

**Scenes for High School**  
by  
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Two and three character scenes

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**MOVING ON**

*JOE is sitting, reading. LIZ storms in.*

I don't believe you! LIZ

Hey. JOE

I swear to G-d -- LIZ

It's nice to see you. JOE

You've lost your mind! LIZ

Is that shirt new? That's new. I like it. JOE

Stop. Now. LIZ

But -- JOE

Don't play nice. Don't pretend. LIZ

I'm not pretending anything. JOE

Joe, it's over. LIZ

Yeah. JOE

We're over. LIZ

Yeah... JOE

Done. Broken up. Finished. LIZ

Okay. Yeah. You've said. JOE

So what were you telling Zach? LIZ

I wasn't -- JOE

You lied to him. LIZ

I said we might be getting back together. JOE

No you didn't. LIZ

Yeah, I --

JOE

You told him we were still together.

LIZ

Maybe he misheard.

JOE

Joe.

LIZ

Or I miss-spoke. I didn't mean anything by it.

JOE

Yes you did.

LIZ

Well, we could get back together. Couldn't we?

JOE

No.

LIZ

Liz...

JOE

Joe, you're sweet. And you're cute. And I like you. But I don't want to date you.

LIZ

Why not?

JOE

Because... Because I don't. I don't have to explain it.

LIZ

But I'm sweet. And cute. And you like me...

JOE

Joe. We're done. I'm sorry. Move on.

LIZ

*LIZ exits.*

JOE

Yeah.

**THE FORM OF A QUESTION**

*SEAN and NINA are sitting at a table,  
both doing math homework.*

That's wrong. NINA

What? SEAN

That's wrong. Number six. NINA

How is it wrong? SEAN

It's the wrong answer. NINA

What did you get? SEAN

Not that. Do the problem over. NINA

What should I do differently? SEAN

You'll figure it out. NINA

You're supposed to be helping me! SEAN

I am. You got it wrong, do it over. NINA

That's not help. Show me what you got. SEAN

That's cheating. NINA

Not it's not. SEAN

Yeah, it is. Try again. NINA

I did the problem the way I know how. If I do it over, I'll just get it wrong again. Help me. SEAN

Or you could try doing the problem a second time, and see, maybe, if you catch your mistake. NINA

I won't. I'm not as smart as you. SEAN

Are you flirting with me? NINA

No! SEAN

Yeah you are.

NINA

Really, I'm not. I'm just saying you're smart. And pretty.

SEAN

Okay, enough!

NINA

Help me!

SEAN

No! Because you are flirting with me, and I'm not going to fall for it and do your work for you.

NINA

Why not?

SEAN

Why not!?

NINA

That came out wrong! I didn't mean -- I don't want you to do the work for me. You said you'd help me, and I need help because I don't know how to do any of this. And I'm sorry I'm so dumb. And what's wrong with maybe flirting a little?

SEAN

Because you'd be cute if you ever tried.

NINA

What? I do try. What?

SEAN

No. You make the assumption that you're going to mess up. Every time, with every test, problem, homework... You assume you're going to get it wrong, so you rush through as fast as you can. If you just slowed down and tried, you'd be way more successful.

NINA

So if I slowed down and tried... would you go out with me Friday?

SEAN

Try again.

NINA

The math problem or the invitation.

SEAN

The math problem. We'll work on the invitation later.

NINA

Promise?

SEAN

Work!

NINA

## HOW IT ENDS

*MARNEY is sitting the cafeteria,  
reading a novel for English. BLAKE  
enters, and stands quietly*

BLAKE

Hey.

*(MARNEY keeps reading.)*

Good morning.

*(Same.)*

They all die in the end, you know.

MARNEY

*(Slamming the book down)*

What is wrong with you?

BLAKE

What?

MARNEY

I need to read this before second block.

BLAKE

Why didn't you do it last night?

MARNEY

Are you kidding me?

*(BLAKE doesn't know how to  
answer.)*

I just didn't, okay?

BLAKE

Well... I've told you how it ends. Now you don't need to read it.

MARNEY

The essay needs to be a little more involved than "they all die in the end."

BLAKE

There's an essay?

MARNEY

Did you listen at all yesterday?

BLAKE

I got distracted.

MARNEY

*(Opening up the book)*

I need to read.

*A pause.*

BLAKE

I got the test back.

*(MARNEY keeps reading.)*

Marney, I got the test back.

MARNEY  
 (Not really listening)  
 Did you pass?

BLAKE  
 From the doctor.

