

DEVIN: That's not funny. That's not amusing. That's just stupid.

CHAD: *(Beginning to leave)* Why do I bother?

DEVIN: Hey, don't get mad at me. I just think what you said is pretty darn selfish and stupid.

CHAD: I'm trying to explain to you how I *feel* and I don't need judgments.

DEVIN: I'm sorry, but I just find that kind of thing stupid.

CHAD: Forget it. Forget I said anything.

DEVIN: I don't want to forget it. I want to know what's wrong.

CHAD: I told you. I don't know. You obviously don't understand it anymore than I do, so forget it. Just forget it.

DEVIN: Chad, I can't. What, you mean you're going to kill yourself?

CHAD: No, I just mean . . . I don't know, I . . . I just don't know.

DEVIN: Chad, you need help. You need more than I or mom and dad can give you.

CHAD: I just need to be left alone.

DEVIN: That's the worst thing for you. You need to talk to somebody that knows about these things.

CHAD: *(Exhausted)* Just leave me alone, Devin, just leave me alone.

DEVIN: I can't. You need help. More than I can give.

CHAD: *(Curling into a chair)* I need to be left alone.

DEVIN: *(Watching him for several seconds and then quietly leaving.)* Damn. *(Taking another look and again quietly.)* Damn.

CHEATING

TOM: A fun-loving and irresponsible seventeen year old, just getting by in life and school.

SAM: Much more responsible in his attitude towards school and life, has become irritated with Tom and his "using" people.

SETTING: Takes place wherever the director decides it takes place. Sam is sitting by himself, and Tom enters in a frenzy.

TOM: Sam, I have been looking all over for you.

SAM: Why?

TOM: Wait till I tell you about last night.

SAM: Oooohooo? You went out with Diana, right?

TOM: Get a clue, my young friend. I finished with Diana last week. No, I was out with Lara.

SAM: Who is Lara? And why are you finished with Diana?

TOM: Lara is small, gorgeous and lives on her own in L.A. while Diana is none of those things.

SAM: So, you dump Diana and now you have L.A. Lara. Where did you meet her?

TOM: At the Hard Rock Cafe, last night.

SAM: Last night? Last night was a Tuesday. Your mom let you go to L.A. on a Tuesday night?

TOM: No, she let me go over to your house.

SAM: But, you said you . . . oh.

TOM: Did you get your Econ finished?

SAM: Yes, why?

TOM: I didn't have time to do it, so let me look at yours, OK?

SAM: Wait a minute. You want my homework?

TOM: I'm not speaking a foreign language, here. Yes, I want your homework.

SAM: Let me get this straight. You dump Diana, you don't even tell me . . .

TOM: Sorry, I didn't realize I had to clear my social life with you before I could change women . . .

SAM: That's not the point.

TOM: Then what is the point?

SAM: OK, skip Diana.

TOM: I already did.

SAM: You tell your mom that you are going over to my house and you go to L.A.

TOM: I'd do the same for you.

SAM: The point is, I wouldn't ask you to.

TOM: Fine, don't take advantage of the opportunity I offer to you.

SAM: And now you want my Economics homework.

TOM: You always let me copy your assignments.

SAM: You've noticed that, have you?

TOM: Lighten up, Sammy-boy, and just let me see your stuff.

SAM: Wait a minute. ME lighten up?

TOM: What is your problem?

SAM: Who'd you go to the Hard Rock with?

TOM: Just Brian and Krista.

SAM: So, the three of you trooped down to L.A. and didn't even call me?

TOM: Could you have come?

SAM: You know I can't go out late on school nights.

TOM: Then why should we have called you?

SAM: It would be nice to at least think I was included. Besides, it would be nice to know that if you were going to use me in a lie, I should at least be aware of it.

TOM: I didn't even think about it.

SAM: What a shock.

TOM: Besides, why get you upset? And you don't even like Brian that much anyway.

SAM: You don't either. Why do you hang out with him, anyway?

TOM: He's got a car. I needed a ride, he was there. Geez, what is the problem?

SAM: Why don't you just ask Brian for HIS Econ work?

TOM: Because he usually copies from me.

SAM: Wait a minute . . . You mean that when you finish copying my work, you hand it over to Brian and he copies it?

TOM: He copies mine, not yours.

SAM: But you copy mine.

TOM: But when he copies it, it's my paper.

SAM: With my work.

TOM: What is the big deal?

SAM: For all I know, the entire class is handing in my work. I could be getting the grades for everyone at school.

TOM: Don't be an idiot. Just let me see it. *(They look at each other for a moment.)*

TOM: So, are you going to let me see your work?

SAM: No.

TOM: What? I told you I need to use it.

SAM: I think use is the right word.

TOM: And what is that supposed to mean?

SAM: Well, you used Diana until you found someone better, you use Brian 'cause he has a car, and you use me because I got good grades in Econ.

TOM: Come on, you're getting ridiculous. I don't use anybody.

SAM: Think about it, Tom.

TOM: I'll tell you what I'll think about. I'll think about getting better friends.

SAM: Friends? Tom, would you even be over here if I didn't get good grades?

TOM: Yes.

SAM: I don't think so. I also don't think I even like you, you know that? Or myself.

TOM: What does that mean?

SAM: I think I'm only friends with you because you're "popular." We're not friends at all. We're both users.

TOM: Fine, we're both rotten users. Let me use your work.

SAM: Today I will. *(He hands it over to TOM, who begins copying quickly.)* But no more. I don't want to do this anymore. It doesn't feel right.

TOM: So you're saying it would "feel right" if we were better friends? Isn't that a little hypocritical?

SAM: I don't know. I guess. But I do know that I am not doing your work for you anymore.

TOM: *(Furiously copying)* Whatever. Does this mean you don't want me telling my parents that I'm over at your house when I'm not?

SAM: You could say that, yes.

TOM: And you don't want to go out with me on the weekends?

SAM: I didn't say that.

TOM: I thought you said we weren't friends.

SAM: Not like real friends. More like party partners.

TOM: Party partners. I can live with that. Think we could ever be real friends?

SAM: *(As they are walking off.)* Probably not.

REHEARSAL

RYAN: The director of the scene, annoyed with his two scene mates because they won't work.

BOBBY: One of the actors in the scene for drama one. Wants to work, but is irritated with the whole situation.

EDDY: "Hey, it's just drama one, who cares" is the byword of this boy.

SETTING: The stage is bare for a moment when Ryan enters carrying two chairs. He calls off stage to Bobby and Eddy.

RYAN: *(Entering the stage)* Let's go in here. There's no one in here and we can get some work done.

BOBBY: Fine with me.

EDDY: Me, too.

RYAN: Let's start at the top of the scene and run it through from there.

EDDY: Why don't we start from where we left off yesterday?

RYAN: Because I am the director and I want to start at the top.

BOBBY: I can feel a power trip coming on.

RYAN: No power trip here. We just have work to get done and for once I'd like to get a decent grade on a scene.

EDDY: Whatever, man.

RYAN: You know, Eddy, what I don't understand is why you are even in this class.

BOBBY: Ryan, just kick back, OK?

RYAN: Bobby, you kick back before I kick your butt, OK?

EDDY: What is with you? Lately all you do is jump all over us. It's just a stupid drama scene, for god's sake.

RYAN: Like I said, Eddy, why did you take this class? You bring down every scene you are in.