

Cast of Characters

HANNAH

LINDSAY

Acknowledgments

*The Blueberry Hill Accord* was first staged by students during the final week of the Summer Teenage Conservatory Rehearsal and Performance Program at Stella Adler Studio, New York on August 12, 2005. The program was directed by Melissa Ross, and the cast was as follows:

HANNAH ..... Emma Fernberger  
LINDSAY ..... AJ Luca

THE BLUEBERRY HILL ACCORD

by Daryl Watson

*(Lights up on the Blueberry Hill diner. High school students HANNAH and LINDSAY are sitting across from each other in a booth. HANNAH is reading a magazine while LINDSAY eats from a plate of fries and does homework.)*

**HANNAH.** ...and I'm like, "Just because I let you do it a year ago, doesn't mean I have to let you do it now!" And then Stephanie—and I can't believe she says this—she goes, "Okay, Ebenezer." And I'm like, "What!?" And she goes, "Why don't you lighten up a little?" And I'm like, "Why don't you get herpes and *die*, you crack ho from *Long Beach!!!*" Unbelievable, right? Can I have a fry?

**LINDSAY.** A small one.

*(A beat.)*

**HANNAH.** Excuse me?

**LINDSAY.** If it's a small one, yeah.

*(A beat.)*

**HANNAH.** Eeeew!

**LINDSAY.** I have clarinet rehearsal tonight until ten! There's no dinner break; this has *got* to hold me over.

**HANNAH.** *Forget it.* So anyways, Stephanie, she comes off like this total saint—

**LINDSAY.** Why do you do that?

*(A beat.)*

**HANNAH.** Do what?

**LINDSAY.** That!

**HANNAH.** What!?

**LINDSAY.** That!!! That whole passive aggressive/thing you're

**HANNAH.** Passive aggress...*what?*

**LINDSAY.** doing, that you always do, so that I end up feeling like a *bitch*.

**HANNAH.** I seriously have no idea what you—

**LINDSAY.** If you want a fry, take a fry.

*(A beat.)*

**HANNAH.** I don't want one.

HANNAH. You're breaking up with me over French fries???

LINDSAY. It's not about the French fries.

HANNAH. Then what is it?

LINDSAY. I don't know! A lot of things! God, we've been friends since the third grade. Aren't you ready to...

HANNAH. To what?

LINDSAY. To move on. Meet other people!

HANNAH. Meet other pe... *What are you talking about!? If you want to meet people, go! Meet! That's the great thing about friends. You can have more than one.*

LINDSAY. That doesn't work for me.

HANNAH. That's how it works for EVERYBODY!

LINDSAY. I'm very particular about who I hang out with! I can only deal with about five acquaintance friends and one really good friend. I don't have the energy for anything else. You know I'm like this. I don't know why you're surprised.

HANNAH. I thought I was your really good friend.

LINDSAY. You were, but... Honestly, lately, when we're together, I feel like...

HANNAH. What?

LINDSAY. Like we're two ships sailing past each other in the night.

(A beat.)

HANNAH. I don't know what that means.

LINDSAY. It means you and I are two ships. And it's night—

HANNAH. Yes, I got that part.

LINDSAY. And we keep sailing right past each other!

HANNAH. Isn't that better than crashing into each other?

LINDSAY. It's a metaphor—

HANNAH. I don't get it.

LINDSAY. That's my point! You don't get me. I don't get you. You talk about things that I don't really care about, and I definitely talk about things that you don't care about.

HANNAH. I care about the things you talk about.

LINDSAY. No, you don't.

LINDSAY. Do you not want one because you don't want one, or do you not want one because you want me to feel bad for not wanting you to have one?

HANNAH. I don't want one. Can I finish the story now please?

LINDSAY. Just take a fry.

(A beat.)

HANNAH. No.

LINDSAY. Take a fry.

HANNAH. You obviously don't want me to.

LINDSAY. It's fine if you take a small one.

HANNAH. Lindsay, I don't care—

LINDSAY. TAKE A FRY!

HANNAH. ALRIGHT! GOD!

(She grabs a fry and eats it.)

There! Are we done now???

(A beat.)

LINDSAY. I can't do this.

HANNAH. Share food? I agree.

LINDSAY. No, I mean... I don't think I can do this anymore.

HANNAH. Do what?

LINDSAY. This. Us. This whole *us* thing. I don't think it's working out. The friendship.

HANNAH. (Laughing.) What is this? A break-up?

(A very long beat.)

Are you breaking up with me?

(A beat.)

LINDSAY. I just think that we're in different places in our lives. We want different things—

HANNAH. This is the break-up speech! I know that speech when I hear it. You're giving me the speech!