MARNEY  
 (Stopping)  
 What?

BLAKE  
 They, um... they called my mom, and we went in.

MARNEY  
 And?  
 (BLAKE doesn't say anything)  
 Blake. Is it bad?  
 (BLAKE nods but can't speak.)  
 Do you want to talk about it?

BLAKE shrugs.

BLAKE  
 You need to read.

MARNEY  
 Don't do that.

BLAKE  
 It's fine. I'm fine. You need to read. We have an essay second block.

MARNEY  
 What did they say?

BLAKE  
 It's definitely a tumor. It's growing. We have a follow up with a specialist on Tuesday. And they all die in the end.

MARNEY  
 They said that?

BLAKE  
 No. The book. I couldn't sleep. So I read.

MARNEY  
 You're going to be okay.

BLAKE  
 You don't know that.

MARNEY  
 No. I guess I don't.  
 (Pause)  
 I'm sorry.  
 (Pause)  
 I'm here for you. No matter how it ends.

BLAKE  
 Yeah.

They hug.



## TRUTH OR DARE

*CARTER enters and approaches EMERSON. CARTER's arm is in a cast. He is pretty banged up.*

EMERSON

That's not my fault.

*(They stare at each other)*

It's not.

CARTER

Then why are you getting so defensive?

EMERSON

I'm not defensive! You're the idiot who tried to skate down a railing.

CARTER

You dared me to.

EMERSON

No, I said, "I bet you you can't skate down that railing," and look - I was right. You didn't have to take the bet.

CARTER

But you knew I would.

EMERSON

And it's not my fault that you get hurt doing every stupid thing I say. Grow up a little.

CARTER

You're a terrible person.

EMERSON

And you're in love with me.

CARTER

What? No I'm not.

EMERSON

Uh huh.

CARTER

I'm not.

EMERSON

You've been in love with me since fifth grade.

*They stare each other down. Non-verbally, EMERSON challenges CARTER on that fact that it's true. He concedes.*

EMERSON (CONT'D)

So which is worse? The terrible person? Or the person who's in love with the terrible person?

CARTER

I don't actually think you're terrible.

EMERSON

Well, I am. And you should stay away from me. Because I'll just end up hurting you. More.

CARTER

You're not gonna hurt me.

EMERSON

Really? Come on. I ruin everything.

CARTER

That's not true.

EMERSON

My step-mother says it is. And, I mean, look at our lives the last few years.

CARTER

None of that was your fault.

EMERSON

She thinks it is. So if I'm awful enough to ruin their marriage, how can I ever be in a relationship?

CARTER

You can't blame yourself for--

EMERSON

She blames me. So... what's it matter?

*A pause.*

CARTER

Yeah, maybe you're right. I mean, I bet you you can't possibly be in a relationship with me.

EMERSON

*(After a short pause)*

Are you trying to be funny?

CARTER

*(Shrugging)*

Maybe. Did it work?

EMERSON

No. Maybe.

CARTER

I take your stupid bets cause I want to impress you.

EMERSON

I kind of figured that out.

CARTER

So why not take a chance? I mean, I already have a broken arm, three cracked ribs, and several really awkward bruises. What's the worst thing that can happen?

EMERSON

That's what I'm afraid to find out.

*EMERSON exits.*

**THE PICKLE**

*TED and JIMMY are sitting at a rest stop table eating burgers.*

JIMMY  
You gonna eat the pickle?

TED  
Touch my food and I will beat you.

JIMMY  
Okay.

*TED continues to eat. JIMMY sits back, ignoring his food.*

TED  
Are you pouting? Don't pout.

JIMMY  
I'm not pouting.

TED  
Yes you are.

JIMMY  
I'm not.

TED  
Then eat your food.

JIMMY  
I'm not hungry.

TED  
Oh, G-d, fine. Take the pickle.

JIMMY  
I don't want it.

TED  
Yes you do.

JIMMY  
I did. I don't anymore.

TED  
Fine.

*TED eats. JIMMY doesn't.*

TED (CONT'D)  
Mom will be here soon.

JIMMY  
I know.

TED  
And then it'll be two hours before we get home. So eat, or else you're just going to complain about being hungry in the car.

JIMMY  
Is this what it's going to be like?

TED  
What?

JIMMY

This. Is it going to be like this until we go to college?

TED

I'm sorry if I was mean. I'm just telling you to eat, I didn't think--

JIMMY

I don't mean you. I mean this. One of them dropping us off at a rest stop so the other can pick us up.

TED

It's a long drive. They split it.

