

Young playwrights Mayo 2024

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M A S K

Me Or You

Stoner Comedy

DETENTION

By
Lily-Marie

DETENTION

Lily-Marie

Scene One

ZIA and VIOLET are sitting at the back of a classroom. MR. BENNETT gets a paper cut while counting money from a cashbox. He winces and sucks his finger.

ZIA: Poor guy with all those paper cuts.

VIOLET: You think he'll ever learn?

ZIA: Doubt it. He does it every morning. I mean, you have to give him credit, he never forgets.

MR. BENNETT takes out his phone and rings someone.

BENNETT: (speaks into the phone) I won't let you down, I've counted it all.

VIOLET: I really hope I get a distinction or else my parents will kill

me.

ZIA: You will, don't worry.

VIOLET: I hope so. But I wonder, why doesn't he just get paid online?

Hey, not a big fan of science, but he sure takes his time counting his wages.

MR. BENNETT: (Loud whisper into the phone) Yes... I know, I know... of course I know how important this is... Dammit... don't curse at me.

VIOLET: Listen. Who do you think he's talking to?

ZIA: His son maybe?

MR. BENNETT: (Angry whisper) I'll get you the money today. If you ask me one more time I swear I'll kill you.

VIOLET: Sounds like he's involved in some sketchy business.

ZIA: You think so?

VIOLET: Probably some money laundering scheme.

ZIA: Or drug trafficking.

ZIA and VIOLET laugh.

VIOLET: Little does he know that we know exactly what he's up to.

ZIA and VIOLET both laugh. MR. BENNETT looks up from his desk at ZIA and VIOLET.

MR. BENNETT: (speaking into his phone) Don't worry, I have a plan. Shut up!

MR. BENNETT hangs up his phone. He collects the cash and places it in the cashbox and locks it in a safe.

MR. BENNETT: You two, up to the front.

ZIA and VIOLET turn around to see who he is talking to.

MR. BENNETT: Yes, you two.

VIOLET: Us?

MR. BENNETT: Yes.

VIOLET: But what did we do?

MR. BENNETT: (Mumbles under his breath) Non effigies, non potes effugere. Detention.

VIOLET: Huh?

MR. BENNETT: For talking back.

VIOLET: Did you hear him say something there?

ZIA: No.

VIOLET opens her mouth to start talking again, but ZIA pushes her down to sit in her seat at the front.

ZIA: (whispers) What did you do that for?

VIOLET: We need to be careful. After what we heard him say on the

phone, we don't know what he's capable of. He could be a drug dealer. I don't want us to get into any more trouble with him.

MR. BENNETT: That's detention for you too, Violet.

VIOLET stares at him open mouthed and shocked, before turning to look at ZIA.

VIOLET: What is his problem?

ZIA: Beats me. He sounds like some lunatic that's escaped from the asylum.

MR. BENNETT hands out the tests.

VIOLET: Please tell me I did well, please tell me I did well.

VIOLET turns over her page.

VIOLET: 39%!

VIOLET raises her hand.

MR. BENNETT: What?

VIOLET: Can you please just add on that 1 extra percent?

MR. BENNETT: No.

VIOLET: Why not? It's not hurting anyone.

MR. BENNETT: It's not fair on the students who decided to put the hard work into preparing for this test. I'd advise you to do the same next time. However, I may possibly sway my decision if you do me a favour later on in detention.

ZIA nudges VIOLET and peers over at her phone.

ZIA: Who are you texting?

VIOLET: Mum, so she can collect me. I'm trying to get out of having to go to detention and doing this guy some shady favour.

MR. BENNETT: Phone. On my desk. Now.

VIOLET groans and places her phone on his desk. MR. BENNETT puts her phone in his pocket.

VIOLET: Why did you put my phone in your pocket?

MR. BENNETT: I'm going to hold onto this until your detention has finished.

VIOLET: But you'll have gone home by then.

MR. BENNETT: I'm going to be your supervisor for the evening.

Scene Two

ZIA and VIOLET are both in detention copying out the school rules with MR. BENNETT.

VIOLET: What school rule are you on now?

ZIA: Rule 21. Respecting the instructions of your teachers.
What are you on?

VIOLET: 19. Mobile Phones should be switched off during the school day and stored in a students locked locker. 104 more to go.

MR. BENNETT: Girls, come up here, I want to speak to ye.

VIOLET and ZIA walk up to MR. BENNETT.

MR. BENNETT: I have a very important favour to ask of you two.

MR. BENNETT takes the cashbox out of the safe.

MR. BENNETT: I want you to give this cashbox to a courier that is waiting outside of the school gates. As soon as you have given the cashbox to them, I want you to come straight back to this classroom. And don't open the cashbox. There'll be big trouble if you let me down. Big. Trouble. For. Everybody. Understood?

ZIA and VIOLET nod their heads silently and walk out of the door with the cashbox in ZIA's hands.

VIOLET: Zia, we can't give this box to the courier outside.
There's no way.

ZIA: Oh, let's just do it and get it over with. Like you said, we don't want to get into any more trouble with him.

VIOLET: What if he finds out that we opened it?

ZIA: Don't be ridiculous. I'll just give them the cashbox quickly so they can get the money.

VIOLET: What exactly is in this cashbox?

ZIA: Money. What else is a cashbox used for?

VIOLET: Let's just take a look because you never know.

ZIA: There's obviously money inside, did you not see Mr. Bennett this morning counting it all.

VIOLET: Well, if you're so sure, open it.

ZIA: No, Violet! Violet!

VIOLET grabs the cashbox from ZIA.

VIOLET: I'm opening it. End of discussion.

VIOLET opens the cashbox and takes out two dolls that resemble ZIA and VIOLET.

ZIA: Where's all the money gone.

ZIA turns the box over and shakes it and two dolls and a manuscript fall out of it.

VIOLET: It's not there.

VIOLET picks up one of the dolls from the ground.

VIOLET: Look at these dolls.

ZIA: Let me see.

ZIA peers over VIOLET's shoulder. VIOLET puts the doll beside VIOLET's face for comparison.

VIOLET: This one has the same hair colour as you.

ZIA picks up the other doll on the ground by her hair.

VIOLET: Ouch!

VIOLET puts her hands up to her hair.

ZIA: (Gasps) Are you okay?

VIOLET: That felt like someone just tugged my hair.

ZIA: That's funny because this one has the same colour hair as you too.

VIOLET: And the same colour eyes.

ZIA: And nose.

VIOLET and ZIA look at each other.

ZIA: They can't be.

VIOLET: Zia I-I think they are.

ZIA: Why does Mr. Bennett have dolls of us?

VIOLET: I don't know.

VIOLET: I think there's something else in here too.

VIOLET picks up the manuscript on the ground.

VIOLET: It's a manuscript of some kind.

MR. BENNETT comes onto the stage, grabs ZIA, puts his hand over her mouth while ZIA is struggling to break free and drags her off the stage. VIOLET doesn't see this happen.

