



by
Shane
Pangburn

942 7th Street, Apt. 2
Santa Monica, CA 90403
(217) 840-1153

FIRST DRAFT
11/14/2008



SETTING: A country road.

AT RISE: In darkness, toilet paper flies over the stage, the audience, and the aisle. It hangs long on the rafters and light trees, the seats and runners.

Coat clad, TEENAGE BOYS stifle LAUGHS on a roll, catching and throwing each missile. One goes loose down the steps.

CRAIG, the smallest of the boys, trips to catch the TP. CHRIS, the strongest, largest male, races past ANDREW, the best dressed. He whisper, shouts across the stage. JAKE, only slightly smaller than CHRIS but ducking low, follows with MIKE, the pack fat kid.

ANDREW

Craig, be quiet! He's got a gun.

CRAIG

He does not *have* a gun.

CHRIS

Of course, he *has* a gun.

CRAIG

He's not gonna' gun us down.

MIKE

(out of breath already)

GASP—Why on earth would we—HUFF—want to find out.

CRAIG

Why else are we here? Nobody has explained it to me. Who is this guy?

ANDREW

Bill Billiams.

CRAIG

That's not his name. That's not even a name.

(The boys disperse. With a wave from CHRIS, the vandalism continues.)

JAKE

Bill Williams.

CRAIG

(tossing paper)

I know his name. William Williams, but why are we here?

CHRIS

Be quiet, Craig.

(ANDREW'S cell phone RINGS, lighting his coat pocket. ANDREW, startled, juggles his phone.)

CRAIG

Be quiet, Andrew—

ANDREW

—Hello, Rachel?

CRAIG

You're answering it? This is a stealth operation. We're under cover. We're under fire.

ANDREW

We are not under fire! Rachel, oh, no nothing, we're just hanging out. Oh, me, Chris, Jake, Mike, and Craig. Yeah, Chris's here. You tried to call him. Yeah, his phone must be off. Craig? Yeah...

(ANDREW laughs. CRAIG glares.)

I know, right?

CHRIS

Andrew, shh... I hear something.

ANDREW

Hey, I might have to call—what do you mean? Oh, well, we're running late anyway. What? No, I have no idea how to hitch a truck. Did you call Jake? Jake, is your phone off?

JAKE

(catching a fallen roll)

Of course it is, idiot.

ANDREW

Yeah, his phone's off, do you want to talk to him? Sure, no problem. Jake!

(A light cracks across the stage. It hits CRAIG, a slim line down his slight build.)

CRAIG

Um, Andrew?

ANDREW

What, Craig—

(BLAM, toilet paper cascades like snow.)

ANDREW (CONT.)

Um, Rachel, I'll call you back. Yes, I'll call you back. No—

(CHRIS grabs ANDREW at a run. The phone flies through the air. A second shot fires, the paper over the audience disintegrates.)

(A light flicks on from STAGE LEFT. The growing shadow lurches forward. As another shot fires, the BOYS drop to ground.)

CRAIG

Christ, he's actually got a gun.

MIKE

No shit.

(BLAM, TEAR, THUMP, THUMP.)

CHRIS

He shot me.

(JAKE and MIKE sit up.)

JAKE AND MIKE

What?

(BLAM. PICK, POP, SHRIP, SWIP.)

MIKE
God!

CHRIS
Ow!

(CRAIG hobbles to his feat. He's low in the ditch.)

CRAIG
Listen, Bill. Bill, fucking, Billiams! You don't have to—

(BLAM. SHRED, THUMP. CRAIG flips in the air and to the ground.)

(WILLIAM WILLIAMS lumbers into backlit view. He wears sweat pants, a flannel shirt, and a shotgun.)

(ANDREW'S up and racing toward BILL, who shoots him from less than five yards. BLAM, THUMP. ANDREW is down in a forward to back ragdoll fall.)

(CHRIS, just behind him, leaps as BILL reloads. BILL levels his weapon, but CHRIS hits him barrel first. The gun slips to the sky, and fires from BILL'S chin. Paper explodes overhead, and CHRIS dives right through BILL, who slides down, dripping to the ground, the gun follows.)

(CRAIG stands, and hugs his coat as if to embrace a thin lover.)

CRAIG
The fuck just happened? Bill-Bill, who do you think you are?

JAKE
Chris, you get him?

CHRIS
I got him.

(CRAIG kicks WILLIAM WILLIAMS and his body flops.)

MIKE

(just arriving to the scene, he holds the back of his neck like a pinched nerve)

Oh my God!

CHRIS

I think he's, um, dead.

MIKE

Christ, Chris.

CRAIG

(checking for a pulse)

He shot himself, though. Anybody good at finding a pulse. I can never do this.

(MIKE ducks to check the other hand for a pulse. CRAIG checks his own wrist, shaking his head.)

CHRIS

(averting his eyes)

Of course he shot himself. Mike, I don't think there's a pulse to find. He shot his head off.

CRAIG

(pointing to the former face)

His head's not off.

JAKE

Well, it's not exactly *on*.

MIKE

Does anybody know CPR?

CRAIG

You think that'll, um, work.

JAKE

Andrew, he's a lifeguard. Andrew?

CRAIG

(kneeling to ANDREW)

Andrew?

MIKE
(crouching, wincing)

Andrew?

CHRIS
(diving)

Andrew? I can see his breath. He's passed out.

(JAKE, over BILL, flips a phone.)

MIKE
It knocked him out?

CHRIS
Out! He's out!

(MIKE runs his hand through his
hair, leaving five blood lines.)

MIKE
Is he okay?

CHRIS
(standing)
How the fuck should I know? He's the lifeguard! I'm
unemployed.

CRAIG
Calm down, listen, we gotta get out of here. Shit has gone
wrong.

MIKE
(contorting his back)
We can't move Andrew, he might have a back thing.

CHRIS
Well, somebody call an ambulance.

JAKE
I already did.

(JAKE kneels next to WILLIAM
WILLIAM'S body.)

CHRIS
What'd you say?

JAKE

Nothing. I hung up. They send a car.

CRAIG

We need an ambulance.

JAKE

They send a car. It should be here soon.

(Andrew's phone RINGS. It sits
five feet upstage, vibrating)

CRAIG

Is anybody going to get that?

CHRIS

It's probably, Rachel. Don't answer it. We'll see her later.

JAKE

Will we?

(JAKE opens his phone. CRAIG,
in pain, bobs his head to the
popular ringtone.)

CRAIG

Who are you calling now?

JAKE

Bryn, she's not picking up.

MIKE

(holding up a red hand)

Is anybody else bleeding?

(CRAIG winces, spits and holds up
his red right hand.)

CRAIG

I got shot.

JAKE

We all got shot.

CRAIG

I'm gut shot.

ANDREW
(mumbling)

Gut shot.

CHRIS

Up shot.

ANDREW

Sunblock.

CHRIS

Kid Rock.

ANDREW

MMMbop.

CHRIS

Ba duba dop—

MIKE

—Chris, is Andrew okay?

CRAIG

Is anybody?

CHRIS
(shakes ANDREW)

Sure, he's word associating. Andrew? Andrew? Well, he was talking. He's bleeding quite a bit. It's all over his stupid pea coat.

MIKE

Here everybody, have you tried this?

(MIKE wraps himself in toilet paper.)

CRAIG

(laughing then sputtering)

It's double absorbent.

CHRIS

Good thing we got the good stuff.

CRAIG

I told you it works better. I always buy Charmin.

MIKE
You didn't pay for it.

CRAIG
I paid for it.

CHRIS
No you didn't.

CRAIG
Well, I paid for the pizza.

MIKE
No, you didn't.

(The phone RINGS, a new tone.)

CRAIG
Hey, what do you think Rachel wants?

JAKE
That's Jessica's ringtone.

CHRIS
Yeah, that's Jessica.

CRAIG
How do you all know this stuff?

JAKE
It's her favorite song.

MIKE	CRAIG
Are you guys going to their party later?	Is anybody going to get that? Party?

JAKE
Well, yeah, party. I don't know about that, but I gotta' go home sometime. You guys?

(The BOYS look around. CRAIG, now a mummy, checks his watch but get's distracted and starts walking around like the undead.)

CRAIG
Nobody's going to get that?

CHRIS
(laughing)

Of course not.

MIKE
(also a mummy)

Why are you laughing?

CRAIG
I'm just gonna get that.

CHRIS
Don't! It's Andrew's phone. What the fuck do we say? "Well, we just got shot." We shouldn't be going anywhere. Why are we even, I don't know, alive.

JAKE
Bird shot. It was just bird shot.

CRAIG
(wiping at his bloody neck)
Well, what's the point?

JAKE
He was just trying to scare us away.

CRAIG
(ripping the paper from his face)
Well, it didn't fucking work. Fuck! Why were we even here?

JAKE
It was a dare.

CRAIG
(pacing, knocking down TP)
Rachel. Wasn't it?

MIKE
What, don't look at me. I'm as confused as you. This was a dare?

JAKE
At the party last week, Rachel dared Andrew.

(CHRIS stands and paces.)

CHRIS

We were going to tell them tonight 'bout how we got Bill Williams. Meagan's brother was bragging about it. He used to date Bill's daughter, like, forever ago. Maybe '99, or I don't know, forever ago. He's so old. And he always talks about the time Bill chased him out with the gun. And he's always, like, "She was hot, but that's not worth getting shot." Or some Dr. Suesh shit like that. I hate that guy.

CRAIG

Dr. Suesh?

CHRIS

Meagan's brother, what's-his-name.

JAKE

Dave.

CHRIS

I know his name.

CRAIG

So, what's Dave got to do with this?

(JAKE tosses a roll of toilet paper into the trees. It falls and he throws another one. CRAIG follows suite.)

JAKE

He was talking about it. Dave, who's always over at our place—God, I hate that guy, Dave—he's always talking about the time they egged Bill's house, and Bill comes out with a shotgun. Doesn't say a word, just shoots. "Window goes BOOM. But we got away, and blah, blah, blah. I'm Dave. Can I get you ladies anything to drink?"

CRAIG

(puffing his swollen chest)

Sure, so what? You guys said, "That sounds like a great idea."

JAKE

In a sense, yes.

CRAIG

Brilliant. Now, what? We're vandals, oh, and murderers. I wasn't even invited to the party.

CHRIS

Christ, Craig. You act like it's such a shock. Poor Craig never get's invited anywhere. We invite you and you complain and whine. Craig, you're an asshole.

CRAIG

(in CHRIS'S face)

Listen, a-hole. Like I have to apologize. What's with you guys, seriously? I'm just sick of it. You all hang out and hate each other, and I'm the jerk because I'm the only one that says anything. They're mean, Chris. You're mean, murderer.

(CHRIS pulls CRAIG to the ground
and he lands on ANDREW.)

ANDREW

Oof.

MIKE

Watch it, Andrew's-

(CRAIG and CHRIS roll off ANDREW
and deeper to the ditch. CHRIS
finishes on top and pushes CRAIG
to the dirt. They grapple.)

(JAKE opens his phone.)

MIKE

Who are you calling now?

JAKE

I'm going to call Jess back. See if she knows if Bryn's okay.

MIKE

What's the matter?

JAKE

(hand out)

Well...

MIKE

With Bryn.

(CRAIG yelps as CHRIS delivers another blow.)

JAKE

I'm worried about her. She's, um, do you hear something?

(OFF STAGE, a RUMBLE and the CLATTER of road rock.)

(Andrew rises to a SIREN and flashing red, blue lights.)

ANDREW

What? Where's the fire?

CRAIG

(laughs)

Um, we're on fire.

ANDREW

My chest hurts.

CHRIS

You got shot.

ANDREW

Yeah, that sounds right. Where's Bill?

CRAIG

He's um...

CHRIS

Dead.

ANDREW

Oh... Is that the cops?

(CHRIS helps ANDREW to his feet. ANDREW clinches his chest and MIKE hands him a roll of toilet paper. CRAIG tosses his aside to hide it.)

(A second SIREN sounds and now a spot light surveys the scene. It starts at Andrew, who shields his eyes and chest. Then CHRIS and so on, toward the body.)

CRAIG
(whispering)

It was a suicide, right?

CHRIS
No, not right, wrong. He didn't mean to...it was an accident.

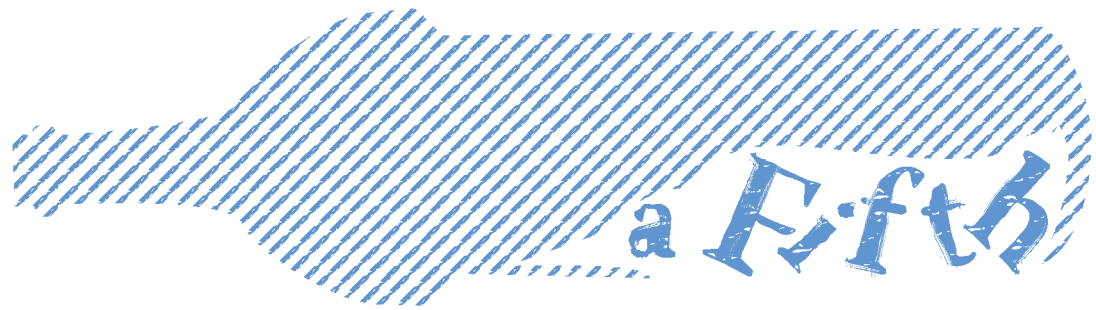
CRAIG
First degree, first person manslaughter?

CHRIS
Sure.

POLICE OFFICER (O.S.)
What seems to be the problem here?

(The light rests on the mangled body of WILLIAM WILLIAMS.)

CHRIS
There's been a, an accident.