JIMMY

Sucks for us.

TED

This is what they agreed on. And hey, they agreed on something! So... Yahtzee!

JIMMY

What?

TED

It's a board game.

JIMMY

When have you ever played a board game?

TED

Shut up. Listen. It's not that bad. We'll deal with it. And then I'll get my drivers license. Eventually.

JIMMY

And then you'll leave for college.

TED

Yeah. And then you will too. But that won't happen for a while. And in the meantime... We'll sit and eat burgers at rest stops. Together.

JIMMY

*(pause)*

Yahtzee.

TED

Shut up. Here. Eat the pickle.

JIMMY

I don't want it.

TED

Eat it or else.

JIMMY

Or else what?

TED

I'll tell mom.

JIMMY

She's not here.

TED

She will be eventually.



LEN  
What?

BILL  
It's pedestrian. It's been done in every movie that has pool party scene.

LEN  
How many movies do you watch with pool party scenes?

BILL  
Fine. It was done in *Almost Famous*.

LEN  
What's *Almost Famous*?

BILL  
It's... it was a good movie.

LEN  
No, I'm guessing it wasn't. Now jump.

BILL  
What? No. I'm not jumping.

LEN  
Yes, we're jumping. And you're going first.

BILL  
Not a chance.

LEN  
If you don't do this, I'm going to ---  
(He hears something)  
What was that?

BILL  
Oh my G-d. They're home.

LEN  
Oh, crap.

BILL  
You said they were on vacation for a week!

LEN  
I... was wrong. We need to get out of here.

BILL  
We're standing on their roof! How are we going to get out of here?

LEN  
Well, we can jump...

BILL  
You are the worst friend ever.

**SIGNED AND SEALED**

*TARA is working on her computer. JESS comes in and drops a piece of paper in front of TARA.*

JESS  
Sign it.

TARA  
What?

JESS  
Sign. Right there.

TARA  
What is this? This is a detention slip.

JESS  
Yeah.

TARA  
You want me to...

JESS  
You forge Mom's signature way better than me.

TARA  
Is this from O'Connell? Uh, that man hated me.

JESS  
Yeah. Thanks for that. Now sign the slip, since it's your fault I have it.

TARA  
What? How?

JESS  
You hated him. He hated you. Then he met me. And because you hated him and he hated you, he naturally decided to hate me.

TARA  
Oh please.

JESS  
It's true.

TARA  
You're nothing like me.

JESS  
Yeah, well, thank heaven for that.

TARA  
You don't get detentions.

JESS  
I didn't get detentions. I do now. Sign the slip.

TARA  
What did you do?

JESS  
Sign it!

TARA  
*(reading the slip)*  
"Disrespectful behavior towards a faculty member." What did you do?

Just sign... JESS

Not until you tell. TARA

What? So you can gloat? Hold it over me that I finally got one detention? In comparison with your, what - twenty-two? JESS

Fourteen. And yeah, I'll hold it over you. You're finally catching up. What did you do? Did you mention his moles? He hates that. TARA

Will you please -- JESS

You didn't imitate his walk. That makes him go crazy. TARA

No. I didn't. JESS

So, what? TARA

He compared us. JESS

What? TARA

He talked about you, and compared us. JESS

But we're nothing alike. TARA

Yeah. He complimented my paper, and then... made a crack about you. And your writing. JESS

I wrote bad papers in his class. TARA

Yeah, well, he shouldn't be telling me that. It's unprofessional. Which I may have told him. In colorful language. JESS

Whoa! You used "colorful language??" TARA

I'll just have mom sign it. JESS  
(Starts to leave)

No! Sorry. I didn't mean... I meant thank you. Seriously. Thank you. TARA  
(TARA takes the form and signs it.)

Yeah. JESS



**SEE / DO**

*TIA is sitting on her own on a bench.  
MARIE approaches.*

You okay? MARIE

I'm fine. TIA

They're jerks. MARIE

Really? Gosh, I hadn't figured that out. TIA

They're ... dumb guys... You have to ignore them. MARIE

You don't ignore them. TIA

I don't have to. They don't make fun of me. MARIE

Great. So what is this? A sympathy call? Why are you here? TIA

You were upset. I'm... I'm trying to be nice. MARIE

Well, thanks. TIA

*(She reconsiders.)*  
Actually... I mean that. Thank you. It's nice of you to make sure I'm okay.

Yeah. MARIE

*(pause)*  
Have you ever thought about wearing make-up?