VIOLET: It's in some other language. It says – non effigies, non potes effugere. What do you think that means? (Pause) Zia? –

VIOLET TURNS AROUND TO SEE WHERE ZIA HAS GONE AND SHE IS
NOWHERE TO BE SEEN.

VIOLET: Zia? I need – I need my phone.

VIOLET searches her pockets. VIOLET can hear MR. BENNETT chanting over and over in her mind, 'non effigies, non potes effugere, you can't get out, you won't get out', as background noise.

VIOLET: What's happening?

VIOLET paces around the room.

VIOLET: You're not real // Get out of my head. Zia, is that you?

VIOLET thinks she sees Zia grabs the cashbox and runs up to her, but she has vanished.

VIOLET: Come back Zia!

Scene Three

VIOLET tries to open the door to get outside but it is locked. VIOLET peers out through a window.

VIOLET: Is there anybody there? Please help! I need help!
(sighs) If only I had my phone with me.

MR. BENNETT appears out of nowhere.

MR. BENNETT: This phone?

VIOLET gasps.

MR. BENNETT: Have you given my cashbox to the courier yet?

VIOLET kicks the cashbox behind her with her foot.

VIOLET: No.

MR. BENNETT: Then where is it?

VIOLET: I don't know.

MR. BENNETT: But you had it.

VIOLET: I must've lost it.

MR. BENNETT: You have the cashbox, don't you?

VIOLET: No. I have no clue where it is.

MR. BENNETT: I can see it. It's right behind you. Give it back.

VIOLET: Why do you have dolls of us?

MR. BENNETT: (scoffs) So you opened the box. I asked you not to.

VIOLET: Well, I did.

MR. BENNETT: And you didn't give it to the courier outside.

VIOLET: There's nobody outside. I checked. You're
lying.

MR. BENNETT: Do you remember what I said if you disobeyed me?
Do you need me to remind you? I said that there'll be big trouble if you let
me down. Big. Trouble. For. Everybody.

VIOLET: What have you done with her?

MR. BENNETT: Let's just say she's been taken care of.

VIOLET: I won't let you have control over me!

MR. BENNETT: There's not much you can do now, Violet. You're in
my detention now.

HERE AND THERE

By

BILLY

Here And There

Scene 1

Phone rings. Abigail is nervous during the conversation.

Abigail: Hi mom, it's me, how have you been?

Mom: I'm great honey, how are you? It's been so long since you last spoke to me, everyones been so worried about you, where did you go?

Abigail: Yeah I know mom, I'm actually near your house right now, would it be fine if I stopped by?

Mom: Of course honey please drop by. I'd love to catch up.

Abigail: Yeah, I'll be there in like 5 minutes or so, and there's something I want to talk to you about specifically.

Mom: What is it you want to talk about?

Abigail:(awkward tone) It's best if I tell you in person.

Mom: Is it important?

Abigail: (sounds upset or disappointed) It is important to me, yeah.

Mom: Well whatever it is it'll be ok honey, i'm just happy to see my baby girl again.

Abigail: Alright then I'll see you soon mom.

Mom: Bye honey, I love you.

Abigail hangs up the phone. She proceeds to walk to the door of the house of her mother. Abigail knocks on door and her mother proceeds to walk over and open the door, as she does Abigail composes herself and gets ready to meet her mother by taking a deep breath.

Mom: Welcome home Abigail, come on in, take a seat.

Abigail: Hi mom *(they walk over to the kitchen table and sit down).*

Mom: So what is it you wanted to talk about?

Abigail: I uh- I don't really know how to say this, but I've been seeing someone.

Mom: Oh that's great honey, how long have you been seeing him?

Abigail: That's the thing it's been 2 years an//

Mom: //It's been 2 years? And you hadn't told me? Why did it take so long, do you not like me or something?

Abigail: Well I was just nervous of how you'd respond that's all, I didn't mean to upset you at all mom, I'm sorry.

Mom: Why would I be upset that you had gotten a boyfriend? It's all I ever wanted for my baby girl.

Abigail: (Abigail is getting more and more nervous) Well see uhm/ I/ I just.

Mom: So when will I get to meet him?

Abigail: what? I//

Mom: You're going to introduce me to my future son in law won't you? Your future husb//

Abigail: She's not my boyfriend!

A silence fills the room for a few seconds.

Abigail: (*Abigail sounds ashamed*) She's my girlfriend.

Mom: (*Her tone is strict and demanding*) That's not funny Abigail, you shouldn't joke about things like this.

Abigail:(Silence)

Mom: Abigail?

Abigail: It's not a joke mom. Her names Ali//

Mom: (*She raises her voice and gets angry*) How could you do this to me? I did everything right I was a good mom how could you turn out like this?

Abigail: Mom please it's ok, I'm not a bad person I'm just gay.

Mom: NO YOUR NOT

- Abigail: Mom! Its ok please calm do//
- Mom: You're just doing this to get back at me aren't you? *(she stands up from her seat and points her finger at abigail)* I was a good mother ok, don't you go ruining my reputation now
- Abigail: MOM!
- Mom: DON'T YOU RAISE YOUR VOICE AT ME!!
- Abigail: (Abigail is scared and on the verge of tears) I'm sorry ma'am
- Mom: I'm sorry I wasn't the perfect mom you wanted but I tried my best and this is no way to act just because you aren't happy with me.
- Abigail: *(Abigail stands up and tries to approach her mother while pleading with her)* This has nothing to do with you though, this is how I want to live my life and about who I want to love.
- Mom: You know that isn't true; I told you how those people are, they are just corrupted with sin and want to get back at the world. I don't want you to turn out like that, it's not a good life you know.
- Abigail: None of that is true, please hear me out mom i just want to be happy.
- Mom: I know you want to be happy but this isn't the way to true happiness you need to find a good man and marry him, then you'll be happy ok?
- Abigail: I don't need a man mom, I have a girlfriend. I don't want to find a good man or anyone else.
- Mom: See that's where this comes from!
- Abigail: What are you talking about?
- Mom: lets try sort this out together what man hurt you, let me fix you honey it'll be ok.
- Abigail: No man hurt me what are you talking about, this is just how I am. Please let me explain. I know it might be hard to accept but please listen to me.
- Mom: I don't need to hear you out because there's no way I'm going to let my daughter be a lesbian.
- Abigail: Mom...
- Mom: What?

Abigail: I/ I'm not a (sigh); You know what, it doesn't matter. I don't know what I expected.

Mom: Are you saying this is my fault?

Abigail: Of course I am! You always do this, you make everything about yo//

Mom: That is no way to speak to your mo//

Abigail: NO! *I'm* speaking now and your going to listen to me, I'm not some little girl you can bully anymore. I'm a grown ass woman and you're going to treat me as such. Okay?

Mom: I'm still your mother. I deserve respect.

Abigail: You deserve none of my respect. You were and still are a terrible mother.

Mom: I'm a terrible mother now, am I?

Abigail: YES! OF COURSE YOUR A TERRIBLE MOTHER! You hit me when I was young.

Mom: You were a difficult child.

Abigail: You overreacted to every little mistake I made and always managed to make it about you somehow.

