weed in her basement! Grandma Wills was running a money laundering scheme! I'll tell Mrs. Best and everyone at the diner Grandma Wills had— (*she stops short*) Uh oh. (*she drops to the ground*) Uuuuuuuuuugh.

JOSIE is on the floor. Pause. Everyone stares at her. Eventually they snap out of it and move over to her.

ECHO: Josie? Josie!

TRINA: What was that?

FEE: Sugar crash.

BRITTNEY: But I gave her... (*realizing*) sugar-free Life Savers.

JOSIE: Uuuuuuuuuuuuuuuugh.

FEE: Well. That was exciting.

ECHO: Is she going to be all right?

FEE: I've had interns pull all-nighters with me before Fashion Week. I see it all the time.

BRITTNEY: Do you think she's going to do what she said? Gossip?

FEE: Don't worry about it. I think, it's time to call it a night.

ECHO: (*folding her arms*) I'm not going anywhere till she promises not to say anything bad about Grandma Wills.

FEE: I'll make sure. Okay? I'll take care of it.

TRINA: Does this mean I have to go home and lose my tongue?

ECHO: Come on. I'll drive you and talk to your mom.

TRINA: Really? You're not scared of her?

ECHO: Of course I am. I was at the fair. I'm going to try and distract her by saying you're going to start work at the garage. But you have to pretend it's a punishment.

TRINA: She may buy that. (*realizing what she heard*) What?

ECHO: I'll teach you how to do an oil change. I'm faster than all the boys.

TRINA: You want to give me a job? At your place? Me? Why?

ECHO: I thought you might like to work at a place where everyone hates Tyler Tews. Well, hate is a strong word. We all have an active dislike. Just don't tell anyone.

TRINA: When do I start? Tomorrow? I can start tomorrow.

ECHO: Practice your sad face.

TRINA: (*exaggerated sad face*) Mom, do I have to work at the Super Speedy Lube?

ECHO: Keep at it. Night, all. (*to BRITTNEY*) You need a ride?

BRITTNEY: Thanks, I'll pass. (*as an explanation*) The Tews.

ECHO: Right. (*she turns away*)

BRITTNEY: (*blurting out*) Hey Echo? Want to do coffee?

ECHO: Saturday? By the garage?

BRITTNEY: Yeah.

ECHO: (*smiling*) Yeah.

TRINA and ECHO exit. BRITTNEY shoulders her purse and her knapsack.

BRITTNEY: I'll just call my mom outside. I need some air.

FEE: Brittney, do you want a job?

BRITTNEY: Huh?

FEE: It's not exactly a job, I'm going to need an intern this summer. In New York. If you want.

The Egg Carton And Shaving Cream Solution

Spring.

On the far side of the stage a spot comes up on MRS. SMITH. She is the principal of Brayton High School and is giving the morning announcements.

NOTE: You can avoid a lengthy scene change between parts three and four by playing this part in front of the curtain.

MRS. SMITH: Good morning Brayton High. *(a little over the top)* Happy Monday to you all! *(clears her throat)* Mrs. Smith here with your *(singsong)* morning announcements. The weather today is bright and sunny, something I think we're all looking forward to after all those April showers! *(she clears her throat)* Here are your morning announcements. The Varsity Girls Volleyball team plays today at Mitchelburg High School. Good luck. Gooooooooooo Bulldogs! Band members, don't forget our extra practice at lunch and Mr. Sims is still awaiting the return of his conductor's baton. Let's not make him wait, shall we Bulldogs? There's a yearbook meeting at 3pm in the art room and— Oh yes, Jane Rose is here with an announcement from the Brayton Beacon.

She turns as JANE steps into the spotlight. JANE turns toward the audience and freezes, her eyes a total deer in the headlights.

MRS. SMITH: Jane? You have something to say? About the paper?

JANE thrusts her piece of paper at MRS. SMITH and runs off.

MRS. SMITH: Well, Jane would like everyone to know that *(reading)* the ad in this week's classified section about the school being for sale was a hoax. I repeat, the school is not for sale. It is with utmost sorrow and humiliation that this ad made it past my eye, and I, Jane Rose, throw myself at the mercy of the entire student body. *(lifting her head)* That seems excessive. *(clearing her throat)* Ah, now we have our wonderful student council president Tyler Tews to talk about the upcoming elections.

TYLER steps into the spotlight to stand beside MRS. SMITH.

TYLER: Thanks, Mrs. S. Listen up people. We need more candidates to run for student council. Granted, I've been the best president in the history of Brayton High, but that's no reason to be afraid. You won't be as great as I was, but as my dad always says, "Second place to a Tews is a good place to be."

MRS. SMITH: Ah, Tyler, I'm not sure that's going to...

TYLER: So come on down to the SC office and I'd be happy to give you an application form. Back to you Mrs. S!

As TYLER exits, the CHEERLEADERS enter the light.