SETTING: A car.

AT RISE: CHRIS, 16 and dressed up to look casually disheveled, sits behind the wheel and HONKS.

LIGHTS reveal ANDREW, 16 and almost ready for a school dance. He opens the side door.

SCENE ONE

ANDREW

You didn't have to honk. I was standing right there.

CHRIS

A honk is a cars way of saying hello, or goodbye, or, you know, it's green, asshole—I just got married.

ANDREW

It's like a aloha.

CHRIS

Aloha, did you get it?

ANDREW

No.

CHRIS

Why not?

(ANDREW shrugs his shoulders.)

CHRIS

Well, what do we do?

ANDREW

We do without. We can teetotally do this.

CHRIS

(shaking his head)

No. Plan B.

ANDREW

The ID was plan C. Plan A was your sister. Plan B was Meagan's brother.

CHRIS

(points to arm bruise)

That guy creeps me out, and big Sis, no go, really mad, hit me, it hurts, Plan C+?

ANDREW

Plan D.

CHRIS

Plant.

ANDREW

Planet.

CHRIS

Pluto.

ANDREW

No, Neptune.

CHRIS

Arithmetic.

ANDREW

Rhodadendron.

CHRIS

Candlestick.

(CHRIS stops word associating and pulls the car into park.)

ANDREW

Christmas card. Why are you stopping I thought we were picking up Rachel.

CHRIS

We're picking up Jessica first.

ANDREW

Won't they be together?

CHRIS

No, they had a fight.

ANDREW

Really, over what?

CHRIS

Laundry Detergent, not kidding. Rachel or, um, Jessica borrowed Jessica or Rachel's, shirt? And she washed it—

ANDREW

(flapping his hands)

—Really dumb. I'm not listening to this. Put the radio on.

CHRIS

It's on.

ANDREW

Change the station.

CHRIS

No.

ANDREW

(retreats to the back seat)

Fine. We're in a fight.

CHRIS

Fine. What the fuck are you doing?

(ANDREW kicks CHRIS as he snakes into the back seat.)

ANDREW

We're in a fight.

CHRIS

So.

ANDREW

Jessica's getting in. You guys will want to sit together: Jessica and Rachel can't sit together; they're in a fight. And I want to sit with Rachel anyway. It's a double date.

CHRIS

Does Rachel know this is a date?

ANDREW

Sure. She must. You told her, right?

CHRIS

I don't—I don't think she does.

ANDREW

She must. You and Jessica are dating. She's going with me, you and Jessica. We're driving to middle of the country. What does she think's going to happen?

CHRIS

What *is* happening? I need a drink.

ANDREW

Well, you're right, we need something.

CHRIS

A fifth.

ANDREW

An eighth.

CHRIS

An ounce.

ANDREW

A thimble.

CHRIS

A finger.

ANDREW

A quark.

CHRIS

What the fuck is that?

ANDREW

SAT word, real small. A quark is to proton what brick is to house. I can't believe you didn't know that. You're going to fail. You're going to fail the SATs. You're going to junior college. You will have the worst job—

(CHRIS HONKS like a wedding.
15 and under-dressed, JESSICA
enters.)

JESSICA

No need to honk, I heard your car. I had to get ready.

CHRIS

You look nice.

JESSICA

You're not evening looking at me.

CHRIS

I'm trying to watch the road. It's not easy, driving, you know. You two should try it sometime.

JESSICA

I turn sixteen in a week.
Two weeks. Month at the
max. Oh, hi, Andrew when
did you get back there?

CHRIS

Really, I thought—

ANDREW

I thought your birth—

ANDREW

Just now.

JESSICA

(checking phone)

Oh, so Rachel's not coming, she's at McDonalds. Meagan txted me just so I wouldn't show up. We're in a fight.

ANDREW

I heard, what's that about?

JESSICA

Prom fundraising, she said that she would bring the supplies, buckets soap, all that, and she didn't even show up. So we're out there, like, using our shirts. It was terrible, like, a homeless car wash till Meagan's brother—

CHRIS

—Okay, this is boring. Be quiet. I'm getting a burger.

JESSICA

Wait, we're going to McDonald's, why?

ANDREW

We're picking up Rachel.

JESSICA

Rachel? We're—

INTERCOM (O.S.)

(squelching)

Welcome to McDonald's may I take your order?

(LIGHTS OUT.)

SCENE TWO

(LIGHT UP. Take out bags in laps, CHRIS, JESSICA and ANDREW eat McDonald's. The car pulls up to RACHEL and MEAGAN.)

(RACHEL, thin, well-dressed and smoking, leans over MEAGAN, thick, non-seasonally clothed and eating. Chris rolls down the manual window)

CHRIS

Hey, you coming?

RACHEL
(looking around)

Me?

ANDREW
Yes, you.

MEAGAN
Where are we going?

CHRIS
Rachel's coming with us.

MEAGAN
Where are you guys going?

CHRIS
Uh...

JESSICA
Country cruising.

MEAGAN
Can I come?

CHRIS
That depends, um, can you find us some booze?

RACHEL AND ANDREW
No.

MEAGAN
My brother's working at the liquor store tonight.

CHRIS
Well, that's a horse of a different color.

(LIGHTS OUT.)

SCENE THREE

(The full car holds MEAGAN, RACHEL, and ANDREW in the back. CHRIS and JESSICA fill the front bucket seats.)

MEAGAN

Okay, so what do we need?

CHRIS

A fifth.

JESSICA

Vodka.

RACHEL

Beer.

(JESSICA and RACHEL rock, paper, scissors. Jessica=paper; Rachel=rock)

JESSICA

Vodka.

ANDREW

And a lime.

CHRIS

"And a lime." Listen to yourself.

MEAGAN

Okay, it will work better if the girls come with me.

JESSICA

Okay, we'll go.

RACHEL

You'll go.

(R.P.S.: J=P; R=R.)

JESSICA AND RACHEL

We'll go.

(The girls exit. MEAGAN steals a fry from CHRIS, mid-bite.)

CHRIS

I'm not even kidding, Meagan's brother: creepiest guy ever.

ANDREW

Whatever. He's cool. He'll get us a fifth.

CHRIS

Just 'cause he's into high school chicks.

ANDREW

Well, so are you.

CHRIS

Yeah, but I'm in high school.

ANDREW

Potato, potawto.

CHRIS

Ray Romano.

ANDREW

Let's call the whole thing off. Can I have a nugget?

CHRIS

(handing over a nugget)

They're Jessica's. He just give me the hee-bee-

(The girls return. JESSICA, enters through the drivers side, over CHRIS. RACHEL and MEAGAN both scootch ANDREW.)

ANDREW

You get it?

JESSICA

Were you eating my nuggets?

ANDREW

No.

MEAGAN

Yeah.

CHRIS

How much do we owe you?

MEAGAN

Ten dollars.

RACHEL

It was free.

JESSICA

You owe me a dollar. For the nugget.

ANDREW

Here's five. Let's drive.

(LIGHTS OUT.)

SCENE THREE

(LIGHTS UP. Same car, less food.)

MEAGAN

Can I have another fry?

ANDREW AND CHRIS

(filling their mouths with fries)

I'm out.

JESSICA

Here have a nugget.

MEAGAN

I don't need a nugget.

JESSICA

Fine.

CHRIS

We're here.

MEAGAN

Where's here?

(CHRIS opens his car door, gets out and opens JESSICA'S.)

RACHEL

(opening her door)

Nowhere.

MEAGAN

Well, what do we do?

(MEAGAN sees the bottle and bag in her hand)

MEAGAN (CONT.)

Oh.

JESSICA

Did anybody bring anything to mix it with?

(ANDREW shrugs and drinks straight vodka then coughs.)

RACHEL

(sucking a dry straw)

Ugh, I just finished my sprite.

JESSICA

Anybody?

MEAGAN

I've got some juice, but it's—

JESSICA

You've got juice.

MEAGAN

It's for my blood sugar.

CHRIS

Well, hand it over. We'll mix it.

MEAGAN

Okay, but...

(RACHEL mixes.)

JESSICA

Turn on the radio.

CHRIS

It's on.

JESSICA

Well, change the station.

CHRIS

No.

(JESSICA alluringly slides toward CHRIS.)

JESSICA

You never listen to my station.

CHRIS

Sure, I do. It's number 5. 93.5 the Party. Meagan,
(CLAP, CLAP)
press five.

(The station changes to a PARTY.)

JESSICA

Thanks.

(JESSICA kisses CHRIS. They slide
off the hood.)

ANDREW

(swaying at the open door)
How are you ladies doing tonight?

RACHEL

(taking a deep screwdriver swig)
Hi, Andrew.

MEAGAN

So, um, really, what's the plan?

RACHEL

I think you're looking at it.

ANDREW

Yeah, it was going to kinda be an, um, double date.

RACHEL

(spit take)
Seriously, wait, what...

ANDREW

What? Didn't Chris tell you?

RACHEL

(angry and quick)
Oh, wait, didn't he tell—Chris!

(CHRIS, disheveled, drags JESSICA,
disrobed.)

CHRIS

We'll see you guys in a bit.

(JESSICA steals the screwdriver.)

RACHEL

Hey!

JESSICA

I'll bring it back.

RACHEL

Great. Andrew, can you pour me a shot.

ANDREW

I don't have a shot glass.

RACHEL

Here.

(RACHEL swigs a shot and passes it back to ANDREW who does likewise, offering it to MEAGAN.)

MEAGAN

No thanks, I don't drink.

RACHEL

Well, that's for the best. I'm not in much mood for sharing.

ANDREW

So, wait, what? Chris didn't tell you anything about-

MEAGAN

-They didn't tell you?

RACHEL

Shut up, Meagan!

ANDREW AND MEAGAN

What?

RACHEL

Just shut up about it. Here.

(RACHEL hands MEAGAN the vodka.
MEAGAN passes it to ANDREW.)

MEAGAN

Here. What? I wasn't going to tell him anything.

ANDREW

Tell me what?

RACHEL

Meagan, shut up! I can't do anything, without everybody knowing everything 'cause "Where'd you hear that from?" "Meagan." Just shut up, shut up, eat the rest of those nuggets and go fuck yourself.

(MEAGAN doubles over.)

MEAGAN

I don't want the nuggets; I don't feel so well.

ANDREW

Rachel, why are you yelling at Meagan?

RACHEL

Last year, you told the whole school that I was smoking and so I had to have a meeting with Mrs. Lamb about smoking.

(digs into JESSICA'S purse)

But she's there telling me not to smoke; and tapping her fingers, grinning her yellow teeth, thinking about a smoke; and then I'm thinking about a smoke; and, wait...

(lights a cigarette.)

And you know what the funny thing was? I don't even smoke.

MEAGAN

I didn't tell the whole school, just Shelly.

RACHEL

That's the whole school.

(RACHEL throws her cigarette.

ANDREW takes its place.)

ANDREW

Rachel, what's—

RACHEL

—Stay out of this. You think you're going to console me? Whadiyouthink' was going to happen tonight? We'd come out here, and Chris and Jessica would go over there, and you and I, we'd go over there and you know, I don't know.

ANDREW

No, I just want to know what's wro-

RACHEL

-And now you want to give me a hug then maybe, I don't know.

ANDREW

No, I...

MEAGAN

He's just trying-

RACHEL

(pushing ANDREW'S arm away)

Shut up, Meagan. Don't tell me what he's trying to do. What do you know about it? He's an a-hole. He's friends with Chris and they're a bunch of a-holes.

MEAGAN

Andrew isn't an a-an asshole. He's a nice guy.

RACHEL

(shoving ANDREW into the car. He sprawls over MEGAN.)

Then fine. You guys can hang out, or whatever. I'm gonna go for a walk.

(RACHEL storms OFF STAGE. ANDREW watches her exit and then settles beside MEGAN.)

ANDREW

Hey.

MEAGAN

Hey.

(ANDREW slides away from MEGAN and onto his feet.)

MEAGAN

Rachel made out with Chris. Last week. It was a big deal. That's why Jessica and Rachel aren't-

(RACHEL storms from STAGE RIGHT. ANDREW exits to confront her.)

RACHEL

-Really, Meagan? Really? Just shut up! Why, What?

(RACHEL attacks the car, but
MEAGAN shuts and locks the door.)

RACHEL
(screaming)
You think I want Andrew
to know? That'll fix
everything, the truth.
Meagan! Open the door!
Open the door! Forget it,
Andrew. Open-the-door!

ANDREW
Listen, Rachel, I didn't...

MEAGAN
No.

ANDREW
We're not mad at you

ANDREW
Well, I'm not mad at you. Just open the door.

(RACHEL bangs on the car. CHRIS
returns from STAGE LEFT. JESSICA
follows behind. Both are barely
dressed in the wrong clothes.)

CHRIS
What are you doing to my car?

RACHEL
Meagan locked herself in.

CHRIS
Well, that's ridiculous. I have a key. It's my car, Meagan.
You can't lock me out of my car.

MEAGAN
Shut up, Chris!

CHRIS
(fishing "his" pockets)
Where are my keys? Why'd she lock herself in?

ANDREW
She's locking Rachel out.

CHRIS
What'd Rachel do to her?

RACHEL
Ask her.

MEAGAN

I don't feel well; leave me alone.

CHRIS

Meagan!

MEAGAN

I'm going to have one of your nuggets, okay Jessica. I don't feel well-

JESSICA

Okay, but-

MEAGAN

-What sauce do you have? Oh, barbeque. Did they have honey?

JESSICA

No, they didn't have honey.

MEAGAN

I need something, some sugar, I don't-

RACHEL

(slamming on the roof)

-Meagan, open the door!