Mom: I was simply disciplining you, clearly it didn't work.

Abigail: Yeah, it didn't work because you were a bad parent. And even now your still being one by getting so overworked about me being gay.

Mom: I'm just a worried mother and you're making me into some sort of monster.

Abigail: Oh come on.

Mom: What? Is that not what you're doing right now?

Abigail: No! I'm not doing anything, you're just deflecting and trying to make yourself the victim when you're the one who's being rude and hurtful.

Mom: I'm not the one who had a sour attitude and was aggressive coming into this conversation.

Abigail: WHAT?! That isn't true at all, you're just lying! I came in here hoping to at least get closure or reconcile somewhat, but no you haven't changed and your doing the same things you always do. Abuse others, avoid responsibility and lie.

Mom: You're making things up, I never abused you. I might have hit you here and there but it was for your own good.

Abigail: Were getting off topic none of that matters right now I wanna talk to you about my girlfriend.

Mom: There's nothing to talk about, your going to break up with that whore and get over this silly little phase.

Abigail: *(defensive and angry tone)* Don't you dare call her that, and it's not a phase I've been with Alice for 2 years now!

Mom: I don't CARE how long this person has known you, I will not have my reputation soiled like this. Do you even know what my friends would think if they found out my daughter was a gay?

Abigail: I DON'T CARE WHAT THEY THINK. And I don't care what you think either, so if your going to keep being a bitch the// *(The mother slaps Abigail)*

Mom: YOU DO NOT CALL ME THAT!

Abigail: *(shocked silence, she steps away from her mother)*

Mom: I AM YOUR MOTHER AND YOU WILL TREAT ME WITH RESPECT!

There's a silence for a brief moment as Abigail begins to cry.

Mom: Don't be a baby, I barely touched you.

Abigail: I never want to speak to you again, goodbye mom.

Abigail begins to walk away from her mother and doesn't look back

Mom: I'M NOT DONE SPEAKING TO YOU. GET BACK HERE YOUNG LADY!

Abigail leaves stage left. Mother storms off to stage right

SCENE 2

Abigail Comes in from stage left, knocks on door and opens it

Abigail: *(crying)* Alice?

Alice comes in from stage right after door knock.

Billy

Alice: Darling? Oh Abi what's wrong, are you ok? *(walks over to abigail and hugs her)*

Abigail: It didn't go well with my mom.

Alice: I'm sorry to hear that doll, it'll be ok now though, you're here with me. You're safe. ok?

Abigail: *(nods)* mhm.

Alice: You know that, right?

Abigail: I do yeah.

Alice: That's good hun, that's good. So what happened, do you wanna talk about it or do you just want comfort for now?

Abigail: Comfort.

Alice: That's ok honey i'm here.

(lights fade, end)

NJ

IT'S SHOW TIME

BY

NJ

IT'S SHOW TIME!

Astro does not know Entertainer is there

Entertainer: Well, look what I have found a new subject, it looks like they are waiting for someone or something. (*Entertainer then starts dancing around the kid and starts messing with him*). Wait I know what is wrong how silly of me I forgot to reveal myself, ha-ha, Hi kid.

Astro: (surprise) AH what the hell! Where did you come from and how are you glowing!!!

Entertainer: Oh, that's simple, my new friend. I am a spirit.

Astro: Oh, that makes wait whattttttttttttt!!!!!!! (A start running)

Entertainer: Why do they always run away? wait for me!

Astro: Of course, this is happening to me, stuff like this always happens to me. First, I forget my homework and books, then I get beat up by Jack and Brian, then I only got a 39 on my test and now I'm being chased by a god dam spirit, demon, monster thing please somebody, anyone help me!!!!

(Astro is now tired from screaming and shouting) phew, that was a close one, looks like I lost that ghost monster guy. Phew now I can finally real//

Entertainer: Peeck a boooooooooo

Astro: *(Astro is now terrified and is crouched in corner)* What the hell do you want from me? Please don't eat me.

[illegible]

Astro: So, you're not going to eat me?

Entertainer: Nope.

Astro: And you're not an evil demon monster ghost?

Entertainer: No, I'm a spirit sorry I did not mean to scare you let me introduce myself, *(bows)* I'm Entertainer nice to meet you.

Astro: *(Astro nervously says)* Hi nice to meet you, I am Astro.

Entertainer: Now that we got that out of the way, it is time to tell you why I am here.....

Astro: *(Astro annoyed)* Aren't you going to tell me or what?

Entertainer: What oh sorry I was thinking about pancakes again. Anyways I am here to cheer you up because I think you could use some positive//

Astro: *(Astro is now very annoyed and tired)* Look my parents have tried cheering me up and they always failed so//

Entertainer: But am a//

Astro: NO! I am fed up listening to you, I don't want your stupid help! I have enough problems so if you don't mind just go away and let me sleep!!!

Bullies are annoying Astro. The Bullies are off stage, E can't do anything but is overhearing this happen and is getting angry and frustrated.

Entertainer: Astro are you okay?

Astro: Really is that what you are asking me 'are you okay'? Yeah, I am perfectly fine, not like I just had the worst day of my life or anything.

Entertainer: Oh, I am sorry Astro.

Astro: *(A looks sad)*

Entertainer: Does this happen often or//

Astro: Yes, every day they make fun of me for no reason. They beat me up for no reason, they torment me for no reason.

Entertainer: Oh, I am sorry.

Astro: I just want to be myself, to watch the shows I like; to be let to dance and act, I just want to be me.

E: Well, I might know something about that after all, I'm not called Entertainer for nothing.

Entertainer is dancing around the stage happily and excitedly. But Astro is a bit nervous about the show.

Entertainer: What a wonderful, happy, gorgeous, fantastic, beautiful day!

Astro: Entertainer.

Entertainer: Yes, my good friend Astro.

Astro: I am a bit nervous about going on to the stage (*A now sounds like he's panicking*). What if I mess things up or what if the bullies are right or//

Entertainer: Astro listen, bullies are shells of themselves and when they see someone like you who are smart, intelligent, brave, fun and happy they get jealous and try to turn you into a shell. But you stuck through it you are incredible, and you are unstoppable.

Astro: Do you really think that I am unstoppable?

Entertainer: Of course, you have been through so much and you can do anything. You are like a bird; you are free to be yourself and you are free to do whatever you want. The world is your oyster, and you are 1000 and 10 percent unstoppable.

Astro gives Entertainer a hug

Astro: Thank you

Astro let's go of Entertainer – Entertainer starts walking to the back of the stage

Entertainer: Now I must go enjoy and be care//

A: Wait!

Entertainer stops moving and turns around to face Astro

Entertainer: Yes?

Astro: Do you want to dance with me? I'm still a bit nervous about it.

Entertainer: You don't have to ask me twice, it's show time!!!!!!

Music starts playing in the background Entertainer and Astro start dancing.