LINDSAY. Hannah...

HANNAH. You're breaking up with me?

LINDSAY. Would you stop saying that? It's not—

HANNAH. Yes, I do.

(A beat.)

You think I'm boring?

LINDSAY. No.

(A beat.)

HANNAH. You think I'm boring!

LINDSAY. No. You're not listening.

HANNAH. Yes, I am. I'm listening to you call me boring.

LINDSAY. No, Hannah. There's a difference between you being boring and you just saying things that I don't find interesting.

HANNAH. Well, if I'm being uninteresting, you can say something.

LINDSAY. I can't.

HANNAH. Yes, you can.

LINDSAY. I can't.

HANNAH. Why?

LINDSAY. Because... I'd be saying something all the time.

(A beat.)

HANNAH. That's really mean.

LINDSAY. I'm sorry.

HANNAH. That was really, really mean.

LINDSAY. I'm being honest.

HANNAH. Yeah? You're also being a bitch! How's that for honesty?

(HANNAH rises and heads towards the exit.)

Enjoy your freedom.

LINDSAY. Hannah, wait! Hannah!

(HANNAH pauses.)

LINDSAY. Please. Sit down. Hannah, sit down. Please.

(HANNAH slowly walks back over to the table and sits down.)

(A beat.)

LINDSAY. Before we leave here today... There's a few things I'd like to get in writing.

(LINDSAY leans over, pulls her book bag up from the floor, and opens it. She removes several pieces of paper from the bag and sets them on the table. HANNAH stares at her in disbelief.)

LINDSAY. I've compiled some notes here... They're more bullet points, actually... I was thinking we could go over them and both sign at the bottom—

HANNAH. Is this a joke?

LINDSAY. Well... No...

HANNAH. I'm not signing anything.

LINDSAY. But—

HANNAH. NO! This is stupid.

LINDSAY. I feel this is the best—

HANNAH. I don't give a shit what you feel.

(HANNAH rises again.)

LINDSAY. LOOK, I KNOW THINGS ABOUT YOU!

HANNAH. Are you threatening me?

LINDSAY. No! You know things about me too. Okay!? So it's in both of our best interests to settle this on paper.

(A beat.)

HANNAH. You're serious.

LINDSAY. Yes.

HANNAH. You really wanna do this.

LINDSAY. Yes.

HANNAH. You wanna add yet another layer of insanity to this whole thing.

LINDSAY. Well, I wouldn't—

HANNAH. No, no, no! You wanna do it, let's do it!

(HANNAH sits down and grabs the papers, flipping through them.)

First of all, I want all my stuff back from you.

LINDSAY. Right.

HANNAH. My Norah Jones CD...

LINDSAY. My copy of *Pride and Prejudice*.

HANNAH. My green top. My Magic 8-ball.

HANNAH. This is ridiculous.

LINDSAY. I'm serious. You can only talk about the stuff that happened to you. Leave me out of it.

HANNAH. Fine.

LINDSAY. And you can't tell anybody what I told you about my parents.

HANNAH. Okay.

LINDSAY. Promise me.

HANNAH. I promise. I'm writing it down. See? And you can't tell anybody about the time I got my period during that softball game.

LINDSAY. I thought everybody knew that.

HANNAH. Everyone thinks it was Jackie.

LINDSAY. Nuh-uh!

HANNAH. Why do you think they call her "Jackie Swab-inson?"

LINDSAY. Gross! That's awful!

HANNAH. Whatever. It's payback from when she told everybody I had mono, when I so didn't.

LINDSAY. I guess.

HANNAH. You guess right. She's a bitch.

LINDSAY. Did you know she went after Tommy Marth, even after she knew I liked him?

HANNAH. 'Cause she's like that. I told you not to tell her you wanted him. But, for the record, I can date Tommy now.

LINDSAY. WHAT?

HANNAH. Once we sign this, all's fair.

LINDSAY. So does that mean I can date Adam?

HANNAH. Yeah. Sure. Whatever. I don't care.

LINDSAY. All right.

HANNAH. You can't tell anybody I'm seeing a therapist.

LINDSAY. You can't tell anybody I'm seeing a therapist. And you can't tell anybody I kissed Rachel Bumgardner at that party.

HANNAH. YOU KISSED RACHEL BUMGARDNER???

LINDSAY. Wait, you didn't know!?

HANNAH. NO!

LINDSAY. You gave me the Magic 8-ball.

HANNAH. I lent you the 8-ball. You just never gave it back.

LINDSAY. You never asked for it. I've had it for three years.

HANNAH. Better late than never.

LINDSAY. Fine. And just so we're clear, I don't want you to say anything about me to other people.

HANNAH. Fine. And you better not say anything about me either.