MEAGAN

Don't you have anything else in here?

CHRIS

I've got a protein bar in the glove compartment.

MEAGAN

(faltering)

Gross. Oh, ah, oh-

RACHEL

Meagan?

MEAGAN

What?

RACHEL

Meagan?

(MEAGAN passes out between the front and back seat.)

ANDREW

What just happened?

RACHEL

Meagan! She's diabetic. Someone help her! Chris, open the fucking car, you asshole.

CHRIS

Hey, watch it.

ANDREW

Just shut the fuck up and open the car, Chris.

CHRIS

I don't have the keys-

JESSICA

(holding the keys)

Here they are. Don't know how that happened.

ANDREW

Let me guess.

(JESSICA unlocks the car and they fish MEAGAN out.)

RACHEL

She needs something, sugar, something...

JESSICA

I still have the juice.

(JESSICA pours the juice into MEAGAN'S mouth. Shortly afterward, MEAGAN revives and drinks more of the juice.)

MEAGAN

S-so-sorry, guys.

CHRIS

Don't be sorry, you didn't do anything.

RACHEL

Well...

ANDREW

She told me.

CHRIS

Told you what.

(ANDREW takes a drink, calmly sets it down, breathes, and punches CHRIS. LIGHTS OUT.)

SCENE FOUR

(CHRIS, leans against the bumper. On the hood, ANDREW and MEAGAN rest. JESSICA smokes, and RACHEL has her feet out of the front passenger door.

CHRIS

Well, I was asking her out...

RACHEL

You mean me?

CHRIS

Rachel, I was asking Rachel out for you, Andrew. And, um, some wires got crossed.

JESSICA AND ANDREW

Just wires?

MEAGAN

Jinx.

JESSICA AND ANDREW

Shut up, Meagan!

CHRIS

It was a mistake.

RACHEL

Fuck you.

ANDREW

Really, a mistake?

CHRIS

-Well then why didn't you ask her out? Why am I in charge here? Why am I always in the driver seat?

MEAGAN

It's your car.

CHRIS

Shut up, Meagan. I'm not even kidding. I'm—
(takes a drink)

I made a mistake.

MEAGAN

Of course you made a mistake. What's wrong with you?

CHRIS

I'm sorry.

RACHEL

Who are you apologizing to?

CHRIS

You.

JESSICA

I'm the one you should be apologizing to.

CHRIS

Well, I'm sorry.

ANDREW

Well, what the fuck about me?

CHRIS

Sorry.

MEAGAN

And...

CHRIS

Sorry.

JESSICA

Chris, just drive us home.

CHRIS

I'm actually, ah, pretty drunk now.

JESSICA

Well, who else can drive?

MEAGAN

I just finished off the juice.

RACHEL

Not Andrew.

ANDREW

Not me.

(MEAGAN leans into ANDREW, who catches her.)

ANDREW (CONT.)

I can't drive, legally.

JESSICA

Well, I can't drive, Rachel?

RACHEL

(stealing the vodka from Chris)

I'm out.

(RACHEL finishes the remainder of the bottle. ANDREW checks his watch. JESSICA lights another cigarette. MEAGAN sits up.)

MEAGAN

I could call my brother. He can pick us up.

(JESSICA passes her cigarette to RACHEL, who exhales with a scoff. CHRIS nods to MEAGAN, and she dials her phone.)

(LIGHTS OUT.)

Limousine

SETTING: A semitrailer furnished with a couch, recliner, stereo and cooler.

AT RISE: The set rolls to STAGE LEFT, it moves in perfect sync with a PROM THEMED SOUNDTRACK.

In the recliner, CHRIS and BRYN kiss. BRYN wears a dress like slim cotton candy. CHRIS looks like luxury in a Lazyboy. On the couch, RACHEL, in a black dress with a wide white belt, sits next to CRAIG, in a tux with tails. RACHEL points to MEAGAN, against the wall.

MEAGAN and ANDREW stand, a car length apart. ANDREW looks second-hand. MEAGAN'S dress is a losing battle between the spring of 1992 and the fall of '93. JAKE sits alone on the semitrailer bed. His formal attire is already unbuttoned. MIKE and JESSICA mind the cooler. They coordinated their blue outfits and demeanors.

MEAGAN

Don't look at me.

RACHEL

I'm not looking, I'm just pointing.

MEAGAN

This is much better than a limo-

(The set slides to STAGE RIGHT.)

MEAGAN (CONT.)

-usine.

JESSICA

(half raising her hand)

Has anyone rode in a limo? Anyone?

RACHEL

None of us have ridden in a limousine.

CRAIG
(placing his arm around RACHEL)

I have.

RACHEL
(revolted)
Of course you have, Mix Tape.

CRAIG
It's not a tape. You didn't give me enough time to make a tape, but I'm glad you like it, thanks. Anyway, it was my brother's wedding. I was the best man. You guys were there.

RACHEL
Yes, but we didn't get to ride in the limo.

CRAIG
It was awesome.

RACHEL
I bet, better than this?

CRAIG
No.

(The whole set slides to STAGE LEFT. MEAGAN slips to ANDREW. CRAIG, already leaning, slams into RACHEL.)

RACHEL
(holding her nose)
Fuck.

ANDREW
This really isn't your fault, Meagan.

(MEAGAN shrugs as the set resets.)

RACHEL
Yep, my nose is bleeding. Craig, is your nose bleeding?

CRAIG
No.

RACHEL
Damn it.

MIKE

It could be worse. This could be a hayride.

JESSICA

If this were a hayride, I could jump off. Mike, hand me my-

(The set shifts, the CAST slides
and the back door swings open.)

JESSICA (CONT.)

Holy shit!

(JESSICA moves toward the door.
MIKE makes a grab, but he falls
and also slides to the open door.
JAKE leaps to action. He jumps
over MIKE and pushes JESSICA, who
falls on top of CRAIG and RACHEL.
ANDREW helps JAKE with the door.
They form a chain with MEAGAN as
base. JAKE wobbles out the back,
his leg unbalanced.)

CHRIS

Will somebody shut the door?

JAKE

I'm fucking trying over here, Chris.

CHRIS

What, you guys need some help?

JAKE

No we got-

MIKE

-Oh shit!

(The set shifts again and MIKE
rolls almost out the door. He
grabs JACE'S leg and now the four
man chain strains.)

JAKE

-We got it.

(JAKE pulls MIKE up with the door as the set slides to STAGE RIGHT, the cooler hits RACHEL'S leg. She grabs a beer.)

JESSICA

Hey, Mike, hand me my purse.

CRAIG

Can you get me a beer?

(Stumbling forward, MIKE hands over the purse. RACHEL chucks a beer at CRAIG'S face.)

CRAIG

Ouch, my noise.

CHRIS

(catching his breath)

Get me one too.

RACHEL

Great, get yourself one.

(CHRIS leaves BRYN with her tongue out. JAKE watches her while CHRIS stumbles to the beer. The set shifts again.)

BRYN

How long does it take to get to Arthur?

JAKE

About twenty minutes. Haven't you ever been to Arthur?

BRYN

Why would I ever go to Arthur?

JESSICA

(laughing, lighting a cigarette)

Prom.

CRAIG

Yoder's Country Kitchen. Isn't prom supposed to be elegant?

RACHEL

What do you know about elegance, Fred Astaire?

CRAIG

So, the styles a little out. It's elegant. It's got more class than your usual rent-a-tux.

ANDREW

I bought mine.

CHRIS

Of course you bought a tux.

ANDREW

What? I bought a tux. It's a little unfitting, I'll admit.

MEAGAN

(takes a diet soda sip)

Nice tux.

ANDREW

See, Meagan likes my tux.

CHRIS THEN ANDREW
(word association)

(MEAGAN shrugs)

It sucks.

JESSICA

Nun-chucks.

Nice dress, Meagan.

Scimitar.

Race car.

(RACHEL laughs.)

Spaceship.

Alien.

MEAGAN

Aliens.

Thank you.

(RACHEL laughs.)

ANDREW

Doesn't count. You can't use a plural.

CHRIS

What? It's a totally different movie?

MIKE

So, Meagan. This was nice of your brother—

(The set lurches and MIKE, already against the wall, hits his head.)

MIKE (CONT.)

-Fuck—nice of your brother to give us a ride.

(JAKE slides to the recliner.)

MEAGAN

He was happy to do it. He just bought the truck. He's getting his CDL.

RACHEL

Wait, what? He doesn't have his CDL?

MEAGAN

Well, he has a license.

JESSICA

(handing back the purse)

Here, Mike, take this back. We all have licenses. We're not driving semis. Well, little Jakes doesn't have a license or Andrew, obviously.

JAKE

Thanks for mentioning it, Jessicas.

CHRIS

(ruffling JAKE'S hair)

No kidding, Jake. This is pretty cool right? Getting to go to prom as a sophomore, cool right?

JAKE

Yeah, I'm glad Shelly invited me.

BRYN

Think it's more comfortable up there with Dave and Shelly?

CRAIG

Probably too comfortable.

JESSICA

Craigers, that's little Jakes's date you're talking 'bout. She's a lady.

CRAIG

Jake, are you and Shelly dating?

JAKE

Nope. I'm just a patsy.

CRAIG

See, you can't take a 35-year-old to prom.

MEAGAN

Dave is not 35.

RACHEL

Meagan, Dave's old, like 23. That's old. In a year, he might be 35, who knows, he's old.

JAKE

Ah well, I don't mind. Woo! Prom! Toss me a beer.

JESSICA

Don't, he's too young.

(ANDREW walks across stage to hand
JAKE a beer.)

JAKE

Thanks, man.

ANDREW

It was no problem. I-

(The set shifts and ANDREW falls
flat on his back.)

ANDREW

You could have told us he doesn't have a license.

(JAKE helps ANDREW up, and they
cross the stage in a waltz.)

MEAGAN

He has a license.

BRYN

(pushing CHRIS away)

How far is it to Arthur?

JAKE

Another fifteen minutes or so.

CRAIG

You think we're stuck behind a buggy. You think maybe there's a buggy in front of us, horsing the hole road.

JESSICA

Dave'd pass a buggy.

RACHEL

Dave would pass an ambulance.

ANDREW

You think Dave's passed out up there?

(MEAGAN playfully slaps ANDREW,
and he allows JAKE to spin away.)

CHRIS

Maybe Shelly's driving.

JESSICA

That would explain everything.

MIKE

Does Shelly even know how to drive?

CRAIG

Stick shift.

RACHEL

Stick shift, funny. How are you two doing?

(RACHEL stands and steals a
cigarette. She crosses to talk
between ANDREW and MEAGAN.)

BRYN

Shelly can drive, she just doesn't have a car.

RACHEL

She wrecked it on her 16th birthday. Totalled it.

JESSICA

I was there. It was me, Shelly, and were you there Meagan?

MEAGAN

-Yes, remember? You had to take me to the hospital. You road
with me in the ambulance.

JESSICA

Oh yeah, but you were okay.

JAKE

So they didn't take away her license?

JESSICA

She wasn't drinking. Bryn, you doing okay over there? Need a beer? Some air?

BRYN

I'm fine, thanks Jessica.

CRAIG

(walking to JESSICA and MIKE,
pointing back to RACHEL.)

What? What I say?

MIKE

I don't know, I couldn't hear you. Does anybody hear that rattling sound?

JAKE

That's normal.

(A massive KER-CLUNK sound shakes
the set. RACHEL falls. CRAIG
lands on CHRIS and BRYN.)

JAKE (CONT.)

That's not.

CRAIG

Do you know what I said?

ANDREW

If you hold onto this beam,
you might not fall over. You
want to try it?

CHRIS

To Rachel?

RACHEL

CRAIG

Yes.

Sure. I feel like I'm on the
L train.

(RACHEL puts on headphones.)

CHRIS

Rachel, who knows with Rachel? You know, she's from Chicago.

ANDREW

Is this what it's like on the L train?

RACHEL

I'm sorry, I can't hear you.

MEAGAN

You can hear us.

RACHEL

Shut up, Meagan.

MIKE

You know, I could have driven.

JESSICA

We all coulda' drove, except Andrew. We didn't. We rented a limo. Make the best of it.

(JESSICA opens a bottle of vodka and drinks deep, passing to MIKE, who pours some into his beer.)

BRYN

This is a great song Craig.

CRAIG

Thanks.

RACHEL

Shut up, Bryn.

BRYN

Chris, you wanna dance?

JESSICA

What was that?

MIKE

A mixed drink.

JESSICA

Nope. Hand me my purse.

(MIKE hands over her purse.)
(JESSICA removes a bottle of vitamin water. She chugs half then refills it with vodka.)

CHRIS

Craig, could you not sit here this recliner's not really meant for three.

CRAIG

I don't think it's meant for two.

CHRIS

Craig, get up!

(CRAIG stands as the set shifts. He falls. JESSICA bobbles her drink, now fully shook, she drinks it. BRYN and CHRIS continue making out.)

MIKE

That's a mix drink?

JESSICA

Yes. It's got vitamins.

MIKE

Yeah, it's vitamin water and vodka. When do you think they'll just add vitamins to vodka?

JESSICA

Hopefully by the time I get to college because this shit tastes terrible.

MIKE

Of course it does, it's watered down vodka.

JESSICA

You're watered down vodka.

MIKE

Jessica, when I asked you to prom, after you asked me to ask you in front of Chris, I didn't expect much, but I figured you'd at least be nice.

JESSICA

Hold my purse.

(Dropping her purse to MIKE, JESSICA slides to CHRIS, BRYN and CRAIG, offering them a drink.)

JESSICA

Anybody need a drink?

BRYN
(gasping)

I'm good.