CRYSTAL: Hi Tyler!

TYLER: Good to see you ladies. *(he exits)*

MRS. SMITH: Okay... Okay!

COURTNEY: *(to TYLER's retreating back)* Hi Tyler! Hi!

CAITLIN: Didn't he break up with you this weekend?

CRYSTAL: What? What?

COURTNEY: Yeah. *(dreamily)* But he was so nice about it.

CRYSTAL: Tyler's free? Why didn't anyone tell me?

CAITLIN: You were at your grandmother's.

CRYSTAL: You should have called!

MRS. SMITH: Let's, ah, let's carry on.

COURTNEY: He said I was so special...

MRS. SMITH: *(looking through her papers)* What are we carrying on with?

COURTNEY: And I had so much to give...

MRS. SMITH: Prom bus.

CAITLIN: At least you have the memories.

MRS. SMITH: Now we have an announcement about the prom dress bus.

CAITLIN: TWO weeks of memories.

MRS. SMITH: Girls?

COURTNEY: Jealous?

CAITLIN: Me?

CRYSTAL: My hair!

CAITLIN: Why would I be jealous?

MRS. SMITH: Prom Bus, girls?

CRYSTAL: My hair is all wrong.

CAITLIN: Why would I be jealous of your TWO weeks...

MRS. SMITH: The school is waiting...

CAITLIN: When I went out with him for FIVE...

COURTNEY: Quality over quantity, Caitlin. No wait, quantity over quality, Caitlin. No wait, which one is it?

CRYSTAL: I need a flat iron!

MRS. SMITH: Ladies!!! *(the CHEERLEADERS stop and look at MRS. SMITH)* Prom Bus?

The CHEERLEADERS snap into mode. They step forward.

CHEERLEADERS: Gooooooooo team!

CAITLIN: We're here to talk about Prom Bus.

CHEERLEADERS: Prom Bus! Beep beep!

COURTNEY: It's a Brayton High tradition.

CRYSTAL: Prom is just over a month a way.

CHEERLEADERS: Do you have your dress yet?

CAITLIN: Uh uh.

CRYSTAL: Not me!

COURTNEY: Before you know, it'll be tomorrow night and no dress!

CHEERLEADERS: Ah! Disaster!

CAITLIN: And you can't shop here.

CRYSTAL: No way.

COURTNEY: Totally out.

CHEERLEADERS: Prom Bus to the rescue!

CAITLIN: Book your seat today and ride in style to the Coopers Creek Mall.

CRYSTAL: This Saturday!

COURTNEY: Get your ticket!

CAITLIN: Get your dress!

CHEERLEADERS: Prom Bus! Beep beep!

Now done, the CHEERLEADERS immediately start arguing about Tyler as they exit.

MRS. SMITH: And... (*JANE enters timidly*) Oh Jane! You have another... (*JANE turns and runs off*) No? All right. Lastly we're going to hear from Jim Hill. He's going to talk to you about some changes to a senior tradition. Jim?

JIM saunters into the light.

JIM: Hey kids. So, yeah. Senior Prank Time. As head of the Senior Prank Committee, it is with a heavy heart that I must—

MRS. SMITH: Jim.

JIM: So, yeah. Even though we've had the, ah, blessing of other principals, (*he looks at MRS. SMITH*) who often regaled us all with stories about his own senior pranks – Saran Wrap the Home Ec room, anyone? After last year's most awesomest prank ever—

MRS. SMITH: Jim.

JIM: Right. So, yeah. Things are going to be... (*he sighs*) different. We have to submit our ideas to the office for approval. (*he sighs*) No tuna in the ventilation this year. Which kind of makes the whole thing lame and really—

MRS. SMITH: Jim.

JIM: Right. So, yeah. That's the scoop.

MRS. SMITH: (*overdoing the cheer*) In my senior year we spelled out the name of the school on the football field using plastic spoons. That was fun!

JIM: What's fun about it?

MRS. SMITH: It's cute.

JIM: Cute?

MRS. SMITH: Yes.

JIM: It's lame.

MRS. SMITH: There will not be any fish products stuck in any part of this school. Understood?

JIM: (*to himself*) Hee hee. Tuna. (*MRS. SMITH looks at him*) What?

Music plays. The lights fade on the spot, then come up full stage right to reveal the roof of the high school. PETE is on stage. His chest and arms are covered with egg cartons. One lone cup from a carton is tied to his head with a string under his chin. A small pile of cartons are on the ground beside him and a duffel bag is off to the side.

PETE: (*talking to himself as he duct tapes egg cartons to his legs*) I'm not afraid. I'm not afraid. I'm not afraid. I'm not afraid.

PETE pauses for a moment. He takes a couple of steps downstage and leans forward as if looking over the edge of the roof. It's obviously not easy for him and as soon as he looks down, he's backing away again.

PETE: Afraid! Afraid! Very afraid!