Last Words of a Shooting Star
Act One : The Opener

Atlas is sitting on the floor in the centre of his room with his eyes closed and his hands held out in front of him surrounded by some old books and an array of candles. Elias enters from stage right, eyes wide, walking slowly. Elias looks at Atlas confused for a moment before catching his reflection in Atlas' mirror and begins posing, in awe of his own looks.

ELIAS: ..and people said I wasn't Britain's sexiest man.

Atlas opens his eyes in shock and lets out a small squawk, quickly scurrying away from Elias. Elias moves to lean against Atlas' dresser.

ELIAS: *(Chuckles, speaking with charm)* Ain't this mental?

ATLAS: ..Didn't even think it was possible.
Are you really..

ELIAS: Elias Harvey? Yeah kid, it's me.

ATLAS: No, I, uh, meant.. Dead?

ELIAS: *(Irrked)* Wha' kinda stupid question is that? You're the one who summoned me.

ATLAS: It's just confusing that's all, sorry.

ELIAS: Well I'm here aren't I? So, whatcha want? Help with your music homework? Something to serenade your girlfriend with? An autograph?

ATLAS: An autograph? No offence, but, uh, I have no clue who you are, are you supposed to be famous or something?

ELIAS: Well yeah. *(Pauses then laughs weakly, surprised)*
Pulling my leg, yeah? Trying to act all humble
thinking I'll like you more for it?

Atlas shakes his head.

ATLAS: Haven't the foggiest who you are.

ELIAS: You don't.. Listen to music? Watch the telly?

ATLAS: I do, I just dunno who you are.

ELIAS: Elias Harvey?

ATLAS: Who?

ELIAS: The Terminal?

ATLAS: Airport building.

ELIAS: No, my band you moron!

ATLAS: I. Do. Not. Know. Who. You. Are!

ELIAS: Alright, alright..

ATLAS: I need to speak/

ELIAS: Do you know Bowie, Queen? Is the eighties just not
cool anymore?

ATLAS: *(Annoyed)* It's still cool. Bowie and Queen are
still pretty popular. Thing is they were *super*
famous.

ELIAS: So was the Terminal. We headlined Glastonbury,
twice, well more like one and a half. It would've
been twice.. If I didn't die obviously!

ATLAS: Okay, I need advice abo/

ELIAS: ..You aren't a bit intrigued? D'you not care like at all?

ATLAS: Not at all. Simply wanted some advice. Not a depressing episode of Top of the Pops.

ELIAS: I was on that y'know.

ATLAS: (*Sarcastically*) No way.

ELIAS: Sorry for bringing some life into your (*Elias gestures his hands around Atlas' room*) drab little room.

ATLAS: Well I don't wanna be in this drab room no more, that's why I wanted help.

ELIAS: Where'd you wanna go then?

ATLAS: Anywhere, as long as it's far from here, not London far, *far far*. I need to get away from my family/

ELIAS: Hmm, suppose you can sing, or play any instrument.

ATLAS: Nope. Enough with this music shite now.

Elias walks over to Atlas and crouches down to be eye level, pointing his finger at him.

ELIAS: D'y'know what musicians do? Tour. *Everywhere*. Anyone can learn an instrument. You've got the look.

ATLAS: So what if I do? Don't care for it.

Elias stands up and begins slowly pacing around the room.

ELIAS: Oh no! He doesn't care for it! I guess that's it then, and I'll be on my way and you won't be going nowhere with an attitude like that!

ATLAS: All I want is to travel and do whatever whenever.

ELIAS: Well it ain't that easy is it. If it was, I wouldn't be here and you'd be off in *Par-ee* . You don't get chances like this. I wanted to be an actor, wasn't born with RADA money so I made it work.

ATLAS: How would I even start though? I-I don't *play* anything or.. or know *anyone*!

ELIAS: I can teach you *everything*. Heck I'll write the songs for you, I know what everyone wants to hear!

ATLAS: Back in the eighties..

ELIAS: Rock is a timeless genre.

ATLAS: Is it?

ELIAS: Yes! So clean *this* up (*Elias gestures towards the candles and books on the floor*) and get a notepad, cause you *clearly* have a lot to learn.

ATLAS: Alright.. (*Jokingly*) Maybe I'll call myself 'The Baggage Handling'.

ELIAS: Was that meant to be a joke?

Elias throws himself onto Atlas' bed as Atlas begins tidying up the floor.

Act Two : The Main Event

A modern, sleek bedroom. Atlas walks in from stage right and sits down on the foot of the bed and puts his head in his hands. After a moment Elias runs in from stage right.

ELIAS: Why're you hiding in here? Party's out there.

ATLAS: I know, I know, need a breather.

ELIAS: You need to get back out there, loads of people from the Recording Academy are out there.
(Excited) You could win a Grammy! Isn't that crazy?

ATLAS: Mental.

ELIAS: At least act like you want it. It's my birthday present to you, also Christmas, 'cause it's *that* amazing.

ATLAS: Thanks Elias, can you go now.

ELIAS: Why're you being a dick? This is a big day, *in fact*, it's your big day! Can't believe you're twenty-five today, oh how the years have flown by am I right?

Elias sits beside Atlas.

ATLAS: Yeah, older than you now huh?

ELIAS: Ehh, not really. I'm sixty-three, don't look a day over twenty though (Laughs).

ATLAS: Technically maybe, but c'mon you can't say you've grown up over the years.

ELIAS: I may not be *alive*, but I have been *living* don'tchu think?

ATLAS: I guess. *(Pause)* Does it ever scare you that you can't... *change* or ...*progress*?

Elias appears confused by the question.

ATLAS: You can't grow as a person, you're *stuck*.

ELIAS: I've got you.

ATLAS: But I'm my own person.

ELIAS: I know that Atlas. I just think helping you is progress.

ATLAS: I...// Yeah, I guess so.

Atlas avoids looking at Elias.

ELIAS: What's the matter with you?

ATLAS: *(Sighs)* Don't worry about it.

ELIAS: Kinda my job, ghostly companion, so spill it. You worried about the album?

ATLAS: I don't... *Want* to do the album.

ELIAS: *(Laughs awkwardly for a moment)* What?

ATLAS: It just feels so *meaningless* to me. Thinking it's time to do something new.

ELIAS: What're you feeling? Pop? Rap?

Atlas shakes his head.

ELIAS: Jazz? .. You are *not* doing country music!

ATLAS: I don't wanna do any of that.

ELIAS: Indie is so not the way to go, you're just too big of a deal and//

ATLAS: Don't want to do that either!

ELIAS: Then what?

ATLAS: Nothing! I want to do nothing! I want to see the world and not worry about the next tour date or interview!

ELIAS: D'you need a break? I know it's a lot but this is your chance to solidify/

ATLAS: Solidify *what*? The career I didn't want?!

ELIAS: Right, it wasn't your first choice.. But you've loved the tours and// and the parties, and.. Your friends, you've met so many amazing people.

ATLAS: I loved it, I did.. You wouldn't get it.

ELIAS: Why not? I *always* have advice for you.

Atlas takes a deep breath and smiles sadly at Elias.