CHRIS

No, I got a beer.

(With the rest of the set CHRIS'S beer rolls to STAGE RIGHT. With a wave, he swigs the bottle then passes it to CRAIG, who drinks three shots in one gulp.)

CRAIG
(coughing)

Thanks.

JESSICA

Don't mention it. What's up with you and Rachel?

CRAIG
(taking another big drink)

I don't think she likes me very much.

MIKE

Why's she going to prom with you?

CRAIG

Well, see that's a funny story. Chris-

CHRIS

-I'm going to get a beer. Bryn, you need a beer?

BRYN

Sure. Don't you like this song?

JAKE

Me, um, sure I do...

(JAKE slides to BRYN and they talk. CRAIG pulls JESSICA aside.)

RACHEL

It's not working. Fucking rinky-dink headphones. Nothing can drown out this endless prom mix. I hate Craig so much.

MEAGAN
Then why'd you go to Prom
with him?

CRAIG
Are you two not talking?

RACHEL
What? I can't hear you.

JESSICA
Who me and Chris? No.

MEAGAN
You can hear me fine.

CRAIG
You and Rachel?

RACHEL
No, you're too far-

JESSICA
Oh, no. We're absolutely not
talking.

(The set shift and MEAGAN trips
with ANDREW toward RACHEL.
JESSICA and CRAIG fall onto the
couch.)

RACHEL
Hey.

CRAIG
Well, Chris was going to take
her to Prom.

MEAGAN
So?

JESSICA
Yeah, I knew that.

RACHEL
What, oh, he asked me.

CRAIG
And then he didn't ask her.
So I asked her.

ANDREW
Come on.

MEAGAN
You hate him.

JESSICA
And she said yes? She hates
you.

RACHEL
Of course I hate him. What's
that got to do with anything.

CRAIG
Of course she hates me.
So what?

JESSICA
Mike get me my purse. Why would you go to prom with someone
you hate?

(As CRAIG starts his story, BRYN
and JAKE crowd to listen.)

RACHEL

Oh, so you didn't hear? Chris and I were doing this thing where we were dating, but Craig still asks me out. Of course I say no, because I'm dating Chris, but he doesn't ask me because he thinks we're going anyway because we're dating, but he should still ask. So I get mad and tell him to, you know, go fuck himself and he tells me to go fuck Craig, which is ludicrous, but also terrible, because Craig is standing there with flowers. The boy bought flowers, it was terrible. And I'm so pissed off at Chris, because now I don't even care why I'm so pissed off at Chris because we're yelling, and I'm really yelling in the hall on Valentines day—oh, it was Valentine's day—Chris is openly pissed at Craig, threatens to break his fucking jaw, and Craig's holding up the flowers to protect his little face and he's so pathetic. I say "Yes, I will go to prom with you."

CRAIG

No. She said no, but then Chris found out and got all mad at me, and Rachel said "Don't get mad at him. At least he asked me. You just assumed," and he said, "Well, you're my girlfriend so I just assumed," and Rachel said, "I'm not your girlfriend," and they get into this big fight. I'm right there. Like in the middle of it. She's saying that they never go out, and he's saying that there's no where to go, and she says go to hell and I'm just standing there. Alright, I'm holding flowers, which was admitadely crazy, but the Lifesavers were selling flowers, and I don't know why because it wasn't Valentines day or anything or maybe it was, maybe it was Valentine's day, and so I'm trying to leave, but Chris stops me, saying, "You can't leave." And Rachel gets all protective saying "Let him go." and Chris won't; so she gets mad, takes the flowers and then says, "Yes, I will go to prom with you."

(Concluding her story, RACHEL immediately puts on headphones.)

MEAGAN

And then what? Okay, fine.

BRYN

I hadn't heard any of that. Chris never told me any of that.

JAKE

Of course he didn't.

JESSICA

Yes, but doesn't she hate you?

CRAIG

Absolutely. Watch this. Hey Rachel, can I get you anything to drink or anything?

RACHEL

(removing one speaker)

Can you mix me up another bloody nose, mine's about dry.

ANDREW

So really, then what happened?

(RACHEL replaces the speaker.)

CRAIG

See, unbelievable. I figured we weren't even going, but then Chris asked Bryn, and I get a call, at THREE this afternoon, saying "Pick me up at six, dress nice." So, hence Grandpa's tux.

JESSICA

So, you're, like, a payback date.

BRYN

(taking a drink)

I'm a payback date.

CRAIG

Exactly, which is fine by me.

JESSICA

You're actually enjoying this aren't you?

JAKE

I'm a proxy.

CRAIG

Yes. Absolutely, this is a terrible mistake.

(JESSICA, CRAIG, JAKE, and BRYN laugh and then the room tips. They hit each other. CHRIS flops into the cooler. RACHEL'S headphones fall out.)

JESSICA

Fuck! Craig, watch it.

CHRIS

What? Did he hit you?

JESSICA

Of course he didn't hit me. We fell.

MEAGAN

So...

RACHEL

Fine, anyway, so Chris asks Jessica who's going with Mike and then he asks me if it's okay if he asks Bryn and—you know what? I'm getting a beer. Here, you need this?

(RACHEL offers the handkerchief like a red flag.)

CRAIG

No, I'm good.

RACHEL

Take it anyway. It's gross.

(With kid gloves, CRAIG places the handkerchief back in his pocket, bloody side out.)

RACHEL

The thing I don't understand is why—Chris, what are you doing?

CHRIS

I just sat down.

RACHEL

In the cooler, get up or get me a beer.

CHRIS

I'll get you a beer.

RACHEL

Go get Bryn a beer.

CHRIS

Bryn's got a beer.

(RACHEL grabs her own beer once CHRIS stands up.)

RACHEL

Stand up! The thing I don't understand is why he even had to say anything to her or me about it. Jessica knows what's going on, he didn't have to tell her, but no, he calls her and asks if it's okay. Of course it's not okay.

CHRIS

Are you talking about me?

RACHEL AND MEAGAN

No.

ANDREW

He felt bad.

RACHEL

Don't defend him.

CHRIS

You're talking about me.

ANDREW

We're not talking-

RACHEL

-Of course we're talking about you.

CHRIS

Fine, I'm going to go talk to Bryn.

RACHEL

Go ahead, "talk."

(CHRIS makes a multitude of angry hand gestures. RACHEL rebuts. MEAGAN and ANDREW laugh.)

CHRIS

So, what are you guys talking about?

JAKE

Um...

BRYN

The Cubs.

CHRIS

You guys were talking about me.

CRAIG AND RACHEL

Not everyone's always talking about you!

CRAIG

Shut up, Blaudow.

RACHEL

Shut up, Mix tape.

CHRIS

Fine, really, what are you two talking about?

JESSICA

Us two? We're not even talking.

MIKE

Jessica!

JESSICA

Mike! Hand me my cigarettes.

MIKE

Please don't smoke. We're inside, kinda.

(JESSICA frowns MIKE into handing over a cigarette. She hold it out waiting for a light. CHRIS lights a match. The set shifts and he punches her with his match hand.)

JESSICA

You burned me. You set me on fire.

(MIKE splashes beer at JESSICA'S.)

CHRIS

I'm sorry—

JESSICA

—The fuck was that, Mike?

MIKE

You said you were on fire.

JESSICA

Ugh, God, hold my purse.

(JESSICA hands MIKE her purse and then pushes him. As she does this Mike starts to fall backwards, but the shake of the truck moves him upright. JESSICA falls into CHRIS'S arms as he places a lit cigarette into her mouth.)

JESSICA

Thanks, Christoper.

MEAGAN

Ugh, stop smoking. It smells like burning hair.

JESSICA

It is my hair.

ANDREW

Then stop smoking your hair.

(MEAGAN giggles.)

CHRIS AND JESSICA

Shut up, Meagan.

BRYN

I really like this song. Do you like this song?

JAKE

Um, yeah, sure. I think you have to. So, yes. You wanna' dance.

BRYN

Is it safe to dance back here?

JAKE

Absolutely not, but it's about as safe as standing.

BRYN

Help me stand up.

(JAKE leaps to his feet, pulling BRYN up as the set shifts.)

(BRYN slides through his legs and comes back spinning. They recover into the ELECTRIC SLIDE.)

JESSICA

What the hell are you doing, baby brother?

JAKE

The Electric Slide.

JESSICA

Why?

JAKE

It's electric.

BRYN

Boogie-woogie-oogie-oogie.

(JESSICA laughs and MIKE hands her the purse.)

MIKE

Here, hold my purse.

(MIKE joins the dance.)

JESSICA

Oh, Christ, Mike you're not even doing it right.

(The set shifts and JESSICA, already moving across stage, tumbles her purse to MEAGAN.)

JESSICA (CONT.)

Here, Meagan, hold this. You don't have to step like that, you just-

(The set corrects and JESSICA laughs as MIKE accidentally does the right move. MEAGAN hands the purse to ANDREW.)

RACHEL

(yelling)

Hand me a cigarette.

ANDREW
(yelling ironically)

What? I can't hear you.

RACHEL
(removing headphones)

Hand me a cigarette. Can you believe they're doing this, the Electric Slide?

(ANDREW searches the purse while the rest of the cast, sans RACHEL, join the slide.)

ANDREW
What? It's prom.

RACHEL
It's the ride to prom.

ANDREW
You actually think we're headed to prom.

RACHEL
No. We're headed for eternity. "10 dead youths, prom night tragedy."

(The set jostles and several DANCERS falter.)

ANDREW
There are eleven of us.

RACHEL
Dave will live, the fucking asshole. You wanna dance?

ANDREW
Sure. You actually want to dance?

RACHEL
Absolutely not, but you should. Hey, you bought a tux.

ANDREW
That's okay. I'll sit this one out. Can I bum a smoke.

RACHEL
They're Jessica's, take two.

ANDREW

(laughing, and lighting)

We'll dance the next one.

(The CD skips to AMERICAN PIE.)

RACHEL

Sure—oh no, no we won't. Craig, this music is shit.

CRAIG

(swigging another shot)

What? You told me to make a mix for prom. I made a prom mix.

RACHEL

We did not ask you to make an ironic prom mix.

CRAIG

Who said it's ironic? It's fucking prom. There's no irony. That's the point, Rachel, not everything is ironical. Not everything is a joke. Sometimes we're just here to have a good time, "...kick off our shoes and dig those rhythm and blues. Now I was a lonely teenage bronking buck with a pink carnation and a pick up truck, but I knew I was out of luck..." when I asked you to prom. Sometimes, that doesn't matter. Sometimes people have fun, but you wouldn't know anything about that, you, you bitch. You're like a bounce sheet for fun, you suck all the fun out of the laundry so all the clothes stay fun free, and do not, do not interrupt my mixed metaphor, Andrew. I know what I'm talking about here. I'm talking about you and Rachel and—Chris, sit down. Why do you always have to stand up for everybody, Chris? Why's it got to be Chris to the rescue, saving the princess, defeating King Koopa? Let somebody else have a god damn turn, Mario. I made a prom mix and yes, it's lame, so is prom, if we ever get there. If not, this is prom and at least somebody remembered the Big Bopper.

RACHEL

(punching the wall)

Fine, Craig, DJ Tanner. Fuck, my hand.

(RACHEL shakes out her hand.)

ANDREW grabs it to look.)

ANDREW

(handing MEAGAN the purse)

Here, Meagan hold this. Is your hand okay?

No. RACHEL

(RACHEL cries as ANDREW comforts.)

Who? BRYN

The Big Bopper? JAKE

Who? BRYN
(shrugging with each name)

JAKE
"Hellooo Bay! Oh, that's what I like."

(JAKE hums CHANTILLY LACE and dancing the bop)

What are you doing? BRYN

Now? Dancing. The big, um, bop. JAKE

(BRYN dances with JAKE.)

You wanna' dance? CHRIS
(to JESSICA)

Sure, here Mike, hold my drink. JESSICA

(MIKE holds a beer and a bottle of vodka and drinks from both. MEAGAN, balancing three drinks, walks to MIKE. They dance.)

(The whole set shifts and EVERYONE falls onto the person they're dancing with.)

CRAIG

I think we're here.

JESSICA

I don't hear anything. We hear something, like prom.

BRYN

What's prom supposed to sound like?

CRAIG

My mix.

ANDREW

Well, it sure sounds like Prom.

(With a RATTLE and CLANK, the back door rolls up. SHELLY enters, dressed in underwear and a wrist corsage.)

SHELLY

Hey, Guys.

MEAGAN

Hi, Shelly.

BRYN

Hey, Shell. How was it up there?

SHELLY

Good.

JESSICA

Good...

SHELLY

Yeah, it was fun. David is so funny. Seriously, he has the best stories. Has he told you guys about Bill Williams?

CHRIS

Once or twice.

SHELLY

Has he told you the one where-

CRAIG

-Okay, am I the only one noticing the emperor's new clothes?

JESSICA

Um, Shelly where's your dress. The cute, pink one that I got but couldn't wear because you got it and were going to wear it? Where is it?

SHELLY
(shrugs)

I took it off.

RACHEL
So you had a good time up there?

SHELLY
No! Oh, gross, Rachel. No, I just took the dress off, you can't swim in the dress.

RACHEL
Okay, here's a good time to ask: Shelly, where are we?

SHELLY
Lake Mattoon.

JESSICA
Oh, fuck. Mike, help me with my zipper.

SHELLY
Dave was taking us to Prom and we're talking, me and Dave about his proms. Did you know he went to seven proms, seven.
(holds up eight fingers)
Anyways, Dave was saying how prom was always lame, but post prom, the party, awesome. One time, they rented a pontoon boat on the lake, and it was, ah-mazing, much better than Prom. So, Dave decides we're not going to prom; we're going to the lake.