As soon as he backs away, he regains his composure. He sighs and shakes his head.

PETE: Come on, Pete. You can do this. You can do this. You can overcome this. You are not afraid. You are talking to yourself, but you are not afraid.

JOSIE enters through the doorway. She's holding a small paper lunch bag. She is not expecting to see anyone, so when she sees PETE she gives a small scream, which causes PETE to give a big scream.

JOSIE: Ah!

PETE: AGH!

JOSIE: What are you doing?

PETE: Don't do that!

JOSIE: What are you doing?

PETE: You shouldn't sneak up on people on rooftops.

JOSIE: What are you doing on the roof?

PETE: What are you doing on the roof?

JOSIE: I asked you first.

PETE: You're not supposed to be up here.

JOSIE: And you are?

PETE: What are you doing?

JOSIE: I am carrying a fairly obvious paper bag, which looks like it holds a fairly obvious lunch. On opening said obvious paper bag it will be revealed that... (*she opens the bag*) Yes, indeed. There's lunch in there. We can go even further to say that the lunch itself is a rather obvious peanut butter and jam sandwich on whole wheat bread. Although the jam is boysenberry, which could be seen as an unexpected and way out there choice. That's how I roll. You, on the other hand, are covered in egg cartons. The burden of answering the "What are you doing" question clearly falls to you.

PETE: You're the new girl.

JOSIE: Or Josie. I go by either as far as names go. It must get pretty complicated around here if more than one new girl arrives. Do you alternate? Sammy gets "The New Girl" on Mondays, Wednesdays and alternate Fridays?

PETE: What's wrong with you?

JOSIE: You're asking me what's wrong? Me: Lunch. You: Egg cartons.

PETE: You do not have a sunny personality.

JOSIE: I'll take lack of sun over woo woo any day.

PETE: What is woo woo?

JOSIE: Woo woo is what happens when you duct tape egg cartons to your body.

PETE: Oh. (*realizing*) Hey! I am not woo woo.

JOSIE: You're Pete.

PETE: I am.

JOSIE: Hooray. I'm going to eat my lunch.

She sits and starts unwrapping her sandwich.

PETE: Why are you eating on the roof?

JOSIE: It's quiet. Usually. I thought no one else knew about this door being unlocked.

PETE: Don't you want to eat with other people?

JOSIE: Why do you care where I eat?

PETE: I asked you first.

JOSIE: And the gentleman gets a ribbon for 'first question.' Why are you covered in egg cartons?

PETE: Why are you answering a question with a question?

JOSIE: I don't feel like answering yours.

PETE: Oh.

JOSIE: Except... (*she takes a bite of her sandwich and looks at PETE*) I may have to kill a couple of cats on this one. I kinda want to know what you're doing.

PETE: You'll think I'm crazy.

JOSIE: Too late.

PETE: I am not woo woo!

JOSIE: Said the man in the egg carton suit.

PETE: What'll you do if I don't tell?

JOSIE: Run down to the office and say there's a crazy guy on the roof.

PETE: You can't!

JOSIE: Dude you are so woo woo you can't even see it.

PETE: You can't turn me in. That's not fair. *(he starts to pace)* I knew I should have done this earlier. I could have been in forth period. *(he stops and stares at JOSIE)* Look. My entire future is riding on these next few moments and if you stop me, you'll be totally responsible for ruining my life.

JOSIE: This would be the part where you tell me *(really draw out the why)* whyyyyyyyyyyy.

PETE: *(cutting her off)* Fine. *(he takes a deep breath)* I applied to my dream school to get my dream job and *(not happy)* I got accepted.

JOSIE: Which in the non-egg carton world would be cause for celebration.

PETE: They were supposed to turn me down! I only applied because I was sure they'd reject me. They weren't supposed to say yes.

JOSIE: Why?

PETE: Because now I have to go. I can't turn down my dream school and my dream job. That's crazy!

JOSIE: Among other things.

PETE: And I want to go. It's an amazing program with the best reviews ever. They only select a handful of students each year, which means they think I'm special. Me. Do you know how exciting that is? I'm freaking out!

JOSIE: I'm confused. You want something. You got it. You're glad you got it. Wait, what's your dream school and your dream job?

PETE: It doesn't matter.

JOSIE: It'll help the story.

PETE: I got accepted into the computer animation program at Chapman. With the possibility of a Pixar internship.

JOSIE: That's big.

PETE: I know. I have to go.

JOSIE: So go.

PETE: I can't.

JOSIE: Why not?

PETE: What if I fail? What if I think I'm good and they think I'm good but really I'm no good? What if I crash and burn?

JOSIE: So don't go.

PETE: Are you out of your mind? I can't stay here. I mean, it's fine here, I like it here but there's nothing for me. I want to be out there, not here. Here is okay for some people, a lot of people, but I really, really, really, want my life to be about there.