ATLAS: I'm outgrowing you. The first time I met you, you said you wanted to be an actor. You died so young you never got the chance/

ELIAS: Doesn't mean you're *the big responsible adult now*, does it?!

Elias quickly stands up and begins pacing back and forth.

ATLAS: Never said that, did I? Elias, you can't give me the help I need anymore.

ELIAS: You don't know that! You are just being mean!

ATLAS: If I wanted to be mean I'd be yelling about how irrelevant you are//

ELIAS: Well you've said it now! You are not getting rid of me just 'cause you think you're so high and mighty now.

ATLAS: (*Upset*) I'm trying so hard to do what's best for us! Could you handle watching me travel the world, living the life you never got to?

Elias stops pacing.

ATLAS: I'm sorry you missed out on the life you deserved, but it's time to move on.

ELIAS: I don't.. think I can.

ATLAS: We don't have to figure it out right now, we can give it some time.

ELIAS: Okay.

ATLAS: Yeah?

ELIAS: Mhm..

ATLAS: Let's just enjoy tonight.

Atlas stands up and walks over to stage left and waits for Elias who slowly trails behind him before exiting.

Act Three : The Encore

Elias is sitting on the couch, Atlas enters stage right and sits on the chair across from him.

ATLAS: Feeling alright?

ELIAS: Think so.

ATLAS: Anything I can do to help?

ELIAS: *(Weakly laughs)* Did you get the record player?

ATLAS: Yeah, unfortunately nowhere sells The Terminal on vinyl.

ELIAS: *(Feigns offence)* Oh don't say that!! Making me feel worse.

ATLAS: I'll find somewhere, I promise.

ELIAS: Ironically enough, you can get one at Glastonbury, suppose they felt bad.

Atlas laughs and then a silence takes over the room for few moments

ATLAS: I'm sorry I said you're irrelevant.

ELIAS: It was a real *dick* move.

ATLAS: It was, and it's not true.

ELIAS: *(Sullenly)* Now you're flattering me.

ATLAS: No, no, I'm being honest. All the music you've made for me has made so many people happy. All those crowds, they were for you, even if they didn't know it.

Another silence takes over the room as Elias takes in Atlas' words.

ELIAS: Y'know, I don't think I have long left.

ATLAS: Yeah.

ELIAS: No clue why I'm so nervous.

ATLAS: You've done it before. Didn't hurt the first time, did it?

ELIAS: No, but only 'cause I'd taken enough heroin to kill a small horse.

ATLAS: See! Nothing to worry about.

ELIAS: Mh.

ATLAS: You were okay the first time, you can do it again.

ELIAS: But what if// what if no one needs me again, then what.. what happens to me then? Do I just cease to exist?

ATLAS: I don't know, no one does. It is a strange and confusing part of life, but wherever you go.. No one will have a fucking clue who The Terminal is.

*Elias bursts out crying and laughing, Atlas laughs as well.
The two of them look at each other and smile.*

The End.

Ruby

M A S K

By

Ruby

MASK

Mikaela is at work cleaning the counters of the cafe, when 16 year old Dayna arrives late and flustered.

DAYNA: How do you do it, I don't think you've ever been late.

MIKAELA: (cheery) Well aren't you sweet, I just like to get up bright and early y'know, get some things done.

DAYNA: Wow. I wish I could be like that.

MIKAELA: Well, what can I say it comes naturally to me, now why don't you check the time on the oven?

DAYNA: Yes ma'am (salutes jokingly)

MIKAELA: What will I do with you?

DAYNA: Hey I heard that.

As Mikaela walks up to her front door she notices children playing outside.

MIKAELA: Well, aren't ye cute? It's a good day for football. Have fun!

As soon as her front door shuts behind her she sits down, glass in hand.

MIKAELA: (Angry) Ugh! My feet are killing me. Stupid job.

Just then her phone starts ringing in the other room.

MIKAELA: Who the hell is that?

She trudges over and grabs her phone.

MIKAELA: Dayna? What does she want? (Answers the phone.)

DAYNA: Hiii Mikaela, I was wondering if you could give me some advice.

(Mikaela rolls her eyes) Of course! What is it? (Overly cheery)

DAYNA: Well..., there's this guy right and I really like him but my mum doesn't and he invited me out. Do you think I should go?

MIKAELA: (Pauses to take a drink.) I don't know, what would your mum do if you got caught?

DAYNA: Oh she would for sure ground me and probably move me to a different school so I can't see him. She really doesn't like him.

MIKAELA: Well there's no reward without risk, right? So just don't get caught.
(She takes another gulp of her glass.)

DAYNA: Thanks! You're the best!

MIKAELA: (fake giggle) Oh stop it, you're too kind. (Another long swig.)

DAYNA: No really, you are. I don't know what I'd do without you.

Mikaela gets a little uncomfortable.

MIKAELA: Oh alright, anyways I gotta go; I have a friend's party to organise.
(Lying)

DAYNA: Oh, ok, bye! (Hangs up)

Mikaela fills her glass up again. A ball hits the side of her house; she opens the window and leans out.

MIKAELA: Christ on a bike! Do you kids ever shut up? I'm trying to get stuff done here. Now scram before I throw something.

The kids run away, some of them crying and she retreats back into her sitting room.

MIKAELA: Stupid idiots! Messing with my me time, now where was I...oh yeah
(looks at glass in hand and starts drinking again.)

The next week at work, Mikaela brings a flask with her.

DAYNA: Oooh, what you got there?

MIKAELA: (smiling) Oh just a little herbal remedy I made, coming down with a cold lately. (Takes a sip.)

DAYNA: Really? Can I try some?

MIKAELA: Fuck no! I mean no, I'll, uh, I'll make you your own cup of it some other time, wouldn't want to spread those germs! (Smiles a little too wide and takes a swig from her flask.)

Dayna hesitates a second before shaking her head and shrugging it off.

DAYNA: Yeah I guess that makes sense. Oh! Guess what? I went on that date with that guy... Max, and I think we might make it official soon. Isn't that great?"

MIKAELA: Pfft ha! You're ridiculous.

DAYNA: What? What do you mean?
MIKAELA: Umm yeah, sorry (sarcastic) Yeah that's sooo great.
DAYNA: I know, right?
MIKAELA: (looking annoyed) Right. Now, we can't...we can't just stand here talking the whole day, we've got work to do. So chop chop!

DAYNA: I never asked you about your boyfriend, what's he like?
MIKAELA: (smiling) Who says I've got a partner?
DAYNA: Oh come on, it's you! Who wouldn't want to be with you?
MIKAELA: (mumbles) A lot of people actually
DAYNA: What?
MIKAELA: I said, "You got me," I do have a boyfriend, he's pretty private honestly. (Over the top smile)
DAYNA: Oh, what's his name?
MIKAELA: I just told you he's a private person so STOP ASKING!
Dayna is slightly confused and slightly scared.
DAYNA : (Whispering) Uhhh, sorry....I...I was just wondering.
MIKAELA: (sighs) Sorry, sorry, bad day.
DAYNA: uhm, yeah ok.