What? TIA

Well, have you ever thought... it's just... you have a really pretty face, but you never... do anything with it. MARIE

Are you complimenting me or making fun of me right now? I can't tell. TIA

I'm not ... I mean, I'm complimenting you. I'm just saying that maybe if you wore some make-up, and dressed a little... MARIE

Better? TIA

No. MARIE

Sluttier? TIA

What? No! MARIE

TIA

But that's what you mean. If I put on some lipstick and a shorter skirt - If I make myself look like they think I should look - if I make myself look like you, they won't make fun of me. At least, not as much.

MARIE

Okay, I'm just trying to help you.

TIA

How, exactly? Conform, then be accepted?

MARIE

It's not about conforming!

TIA

Then what is it about?

MARIE

It's... Maybe it's about not going out of your way to be different. To be "counter-culture." Or hippie. Or whatever you call this.

TIA

I'm not going out of my way to be anything. I'm just being me.

MARIE

Well, that hasn't gotten you real far.

TIA

As opposed to you?

MARIE

I do just fine.

TIA

That's what they say. Their comments to you are always really nice. About your clothes. How you walk. They make other comments about you too. When you're not there. Those don't have a lot to do with clothing, though.

MARIE

They're guys. They're just dumb guys.

TIA

And you're giving them what they want. And I'm not. So which one of us is winning?

(pause)

MARIE

I don't know.

TIA

Yeah. Neither do I.

**BY THE NUMBERS**

*TAYLOR is studying intently. KELLY sits next to her, playing with the pencil in her hand.*

KELLY

Do you ever wonder why it has to be number two? Like, what's the number refer to? What happens if you use a number eight?

TAYLOR

Kelly, shut up.

KELLY

No I'm serious. I'm gonna bring a number twenty-four.

TAYLOR

There's no twenty-four.

KELLY

Are you sure?

TAYLOR

It only goes up to nine.

KELLY

Why?

TAYLOR

I... I don't know. It's about how hard the lead is. Softer lead makes darker marks. It needs to be a number two so the machine can read your answer.

KELLY

Seriously?

TAYLOR

Can we please study?

KELLY

Why? I'm probably dropping the class, anyway.

TAYLOR

What?

KELLY

Don't freak out on me.

TAYLOR

Why?

KELLY

Because the veins in the forehead pop out and --

TAYLOR

Why are you dropping the class?

KELLY

I don't know. Mr. Jackson says it's a good idea.

TAYLOR

What did he say? Exactly.

KELLY

He said it's a hard course. And if it's too stressful for me, maybe I shouldn't be in honors.

TAYLOR

You have a B+.

KELLY

Yeah, but...

TAYLOR

And you barely study.

KELLY

Well, yeah.

TAYLOR

But you're a girl.

KELLY

What? What's that have to do with -

TAYLOR

He gave the same advice to me when I went to him for extra help. And he said the same thing to my sister two years ago. He told her that statistically, girls are worse in math and science.

KELLY

So... maybe I'm a statistic.

TAYLOR

Or maybe he's making you into one by talking down to you. Prove him wrong. Work harder, get the 'A' you deserve and show him that he's a horrifying lump of a dinosaur-man who's barely avoiding extinction.

KELLY

Is that why you work so hard?

TAYLOR

I work hard because I'm intelligent and capable and no one is ever going to tell me what I can or can't achieve.

KELLY

So... yes.

TAYLOR

Whatever keeps me motivated. You want some nasty old dude telling you you're not good enough?

KELLY

I don't even want a good looking young dude telling me that.

TAYLOR

Right. So let's study.

**SPOT ON**

*ARIA is finishing some homework.  
LACIE walks in.*

LACIE  
Don't say anything.

ARIA  
What?

LACIE  
Don't. Not a word.

ARIA  
About what?

LACIE  
Oh that's really funny.

ARIA  
I'm not trying to be--

LACIE  
Don't mock me.

ARIA  
Okay. Is it mocking if I ask if you've gone crazy?

LACIE  
I look terrible!

ARIA  
You... look the same.

LACIE  
Oh, ha ha.

ARIA  
You look exactly like you did yesterday.

LACIE  
This started yesterday???

ARIA  
What? What started? What's going on?

LACIE  
My skin.

ARIA  
What about it?

LACIE  
I'm all broken out.

ARIA  
You are?

LACIE  
Really? Are you blind?

ARIA  
Um... well, either I'm blind, or you're a little over sensitive.  
Which one is more likely?

LACIE  
What are you implying?