JOSIE: So go.

PETE: I can't!

JOSIE: No kidding.

PETE: I know everyone here. I know people, they know me, the mailman says hi. The mailman at Chapman is not going to say hi. The mailman at Chapman is not going to know my birthday. The mailman at Chapman—

JOSIE: Or mail woman...

PETE: See? I'm screwing up already. What if it's a woman, and I say, "Hello, Mr. Mailman" and she spits at me?

JOSIE: If you can't tell a women from a man you really are screwed.

PETE: If I were caught in a bear trap in the middle of the woods, someone from Brayton would notice me missing, form a task force, and I wouldn't have to die in a bear trap in the woods. I have no guarantee of that at Chapman.

JOSIE: Do they have many bears at Chapman? Or here?

PETE: You're making fun of me.

JOSIE: Oh absolutely. So, you can't go. You can't stay. And you've decided to end it all in an egg carton swan dive?

PETE: No!

JOSIE: Sorry, sorry...

PETE: That's a terrible thing to say.

JOSIE: I jumped ahead in the story. Please, continue.

PETE: So, I have some other things I'm afraid of.

JOSIE: Naturally.

PETE: And I thought if I could conquer those fears, then something like 'going away to school' will seem trite and tiny and wee. There's no way I'd be able to stay at home. Off I'll go to Chapman with a song in my heart. Problem solved.

JOSIE: Right. And what are the fears that have lead you to being covered in egg cartons?

PETE: Heights and falling.

JOSIE: What?

PETE: It's not woo woo.

JOSIE: Jumping off the roof of the school is the definition of woo woo!

PETE: Fall off. I'm going to fall off. Big difference.

JOSIE: Here's the roof, there's the ground. And how are egg cartons going to save you from at the very least enduring severe physical damage?

PETE: It's not just egg cartons. I'm going to fill them with shaving cream.

JOSIE: Of course you are.

PETE: And there's a couple of gym mats on the ground covered with empty cardboard boxes which will break my fall. It'll be fine. That's what Jim says.

JOSIE: Jim? Jim Hill? You're kidding me, right?

PETE: No...

JOSIE: He's your falling expert? The guy giggling about tuna in the ventilation ducts this morning? This is his idea?

PETE: Yes. Well, no. He told me about it, he doesn't know I'm doing it.

JOSIE: You have got to be kidding.

PETE: It'll work. Jim saw it on The Discovery Channel. They wouldn't steer somebody wrong on Discovery.

JOSIE: It's egg cartons and shaving cream.

PETE: It has to work. This is my time, I can feel it. I'm ready to take the next step. I'm ready to shed my skin, move forward, move away, take control of my life. I can do it! I know I can!

JOSIE: It's too late to run for valedictorian. Tyler Tews has it all sewn up.

PETE: Tyler wouldn't be doing this. He's not afraid of anything.

JOSIE: Pete, you can't think this is a good idea.

PETE: It sounded like a good idea.

JOSIE: Egg cartons. Shaving cream. Cardboard boxes and a couple of gym mats?

PETE: That makes it sound like less than a good idea.

JOSIE: There's got to be another way to kick your butt out of this town. I'll even volunteer. I'll come to your house, drag you out of bed and kick your butt all the way to Chapman.

PETE: You don't even know me.

JOSIE: You don't know me either. We're even.

PETE: Do you really hate being called the new girl?

JOSIE: It's better than "Parents Gone to Jail Girl." Love that one. At least I can have a fun with it. Depending on who you talk to, my parents either shishkabobed our dog, stole The Empire State Building, or put Kool-Aid in the water supply. (*she sighs at the stupidity of man*) It's the little things...

PETE: Did your parents really do something bad?

JOSIE: Yes. They duct taped yogurt containers to their body and fell off the Brooklyn Bridge.

PETE: They did? (*realizing*) Hey...

JOSIE: Couldn't resist.

PETE: I won't call you the new girl ever again. Josie.

JOSIE: I won't call you woo woo. Unless you do this falling thing. Then I won't have a choice.

BRITTNEY is heard calling from offstage.

BRITTNEY: (*offstage*) Pete? Peter!

JOSIE: Who's that?

PETE: (*putting his head in his hands*) Oh no.

BRITTNEY enters the roof from stage left through the doorway (or on the riser). She is holding a letter.

BRITTNEY: (*waving the letter*) What is this? (*seeing PETE*) What are you doing? (*really seeing*) What are you doing?

PETE: You weren't supposed to read that until noon.

BRITTNEY: You, you, you're serious? (*waving the note*) This is serious? Oh my God. (*turning to see JOSIE*) Hey!

JOSIE: Hey.

BRITTNEY: What are you doing up here?

JOSIE: Trying to eat my lunch.

BRITTNEY: (*dropping her panic tone*) I told you to eat with us.

JOSIE: I know, I know. It's weird. I don't have anything in common with cheerleaders.