RACHEL
So, Meagan, your brother drove us into a lake.

MEAGAN
Don't look at me.

SHELLY
Come on guys. Dave says the water's cold but if you just jump in, it's ah-mazing.

JESSICA
Dave's already in the lake?

SHELLY

Yeah, it was his idea.

BRYN

We're not going to Prom.

JAKE

Nope.

BRYN

I'm leaving my hair up, this shit took forever.

JAKE

Your hair looks great.

CHRIS

(loosening his tie then taking off his jacket)

Okay, who wants to get dressed for Prom?

JESSICA

(already out of her dress)

Way ahead of you.

(JESSICA races out of the truck. CHRIS scrambles behind her with his pants half off. MIKE and MEAGAN stumble after them, carrying belongings.)

JAKE

(taking off his shirt)

Man, I hate that guy.

ANDREW

Dave? What an asshole.

JAKE

I just hate him.

BRYN

Yeah, Dave's gross.

RACHEL

(handing ANDREW her corsage.)

Oh man, do I hate that guy. Here.

ANDREW

What?

RACHEL

Well, we gotta go now. What else is there to do? Sink or swim.

ANDREW

Okay, I'll swim. But I just bought this tux.

CRAIG

You could of borrowed my other Grandpa's.

RACHEL

Shut up, Craig.

CRAIG

You shut up.

(RACHEL, with her dress off, Walks to CRAIG and kisses him on the mouth.)

RACHEL

Thanks for asking me to Prom, Craig. I had a great time. Andrew, get the cooler.

(RACHEL turns and pulls ANDREW with the cooler.)

JAKE

(patting CRAIG on the shoulder)

See you out there, buddy.

BRYN

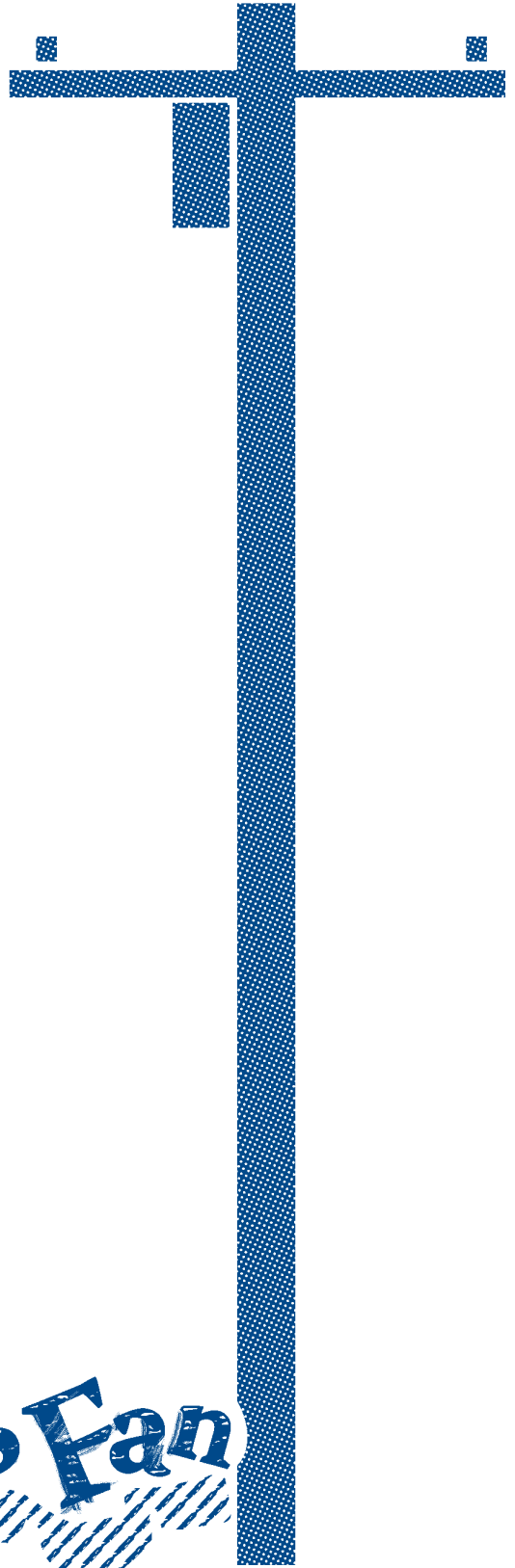
Bye, Craigers. I really liked the prom mix.

CRAIG

Bye.

(CRAIG paces, drinks and grabs the stereo. He turns up the volume on STAIRWAY TO HEAVEN.)

(LIGHTS OUT.)



Cubs Fan

SCENE ONE

SETTING: A field.

AT RISE: SPOTLIGHT on JESSICA, in full cheerleader uniform.

JESSICA

Let's go, let's go, L-E-T-S-G-O. Let's GO!

(LIGHT UP. CRAIG, RACHEL, MEAGAN, SHELLY, and BRYN line up beside JESSICA. ALL wear unflattering sweatpants, except BRYN, in flattering sweatpants, and CRAIG, in a bird suit.)

ALL EXCEPT RACHEL

Let's go, let's go, L-E-T-S-G-O. Let's GO!

RACHEL

Let's, no, L-E-T- let's go. GO!

(LIGHTS OUT.)

SCENE TWO

(SPOT LIGHT on CHRIS, in a mesh jersey. He tosses a football. The light follows the football to ANDREW, in a St. Louis Cardinals shirt. ANDREW drops the ball.)

(LIGHTS UP.)

CHRIS

Oh come on! Heads up, Damler!

ANDREW

What, ow!

CHRIS

Heads up, Andrew.

(Pass completion.)

ANDREW

(throwing)

You think she's a Cubs fan?

(Catch continues through conversation.)

CHRIS

What?

ANDREW

The new girl, you think she's a Cubs fan?

CHRIS

What's it matter to you? You don't care about baseball.

ANDREW

Sure, but, still, do you think she's a Cubs fan?

CHRIS

Well, she's from Chicago. I'd say it's 50/50. Eh, 60/40. 30% chance of rain. What's it to you? You don't care about baseball.

ANDREW

Well, true, but I'm a Cardinals fan.

CHRIS

But you don't care.

ANDREW

Well, what? I got the shirts and everything. I have an Ozzie Smith signed baseball.

CHRIS

Who, what? What's it matter to you? You, what, like this girl?

ANDREW

I don't know. She seems nice.

(CHRIS catches a wobbly pass. He holds the ball to his side.)

CHRIS

No she doesn't.

ANDREW

She seems pretty.

CHRIS

Sure.

(The game continues.)

ANDREW

And if she's a Cubs fan then—

CHRIS

—Then it will never work.

ANDREW

I don't know.

CHRIS

Turn your shirt inside out then.

ANDREW

It's reversable.

CHRIS

Then take your shirt off. Nice hands.

ANDREW

I have a lot of Cardinals shirts, hats, sweaters, coats, wallpapers; I can't switch teams here. The capital investment alone. It would kill my father. Kill him.

CHRIS

Nobody is asking you to switch teams here.

ANDREW

But what if she's a Cubs fan?

CHRIS

Then it just wasn't meant to be.

ANDREW

Seriously?

CHRIS

No, not seriously. Seriously watch the fucking ball.

ANDREW

See. I got it. No really, you don't get it. See, I don't just go up to people, girl people, and say, you know, "Hey."

CHRIS

Then just wave.

ANDREW

But see, what if she sees me, and she sees the enemy. She sees red. Cardinal red.

CHRIS

Then she's not color blind. I just don't get it. Oh come on, catch the ball, this isn't hacky-sack, you know, we're not playing hacky-sack here, Damler. That one hit you right in the chest. Right across the, see why'd you wear that shirt. You knew the Chicago girl was coming.

ANDREW

No, I didn't.

CHRIS

Everyone knew about the Chicago girl. She's the girl from Chicago.

ANDREW

What you knew?

CHRIS

Yes, I'd met her already.

ANDREW

Oh, that's great. See, she already met you.

CHRIS

Me!

ANDREW

See.

CHRIS

Gull.

ANDREW

Nemo.

CHRIS

Jared Leto.

ANDREW

Is that how you pronounce it?

CHRIS

I don't know. Leto, what do you say?

ANDREW

Leto...no-

CHRIS

-Catch the ball!

(Removing his shirt, ANDREW kicks the ball back to CHRIS.)

CHRIS

What are you doing?

ANDREW

(shirt over his head, stuck)

It's hot.

CHRIS

You're taking off your shirt.

ANDREW

Yeah, it's hot.

CHRIS

You're taking off your shirt.

ANDREW

Yeah, it's hot.

CHRIS

Don't give me that. You don't want her to see your Cards.

ANDREW

Well, she's right over there.

CHRIS

Way over there. Trust me, buddy—nice catch—shirt-off is not helping your cause. You look desperate.

ANDREW

Look at you, Mr. Mesh. Right Said Fred.

(CHRIS spikes the ball.)

CHRIS

Oh, you went there. See this is my jersey, you know because I'm on the football team, which you could join if you had some fucking hands. I swear, you grab like a claw machine.

ANDREW

You're a claw machine, A-hole. Junior Varsity. Special Teams. Go long.

CHRIS

You can't throw long, Matthew McConaughey.

ANDREW

(waving CHRIS back)

Just go away.

CHRIS

You go long.

(ANDREW runs OFF STAGE, and CHRIS throws the ball after him.)

SCENE THREE

(MEAGAN, RACHEL and CRAIG form a pyramid base. SHELLY kneels on their backs with JESSICA climbing into place. BRYN waits on deck.)

JESSICA

See, isn't this fun?

RACHEL

What?

MEAGAN

This, isn't it fun?

RACHEL

(lifting an arm)

This?

JESSICA

(faltering)

Fuck!

CRAIG

I'm with her on this one.

JESSICA

You better be with her. If you're not together then, you know, I fall.

CRAIG

This is bullshit, I'm not a cheerleader.

RACHEL

Tell me about.

SHELLY

Mascots are cheerleaders.

JESSICA

Mascots are gay.

MEAGAN

Guys, be quiet, we have to concentrate.

RACHEL

On what?

MEAGAN

Stay centered.

RACHEL

What is this, yoga?

JESSICA

This is a fucking pyramid. Bryn!

BRYN

What?

JESSICA

Hop on.

BRYN

It doesn't look stable.

JESSICA

Bryn, just do it.

SHELLY
Yeah, come on, Bryn.

JESSICA
Shut up, Shelly.

BRYN
Okay, here goes. 1-2-

RACHEL
(standing)
-Yep, I'm out.

BRYN
-3

(BRYN jumps onto the already falling pyramid. Everyone ends up on the ground with RACHEL standing over them.)

MEAGAN
Oh, come on, Rachel!

RACHEL
It's not my fault. Okay, it's my fault. I'm not a base.

JESSICA
(standing and pointing)
Oh trust me, you're a base.

RACHEL
What are you trying to say?

JESSICA
You're bigger.

MEAGAN
You-you're tall.

SHELLY
You're-

JESSICA
You're fat. Be a base.

CRAIG
Am I fat then?

MEAGAN
No you're a boy. Boy's are bases.

CRAIG
(voice cracking)
I'm a tenor, obviously.

JESSICA
I hate you, Craig.

RACHEL
Fine, I'll be a Tenor 2.

CRAIG
Baritone.

(CRAIG and RACHEL practice pitch.)

JESSICA
Base. Shut up.

MEAGAN
I'm an alto.

JESSICA
Meagan, you are obviously a base. Is everybody set?

(JESSICA climbs onto the backs of RACHEL and CRAIG. SHELLY splits the difference between CRAIG and MEAGAN. BRYN leaps onto the third row. Once set, a football hits the pyramid peak. BRYN falls.)

ANDREW (O.S.)
Sorry

(ANDREW enters at the same trajectory as the football. He approaches the pyramid ruins.)

CHRIS (O.S.)
Sorry.

JESSICA
 What happened?

ANDREW
 Sorry. Hey, everybody.

JESSICA
 Hey, Andrew.

BRYN
 Is this your ball?

ANDREW
 It's Chris'. Fine, I'll take it.

(BRYN chucks the ball at ANDREW.
 He bobbles it as CHRIS recovers.)

CHRIS
 Everybody okay?

CRAIG
 My knees hurt a—

CHRIS
 —I wasn't asking about you.

JESSICA
 We're fine, I think everybody's—

RACHEL
 (jumping to her feet)
 —Yep, I'm not cheering. Thanks for pointers, Jess. You guys
 got a spot on the football team?

(CHRIS tosses the ball and RACHEL
 catches it.)

CHRIS
 You got better hands than Damler, here.

RACHEL
 Are you Damler?

JESSICA
 He's Andrew Damler. He's Chris Hamilton.

ANDREW
Hi, are you a Cubs fan?

RACHEL
What?

CHRIS
I'm Chris.

RACHEL
(tossing the ball to CHRIS)
What. Oh, hey. Yes.

CHRIS
What?

RACHEL
I'm a Cubs fan, I guess. I don't care that much about
baseball.

CHRIS
(tossing the ball back)
But you like football?

RACHEL
Nope. I just like cheerleading.

JESSICA
Rachel's going to join the squad.

(RACHEL shakes her head, "No.")

JESSICA (CONT.)
Maybe.

(RACHEL shakes her head, "No.")

CHRIS
Well, sorry to interrupt your practice.

CRAIG
No it's fine, thanks.

CHRIS
Craig, what are you doing here?

CRAIG

I'm the mascot.

ANDREW

We already have a mascot.

RACHEL

He's the mascot's apprentice.