LINDSAY. Fine.

HANNAH. And you know what? I don't want you telling the Joey Feinberg story anymore.

LINDSAY. WHAT? Why?

HANNAH. Because it's my story.

LINDSAY. But I always tell that story! It's a good story!

HANNAH. It's a great story! And you butcher it every time you tell it.

LINDSAY. I do not.

HANNAH. Lindsay, you could find a lottery ticket on the street, win a million dollars, get kidnapped by Columbian drug lords and held for ransom, go on *Oprah* to tell the whole world about it...and you'd still make it the most boring, yawn-inducing story ever. You have a knack for it.

LINDSAY. That's so mean!

HANNAH. It's the truth. I only let you tell the Joey Feinberg story because you're my friend. But if we're not friends anymore, you can't tell the story.

LINDSAY. Well, then, you can't tell the Lake Mead story.

HANNAH. What sense does that make?

LINDSAY. If I can't tell the Joey Feinberg story, you can't tell the Lake Mead story.

HANNAH. Excuse me! The Joey Feinberg story happened to me and Joey Feinberg. It's my story.

LINDSAY. And the Lake Mead story happened to both you *and* me. It's fifty percent mine, by rights, and I'm saying I don't want you telling it.

HANNAH. Fifty percent of it is mine too!

LINDSAY. Well, you can tell your fifty percent of it.

HANNAH. Okay.  
 (A beat.)  
 So where should I sign?  
 LINDSAY. Well, we can't sign it like this.  
 HANNAH. Why not?  
 LINDSAY. It's all scribbles. It should be typed up in legalese, so that it at least looks legible.  
 (A beat.)  
 HANNAH. So who's going to do that?  
 LINDSAY. I guess I will.  
 (A beat.)  
 HANNAH. So in the meantime... Verbal agreement?  
 LINDSAY. I don't trust those. No one ever agrees on what was actually agreed upon. That's why you get things in writing. I mean... I'm willing to wait if you are.  
 HANNAH. I guess.  
 LINDSAY. At least until I get this typed up.  
 HANNAH. Right.  
 LINDSAY. You know?  
 HANNAH. Okay.  
 (A beat.)  
 Wait... I'm confused. So are we still friends?  
 LINDSAY. Well... I mean, until we sign this, technically, yeah. We are.  
 (A beat.)  
 HANNAH. Does that mean you're still coming over this weekend?  
 LINDSAY. Oh...  
 HANNAH. Because I'm just going to be hanging out, so... If you don't think you'll be done by then...  
 LINDSAY. We'll see. I got a lot of homework and rehearsal, so maybe I won't get to it. I don't know.  
 HANNAH. Or if you do finish it, you can bring it over, we can hang out, and then we'll sign it before you leave.  
 LINDSAY. Okay.

LINDSAY. Oh my God. I cannot believe I just told you that.  
 HANNAH. So what happened? You *have* to tell me.  
 LINDSAY. It was so crazy...  
 (LINDSAY stops herself. A long beat.)  
 I can't think of anything else to put down.  
 HANNAH. Actually... I have one more thing.  
 LINDSAY. What?  
 HANNAH. Neither of us can eat here. Ever.  
 LINDSAY. No way.  
 HANNAH. We can't, or I won't sign.  
 LINDSAY. Why?  
 HANNAH. Because Blueberry Hill is our spot! This is our place. This is where I told you about losing my virginity—  
 LINDSAY. Shhh!  
 HANNAH. ...and you told me about you losing yours!  
 LINDSAY. SHHH!  
 HANNAH. We've stayed up late studying here, we've had all the big talks here: guys, religion, college, everything. It's holy ground. I don't care who you pick for your "really good friend," but you better not bring her here.  
 LINDSAY. I don't know...  
 HANNAH. Am I wrong? Doesn't that history mean anything to you?  
 LINDSAY. No, it does. I just...  
 HANNAH. What?  
 LINDSAY. I don't know! This is hard!  
 HANNAH. Well... I don't know what to tell you. I would have been perfectly happy if you'd just given me the silent treatment for eight months and talked shit behind my back while I went crazy trying to figure out what happened. That's how normal people end friendships. You're the one that wanted to turn it into the Geneva Convention.  
 LINDSAY. Okay.  
 HANNAH. So we're agreed? Blueberry Hill's off limits?  
 LINDSAY. Yeah.

HANNAH. Whatever. We'll see what happens.

LINDSAY. Yeah.

*(A long beat.)*

HANNAH. Rachel Bumpgardner???

LINDSAY. Okay, first of all, I was trashed beyond reason...

*(As LINDSAY ad-libs the story, the lights fade to black.)*

*End of Play*

THI

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