ARIA  
I'm not. You're oversensitive. You've always been over sensitive. Whatever microscopic dot appeared on your face since yesterday is completely invisible to everyone who doesn't have their micro-spectrometer on hand.

LACIE  
Really?

ARIA  
Yes. You look fine.

LACIE  
I don't believe you.

ARIA  
I'm serious.

LACIE  
You think I'm oversensitive?

ARIA  
Oh, G-d.

LACIE  
I can't believe you'd say that to me. After everything I'm dealing with today!

ARIA  
I guess I'm horribly *in*-sensitive.

LACIE  
I need to go to the nurse's office. My head hurts.

ARIA  
That makes two of us.

**SADD**

*JAI is gathering things into her backpack. NAT enters. JAI sees her, glares at her, then goes back to her bag.*

Thank you. NAT

Don't. JAI

I mean it. NAT

You have nothing to thank me for. JAI

You didn't tell my parents. Unless you did. Wait, did you? NAT

No. Not yet, anyways. JAI

Look, it's not a big deal. NAT

Uh huh. JAI

It was one beer. NAT

I'm sure. JAI

It was a lite beer, Jai. It was practically water. It's nothing. NAT

So why don't you want me to tell your parents? If it's nothing. JAI

*A pause.*

You know why. NAT

The first time your brother drank, it was one beer. JAI

I'm not him. NAT

No. He was awesome. And honest. He didn't preach his moral convictions in front of everyone then backtrack the first chance he got. JAI

NAT

That's not fair.

JAI

None of it's fair, Nat. Not one second of it. But the next time you get up at an assembly asking for donations or talking about SADD meetings, don't look at me for support. Cause I'll be walking out the door.

NAT

Don't be like that. You have no idea how hard this has been for me. None.

JAI

So you decided to blow off a little steam? Take a break from being yourself?

NAT

Yes, actually! That's exactly what I did. I needed a break. From my life. From everyone's expectations of me. Yes, I preach and I tell his story and I do what they tell me so we can "raise awareness," so no one else runs their car off the highway and destroys the lives of their parents. And their sister. And I had one little drink at a party two nights ago. And it's not a big deal.

*A pause.*

Thank you for not telling my parents.

JAI

Yeah. But you should know, Adam posted a picture online.

NAT

What?

JAI

It's from the side. But you can tell it's you.

NAT

Oh, G-d.

JAI

I'm not going to say anything. But you may want to.

*JAI exits. NAT sits down, putting her head in her hands.*



OUT TO LUNCH

*RYA is lying on the grass,  
tanning. FAITH enters.*

FAITH

Hey.

RYA

Oh, hey.

FAITH

Where were you?

RYA

What?

FAITH

I was waiting. In the cafeteria? Like we said?

RYA

Oh, sorry. I got caught up. Did you wait long?

FAITH

Just all of lunch.

RYA

Sorry. Really.

FAITH

This is the second time this week.

RYA

I know. I'm just... really scattered right now. And I wasn't sure that I couldn't be there.

FAITH

What?

RYA

I mean, I knew I had to make up my math test, but I thought I'd get it done fast and then be at lunch.

FAITH

Why didn't you just tell me that?

RYA

I don't know. It didn't seem important. I thought I could be there.

FAITH

But you weren't sure.

RYA

I guess not.

FAITH

Do you have any idea how rude that is?

RYA

Well, I didn't want to eat lunch alone.

FAITH

But it's okay that I sit there, alone, waiting for you?

RYA

I didn't think you'd mind.

FAITH

Is my time somehow not as valuable as yours is?

RYA

No. I mean... no. Not at all. Look, if it was a problem, you could have just said no.

FAITH

Rya... you don't treat people like this.

RYA

Like what?

FAITH

Like they only exist to make your life better. I waited for twenty minutes. Brianna invited me to study with her, and I turned her down so I could wait for you.

RYA

Well that was your choice. I didn't make you turn her down and I didn't make you wait.

FAITH

No, you didn't. And you certainly won't get the opportunity to again.

*FAITH exits.*

**A CROWD**

*SARA and LEE are sitting at a lunch table. MAL is walking by.*

We'll ask Mal. SARA

No! LEE

Ask me what? MAL

Lee needs a ride home on Saturday after rehearsal. SARA

No I don't. LEE

Mal lives like three blocks away from you. SARA

Where's your mom gonna be? MAL

Don't worry about it. I'll find a ride. LEE

My dad can drive you home. MAL

Great. SARA

But where's your mom going to be? MAL

She has... plans. LEE

She has a date. SARA

Sara! LEE

What? SARA

Your mom has a date? MAL

No. Kind of. Don't say anything. LEE

Don't say anything to who? SARA

Yeah, I don't think I will. MAL

I'll find a different ride. LEE

It's not a big deal. MAL

LEE  
I don't want it to be awkward.