CHRIS

Well, where's the mascot?

RACHEL

Same place mascots always are, the party, the after party, hotel, motel, Holiday Inn.

CRAIG

Yeah, but that's not, that's not, what I'm all about.

JESSICA

You're not even a mascot yet. You're a cheerleader. A junior varsity cheerleader.

CRAIG

Well so are you.

JESSICA

Craig—

(JESSICA confronts CRAIG. He and the cheerleaders have a powwow.)

CHRIS

—We really need to keep practicing. Andrew's—

ANDREW

—I'm terrible. I don't need practice; I need a career ending leg injury.

RACHEL

I just quit. We can be quitters.

ANDREW

To-together?

RACHEL

Sure. Wait, are you a Cub's fan?

ANDREW

Um, fuck, I knew was going to happen. No.

RACHEL

Hmm...

CHRIS

See, what I tell you?

RACHEL

What? What did you tell him?

ANDREW

Nothing.

RACHEL

Were you guys talking about me?

ANDREW

No.

CHRIS

You're the new girl. Of course we were talking about you.

JESSICA

We're talking about you right now.

RACHEL

Don't you have anything else to talk about? Is this town so small that I'm the only news?

EVERYBODY

Yes.

SHELLY

Hey, this town isn't that small.

JESSICA

Really, Shelly?

SHELLY

We have a Denny's.

RACHEL

Everybody has a Denny's. That's why they call it Denny's. If it was something special they'd call it, I don't know, White Castle.

SHELLY

We just got a Denny's.

JESSICA

(whispering)

Shut up, Shelly.

MEAGAN

You wanna' go to Denny's?

JESSICA

(yelling)

Shut up, Meagan. We're practicing.

RACHEL

Who's done practicing.

(ANDREW raises his hand.)

Keep your shirt on. Anybody else.

(CRAIG lifts a wing. MEAGAN, eying
JESSICA, gives half a hand.)

RACHEL (CONT.)

We'll go to Denny's then.

JESSICA

No! We need the practice.

SHELLY

I could really go for a Moons Over My Hammy.

MEAGAN

Is that good?

CRAIG, MEAGAN, RACHEL

Yes.

JESSICA

No! We are practicing.

MEAGAN

I can get my brother to drive us over there.

CHRIS

He won't mind?

MEAGAN

No, he's not doing anything, just watching us practice.

(MEAGAN waves. OTHERS join with caution.)

CHRIS

(not waving)

Gross.

RACHEL

He won't mind?

MEAGAN

No.

JESSICA

Guys, I got to wait on my brother.

BRYN

What's Jake doing?

JESSICA

I don't know, some 8th-grade-after-school-shit.

MEAGAN

He can come too.

JESSICA

We're not going to Denny's; we're practicing.

(JESSICA goes through a series of cheerleader motions.)

RACHEL

Ah, that was sad.

JESSICA

Fine, let's go to Denny's.

MEAGAN

Sure, I'll just get...uh oh.

JESSICA

What?

MEAGAN

There's Kristin.

RACHEL

Who's Kristin?

MEAGAN

Kristin Williams. She's Dave's girlfriend.

RACHEL

Well, what's so "uh-oh" about her?

JESSICA

She's distracting.

SHELLY

What do you mean distract—uh-oh.

CHRIS

Whoa.

(EVERYONE tilts their heads slightly to the right.)

RACHEL

Shouldn't they be doing that under the bleachers?

(EVERYONE tilts further.)

ANDREW

Yep, there they go.

JESSICA

Well, now how are we going to get to Denny's.

BRYN

I didn't think you really wanted to go.

JESSICA

Now, I really want to fucking go to Denny's. Who's driving?

SHELLY

Um, none of us can drive.

JESSICA

Well, Craig can fly.

CRAIG

(flapping)

Oh, because I have wings. Because I'm wearing a bird costume. Flap, flap, fuck yourself.

(JESSICA SQUAKS and flaps her arms at CRAIG. He flaps back and they have a slap fight.)

RACHEL

So, nobody can drive. It's one of those wait till next year situations.

MEAGAN

(sitting down)

I don't wanna wait a year for Denny's.

RACHEL

(staring at ANDREW and CHRIS)

Can't anybody think of anything?

ANDREW

Fine, I'll drive.

RACHEL

You can drive?

ANDREW

Sure, my mom's car's parked in the faculty lot. I can drive it, no problem, sure, just get Mom's car, no problem.

(JESSICA gets the upper wing in the fight.)

JESSICA

Say "uncle."

CHRIS

No problem?

ANDREW

No problem.

(JESSICA holds CRAIG in a full nelson.)

JESSICA

Your mom won't mind? Say it. Say it, Dark Wing.

ANDREW

Um, no, no, she won't-mind.

RACHEL

Great let's go.

CRAIG

(struggling)

Give me a minute.

ANDREW

Does Denny's require a shirt?

CHRIS

Please, it's Denny's, not Applebee's.

RACHEL

Put your shirt on, though.

ANDREW

K, let's go.

CRAIG

Okay, uncle!

(JESSICA releases CRAIG as the
LIGHTS GO OUT.)

SCENE FOUR

(The CAST fits Tetris, into a four door sedan. ANDREW sits at the wheel. JAKE, 13, sits in the passenger seat with BRYN on his lap. CRAIG roosts behind the driver, RACHEL below CRAIG, MEAGAN in the middle with SHELLY on top, and CHRIS and JESSICA at the side. MIKE, an obese 15-year-old, fits somewhere inbetween and over the rest of the carload.)

JAKE

Thanks for the ride.

MIKE

Yeah, thanks.

ANDREW

Um, no problem...So keys, got it, ignition, it's not, starting.

JESSICA

Don't mention it.

RACHEL

Straighten the wheel.

ANDREW

What?

SHELLY

(to ANDREW'S ear, quiet)

The wheel.

ANDREW

Stop shouting.

(JAKE reaches through SHELLY and BYRN to straighten the wheel.)

ANDREW

Thanks, Jake.

RACHEL

Are you sure you can drive?

ANDREW

Sure, yeah, it's no big deal, my Dad's a mechanic.

RACHEL

But you, you know how to drive.

MIKE

His Dad's a mechanic.

(CRAIG flaps his wings.)

RACHEL

Craig?

Uh, yeah.

CRAIG

What are you doing?

RACHEL

Adjusting my costume.

CRAIG

Please stop kicking me. I'm trying to drive.

ANDREW

Then drive. You know, we'd have a lot more room if you just took that thing off.

JESSICA

I can't.

CRAIG

Why?

RACHEL

Just forget it.

CRAIG

(CHRIS tickles JESSICA who squirms forcing MEAGAN into the squirmy CRAIG and the back.)

JESSICA

Stop it. No really, why? Stop.

CRAIG

It's all I've got on.

(GIRLS ad lib disgust.)

SHELLY

Gross.

ANDREW

Be quiet everybody.

RACHEL

(still feigning disgust)

Ugh, uh, why do we have to be quiet?

ANDREW
It takes concentration.

CHRIS
No it doesn't.

JESSICA
Turn the radio on.

ANDREW
No don't-

(SHELLY turns the radio dial.)

ANDREW
(turning as he backs up)
Please don't.

(The CAST lurches as ANDREW uses both feet on brake and gas.)

JESSICA
What is this crap?

ANDREW
It's my mom's, whoops, it's my mom's car. She has her stations on there don't-

(BRYN switches a station)

ANDREW (CONT.)
-change it. She'll know.

JESSICA
All these stations are crap.

ANDREW
It's my Mom's car!

JESSICA
Tell your mom to get a new car.

ANDREW
Oh my God, a cop.

CHRIS
We're still in the parking lot.

MEAGAN
That's a school bus.

ANDREW
No, not that, oh, that's a-

MIKE
-Honda Civic.

ANDREW
Yep, a Honda Civic.

CHRIS
Not a cop.

ANDREW
Yeah, phew.

JESSICA
Close one.

RACHEL
Look, do you have any idea how to drive?

(ANDREW swats SHELLY'S arm as she goes for the radio.)

ANDREW
If Mom sees the station changed she'll know somebody took the car.

CHRIS
You didn't tell her.

ANDREW
She was in
(KER-CLUNK)
a meeting.

MEAGAN
What was that?

ANDREW
The curb: no big deal.

CHRIS
Andrew, watch the road.

ANDREW

I see it. Please stop kicking, Big Bird.

CRAIG

(kicking)

My legs asleep, Snuffaluffagus.

(RACHEL slaps CRAIG'S leg.)

CRAIG

Ouch, what was that?

RACHEL

A charlie horse.

CRAIG

Ouch.

RACHEL

Yep.

CHRIS

Andrew we just got passed. We just got passed in town. Nobody passes in town. They wait on combines, buggies—

ANDREW

—Listen, you want to drive?

JESSICA

I want to walk. We could walk faster than this.

ANDREW

Fine, I'll speed up.

(With a jolt, EVERYBODY slams forward then back.)

JAKE

That was the brake.

ANDREW

I know what it was.

(EVERYONE braces back as the the car accelerates.)

JAKE

So, we're not taking me home?

BRYN

What?

JESSICA

No, dipshit, we're going to Denny's.

JAKE

Ugh, nobody told me that.

JESSICA

Listen, junior high, we didn't have to bring you along.

JAKE

Yeah, you did, Sis. Thanks, I guess.

BRYN

(turning to hug JAKE)

Thanks for coming, Jakes.

JAKE

(sighing)

Um, Bryn, could you move a bit.

BRYN

(moving a bit)

Sure.

JAKE

Not, not like that.

(BRYN scoots more, just into
ANDREW'S sight line.)

ANDREW

Bryn, can you. Uh-oh.

MEAGAN

What's "uh-oh" mean?

(EVERYONE rocks forward, twisting,
hitting against seat backs and
dashboards. They collapse back.)

(With a flourish, JESSICA opens the door and she, CHRIS and MIKE topple out. Others follow.)

ANDREW

Everybody all right?

JESSICA

F-ing no!

CRAIG

My nose.

RACHEL

Should have worn your beak, asshole.

MEAGAN

Is anyone else's side bleeding?

BRYN

No. Why, is yours?

MEAGAN

Just a little.

CHRIS

The thing is, guys, we're really close to Denny's.

JESSICA

Yeah, Andrew, you can just let us off here.

(ANDREW stumbles to the hood.)

ANDREW

Sure.

CHRIS

You okay, Dams?

ANDREW

Eh, bumped my head a bit, but I'm okay. Mom's going to—

(ANDREW slips to the ground.)

CRAIG

What? What's your mom going to do?

SHELLY
(lifting ANDREW'S head)
He said he was okay, right?

RACHEL
He's just passed out.

SHELLY
(opening ANDREW'S airway)
Anyone know CPR?

RACHEL
He's passed out, not on. Wake him up!

(MEAGAN pokes ANDREW.)

ANDREW
Oh hey, guys, what's up?

MIKE
Not much.

SHELLY
We're going to Denny's.

ANDREW
Awesome. Oh, shit, this is my—why did I drive? I can't drive.

RACHEL
Really?

JESSICA
So, anyway, I'm going to walk to Denny's.

MEAGAN
Jessica!

JESSICA
Meagan!

MEAGAN
What about the car?

JESSICA
It's not my car.

ANDREW

It's not my car either.

CHRIS

(slapping ANDREW on the back)

This was really stupid, buddy.

RACHEL

It was still nice of you to give us a ride.

JESSICA

Oh, absolutely. J, B, S, Megs, let's go.

JAKE

We should stay with the accident.

JESSICA

What are you? An insurance adjuster? I'm not staying with the accident. It's not exactly in our best interest.

CHRIS

Well, Andrew has to stay. I'm going to stay.

RACHEL

Yeah, me too.

ANDREW

(faltering)

Really, you're so pretty.

RACHEL

What?

ANDREW

Anybody else's head hurt?

MEAGAN

My side hurts.

JESSICA

So, we'll get you a milkshake.

JAKE

Jesus, Jessica, have a heart. We've all been in an accident.

(ANDREW rights himself on his
wrecked car.)

ANDREW

No, no, you weren't. Everybody go. You could get into trouble, or get suspended from the team, or whatever. Me, no big deal. Walk to Denny's, just bring me back—a slice of Oreo pie.

CHRIS

Really, man, you're sure you're okay?

ANDREW

(bracing himself)

Yeah, I'm fine. Go, go.

CHRIS

Okay.

MIKE

Oreo, right? Not Reeses?

JESSICA

Mike, Oreo, let's go!

MEAGAN

My side really hurts.

JESSICA

Milkshake, milkshake, come on. Rachel, you coming?

RACHEL

No, I'm going to stay. I can get into some trouble. Who cares. I'm new.

JESSICA

Fine, everybody. Let's go!

(EVERYONE files behind JESSICA.
CHRIS lingers, but exits.)

MIKE (O.S.)

Oreo, got it!

ANDREW

Thanks for hanging around.

RACHEL

Don't mention it.

(ANDREW wavers, his eyes open and then close.)

ANDREW

So...

(tipping)

The Cubs. This year could be it.

RACHEL

Eh, I'm not so optimistic.

ANDREW

So, you're not really a Cubs fan.

RACHEL

Eh, no, not really, but, no, I am. I'm just not so optimistic. Next year, though. Wait till next year.

ANDREW

Yeah. You know, I think you are the—you know, I'm a Cardinals fan, but that's okay, right? I mean—

(ANDREW'S head nods to the side.)

RACHEL

How's your head? Andrew, um, Damler, Andrew? Great.

(ANDREW'S limp form, tips to RACHEL'S shoulder.)