Mikaela's at home again having glass back in hand when her phone rings

MIKAELA: (to herself) Ugh Dayna again? Are you kidding me?
DAYNA: Hi Mikaela I wanted your advice on something...
MIKAELA : (fake cheerful) Ask away! (Downs her glass and fills a new one.)
DAYNA: Ok...well you know Max, that guy I've been talking to...
MIKAELA: Yeah
DAYNA: Well it turns out my best friend Sasha likes him too and I don't know what to do cos' I've known her since playschool. I can't tell her we're talking cos' Max wants to keep it secret. (sighs)
MIKAELA: I see... (Takes another drink)
DAYNA: And now she wants my help to talk to him.

MIKAELA : *(Slurring her words)* Well I think you should just cut her off, she sounds like a toxic BITCH who's going to steal your man like the homewrecker she is.

DAYNA: What? But she's my best friend, I would never...

MIKAELA: Yeah? Well then you're more naive than I thought, and you deserve the heartbreak, BITCH!

DAYNA: *(Whispering through tears)* Uhh... what I...I thought we were friends.

MIKAELA: *(finishes off her drink.)* Well you...thought...WRONG. You're just a nuisance.

(Hangs up.)

The next week at work Mikaela comes in to find Dayna setting a table.

MIKAELA: Hi!

Dayna looks up but says nothing, turning around.

MIKAELA: What the hell? Why are you ignoring me? I've been NOTHING but nice to you.

Dayna takes a breath, visibly upset.

DAYNA: Nice? Nice? You call cursing me out and calling me a nuisance, nice? You must be mental or something.

MIKAELA: *(Begins slurring her words again.)* What, I never said any of that, don't be ridiculous. I would never.

DAYNA: You did. Last Tuesday when I called you.

MIKAELA: You're such a liar. I think I'd remember, but y'know what? You are a bitch. You're a big fat ugly BITCH. There now I've said it. Happy now, you WASTE OF SPACE!

Their Boss walks in at the end of her spiel.

BOSS: What is going on here? Mikaela, you do NOT talk to staff like that. What happened to you? You've been such a good employee until now.

MIKAELA: Ugh, whatever *(in baby voice)* I'm sorry Dayna, did I hurt your feelings?

BOSS: Mikaela! ENOUGH! I can't accept such horrible behaviour from an employee. You're suspended for a week; use it to think about your appalling behaviour.

MIKAELA: WHAT! You can't just do that to me. You need me.

BOSS: Oh I can and I just did.

Mikaela gets really pissed and runs at Dayna but the boss holds her back.

MIKAELA: You... you FUCKING ASSHOLE! This is YOUR FAULT.

BOSS: GET OUT! You cannot attack people. You're fired.

Mikaela runs out the door, raging. Dayna's phone buzzes and she sees a picture of some other girl kissing her boyfriend.

DAYNA: (crying) I should never have listened to her.

BOSS: Are you alright?

DAYNA : *(Rubbing her eyes)* Yeah. Yeah, I will be.

Dayna goes home sobbing and curses herself for listening to and trusting Mikaela.

DAYNA: Ugh how could I have been so stupid? I wish I never met her or Max. Why did he have to cheat on me? Why did I have to listen to Mikaela? That's it; I'm done being something I'm not. I'm done letting others think for me, that just got me a pile of shit.

Several weeks later and Mikaela comes to the café, despite having been banned.

MIKAELA: Hey, girl! Good to see you. You look great, how about we go catch up, hmm?

DAYNA: Umm, no. Don't act like we're friends when the last time we met, you tried to attack me. Get out. I'd really rather not serve you and I'm definitely not falling for that stupid mask you wear.

MIKAELA: What did I ever do to you?

DAYNA: Seriously? Were you not listening to a word I said, you attacked me! I'm not just gonna forgive that.

MIKAELA: FUCK you! You're just like the rest of them. Toxic. God, I'm a good person. None of you seem to get that. You're all a bunch of assholes that don't know anything about me.

DAYNA: NO! Clearly you don't know anything about yourself. Now leave before I get the boss.

MIKAELA: You people just love to blame everything on me! Why does everyone hate me so much? *(A mix of pain and anger on her face.)*

DAYNA: You insulted me, gave me shitty advice, you lied to me. That's why.

MIKAELA: Again with this gas lighting, I'd never do that. You're the bitch that got me fired for no reason.

DAYNA: Because you attack... *(pauses)* Y'know what? No, I'm not gonna keep going in circles with you. I'm sorry if you've had a tough life but that doesn't excuse your behaviour. Now leave.

MIKAELA: *(Turns to leave.)* Ok I'm going.
Grabs a salt shaker off one of the tables, spins around and chucks it at Dayna, only catching her in the arm.

DAYNA: What the hell? You crazy bitch! Get away from me. I'm so sick of your shit!

MIKAELA: NO! Not until you apologise.

DAYNA: Me?! Apologise? You're crazier than I thought. You're the one who threw a salt shaker at me and you want me to apologise.

MIKAELA: Ugh Unimportant. You still lied and got me fired.

DAYNA: I didn't lie, besides the boss was there when it happened and fired you, on the spot.

MIKAELA: I had hoped to find a more reasonable girl who'd apologise to me but clearly you're too immature so don't come crawling back to me when you need my help.
(Mikaela then leaves, returning home.)

MIKAELA: Maybe Dayna was right, maybe I am the problem. I've always been the problem haven't I? *(She stares at a family photo as she begins crying and has another drink to console herself.)*

The end

Blake

Me Or You

Act One

Scene begins in a cinema. Barry is standing in the hall at a door going through a phone while on his phone to someone else

Barry: I don't know I just think she's hiding something

He looks around to make sure nobody is there

Barry: I don't see anything yet

Jane enters behind him on the other side of the stage. Barry looks around again and sees her

Barry: Oh shit I gotta go

Jane: What are you doing?

Barry turns around and puts the phone to his side as Jane walks over

Barry: What?

Jane: (aggressively) What are you doing?. Is that my phone?

Barry: I...(sighs)... yea it is

He hands the phone back and she snatches it from his hand

Jane: What the fuck is wrong with you. Why would you just leave me passed out beside your friends in a cinema to look through my phone

Barry: Because i/

Jane: Because you what Barry. You thought i was cheating on you? You thought i was going behind your back did you?

He stares at her

Jane: Did you find anything interesting?

Barry: No

Jane: Exactly. God Barry there is actually something wrong with you. I am actually done with your shit. You are so controlling and obsessive towards me/

Barry: Jane/

Blake

Jane: No Barry you are sick in the head. The stalking and the controlling is sick. You are sick. You need help

Barry: I need help? Are you serious? I'm not the one who disappears for days to get pissed or get high or whatever the hell you do when you disappear

Jane: And now you're blaming me. Why cant you just EVER take responsibility when you do something wrong

Barry: Jane everything I have done. I have done for YOU

Jane: oh so when you do bad things its okay but when i do it then I'm in the wrong

Barry: No Jane/

Jane: What about all the bad things you've done Barry, huh? Remember Luke? Just around the time we started talking he just stopped talking to me after we had been friends for 3 years, and I know for a fact you had something to do with that.