SARA  
What are you talking about?

LEE  
Nothing.

MAL  
Our parents are dating.

SARA  
What?

MAL  
Well, were.

SARA  
Oh. That is awkward.

LEE  
They weren't dating.

MAL  
What do you call it then?

LEE  
They went out like five times.

MAL  
That's not dating?

SARA  
For some people that's a relationship.

LEE  
You're not helping!

SARA  
Sorry. What's the big deal?

MAL  
Her mom dumped my dad.

SARA  
Oh.

LEE  
She didn't dump him. She just... didn't want to see him again.

SARA  
That's called dumping.

LEE  
Will you shut up?

SARA  
No! And why didn't you tell me about this?

LEE  
Why would I?

SARA  
Because you tell me everything.

LEE  
Not always.

SARA  
You've told me about every other crazy weirdo that your mom has gone out with.

MAL  
Oh, thanks!

LEE  
(To SARA)  
Will you please stop talking!

SARA  
That came out wrong!

MAL  
You think?

SARA  
Your dad's a great guy!

MAL  
Lee doesn't think so.

SARA  
What?

LEE  
That's not true!

MAL  
You begged your mom not to go out with my dad.

SARA  
You did?

LEE  
No! Sort of. How did you know that?

MAL  
Your mom told him on their first date. She thought it was funny that you were so embarrassed.

SARA  
Why would you be embarrassed?

MAL  
Because she doesn't like my dad.

LEE  
That's not true!

MAL  
But he'll still give you a ride home on Saturday. 'Cause that's the kind of nice-guy-crazy-weirdo he is.

LEE  
Mal! I don't think he's crazy. Your dad seems cool. Really.

SARA  
Just not cool enough to date her mom.

LEE  
Sara!

MAL  
You don't have to explain it.

LEE  
I'm embarrassed by her.

*A pause.*

MAL  
What do you mean?

LEE  
I mean she goes out with guys all the time. For a few weeks. Then drops them and meets someone else.

SARA  
That's true. She does that all the time.

LEE  
Your dad... he's volunteered around school. He helped with that charity thing last month. He seems like a nice person.

MAL  
He is.

LEE  
Yeah, well, I didn't want my mom doing that to someone I know. That's why I begged her not to go out with him.

MAL  
Oh.

LEE  
Yeah.

SARA  
Your mom kinda sucks.

LEE  
Sara!

MAL  
Really, Sara, don't talk. Ever again.

SARA  
Everyone's thinking it!

LEE  
That doesn't mean you say it.

SARA  
It doesn't mean you say it.

MAL  
We can give you a ride home. I mean, I'll ask my dad, but he'll say yes.

LEE  
Thanks. And Mal... sorry.

MAL  
It's fine. He'll get over it.

*Mal exits.*

SARA  
Not as fast as your mom did, of course.

LEE hits Sara on the arm and exits.  
What?

**FLICK**

*JORDAN, VIC and QUINN are sitting on the couch or the ground. A movie has just ended.*

JORDAN  
Okay, go home.

VIC  
You go home.

JORDAN  
I am! I want you both to leave so I can go to sleep.

QUINN  
Some host.

VIC  
Seriously.

QUINN  
I mean, the movie ends and she's practically throwing us out.

JORDAN  
*The movie? The third movie. It's two AM. My parents would be throwing you out right now if they were awake.*

QUINN  
Oh, shoot. We should be quiet.

JORDAN  
No, they sleep like the dead.

QUINN  
Really?

VIC  
*(louder)*  
Really??

JORDAN  
Don't.

VIC  
*(Even louder)*  
Like the dead?!?

JORDAN  
Not funny. Stop. Now. Just go home.

QUINN  
We have part four, you know.

JORDAN  
No.

VIC  
I thought it was a trilogy.

QUINN  
Nope. Series. The sixth one starts filming this summer.

JORDAN  
I'm going to sleep. I'm not watching anything else.

QUINN  
Fine, go to sleep. But why should that stop us?

JORDAN  
Because it's my house!

VIC  
Is your name on the mortgage?

JORDAN  
The what?

VIC  
The mortgage. Like the... the house bills.

JORDAN  
I'm fifteen!

VIC  
Right. Then it's not your house. It's your parents' house.

QUINN  
*(Loud)*  
Should we ask them?