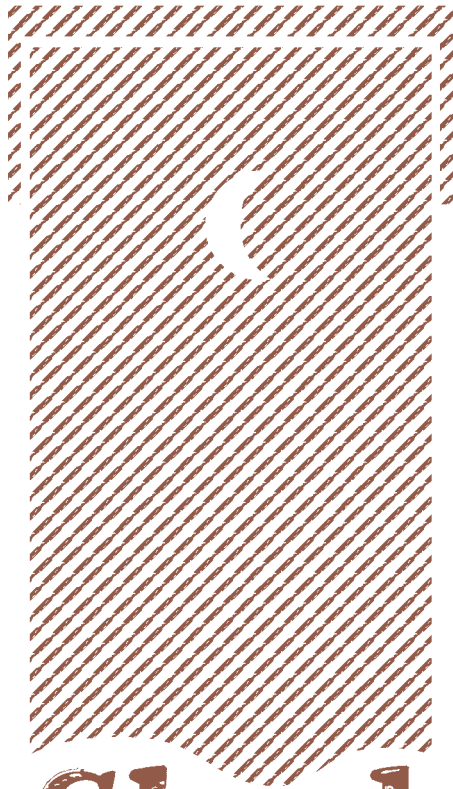
(Blue and red lights flash across the stage. A single siren sounds.)

OFFICER CLARK

What seems to be the problem here?

RACHEL

Just an accident.



Shed

SETTING: A shed.

AT RISE: FIVE YOUNG WOMEN stand in silhouette. They line up approximately tallest to shortest.

RACHEL, tall and thin with long dark hair, holds none of the bags and stands in command. To her right is JESSICA, a pretty young woman with blonde hair back in a pony tail. To the left, MEAGAN, a bigger girl with an old coat and rather unfortunate hair, holds a large tote bag.

At the short end, SHELLY inexplicably wears a skirt and a wool sweater. She stands next to BRYN, who leans on her knees as if finishing a race. BRYN, a petite blonde, looks ill but still wears her cheerleader scrunchie.

RACHEL
Hmm, well, ahhh-um,
shit.
(claps)

SHELLY
What?

RACHEL
An outhouse?

SHELLY
Yeah, so?

RACHEL
(turning to present the shed)
Well, it ain't no disco, ain't no country club either.

BRYN
No, this is an outhouse.

RACHEL
This is shit.

MEAGAN
This is a shitter.

RACHEL
(laughing)
Whadowedoboutit?

SHELLY
We burn it.

RACHEL
(taking a cigarette from JESSICA)
Yeah, Shelly, we burn it. What, you got a match?

(Jessica lights RACHEL'S
cigarette. Rachel drags and then
passes the cigarette to MEAGAN,
who passes but passes to SHELLY
to BRYN.)

BRYN
No, I can't.

(The cigarette slowly returns to
RACHEL who drags and exhales in
unison with JESSICA.)

JESSICA
Well, how do we move it?

RACHEL
We don't. We leave it.

SHELLY
We got to.

RACHEL
We don't, see, we don't. It's that easy.

JESSICA
Jake and Chris already got one. It's in our garage.

RACHEL
That's the thing, here's the thing. This won't fit in the
garage. This is the garage.

BRYN

It's an outhouse.

JESSICA

How do we move it?

SHELLY

I brought a truck.

RACHEL

Um, yup. We're gonna need a bigger boat.

JESSICA

So, we knock it over and put it on the truck, right? You got some rope in the back, right? Or zip ties, or something?

(JESSICA pushes the shed.)

JESSICA (CONT.)

You gonna help?

(MEAGAN comes to her aid.)

RACHEL

No. Meagan—Meagan, come back here.

(SHELLY begins to push.)

SHELLY

Come on, Rachel.

RACHEL

What about Bryn?

BRYN

I shouldn't be doing this—SIGH—yeah, come on, Rache.

(The four young women push as RACHEL drags her cigarette to completion.)

RACHEL

Fucking, fuck.

(Throwing out the remaining butt, RACHEL joins the cause.)

JESSICA

Okay. One, two, three, GO!

(The YOUNG WOMEN push with all their might. Nothing happens.)

JESSICA

Okay. Alright, ready, set, when I yell "GO," you—

MEAGAN

This is not cheerleading practice, Jessica.

JESSICA

You're right.

(With a final push, BRYN and SHELLY slide to a cheerleader seat. RACHEL reaches for JESSICA'S purse and removes another cigarette.)

JESSICA

Well, we can't give up. Hand me my purse.

(RACHEL passes the purse. JESSICA removes a spray can. She sprays "MORGAN '09.")

JESSICA

There, it's ours now.

RACHEL

(laughing)

Oh, you bitch, Meagan hand me the the blue.

(MEAGAN lifts her oversized purse and removes a black can.)

MEAGAN

Bryn's got the blue.

(BRYN checks her clutch bag, which only holds a blue can. She passes to MEAGAN to RACHEL. RACHEL writes, "-IS A TWAT." under "MORGAN '09.")

Meagan, the red.

JESSICA

(MEAGAN seeks her purse then SHELLY who holds the red in one hand but covers her eyes with the other.)

JESSICA

(grabbing the can from SHELLY)

Thanks, Meagan.

(JESSICA sprays "RACHEL B. SUCKS A DICK.")

SHELLY

The whole school's gonna see this.

(RACHEL sprays SHELLY'S name, number and fictional occupation.)

RACHEL

You're right.

(MEAGAN pulls a camera from her bag and the girls take pictures while RACHEL paints. MEAGAN takes a picture.)

MEAGAN

Rachel, smile!

RACHEL

Meagan, I'm defacing a building here. Mind not so much with the pictures.

MEAGAN

I'm not going to post them on Facebook.

SHELLY

You have to put these on Facebook.

RACHEL

(spraying MEAGAN)

Don't even think about it.

MEAGAN

Oh, you got it on me.

RACHEL
(spraying MEAGAN)

What?

JESSICA
(spraying MEAGAN)

What?

MEAGAN
It's in my hair. You painted my hair.

RACHEL
Oh Christ, it'll wash out.

MEAGAN
(spraying RACHEL)
Will it?

RACHEL
Now you've done it.

(RACHEL writes something about
MEAGAN that's so big we can only
read "MEAGAN...")

SHELLY
(shocked)
Rachel, that's mean.

RACHEL
(spraying SHELLY)
Of course it is, Shelly.

(BRYN writes "HI JAKE!" in bubble
letters.)

<p>SHELLY Rachel, stop it. Stop it, Rachel. Rachel, I can't breathe. Stop. God. Stop. Quit it. Aack. Quit. Cough. Stop it, Rachel. Stop it. Please. Please stop it, come on. Come, come, on. (whimpering) Please. Rachel.</p>	<p>JESSICA Wait, why'd you write "Hi, Jake." BRYN Just saying "Hi." JESSICA (painting) Fuck Jake.</p>
---	---

BRYN

He's your brother.

JESSICA

And I say fuck him.

BRYN

Well, sometimes I do.

JESSICA

Oh, fucking Bryn, fucking gross.

RACHEL

(still spraying SHELLY)

You're gross. How was he?

BRYN

Great, I don't know, great.

JESSICA

Shut up, Bryn.

RACHEL

Oh give it up, Jess. Here, Meagan, hold this.

(passes the paint can to MEAGAN,
who sprays SHELLY)

We have to hear about you and Chris all the time.

JESSICA

But he's not your brother.

SHELLY

Cough, he's my cousin.

RACHEL AND MEAGAN

Shut up, Shelly.

SHELLY

What? We're cousins.

JESSICA

Well, your cousin's hot.

SHELLY

No, he's not.

(This stops all activity, even the
SHELLY spraying)

JESSICA, MEAGAN, BRYN, AND RACHEL
Yes, he is.

JESSICA
(spraying EVERYBODY)
Shut up about him.

(EVERYONE coughs)

SHELLY
Cough, cough, it's kinda stuffy in here.

RACHEL
Open a window.
(MEAGAN opens a shed window.)
See, that should be a clue right there.

SHELLY
What?

RACHEL
The window. Why does this outhouse have a window?

JESSICA
Don't all outhouse have windows?

RACHEL
Holes shaped like crescent moons.

SHELLY
Not *all* of them.

RACHEL AND JESSICA
Shut up, Shelly.

RACHEL
When'd you become the shitter expert?

SHELLY
Well, I found this one.

JESSICA
About that, I think it's a shed. Or possibly a tiny house.

MEAGAN

Well, it's ours now. We're home owners.

(MEAGAN shakes JESSICA'S hand as
if to close a sale.)

BRYN

Didn't we pass, like, eleven outhouses on the way out here?

MEAGAN

Those were Amish.

JESSICA

So?

SHELLY

We can't steal an Amish outhouse.

RACHEL

They'll just raise another one. Fucking Amish, they all come
together. It's about community. It's about faith-

JESSICA

-We can't steal an Amish shitter.

BRYN

Well, who's house is this?

SHELLY

Nobody's.

JESSICA

Why's the outhouse out here?

MEAGAN

Well, I kinda' gotta' go pee.

RACHEL

Shutup, Meagan.

MEAGAN

No, I do.

RACHEL

Well, then go. Don't ask our permission.

(MEAGAN tries the shed door, it's locked. She climbs to the open window, but stops, stuck. JESSICA laughs.)

MEAGAN

Don't laugh.

(EVERYBODY laughs. RACHEL sprays MEAGAN'S ass red.)

MEAGAN (CONT.)

Stop that, Rachel.

RACHEL

How'd you know it was me?

MEAGAN

Come on, who else. Help me okay. Push.

RACHEL

No, the paints still wet.

MEAGAN

That's your fault.

RACHEL

(pushing)

Fine.

(MEAGAN flops into the shed.)

MEAGAN (O.S.)

Thanks.

RACHEL

(looking at red hands)

Don't mention it. Are you actually going to piss in there?

MEAGAN (O.S.)

Not while you're watching.

RACHEL

Fine. Can you believe that?

SHELLY

What, she had to go pee-

(RACHEL sprays SHELLY then flops to the ground where the girls all sit, cheerleader style.)

RACHEL

How do we move this thing?

BRYN

We should wait for Meagan.

RACHEL

Yeah, Bryn, we wait for Meagan. This thing already weighs enough without the extra Meagan.

SHELLY

Rachel, stop it.

RACHEL

What?

JESSICA

(whispering)

Stop being so mean.

RACHEL

What? "Some girls are bigger than others." Meagan knows I love her. Besides, she's inside; she can't hear us.

MEAGAN (O.S.)

Actually-

RACHEL

Shutup, Meagan.

JESSICA

Seriously, how do we move this thing?

BRYN

Call Jake.

JESSICA

You call Jake, harlot.

(EVERYONE looks to BRYN)

BRYN

I left my phone in the car.

JESSICA

Get it.

BRYN

My car. At the high school.

JESSICA

Okay. Well, what do we ask him?

RACHEL

How do you move a shed?

SHELLY

An outhouse.

RACHEL

Fuck you. Ask him how to hitch a truck. That will work, right? Does anybody know how to hitch a truck. Meagan? How do we hitch a truck?

MEAGAN (O.S.)

I can't hear you.

RACHEL

You said you could hear me.

MEAGAN (O.S.)

I can't hear you.

RACHEL

Slunt!

MEAGAN (O.S.)

I heard that.

RACHEL

Shut up, Meagan. Ask him how to hitch a truck.

JESSICA

(already dialing)

Okay.

(The FOUR WOMEN pace patiently.)

JESSICA

He's not picking up.

SHELLY

Call Chris.

(JESSICA opens her phone and
dials. The OTHERS wait.)

RACHEL

Meagan, what are you doing in there?

MEAGAN (O.S.)

I didn't have to go so bad after all.

RACHEL

Well, come out.

MEAGAN (O.S.)

Give me a minute. It's my shots.

BRYN

(doubled over)

Ugh, I hate needles.

RACHEL

You don't have to see it. She's inside that tiny house. Is
Chris picking up?

JESSICA

No, nobody is. What about Andrew?

RACHEL

(sighing)

What, you want me to call him?

JESSICA

Yeah, you guys are dating.

RACHEL

(standing)

No, we're not.

JESSICA

Well, you're doing something.

RACHEL

College applications.

(EVERYONE laughs, even MEAGAN.)

RACHEL

Shutup, Meagan. Fine, I'll call him.

(RACHEL dials her phone. The other girls lean to hear her. MEAGAN even sticks her head out the window.)

RACHEL

Hello, Andrew? What fire? Yes, hi. What's up? Oh, all of you even Chris? Jessica just called him. What's Craig doing? Bitching? What an asshole. You're not bringing him tonight, right? Yeah? What? Oh, hey wait, listen do you have any idea how to hitch a truck? Yes, we called Jake. His phone must be off. Yes. Okay, Andrew, um... Christ, what was that? What fuck was that? Okay, bye.

JESSICA

What'd he say?

RACHEL

He didn't know. Then there was a loud noise and he hung up.

JESSICA

Oooh, a loud noise. Like what?

RACHEL

Like a gunshot actually, but it was probably just Jake's truck.

BRYN

Jake was there? Why didn't you talk to Jake?

RACHEL

Andrew hung up. There was a loud noise and then he hung up.

SHELLY

Call him back.

RACHEL

He said he'd call back.

JESSICA

Well—what the fuck?

(From inside the shed, a toilet
FLUSHES.)

SHELLY
See, I told you it was an outhouse.

RACHEL
No, it's not. It has running water. It has pipes. It has a
foundation. It's on sacred ground.

SHELLY
Nobody uses this cemetery anymore.

RACHEL
I think they're still using it. You don't get done using a
grave. It's not disposable. It's disposed.

