

the time to really know her?

AMY: No. But I do feel bad that she took the time away from me before I could get to know her. So, what's been accomplished by her dying?

ROBERT: I don't know. I've been thinking and thinking about why she would do this.

AMY: I'll tell you what's been accomplished. Nothing. Oh, we'll all talk about it for a while; some, like you, even longer than just a while.

MATT: But, like she says, life goes on.

AMY: You know what the saddest part is? Think about ten years from now, say at our high school reunion. I would bet that someone says "Remember that girl that killed herself?" She'll be "that girl." And the only people that really care, her family, are left with nothing but wondering what they did wrong.

ROBERT: So, in other words, she lived for nothing, and she died for nothing.

MATT: It sure seems as if she died for nothing, because nothing will change, everyone still goes on.

AMY: But did she live for nothing? We'll never know, will we? She never gave herself a chance.

ROBERT: I wish I could have said something to her.

AMY: I wonder if it would have made a difference.

MATT: Like you said, who knows?

AMY: You ready to go?

MATT: Anytime you are.

AMY: Then let's go.

ROBERT: Hey, wait up.

AMY: You coming with us?

ROBERT: Yeah. I'm going with you.

AMY: *(Putting her arm around him)* I knew you would. C'mon.

GRADUATION

EDDY: A high school senior, happily anticipating college acceptances. Feels he has a clear idea of where he is headed.

MARCIE: Also a high school senior, has decided on a different path than Eddy and is now making it known to him.

SETTING: This scene can take place wherever the director chooses. Be sure that the actors have a specific task to complete while they are acting this scene.

EDDY: It's here, it's here.

MARCIE: What?

EDDY: My college acceptance. Yes!!

MARCIE: Where'd you apply?

EDDY: Everywhere, but I want Stanford, and I got it.

MARCIE: Wow, Stanford. I am impressed.

EDDY: As well you should be. *(Grabbing her and dancing her around the room.)*

MARCIE: Eddy, what are you doing?

EDDY: Dancing out my happiness. *(He leans her back in a deep dip.)*

MARCIE: Listen, Fred Astaire, put me down. *(He does)* So I can assume from this ridiculous display of joy that you are pleased with this?

EDDY: *(Kissing the letter)* My acceptance to Stanford. *(Dancing happily around the room, sing-song the following)* I am going to Stanford. I am going to Stanford. I won't be stuck going to a junior college.

MARCIE: Eddy, please, that's enough.

EDDY: Did yours come yet?

MARCIE: Uh, no . . .

EDDY: *(Suddenly embarrassed)* Oh, Marcie, I wouldn't worry. I mean with your GPA, you'll get in.

MARCIE: I wouldn't count on it.

EDDY: Don't be so down. I know you said you were applying to UCLA and Berkeley, but I hear they sometimes send out their acceptances late.

MARCIE: Eddy, I'm not going to get any acceptances from there.

EDDY: You don't know that.

MARCIE: I didn't apply.

EDDY: You what?

MARCIE: I didn't apply.

EDDY: You're going to the JC? I can't believe you'd settle for that.

MARCIE: No, I'm not going to the JC.

EDDY: What, then...? Mechanics school?

MARCIE: Don't be stupid, Eddy, or they might take away your ticket to Stanford.

EDDY: You don't be stupid. What happened?

MARCIE: I didn't apply.

EDDY: You what?

MARCIE: I didn't apply.

EDDY: Why not?

MARCIE: Because I decided I don't want to go to college. At least not right now.

EDDY: What are you going to do? Be a bum?

MARCIE: I'm going to give acting a shot.

EDDY: Get real, Marcie.

MARCIE: I am. I really mean this.

EDDY: That's the stupidest thing I have ever heard in my life.

MARICE: Thanks.

EDDY: Hey, it is. You're throwing away your future for ACTING?

MARCIE: I'm good. You know I'm good.

EDDY: Yeah, you're good. So is every other high school senior who had the lead in the plays at school. That's only about 5000 girls.

MARCIE: But not all of them are going to try.

EDDY: No, they are going to DO something with their lives. They are going to college.

MARCIE: At least I'm doing something I believe in. I'm not just going to college because I can't figure what else to do with my life like some people I could mention.

EDDY: Me, you mean?

MARCIE: You said it, not me.

EDDY: I have a reason to go to college.

MARCIE: Yeah, what?

EDDY: Because I want a future...

MARCIE: So do I...

EDDY: I mean a realistic one.

MARCIE: So, what are you going to major in?

EDDY: Social Ecology.

MARCIE: Social what?

EDDY: Ecology.

MARCIE: So, after four years, what do you do then?

EDDY: I get my master's.

MARCIE: Two more years... then what?

EDDY: My PhD.

MARCIE: So in 8 to 10 years you have a PhD in Social Ecology. Now what do you do?

EDDY: I become a psychologist or a lawyer or something.

MARCIE: Or something. That's just great.

EDDY: At least I have a goal.

MARCIE: So do I.

EDDY: Oh yeah, acting. *(In a snooty voice)* You're going to be an AHCTOOOR. What are your chances?

MARCIE: The same as anyone else's. Maybe better.

EDDY: Why can't you try and go to college at the same time?

MARCIE: Because I don't want to. I want to concentrate

on the one thing I know I am good at.

EDDY: You can major in Drama.

MARCIE: Oh fine, and then be stuck taking all those stupid general education classes I don't give a rat's behind about. I don't care about Physics or Trig. I don't need those to be an actor. Heck, I don't need those for anything when you think about it.

EDDY: I can't believe I am having this conversation. Have you told your parents about this?

MARCIE: Yes, I have.

EDDY: And they have agreed to this stupid idea?

MARCIE: Let's not say they are thrilled, but they understand and will support me.

EDDY: They are going to support you?

MARCIE: Emotionally. Not monetarily. They said they would support college, but not this. They said that if I felt strongly enough to do this, then I would have to work for it.

EDDY: That makes sense.

MARCIE: It doesn't to me. They would support me going to college and wasting my time taking classes I care nothing about, but they won't give me money to try what I do want.

EDDY: It's their money.

MARCIE: Yes, they have made that abundantly clear. They did tell me they are going to keep a college fund there for me for when I "come to my senses," as they put it.

EDDY: What are you going to do?

MARCIE: I've got some interviews in Hollywood with some agents set up already. I took some pictures, too. Want to see?

EDDY: I guess so. *(He looks at them.)* Not bad.

MARCIE: I also got a job.

EDDY: A what? A job? Marcie Seton with a job?

MARCIE: I've got to pay for acting classes.

EDDY: What are you doing?

MARCIE: Demonstrations. I stand in those booths at conventions and promote their products. "Hi, I'm Marcie. Would you like to try our new laser shoe polisher." You know, that kind of stuff.

EDDY: You're really serious about this, aren't you?

MARCIE: Yes, I am.

EDDY: I don't feel quite so grown up anymore.

MARCIE: Me, either. It's scary.

EDDY: I think I'm going to miss high school. *(Looks at MARCIE.)* Nah.