

JON: It was only last year, Mick.
MICK: Yeah, but things are getting so different.
JON: Things change. People change. Have you seen Kara lately?
MICK: No. Is she coming tonight?
JON: I think so.
MICK: I'm calling my mom and telling her I'm staying a little longer. I want to see her. And you and I can talk about me moving in.
JON: Sounds good.
MICK: *(Going to the phone)* Kara, I haven't seen her since she graduated. That was, what, three years ago?
JON: She's changed.
MICK: How? Greatest body on the cheer squad in the history of the school. And beautiful.
JON: She's still beautiful. Has that certain glow about her.
MICK: What glow?
JON: The one pregnant married ladies get at about the sixth month.
MICK: What?
JON: Like I said, we change.
MICK: *(Laughing)* I guess so. *(Into the phone)* Hi, mom?

LEAVING

CHAD: Fifteen years old, troubled and confused by the turmoil he feels inside.
DEVIN: Chad's eighteen-year-old brother, trying to understand the trouble inside of Chad, but frustrated by not being able to help.
CHAD: *(Off-stage)* Just leave me alone. God, just get out of my way and leave me alone.
DEVIN: *(Off-stage)* Don't walk away from me, Chad, I am talking to you. Chad, get back in here.
CHAD: *(Entering the room, throwing things into a bag.)* That's it, brother. I am out of here. I am getting as far away as I can and going as fast as I can.
DEVIN: *(Following him in)* What? What is the problem? *(Seeing him pack things)* What are you doing?
CHAD: Isn't it obvious? Don't you see me packing my things? Are you a moron? I am leaving.
DEVIN: OK. I see clothes flying, I hear you yelling. But you have done nothing to explain it. You just scream and yell and say "I'm leaving, I'm leaving."
CHAD: You know, that's part of the problem around here. No one ever listens to anything I say. And Devin, you are as guilty as the rest of them!
DEVIN: Wait. I listen. It's just that I'm not hearing anything that makes any sense. And the rest of who? What are you whining about?
CHAD: I don't need you to join in on this official Dump on Chad week, you know.
DEVIN: Wait, what do you mean, "Dump on Chad week?" Who's been dumping on you? *(Grabbing him and sitting him down.)* Sit down and talk to me.
CHAD: Why? Because you'll listen? Right. *(Pulling away)* I am sick of you, of this family, of everything. I've

just got to get away.

DEVIN: Away to where? Where? Just what do you think you're going to do? And where are you going to do it?

CHAD: I don't know. I don't care. Just outta here.

DEVIN: Fine. Do what you always do. Run away from a problem. God forbid you should ever sit down and discuss anything. Oh no. Chad, poor misunderstood, mistreated Chad. You know something? I know that you're upset. I don't know what about, but I know that you're upset. The problem is that lately, that's all you are anymore is upset.

CHAD: What the heck does that mean?

DEVIN: What it means is that for the last several months you have been nothing but a grey cloud over this house. You never smile, you sit in a ball on the couch clutching the remote control like a life preserver, sipping a coke, talking to nobody.

CHAD: Why talk when all I get is negative response, like now? I am very upset, my life is hell and you don't listen, you just preach.

DEVIN: What are you upset about? I swear, I don't know. You have a great life, a great family, a great home. What is your problem?

CHAD: I don't know. I just know that I'm depressed all the time. I feel completely unloved.

DEVIN: I am so sick of you saying that. Nobody loves me. Nobody understands me. What do you want from us?

CHAD: *(Yelling)* I want some understanding for once.

DEVIN: *(Yelling back)* What do you want me to understand?

CHAD: *(Yelling)* I don't know. *(Quieter)* I don't know.

DEVIN: *(After a silence)* What is wrong, Chad?

CHAD: *(After a silence)* I really don't know.

DEVIN: I don't get it.

CHAD: That's why I am upset. I don't know what I'm upset about. I cry all the time and I don't know why. Everything makes me feel like crap. I feel like I am falling apart and no one is there to help me.

DEVIN: Chad, we are all here, all you have to do is ask for help.

CHAD: But every time I try to talk to you or mom and dad, all I get is a lecture on how lucky I am and what a great family I have and how I should be grateful. I know all that, but for some reason, I don't feel better. I feel . . .

DEVIN: What, what do you feel?

CHAD: I don't know. I feel trapped. And unhappy. And angry. Really angry. And I don't know why.

DEVIN: Is it me?

CHAD: Partly.

DEVIN: What? What did I do to make you angry?

CHAD: Devin, that's just it. I don't know. It's just sometimes I look at you and think, "Get out. Get out of my room. Get out of my life."

DEVIN: *(Quietly)* Thanks.

CHAD: No, you don't understand. You aren't listening.

DEVIN: You said you want me out of your life.

CHAD: That's just it. That's what I'm saying, and that's what you're hearing, but you aren't listening to hear what I really mean.

DEVIN: What are you talking about? Get out is a pretty clear statement.

CHAD: That's not what I mean, though. I think I mean me. I want me to get out.

DEVIN: You mean move out? Is that what you mean?

CHAD: No. I mean actually get out.

DEVIN: What?

CHAD: I think I'm starting to think about getting out of life.

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: Oooohoo? 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 . . .