BRITTNEY: Do you want to?

JOSIE: They don't like me.

BRITTNEY: It's not personal. They don't like anybody. They don't like me.

JOSIE: Then why do you eat with them?

BRITTNEY: It's character-building. Besides, Tyler just broke up with Courtney and Crystal is in a state of eye-bulging hair panic. I love it. How's your grandmother?

JOSIE: Shouldn't we focus on...? (*she points at PETE*)

BRITTNEY: (*gaining speed as she re-focuses on PETE*) The roof, the roof, what are you doing? What are you going to do? And why... egg cartons? Pete. (*she breathes in*) Are you jumping off the roof, over me?

PETE: No!

BRITTNEY: Oh. Why not?

PETE: Brittney!

BRITTNEY: Kidding...

JOSIE: Does he have a thing for you?

PETE: Not anymore.

BRITTNEY: We went out last summer. (to PETE) This letter scared me.

PETE: I'm sorry. I wasn't trying to.

JOSIE: What's in it? (BRITTNEY hands it to her)

PETE: You weren't supposed to open it till noon. I'd have done it, and everything would be fine and—

JOSIE: (*reading*) In case I don't make it? In case I don't make it? This is your 'everything would be fine?'

BRITTNEY: What is he doing?

JOSIE: Jumping off the roof.

PETE: Falling.

JOSIE: To conquer his fear of heights and falling so they'll cancel out his other fears and he can go away to school with a song in his heart.

BRITTNEY: Did you get in? You got in?

PETE: Uh huh.

BRITTNEY: (*with a squeal*) Petey! (*trying to hug PETE*) Congratulations!

PETE: Thanks.

BRITTNEY: (*she gets hurt by the cartons*) Ow.

PETE: Sorry.

BRITTNEY: I'm so happy for you. (*changing tone*) Now what are you doing?

PETE: You know what? I don't know. What am I doing? It's stupid, right?

JOSIE: You're asking me?

PETE: Maybe it is a stupid idea. (to BRITTNEY) You didn't tell anyone about the letter did you?

BRITTNEY: Uh uh.

PETE: Good.

JOSIE: Did you write any other rays of sunshine?

PETE: Jim would never open his letter if I told him not to.

Lights up on stage left. JIM, COURTNEY, CRYSTAL, CAITLIN, JANE, SAM, GEMMA run onstage, crowd into the light and look up. They all look up to the roof for PETE.

JIM: (*looking up, not across at PETE*) Pete! Pete? Are you up there?

PETE: Oh no.

JOSIE walks to the front of the stage and looks down (not across) at the gathered crowd.

JOSIE: I think Jim read your letter. And told a few hundred friends.

PETE: Oh no.

BRITTNEY: I can't believe you trusted him.

MARLEY and DAWN enter.

MARLEY: (*entering*) What's happening?

DAWN: What are we looking at?

CRYSTAL: Pete Quinn's on the roof.

JIM: Pete!

SAM: What's he doing up there?

GEMMA: Jumping.

MARLEY & DAWN: Ewww.

JIM: Pete!

SAM: Really?

GEMMA: Probably.

SAM: How do you know?

GEMMA: The Lifetime Channel.

JOSIE: (to BRITTNEY) Your cheerleader chums are down there.

BRITTNEY: Is Tyler?

JOSIE: (looking) Don't think so.

PETE: Tell them I'm not jumping, I'd never do that.

JOSIE: You tell them.

JIM: Pete!

PETE: This was supposed to be me and my fear. Man to man, all alone.
How am I supposed to conquer my fears with a crowd?

BRITTNEY: (realizing) What does jumping off a building have to do with going away to school?

JOSIE: Try to keep up.

CAITLIN: He's not jumping. There's gym mats and cardboard boxes right there.

DAWN: Those mats don't look very hygienic.

MARLEY: So what's he doing?

DAWN: They're downright nasty.

COURTNEY: Oh! Oh! He's doing a prank!

JIM: What?

SAM: A senior prank?

CRYSTAL: Already?

JIM: Pete, are you doing a senior prank?

MARLEY: Mrs. Smith won't like that.

DAWN: I need hand sanitizer.

JIM: Did you hear the announcements? Did you clear it?

SAM: There's no way he could have cleared it. How come he gets to do an uncleared prank? I've been working on my prank for six months and he goes rogue?

JIM: (calling out) Pete if you didn't clear it, Mrs. S will get all bunchy and you'll ruin it for the rest of us.

JOSIE: (to PETE) Your friend is filled to the brim with compassion, isn't he.

PETE: (calling out) You weren't supposed to read the letter till 12:00.

JIM: What letter?

PETE: Jim.

JIM: Okay, so I read the letter.

COURTNEY: What letter?

GEMMA: See? Jumping.

MARLEY & DAWN: Ewwwwwww.

CAITLIN: That's not funny.