VIC  
*(Louder)*  
Maybe we should.

JORDAN  
Stop it!

QUINN  
*(Tossing a DVD to VIC)*  
Let's watch part four.

JORDAN  
You're hijacking my television!

QUINN  
From what? Reruns of The Bachelor?

JORDAN  
That's not funny.

VIC  
Hey! This one has that actor.

JORDAN  
Who?

VIC  
The... the hot one from that beach movie.

QUINN  
He's actually done some pretty impressive stage work in London.

VIC  
Well, now he's hit the big time.

JORDAN  
The fourth part of a slasher flick made on no budget isn't the big time.



VIC

It's my big time.

JORDAN

I don't even want to know what that means.

QUINN

The director actually made his name with an Indie film a few years ago. He won the grand-jury award at Cannes.

VIC

*(Playing the film)*

See? I'm sure that's nerd language for "good movie."

JORDAN

I want to go to sleep!

VIC

We promise not to stop you.

QUINN

Quiet! The credits are the best part.

**FAVORS**

*RACHEL and MCKAYLA are sitting on a couch watching TV.*

*EVA is heard from off stage.*

Hello? EVA (O.S.)

*RACHEL and MCKAYLA exchange a confused look.*

Hi!! EVA  
(entering with a gift bag)

Hi, Eva. RACHEL

*EVA looks around. Confused. MCKAYLA looks horrified.*

Where is everyone? EVA

Eva! MCKAYLA

My parents are away. RACHEL

No. I know. I mean.... EVA

Eva, what are you doing here? On Saturday? MCKAYLA

I was... EVA

Why do you have a gift bag? RACHEL

Oh no. EVA

Oh G-d! MCKAYLA

You didn't! RACHEL

I think I made a mistake. EVA

Really!! MCKAYLA

You planned a surprise party. RACHEL

I... MCKAYLA

For me. RACHEL

EVA  
I'm so sorry.

RACHEL  
(To MCKAYLA)  
Why would you do that?

EVA  
Isn't it your birthday?

RACHEL  
On Tuesday. Today's Saturday.

MCKAYLA  
The party's tomorrow!!!

EVA  
I ruined everything, didn't I?

MCKAYLA  
Yes!

RACHEL  
No. You saved everything. Because now we can cancel it. Everybody wins!

MCKAYLA  
How does everybody win?

RACHEL  
Because I don't have to kill you for throwing me a surprise birthday party. You get to live! Win!!

EVA  
Why don't you want a birthday party?

RACHEL  
I hate parties!

EVA  
Maybe you just need to go to some good ones.

RACHEL  
I hate crowds. I hate loud music. And I hate people acting stupid.

EVA  
Oh. Maybe you need to go to some bad ones.

RACHEL  
I'm not going to any.

MCKAYLA  
This wasn't like that. I wanted it to be nice. Just a few of us. Sitting around talking.

RACHEL  
My parents said they'd kill me if I had anyone other than you over.

MCKAYLA  
No. I talked to them. They knew about it. They wanted it to be a surprise, too. So, you know, they figured it would be funny if they... Threatened you.

EVA  
Hilarious.

RACHEL

Why would you do this to me? I've had such a crap year and school is nothing but stress and I'm hardly talking to anyone other than you. Why would you invite a bunch of people I don't like over to my house.

EVA

Do you want me to go?

RACHEL

No. You're fine. I didn't mean you. Sorry.

MCKAYLA

I did this because you've had a crap year. And because school is nothing but stress. And I invited Eva and Charlotte and Lydia and Tara and Jess.

RACHEL

Jess is in town?

MCKAYLA

She will be. Tomorrow. For you.

RACHEL

Oh. Wow.

*(After a moment)*

Okay fine. I like all of those people.

EVA

Even Lydia?

RACHEL

What's wrong with Lydia?

EVA

Oh. Nothing.

MCKAYLA

So we can have the party?

RACHEL

Yes. I'll even pretend to act surprised.

MCKAYLA

You don't have to do that.

RACHEL

Or maybe I'll hide under the couch and once they're all here, I'll jump out and scare them.

EVA

You *have* to do that!

RACHEL

Thank you, McKayla, for doing something to try and cheer me up.

MCKAYLA

It's because you're my best friend and I love you. And I want you to be happier.

RACHEL

Yeah. I know. Thank you.

*MCKAYLA and RACHEL hug.*

EVA

Okay, well... I guess I'll see you both tomorrow?

RACHEL

Goodbye, Eva.

EVA

Bye!