(MEAGAN opens the window and
crawls out till she's stuck.)

RACHEL (CONT.)
Oh, come on, Meagan. Whataya' doing. Use the door.

MEAGAN
Oh, well. I'm stuck now.

(RACHEL pulls out MEAGAN'S hands
and the two fall as one.)

MEAGAN
Thanks, what'd Andrew say?

SHELLY
How was it in there?

MEAGAN
Nice.

JESSICA
Andrew hung up.

MEAGAN
Call him back.

(MEAGAN steals RACHEL'S phone.)

RACHEL

He said he'd call—well?

MEAGAN

He's not picking up. You wanna' leave a message?

RACHEL

(taking the phone back)

Sure, ugh, I hate his voicemail, Yeah, Andrew. Why'd you hang up on me. That's lame. Anyway, we need some help, and you're not helping and that's gay. Anyways, what was that, um, sound, BLAM, thing? Hope you're okay. I hope you guys come tonight, except Craig, K? Bye, I love you, shit, fuck, um, bye.

JESSICA

Uh.....

MEAGAN

Did you just say "I love you?"

RACHEL

It's a thing, you know, like an impulse: like a message to your mother.

JESSICA

That message was for, ah, Andrew.

BRYN

Andrew?

RACHEL

Yes, Andrew. We're dating, okay. We date.

JESSICA

I knew it.

RACHEL

Of course you knew it. You've seen us together. You've walked in on us, swam in on us, once, at the lake. No warning, you didn't even hang two lanterns or some shit by sea, Andrew jumped and knocked over the boat, the paddle boat. Then we had to swim to shore naked because Chris and you stole our clothes, and so at that point I figured everyone knew, and then nobody said anything, so I didn't say anything, and so none of you knew?

JESSICA

I kept it a secret. I figured you were just drunk.

RACHEL

Well, usually we are. Speaking of which, does anybody have a drink? Moving a house seems like a three beer operation.

MEAGAN

Dave's bringing some Smirnoff Ice.

JESSICA

(confused)

What?

MEAGAN

(flippant)

What?

SHELLY

(excited)

Dave? Dave's coming?

MEAGAN

Yes, Shelly. I txted him from the bathroom.

RACHEL

The shed. So, wait, what? Did you tell him to bring a party pack of Smirnoff, or was that, like, his idea?

MEAGAN

That was his idea.

JESSICA

Well, when's he going to get here? I'm thirsty.

RACHEL

Me too, but Meagan why'd you call your brother?

MEAGAN

We needed some help. He's helpful.

BRYN

Ick. Is that what the call it, "Help!"

JESSICA

Yep.

MEAGAN

Listen, I'm sorry, Bryn; sorry, Jessica; sorry, Rachel. It's just Dave.

SHELLY

What about Dave?

RACHEL

(patting SHELLY on the shoulder)

Sorry, Shelly.

SHELLY

Well, when's he getting here?

MEAGAN

He said he'd call.

(SHELLY'S phone rings. She leaps in the air and opens it.)

SHELLY

Hey, David!

(JESSICA laughs)

Yeah, we're out here. The graveyard. Yeah, the old one. The real old one. Oh, you're here. Where are you. Oh, I see you.

(waves)

Yeah, I'm the one waving. Yes that's me.

(laughs)

K. Bye.

(LIGHTS fill the stage along with the RUMBLE of a large truck.)

SHELLY

David's here.

MEAGAN

(shielding her eyes)

We can see that.

DAVE (O.S.)

Hey! Where's the party.

(RACHEL, head in hands, must look up to catch a twelve pack of malt beverages.)

(JESSICA wastes no time sliding a single drink from the side.)

(DAVE, early twenties with blonde-tipped hair and a hoodie, races toward SHELLY. They kiss like a nurse and soldier just back from The War.)

(RACHEL grabs two drinks and hands one to BRYN. After several gulps, the kissing stops and DAVE turns to the crowd.)

DAVE
(removing a flask)

What's the problem?

MEAGAN
We have to move this outhouse.

DAVE
This is a shed.

JESSICA
Well, we have to move it.

DAVE
Why?

JESSICA
To burn it.

DAVE
Wouldn't it be easier just to burn it?

BRYN
No, it's our outhouse. For the bonfire. For homecoming. We have to move it to burn it.

DAVE
You kids still do that?

RACHEL
Jesus, Dave. You're not that fucking old. Oh, you're old, but come on!

DAVE

I just figured you kids couldn't handle it.

(SHELLY playfully slaps DAVE.)

RACHEL

You got a hitch?

DAVE

Yeah.

RACHEL

Rope? Chain? Crowbar? Jack? Ratchet?

JESSICA

I thought you didn't know how to do this?

RACHEL

I had a pretty good idea, but I thought the whole thing was a bad idea. Plus, who carries all that stuff. Do I look like Al Borland?

DAVE

Al Borland, heh, well, I've got all that. I'd recommend a sledge hammer too.

SHELLY

You've got all that?

DAVE

Yep.

JESSICA

(whispering)

Meagan, what does your brother... do?

DAVE

(awkwardly hugging JESSICA)

Mostly, Jess, I'm self-employed.

(DAVE struts OFF STAGE.)

JESSICA

Gah-ros-s.

SHELLY

What?

RACHEL

Nothing, what's he gett-

(DAVE returns tossing the crowbar to RACHEL. He then races past with the sledge hammer.)

RACHEL (CONT.)

-Big, fucking, man.

(DAVE holds the hammer at arms length and then brings it back slowly, one handed, to his nose.)

JESSICA

Dave, what are you doing?

DAVE

Warming up.

JESSICA

For what?

DAVE

(exhales)

My year, the girls didn't even really steal their outhouse. Kristin Williams, Bill Billiam's daughter, took one off her Dad's farm. We were, like, you know, together at the time, me and Kristin so I helped her go out there an' git' it. Middle of the woods, in the middle of a field, and Bill didn't notice till, like, that spring when he's out planting and needs to take a shit.

BREN

I don't feel so well.

DAVE

(stopping BREN with the hammer)

Listen, so he goes to the outhouse, but it's gone. Bill, of course, holds it in and comes back full of shit, talking about murdering me, 'cause he knew it was me. He drives the combine all the way to the gas station, I was working at the gas station at the time, with McGuire, who was in on it, and Bill's like, "You sons-a-bitches better return my got-damn shitter or, I'll, I'll, shoot you." And so we think, "yeah, we'll return it." So I take this huge dump and put it in a bag, right?

(SHELLY laughs, nobody else does)

DAVE (CONT.)

And we're going to light it on Bill's doorstep. Well, before we can even ring the bell, he's opening the door, and he's got his gun out. He shoots the sky. But then literally slips on the fiery shit. I'm running, McGuire's running, Anderson— You guys ever meet Kip Anderson? Fucking awesome guy— he's got the truck running and we're out of there before Bill can even reload his fucking shotgun.

JESSICA

I thought he came out when you egged him.

DAVE

That was another time.

RACHEL

What are you doing fucking around with this guy? He's got a gun.

DAVE

(swinging the hammer low)

Whatever. Ah-RAH!

RACHEL

Fuck.

(Crying, BRYN dives for cover.)

RACHEL

Dave, what the—Bryn, are you okay?

BRYN

(sobbing)

I shouldn't be doing this: drinking, swinging hammers, any of it. The doctor, said, I shouldn't do anything strenuous for a, for a few months. Actually, I kinda have to use the restroom. Dave. Dave!

(DAVE swings, screaming.)

DAVE

What.

BRYN

Can I use the toilet?

Sure, I'll let you in.

DAVE

(With one fell swoop, DAVE knocks off the door handle. The door swings open.)

BRYN
(walking into the shed)

Um, thanks.

(Once BRYN'S inside. DAVE hits the outhouse again.)

BRYN

Jesus, Dave!

(A WRETCHING sound comes from the building.)

SHELLY

Dave, stop.

JESSICA

What was that?

(The toilet FLUSHES and BRYN emerges, wiping her mouth.)

(DAVE offers SHELLY a swing. When she declines, he takes another stab at the shed's foundation. Each time, screaming like a barbarian.)

JESSICA
(holding her ears)

What, do you have mono or something?

BRYN

Something like mono.

JESSICA

Does Jake know you have mono?

BRYN

I told him yesterday.

JESSICA

Does Jake have mono?

BRYN

No.

(RACHEL holds BRYN, who weeps.)

JESSICA

Okay. Dave, Shelly, what are you doing?

(SHELLY now balances the hammer
and swings wide.)

DAVE

We have to knock it loose a little.

RACHEL

Um, need any help?

DAVE

No we got it.

(SHELLY swings 360.)

DAVE (CONT.)

(taking over)

Okay, I got it. Okay, Rache, toss me the crow bar.

RACHEL

Meagan, toss him the crowbar.

(MEAGAN grabs the tool and throws
it at DAVE.)

DAVE

(ducking)

Don't throw it. It's a crowbar.

MEAGAN

You said toss it.

DAVE

Well, don't throw it. It's a fucking crowbar. Don't throw
it.

(DAVE wedges the bar into the freshly crumbled concrete. He lifts from all sides.)

DAVE

Okay, we should be ready to move this thing. Help me push.

RACHEL

Bryn can't push.

DAVE

Okay, then everybody else.

(SHELLY arrives first. DAVE steadies her lower back, then lower. MEAGAN and JESSICA actually push. RACHEL saunters to a lineman stance.)

DAVE

Okay, one-two-three. RAH!

(With a rebel yell, DAVE leads the charge against the shed.)

DAVE

One-two-three. RAH!

RACHEL

(quitting)

Nope. Not gonna' happen.

SHELLY

Rachel, why'd you quit.

RACHEL

We're not going move it. It's not moving.

SHELLY

Well, you're not push-

DAVE

No, Shel, Rache's right. I'll pull around my truck.

(DAVE kisses SHELLY, as if saying bye forever, leaving her against the shed to race OFF STAGE.)

(The HEADLIGHTS circle. DAVE returns with a chain.)

DAVE
(to RACHEL)

Here, help me wrap this around the tiny house.

(DAVE and RACHEL wind a yellow strap around the shed's base.)

SHELLY
It's an outhouse.

DAVE
(ratcheting the strap)
Yeah, Babe. "It's an outhouse." Okay, I think we're good. Now, I don't know how this is gonna' go so you might wanna', you know, get out the way.

BRYN
(calming down)
Where to?

DAVE
Safest place'd be the truck, but I guess, like, ten feet ought a do. Fifteen. Good. Shelly, hop in the truck.

(SHELLY runs for the truck while the other girls back slowly away from the shed. DAVE follows SHELLY and two doors SLAM OFF STAGE.)

DAVE
Okay, one-two-three!

(With a CRUSHING WHIR the truck comes to life. Thrown rock RUMBLE blasts from OFF STAGE.)

(As the truck SQUEALS, another softer but faster motor PURRS past. BLUE and RED LIGHTS attack the stage like a dance floor. A SIREN SOUNDS.)

(The shed tips from side to side. It dips too far one way and then the other and with a final low RATTLE, the chain lurches, and the whole building collapses with a cacophony of shrapnel.)

(A toilet stands on a pedestal in the middle of a now cleared stage. The red and blue lights spin around the four remaining young women. The chain rattles away as the truck's engine SCREAMS OFF STAGE.)

RACHEL

Where's he going?

MEAGAN

Oh, Dave's on probation.

RACHEL

Yeah, well, what are we waiting for?

JESSICA

(tossing her belongings)

Here Meagan, take my bag.

(JESSICA pats MEAGAN on the back and the two leap OFF STAGE. RACHEL walks to BRYN, sitting on the ground. RACHEL helps her up and the two stand in a spotlight.)

RACHEL

Think we can make a break for it?

BRYN

I can't.

RACHEL

K, what's our story?

BRYN

Don't know.

RACHEL

It was an accident.

OFFICER CLARK (O.S.)

What seems to be the problem here?

RACHEL

I don't know Officer Clark, we just stopped to use the restroom.

(The SPOTLIGHT meanders around the stage. It stops on the toilet.)

OFFICER CLARK (O.S.)

Looks like your ride just left.

RACHEL

Oh, yeah, we don't know that guy.

OFFICER CLARK (O.S.)

Is that Rachel Blaudow?

RACHEL

No.

OFFICER CLARK (O.S.)

Listen, Rachel, I've called this in, but I've got a full car, and there's nobody else on patrol tonight. Can you wait here while I drop your guys off at the station?

RACHEL

Who's guys?

OFFICER CLARK (O.S.)

Your guys, listen Rachel. Can you just wait here. I'll get you home. There's been another incident.

RACHEL

Okay.

(The SPOTLIGHT turns once more around the scene then goes away. BRYN stumbles to the toilet.)

BRYN

(sitting)

You wanna wait here?

RACHEL
 Absolutely not.

BRYN
 Who was that in the car?

RACHEL
 It looked like the guys. I think I saw Chris, maybe Andrew.
 What happened? Who's shit did they steal?

BRYN
 How far is it into town?

RACHEL
 I have no idea where we are.

BRYN
 You wanna' get Denny's.

RACHEL
 Yes, I wanna' get Denny's.

BRYN
 (pointing away)
 I think Denny's is that way.

RACHEL
 Yeah, okay.

(RACHEL and BRYN walk OFF STAGE.
 MEAGAN and JESSICA follow behind.
 JESSICA runs significantly in
 front of MEAGAN.)

MEAGAN
 Guys wait up! Where are we going?

RACHEL (O.S.)
 Denny's.

MEAGAN
 Again?

(MEAGAN catches her breath and
 staggers OFF STAGE.)

(LIGHTS OUT.)