JIM: Did you really believe I wouldn't read it?

CAITLIN: I thought pranks were supposed to be funny.

SAM: Six months!

JOSIE: (to PETE) You really should come over here and talk to him.

PETE: Heights, heights!

JIM: Pete!

JOSIE: (calling down) He's afraid to look down.

JIM: Josie?

JOSIE: Hey Jim.

GEMMA: Who's that?

MARLEY & DAWN: New Girl.

COURTNEY: Did she change her hair?

CRYSTAL: Like new, new, or is she the same new girl?

SAM: Same one.

COURTNEY: People shouldn't change their hair without telling me.

MARLEY: She's got a criminal aura.

DAWN: You think so?

MARLEY: I heard her parents ate their dog.

GEMMA: That happens on Lifetime, too.

JIM: Um Josie can we have a little talk, just you and me?

JOSIE: Sure. My, what an intimate spot you've chosen.

CAITLIN: That new girl is really sarcastic.

MARLEY: It's the criminal aura.

COURTNEY: Sarcasm is bad for your skin. Makes you break out.

JIM: I just notice there's some mats on the ground here and some cardboard boxes and I was wondering, worrying, wondering if there were any... there's probably not but I thought I'd ask... egg cartons? Shaving... cream?

JOSIE: (to PETE) He wants to know if there's any egg cartons and shaving cream.

CRYSTAL: What's the shaving cream for?

SAM: I knew it, I knew. He's gone rogue! This blows.

TYLER enters.

TYLER: People, what's going on?

GIRLS: Hi Tyler!

TYLER: Ladies.

COURTNEY: Hi Tyler!

CRYSTAL: You had your shot. (*elbowing COURTNEY out of the way*) Hi Tyler!

BRITTNEY: (*she hasn't been looking down*) Is that Tyler?

JOSIE: (*looking over*) In the flesh.

MARLEY: Tyler, do you like cabbage rolls?

BRITTNEY: I didn't bring my purse.

MARLEY: My mom makes the best cabbage rolls.

GEMMA: (*elbowing MARLEY*) My mom makes chocolate, chocolate brownies.

DAWN: Do you like pie?

BRITTNEY: I didn't bring my purse!

CAITLIN: I love that shirt on you, Tyler.

COURTNEY: You already dated him.

CAITLIN: So have you.

GEMMA: I haven't! *(to TYLER)* I love that shirt.

PETE: I thought you didn't care about him anymore.

BRITTNEY: I don't, I don't. I'm totally over him but if I look like I'm not over him then people will say that I've relapsed and even if I haven't, it will look like I have. So I always have to look 100%. Especially if I'm on the roof with a guy who's jumping off the roof.

PETE: Falling.

BRITTNEY: And why are you falling?

JOSIE: Try to keep up.

TYLER: So, what are we looking at?

MARLEY & DAWN: Pete Quinn's on the roof.

TYLER: Really? Why?

GEMMA: Jumping.

SAM: Senior prank. Uncleared.

JIM: I'm trying to find out. *(calling up)* Hey Josie?

JOSIE: *(to PETE)* Do you want to share your little plan here or shall I?

PETE points at JOSIE.

JIM: Josie?

JOSIE: Well Jim, there might be a few egg cartons scattered about. *(to PETE)* And I'm guessing there's shaving cream in that bag? *(PETE hangs his head)* And I'm also looking at some shaving cream.

JIM: Josie, ah, can you ask Pete to come to the edge?

JOSIE: He wants to talk to you.

PETE: I can't.

JOSIE: Wouldn't this be a great chance to work on that heights thing?

PETE: I'm working up to working on it.

JOSIE: What's going to happen to you? You're wearing egg cartons.

PETE: Fine. *(he drops to the ground and starts crawling to the edge)*

JOSIE: He's coming.

BRITTNEY: Josie! Do you have any lip gloss?

JOSIE: Do I look like I carry lip gloss? Ask one of the cheerleaders.

BRITTNEY: Did you know sarcasm is bad for your skin?

JOSIE: *(feeling her back pocket)* I have lip balm.

BRITTNEY: That'll do.

JOSIE: I'm not giving you lip balm. I don't share lip balm.

BRITTNEY: I'll buy it from you.

JOSIE: Okay. Ten bucks.

BRITTNEY: Josie!

JIM: Pete!

JOSIE: *(watching PETE)* He's still coming.

SAM: Tyler, I spent forty bucks on a Super Soaker Water Warrior. If I don't get to use my Super Soaker cause this guy went rogue, I'm gonna be really, really pissed.

TYLER: Let me talk to him. Let me talk. This is a guy in crisis, a guy in danger and we're not taking it seriously.

PETE: There's no crisis. *(to JOSIE)* Tell them there's no crisis.

JOSIE: *(calling down)* There's no crisis.

TYLER: *(calling up)* Pete, man, dude, you don't want to do this. You really don't.