Barry: Jane he was bad for you. You couldn't see that/

Jane: Thats not your decision to make. You cannot control my life. What did you do to him anyways? Did you threaten him?

Barry: i didn't DO or say anything to Luke

Jane: Oh you and I both know that's bullshit Barry

Barry scoffs to himself

Jane: Jesus Barry how am I supposed to trust you/

Barry: Trust me? I. can't. Trust. YOU

Barrys eyes open wide as if he is nearly gone insane

Jane scoffs and shakes her head

Barry: We had planned to go to the cinema, but you decided to once again to get drunk and ignore me and then who do I find you with? Franklyn. Your ex. How am I even supposed to trust you? You wouldn't even come with me you wanted to stay with him

Jane: Well maybe its because I loved him more. He treated me right. He knows me more than you ever will/

Barry: You... You don't mean that

Jane: I do. He knew me better than you ever will

Blake

Barry: Stop

Jane: And every time you and I kissed, I wish it was him

Barry: (upset) Jane/

Jane: (sinister) Every time you touched me id pretend its him and every I love you I said to you. It was meant for him/

Barry: THATS ENOUGH!

Barry makes himself large and moves closer to her. Eyes wide open

Jane: (long pause) Don't fucking shout at me

Barry: Jane I/ I'm sorry I/

Jane: No Barry. No that... that's it

Barry: What?

Jane: Thats it I'm done. I'm done with you

Barry: jane please I'm sorry/

Jane: If we don't have trust. Then we have nothing

Barry: Jane Jane please don't.

Jane walks past Barry while he grabs her arm

Jane: let go of me

Barry: Jane please I/

Jane: LET GO OF ME!

Barry lets go of jane

Jane: Don't ever talk to me again

Jane walks of stage

Barry: I'm sorry...

Act Two Scene 1

Blake

Scene opens with Barry sitting on a bench outside an empty park. Jane walks over to him from stage left and sits down beside him

Jane: Hey

Barry stays silent staring down

Jane: (stubborn) So you're just not gonna talk to me or?

Barry: How could you

Jane: what?

Barry: you know what I'm talking about

Jane stares at him with a guilty silence

Barry: How could you cheat on me?

Jane: I... I don't know

Barry: A week ago you broke up with me because i thought you were hiding something behind my back and you were

Jane: Barry/

Barry: No jane. How could you

Barry stands up then jane slowly stands up after him

Barry: I don't understand. You said you loved me. You said I could trust you and then you cheat on me with Franklyn when you told me not to worry and that you were over him.

Jane: I know

Barry: (voice breaks) you said you loved me. Me. That it was me. That i was THE ONE for you jane.

Jane: I know

Barry: (upset and anger in his voice) And look at what you've done to me. The things I've done for you. The people i pushed away for YOU. The lies I've told for YOU. The people that I hurt for YOU. You accuse me of being this disgusting controlling monster who could do these horrible things but now really WHO, who is the monster. (long dramatic pause) why did you do it?

Jane: Barry...

Barry: Why jane...

Blake

Jane: I... I don't know Barry. I don't know why I did it. But I do love you/

Barry: No, no you don't. If you did... then you wouldn't have done what you did. All the things I've done for you, did it mean nothing?

Jane: I didn't ask for any of it Barry. I didn't ask for you to love me. I didn't ask for you to stalk me and dissect my life. I didn't need some hero on a white horse to come in and sweep me off my feet. I didn't ask you to do any of it. YOU did it. You got yourself here

Barry: (slowly shaking his head) I don't even know what to say to you anymore.

Jane: You brought this on yourself

Barry: But I love you... doesn't that mean something to you?

Jane: It does Barry... but sometimes love isn't enough

Barry: It was enough for me

Jane: Barry/

Barry: No I don't understand. You said it was me Jane. You love me. You promised it was me. Where did that go?

Jane: I don't know, but Barry I am so sorry for hurting you. Please know that

Barry: Well it doesn't matter now. It's over. but why didn't you tell me?

Jane: I was going to/

Barry: No you weren't. Stop lying. I just hate how I had to hear it from someone I barely knew instead of you. But as I said, it doesn't matter anymore

Barry begins to walk away but stops and looks back

Barry: I hope you know I would have done anything for you. You lost that Jane

Jane: Wait... you do know that your friends knew, yea?

(The huge weight of what was just said makes the play stop for a few seconds)

Dramatic pause!

Barry: what?

Jane: Yea they knew on the night. They didn't tell you?

Barry: No... no they didn't

Blake

Jane walks off stage left

ACT 2 SCENE 2

Scene starts as Barry walks on to find Jason

Jason: Hey, how are you doin? Did you talk to her?

Theres an awkward silence held for a few seconds

Jason: Hello/

Barry: Did you know?

Jason: what?

Barry: Did you know Jason

Jason: I uhh I don't know what you're talking about

Barry: Jason.... did you know

Jason: (pause) Yes

Barry: (pleading) And you couldn't even tell me? I'm your best friend

Jason: I know/

Barry: you let me sit there that night and take care of her and have her break my heart and then you let me feel horrible for a week and you knew the whole time? Why Jason?

Jason: I... I was told not to tell you/

Barry: I'm your best friend Jason. I would have told you in a heartbeat and you know that

Jason: I know. Barry I'm sorry/

Barry: I am sick of these apologies

Jason: Cmon Barry, its not that big of a deal

Barry stares at Jason with a silence

Barry: Are you being serious?

Jason: She was no good for you anyways. If anything, this is a good thing.

Blake

Barry: Do not start this shit again Jason

Jason: You changed Barry. Whether you realize it or not. You changed. And not for the better. You took her phone Barry, you had no right doing that/

Barry: (aggressively) You know damn well why/

Jason: And even now look at you... look how aggressive you are with me and how you were with her. Its better for you this way that now that she's gone/

Barry: She made me happy. Shes actually been there for me whenever I needed her unlike you. You've been a bad friend ever since I started going out with her. Are you jealous I'm not constantly giving you my attention anymore?

Jason: Thats not fair for you to say

Barry: Fuck you Jason

Jason: Ya know what... I'm not gonna even bother with you anymore man

Jason looks at Barry with disgust and walks off

Barry: Yea leave me too just like everyone else. Some friend you are. I don't need you anyways (shouting) I NEVER NEEDED ANY OF YOU

Barry looks out to the audience slowly descending from rage to guilt

Act Three

Scene opens outside the back doors of the cinema

Barry walks in from stage right to find Jane waiting for him

Jane: (upset with a bit of joy) You came

Barry: I probably shouldn't have but I'm here anyways.

Jane: How've you been?

Barry: Great actually, I've really started to focus on myself and I'm somewhat happy

Jane: Really?

Barry: No not at all.

Blake

They Laugh together

Barry: Anyways, why did you ask to see me?

Jane: Look Barry over the last week I've/

Barry: Save it Jane. I really don't want to hear it

Jane: Barry please.. Just hear me out

Barry: (sighs) Fine... go on

Jane: I've thought a lot about what I've said and done and how the affected you and our relationship. I am so sorry Barry.