MCKAYLA

Wait! Isn't that for Rachel?

EVA

Well, I... I mean, yes. But.. I'll bring it with me tomorrow.

MCKAYLA

Nope.

*(MCKAYLA snatches the gift bag from  
EVA)*

Bring something else. Consider this the price for ruining the surprise.

**A TEST**

*LAURA is sitting with her books out.  
RENEE drags ANNIE into the room.*

Laura! RENE

Stop. ANNIE

You need to help. RENE

Okay. LAURA

No, you don't. ANNIE

C'mon! You know it's a great idea. RENE

I don't know that. ANNIE

What's going on? LAURA

You're going to tutor Annie. RENE

What? LAURA

For the Chem test. RENE

No, she's not. ANNIE

That's not a great idea, Renee. LAURA

Why not? RENE

I wouldn't be a good tutor. LAURA

You get A's all the time. Annie can't get above a C, and her mom's about to make her drop everything and get a tutor. Another tutor. RENE

Can you please continue to yell out all my personal business? Louder would be great. ANNIE

Why don't you tutor her? LAURA

She'd kill me. She already thinks I'm too bossy. RENE

Shocking. LAURA

ANNIE  
 Laura, forget it. I'll be fine. Really.

RENEE  
 Annie, sit down!

*ANNIE sits.*

LAURA  
 This is a bad idea.

RENEE  
*(Overlapping LAURA's line)*  
 Laura, you already have your Chem stuff out. Study together. It'll be perfect.

LAURA  
 Look, I don't want to be rude --

RENEE  
 What's the big deal? Just go over it with her.

LAURA  
 I really can't.

RENEE  
 I'll totally owe you. So will Annie. We'll bake you... cookies, or something.

ANNIE  
 Laura...

RENEE  
 Or bring you coffee all next week.

ANNIE  
 What is this?

RENEE  
 We'll do both!

ANNIE  
 Seriously, Laura, what are you doing?

RENEE  
 She's studying for the test.

ANNIE  
 This is the test.

RENEE  
 What?

ANNIE  
 You have a copy of tomorrow's test.

LAURA  
 It's not what you think.

ANNIE  
 Really? Because it looks like you're cheating. Tell me I'm wrong.  
*(A pause)*  
 Laura. Please tell me I'm wrong.

LAURA  
*(Starting to pack up)*  
 I should go.

ANNIE  
You can't just walk away right now.

RENEE  
Seriously.

ANNIE  
You have to explain this.

LAURA  
I can't.

RENEE  
Why would you even cheat? You've gotten like a hundred on every test.

*Another, possibly longer pause.*

ANNIE  
Oh my G-d. You've been cheating the whole time.

LAURA  
It wasn't... I didn't mean to... I was just looking at the class webpage back in September. And it... glitched. Or something. It gave me access to Ms. Tan's private folder.

RENEE  
You hacked the school?

LAURA  
I didn't hack. I just copied stuff. She keeps the entire year of class online.

ANNIE  
So, you just memorize the answers for each test? You don't learn any of it.

LAURA  
I have a lot going on this year, okay? And this just... seemed easier.

RENEE  
Seems a lot easier.

ANNIE  
It's also wrong.

LAURA  
I'm not going to be a chemist, okay, Annie? I have no interest in science or medicine or whatever. All I want is to do well enough in school so my parents have one less thing to fight about every night. Okay?

ANNIE  
Laura...

LAURA  
You can't tell. You can't. I'll be so screwed. You have no idea.

ANNIE  
I have some idea.

LAURA  
Look, take the stuff. Take the test. I'll send you the rest of the file.

ANNIE  
I don't want it.

RENEE  
Why not?



What?  
ANNIE

RENEE  
I mean... look, cheating is wrong. We know. We all know. But... she makes a good point. Are you going to be a chemist?

ANNIE  
I have no idea.

RENEE  
Do you want your mom to get off your back?

ANNIE  
I want... I want my mom to be proud of me. I want her to not hate me.

LAURA  
Yeah. I want my mom to do the same.

ANNIE  
Laura, if you need to talk--

LAURA  
I don't need to talk!

*A pause, tense. LAURA hands the test copy to ANNIE*  
Look, take it. Use it or burn it, I don't care. But please, please don't turn me in. Okay?

*LAURA grabs the rest of her things and exits.*

*ANNIE looks at RENEE.*

RENEE  
What?

ANNIE  
What should we do?

RENEE  
I don't know. I just know you have a test tomorrow.

*RENEE exits.*

*ANNIE looks at the paper.*