CRYSTAL: I love the way he takes charge.

TYLER: You're going to bum everyone out.

COURTNEY: I love the way he takes charge.

TYLER: You can't think of yourself at a time like this, Pete. It's very selfish.

PETE: I don't believe this.

CAITLIN: I love the way he looks in that shirt.

GEMMA: Repeat complimenter.

TYLER: And what about the town? We don't need this kind of reputation right now. These are tough economic times and we could lose our footing (*snaps his fingers*) like that. We just got listed in Top 500 Small Town Tourist Destinations.

The girls around TYLER make 'he's so dreamy' cooing noises.

MARLEY: (*like he's said something romantic*) Tough economic times...

DAWN: I could listen to you all day...

JOSIE: You dated this guy?

BRITTNEY: He has a car.

PETE: I do not believe this.

TYLER: And we're days away from having the largest used car tower recognized in Weird & Quirky National Monuments.

MARLEY: We are?

GEMMA: That's so cool.

SAM: I didn't know we had a used car tower.

TYLER: My dad's idea. He's thinking, always thinking. Do you know how many tourist dollars a used car tower could bring?

DAWN: I want to see the tower.

MARLEY: I do.

CRYSTAL: Take me to the tower.

GEMMA: Take me!

COURTNEY: I'll go to the tower, Tyler.

CAITLIN: Courtney, he just broke up with you.

COURTNEY: Maybe he's changed his mind.

TYLER: Hey Crystal, did you do something with your hair?

CRYSTAL: Yes. No. Is it good?

JIM: Pete!

PETE: *(as if looking over the edge)* Hey Jim.

JIM: Pete. Ah, maybe now is not the right time to get into this but ha ha – I was joking. I'm always joking. Haven't you figured that out by now? Jim? Jokes? All the time?

PETE: *(dismay)* This wasn't on The Discovery Channel?

JIM: No...

PETE: That was kind of the selling point for me.

MS. BRIGHT enters to see the crowd staring up.

MS. BRIGHT: What's going on out here?

PETE: *(pulling back)* Oh crap.

MARLEY & DAWN: Pete Quinn's on the roof.

MS. BRIGHT: He's what? Pete! Why are you all just standing here? *(she runs off)*

GEMMA: She's right! We should save him. *(she runs off)*

SAM: No man shall prank an uncleared prank. *(he runs off)*

CRYSTAL: Do we have to?

COURTNEY: I don't even like Pete Quinn.

TYLER: Come on, ladies. To the roof! *(runs off)*

CHEERLEADERS: Wait for me!

They all exit as MRS. SMITH enters. The only one left is JANE, who hasn't said a single word the whole time.

MRS. SMITH: What – what, what's going on? Jane?

JANE points up.

MRS. SMITH: Someone's on the roof?

JANE nods.

MRS. SMITH: Really?

JANE nods.

PETE: (*overhearing*) Oh no.

MRS. SMITH: (*calling up*) Don't you move. I'm on my way!

She runs off. JANE looks after MRS. SMITH and then continues to look up at PETE. (NOTE: JANE will stand there for awhile. I would suggest dimming the lights on her so that she doesn't pull focus.)

PETE: I'm dead. I'm dead. And... I'm dead.

JOSIE: All you have to do is say you temporarily lost your mind.

BRITTNEY: That's good.

JOSIE: You're scared about going away to school and went woo woo.

PETE: I never do anything wrong. Never. I keep my nose down. I do my thing. Now the whole student body is going to see me covered with egg cartons. This has not been my best day. (*he tugs at an egg carton on his leg*)

JOSIE: You should leave those on. It'll help with the insanity plea.

Everyone bursts through the door, gathering on stage with MS. BRIGHT and MRS. SMITH at the head of the pack. MRS. SMITH is breathing rather heavily. She doesn't climb that many stairs.

MS. BRIGHT: What's going on up here?

MRS. SMITH: (*gasping*) ...stairs...

MS. BRIGHT: You know students aren't allowed on the roof.

MRS. SMITH: (*gasping*) ...too many...

MS. BRIGHT: Pete? What on...

MRS. SMITH: (*gasping*) ...stairs... they should bring... the roof... closer to the ground.

MS. BRIGHT: Are you all right, Mrs. Smith?

MRS. SMITH: (*gasping*) Oh sure. (*she waves her hand*) Carry on... I'm just going to take a little break. (*she sits on the ground*)

JIM: Do you want someone to fan you, Mrs. Smith?

MS. BRIGHT: Explain.

JOSIE: Science experiment. It's an experiment for science class.

MS. BRIGHT: Which class?

JOSIE: Oh all the hard questions.

PETE: It's not for—

BRITTNEY: Mr. Jebb. It's for Mr. Jebb's class.

MS. BRIGHT: And if I ask Mr. Jebb, he can verify this?

JOSIE: Yes.

MS. BRIGHT: Josie.