You don't understand how much pain I feel since i hurt you. I'm gonna stop doing what I used to and I'm going to work on myself. I want to heal and I'm going to do it for myself, but you are my biggest motivation.

Jane holds Barrys hands

I love you. You are the most special person in my life. I know I said you're not Franklyn, you're you. And that's exactly what I want, and I know that for certain. (voice begins to break) I can't lose you and even if I do it will be all my fault and I can't live with that. I want you by my side through all of this. But I understand if you don't want to do that. But I need you to know how sorry I am and how much you mean to me and how much I hate myself for doing this to you. If you take me back and be by my side, we can work through anything. You're worth it Barry. I hope I am too

Barry: Did you rehearse that?

Jane (Softly laughs while wiping away tears) how could you tell

They both laugh

Barry: Jane I... I don't know/

Barry lets go of her hands

Jane: Please Barry... just give me one more chance. I love you

Barry stares at her not knowing what to say

Jane: Please just... just say something

Blake

Barry: What do you want me to say? (mocking) of course ill come back and ill forget everything that happened. I can't do that jane. You broke our trust/

Jane: So let me earn that trust back.

Barry: Why should I believe you?

Jane: because I promise to you that I will change. That I will help myself and us. That I will love you with everything I have. I want to do that for you Barry. I want to do that for us

Barry: I want to believe you. I really do/

Jane: So do. I will keep my promises to you. I would do anything for you Barry

Barry: just... give me some time

Jane: Of course, take all the time you need

Barry: I think I should go.

Jane: Oh.. okay

Barry turns around and begins to walk off but suddenly stops

Barry grabs Jane and they share a long soft kiss

Barry: Goodbye jane

Jane: Barry?

Barry: Yea?

Jane: I love you

Barry: I love you more.

Hannah

STONER COMEDY

by

Hannah

STONER COMEDY

Two friends, Cillian and Tim, both in their 30's, are sitting in of messy room where they hang out, somewhere the West of Ireland. One is sitting on the floor, the other on the messy bed. There is music on in the background. They are taking it in turns to smoke a bong.

Act One

CILLIAN: (Slurred) I'm hungry.

TIM: Me too.

CILLIAN: D'you want to get food?

TIM: (laughing) Fuck yeah!

CILLIAN: What d'ya want though?

TIM: How about McDonald's?

CILLIAN: Nah, not in the mood.

TIM: The local chipper? I think curry chips would be nice.

CILLIAN: Yeah, alright.

The guys leave stage right, out the door. Lights dim to show the change of scene.

Both are back in their apartment, eating their curry chips and garlic cheese chips, smoking a joint and drinking club lemon.

TIM: What if we try to get a band to play at the Indie Music Festival in Dublin.

CILLIAN: We need a drummer and bassist though, by the 24th. Where would we get them?

TIM: Galway.

CILLIAN: Lets go!

Lights dim again change of scene.

Act Two

The lads arrive in Galway in the early hours of the morning. Classical music playing on the radio. They start lighting a joint, when a Garda car pulls up.

TIM: Fuck, it's the Gardai.

CILLIAN: Shite, we're screwed.

The female Garda approaches them and Cillian rolls down the window.

GARDA: Lads, what are ye doing at this time of the morning?

TIM: *(Calmly, delayed)* Road trip.

GARDA: At 4am? Looks as if that's not all ye were at. I smell grass. That's illegal.

CILLIAN: We know.

GARDA: Ye'd better come to the station.

Lights dim. When we return, Tim and Cillian are sitting asleep in the Galway Garda Station.

GARDA: Are ye Tim Roberts and Cillian Murtagh?

TIM: *(Wakes up)* We are, yeah.

Tim nudges Cillian to wake up.

CILLIAN: What?

TIM: We're being called in for questioning.

CILLIAN: Deadly.

The boys are led into an interrogation room. Tim is sitting at the table in the room.

Hannah

GARDA: So, what were ye doing here?

TIM: Road trip. We're musicians. We needed two more to make a band.

GARDA: Ye weren't selling dope, so?

TIM: We only smoke it.

GARDA: It's still an offence.

TIM: (nods).

GARDA: (continued) I will have to detain ye.

Tim gets up and exits stage left

Lights dim

Cillian is now sitting at the table

GARDA: I've spoken with your buddy Tim and he tells me ye're in a band and just smoke dope?

CILLIAN: We will play any kind of music like. We're getting a band to play at the new Dublin Indie Music Festival.

GARDA: Smoking marijuana is illegal, but I don't think it should be. I'm just following the law.

TIM: Okay.

Garda: I'm going to detain ye though.

Cillian gets up and exits stage left. Light dims, change of scene. The two are sitting in a holding cell. Cillian takes out a weed vape and takes a drag.

TIM: Should you have that?

CILLIAN: I said it was nicotine.

TIM: I wanna go home, I feel anxious here.

CILLIAN: Same.

TIM: Let's go back.

CILLIAN: Are you fucking stupid. We're in jail.

TIM: Maybe we can steal your one's keys?

CILLIAN: It's a feckin' stupid idea but let's try it.

TIM: When you think about it, life is all about suffering, happiness never lasts and I think that's why I started taking weed — to feel better about everything.

CILLIAN: Yeah, like life kinda sucks. Nothing is fair and everything is fleeting. We're all just insignificant specks in a vast void that is the universe.

Lights dim.

Cillian is sitting on the bed, his legs apart, sweating while Tim paces up and down the cell. The Garda comes in. She comes close and Tim tries grabbing the keys from her bulging pocket. She gives him an angry look. Then Cillian tries and fails.

CILLIAN: Can you get them keys?

TIM: They're not keys.

CILLIAN: What are they then?

TIM: Nothing.

CILLIAN: Oh!

GARDA: Why are ye trying to steal my keys?

TIM: We just want to go home.

GARDA: I'll let ye off with a warning this time and I'll let ye go home. Don't get caught though.

TIM: Okay thanks.

GARDA: Don't mention it.

Act Three

They walk (stage right) out the door into the car park. They get in the car.

CILLIAN: I'm kinda tired.

TIM: We didn't sleep, ya feckin' eeject.

CILLIAN: Oh yeah, right.

TIM: I'm getting kinda hungry. Do you want to go to McDonald's?

CILLIAN: How about a petrol station instead? I want a jambon or a chicken fillet roll.

TIM: Oh yeah or a breakfast roll with meanies and club orange.

CILLIAN: Want to roll a joint while we eat?

Hannah

TIM: I don't think. I should. Ara go on, let's do it.

CILLIAN: I just realised we never got our musicians.

TIM: Oh yeah, we'll search tomorrow.

CILLIAN: If we don't play this year, we'll have next year.

TIM: Maybe. Even if we don't get what we need, at least we tried.

CILLIAN: Yeah, the journey is more important than the destination.

TIM: Yeah.

The boys turn up the radio and play music. They drive off looking for next petrol station.

The End