JOSIE: Go ahead...

MRS. SMITH: (*as if she's saying a new thing*) Students aren't allowed on the roof!

PETE: No wait. It's not for science.

JOSIE: Let me guess. Fear of lying?

MRS. SMITH: (*looking around*) Why are there all these students on the roof?

MS. BRIGHT: So what exactly is it?

PETE: Forget it. Just forget it. Forget everything. I'm not jumping or falling or pranking or anything.

SAM: You better not be pranking.

PETE: I'm not doing anything. As usual.

MRS. SMITH: (*to the group of students*) Shoo! Shoo! Off the roof. Shoo!

MS. BRIGHT: Tyler, would you escort Mrs. Smith down to her office? I fear the stairs have done her in.

TYLER: You got it. Come on, Mrs. S.

CAITLIN: I'll help.

COURTNEY: I will.

CRYSTAL: Let me!

MRS. SMITH: I can get up. (*she doesn't move*) I can't get up.

TYLER and a couple of others get hold of MRS. SMITH and help her up.

MS. BRIGHT: I'll give you a full report when I'm done.

MRS. SMITH: On what? (*she sees PETE and starts laughing*) Egg carton man! Oh, I better lie down. I'm hallucinating. Stairs are hard. (*exits*)

MS. BRIGHT: And the rest of you can go as well.

The gathered students groan.

MS. BRIGHT: Go on. Go on. Shoo.

Everyone files out. MS. BRIGHT turns her attention back to PETE.

MS. BRIGHT: I heard you got into Chapman.

PETE: (*miserably*) Yeah.

MS. BRIGHT: Are you going?

JOSIE: You bet he is.

PETE: I want to go. I do but...

MS. BRIGHT: Is that what this is about?

BRITTNEY: He's afraid to go.

JOSIE: And he's afraid to stay.

MS. BRIGHT: And the egg cartons?

JOSIE: That's where he lost us.

PETE: I'm trying to knock some sense into me. It's very simple.

MS. BRIGHT: Oh I see.

BRITTNEY & JOSIE: You do?

MS. BRIGHT: You're trying to cancel out one fear by conquering another.

PETE: Yes. Exactly. Finally someone gets it!

MS. BRIGHT: (*serious*) I'll guard the door.

BRITTNEY & JOSIE: What?

MS. BRIGHT: You have five minutes.

JOSIE: Five minutes for what?

MS. BRIGHT: I'll make sure no one bothers you.

JOSIE: You WANT him to jump?

BRITTNEY: Fall.

JOSIE: Whatever.

MS. BRIGHT: (*serious*) Do whatever you have to do to get yourself to that school.

PETE: But, but, won't you get in trouble, Ms. Bright? Helping a student do something like this?

MS. BRIGHT: Maybe. I've decided to leave teaching at the end of the year, so I don't much care.

MS. BRIGHT exits. JOSIE, BRITTNEY and PETE slowly move downstage, in a bit of a daze.

JOSIE: That was unexpected.

BRITTNEY: You going to do it?

PETE: I don't know. It seems like all kinds of wrong to have a teacher's permission.

JANE calls up.

JANE: (*calling up*) Pete Quinn!

BRITTNEY, JOSIE and PETE freeze.

BRITTNEY: Who said that?

JANE: (*calling up*) Pete Quinn!

JOSIE: (*looking over*) Hi... Jane. (*to the others*) It's Jane, everybody.

BRITTNEY and PETE look over. At this point the lights should rise again on JANE.

PETE: Hey Jane. (*pause, pause, pause*) You want to say something to me?

JANE: Yes.

PETE: Okay. (*pause, pause, pause*) I got a limited time here, Jane.

JANE: The egg cartons won't save you.

PETE: What?

JANE: The egg cartons won't save you. Let them go.

PETE: Okay...

JANE: I've worn egg cartons. They don't help. They're good for eggs. Not for fear. Unless you want to put your fear in the egg cartons. You could do that. I spend a lot of time being scared of things. (*pause, pause, pause*) I'm going to stop.

PETE: Okay.

JANE: Don't be afraid anymore.

PETE: Okay.

JANE: Go to Chapman.

PETE: Okay.

JANE: Okay?

PETE: Okay.

JANE: (*happily*) I'm going to marry Tyler Tews. Bye Pete! (*she exits with confidence*)

PETE: (*calling after*) Good luck with that.

BRITTNEY: (*she looks at her watch*) Damn, damn I have a Biology test.

PETE: You should go.

BRITTNEY: (*referring to jumping*) Are you going to...

PETE: Jane told me not to.

BRITTNEY: (*referring to going to school*) Are you going to...



help@theatrefolk.com www.theatrefolk.com

Want to Read More?

Order a full script through the link above. You can get a **PDF file** (it's printable, licensed for one printout, and delivered instantly) or a **traditionally bound and printed book** (sent by mail).