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Family Plays

The End of Summer



Drama by
KT Curran

THE END OF SUMMER

The End of Summer was commissioned by the Community Advisory Committee of Sarasota County, Florida, as part of the “Believe In All Your Possibilities” campaign. The original cast were members of the SOURCE Teen Theatre, a national touring company based in Sarasota. They have presented the play to more than six thousand middle-school students.

Drama. By KT Curran. Cast: 3m., 3w. Max, a pretty eighth-grade girl from a troubled family, has planned a sleepover with three girlfriends to celebrate the end of summer and the beginning of high school. Complications arise when her older brother and his drunken friend crash the party. As the girls are pressured with alcohol and tobacco, they face choices that literally mean the difference between life and death. The innocent sleepover turns into a night of tragedy. *The play takes place in and around the home of Max: the basement where the girls are having a sleepover, the backyard and Dalton’s room. It is the present time during the course of one evening at the end of summer vacation. Approximate running time: 30 to 35 minutes. Code: E75.*

Family Plays

311 Washington St., Woodstock, IL 60098-3308
Phone: (800) 448-7469 / (815) 338-7170
Fax: (800) 334-5302 / (815) 338-8981

www.FamilyPlays.com

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BY

KT CURRAN

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KT CURRAN

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“Produced by special arrangement with
Family Plays of Woodstock, Illinois”

The End of Summer was commissioned by the Community Advisory Committee of Sarasota County, Florida as part of the “Believe In All Your Possibilities” campaign. The original cast were members of the SOURCE Teen Theatre, a national touring company based in Sarasota. They have presented the play to over six thousand middle school students.

Max	Tiger Curran
Dalton	Ben Caswell
Joy	Joy Seibert
Chantal	Jessica Jones
Amanda	Megan Laird
Stuart	Brien Boothroyd

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Max. A teenage girl about to enter the ninth grade. Although she is pretty, Max wears baggy pants and doesn't pay a lot of attention to her appearance. Her mom is an alcoholic and her father died when she was a baby. She is strong and independent and trying to make the right decisions.

Dalton. Max's seventeen-year-old brother. For years he has struggled to take care of his mother and sister after his father died. Recently, he has gotten involved with alcohol and drugs.

Chantal. Max's friend. She is about to enter the ninth grade. She wears trendy clothes and has a slightly superior air. Chantal is always worrying about her diet.

Joy. Max's friend. She is about to enter the ninth grade. Joy is bubbly and happy. She is full of life and has a childlike quality that makes people happy to be around her.

Amanda. Max's friend. Although Amanda is the same age as the other girls, she has matured more quickly and is the first to be interested in "adult" behavior such as drinking, sex, etc. She is quick to make fun of the other girls when she feels they are acting immature.

Stuart. Dalton's friend. Stuart is a heavy drinker, smoker, and drug user. He is a risk taker and is quick to blame someone else for his own bad behavior.

SETTING

The play takes place in and around the home of fourteen-year-old Max: the basement where the girls are having a sleep-over, the backyard, and Dalton's room.

TIME

The present time, during the course of one evening at the end of summer vacation.

This play is dedicated to the memory of Lauren, a beautiful, young theatre student, who was killed by a drunk driver in a tragic accident over the Christmas holidays, 1997. Lauren was at a party and standing with some friends on the front lawn of the house. A car, driven by a drunken seventeen-year-old, ran off the road and into the group. Lauren was killed instantly. She was sixteen years old.

PRODUCTION NOTES

PROPERTIES

Max- CD player, large throw pillows, bags of potato chips, crackers, etc.

Dalton- cigarette, cell phone, two cups of whiskey

Chantal- overnight bag with cute pajamas, assorted clothes, make-up, hair brush

Joy- Overnight bag with silly pajamas, chocolate, Twizzlers, Starburst, and other candy, cell phone (that rings)

Amanda- Overnight bag with CDs, pajamas

Stuart- Jack Daniel's bottle filled with ice tea, cigarettes, car keys

COSTUMES

Primarily, costumes should stay true to the styles and fashions worn by contemporary teenagers. With the girls' pajamas, Chantal should wear something very trendy and hip, and Joy's pajamas should be kind of silly.

THE SET

Most of the play takes place in Max's basement and should be a large room with CD player, big throw pillows, chairs, and perhaps a sofa. The scenes with Dalton and Stuart can be played in a side area of the stage with a shift of lighting.

THE END OF SUMMER

BY KT CURRAN

[SETTING: It is the last Friday night of the summer before high school starts on Monday. Max, a pretty, 14-year-old girl, has planned a sleep-over with three of her friends to celebrate the beginning of high school. Max has her hair in braids and wears baggie pants and a baseball cap.]

ATRISE: MAX is down in the basement, listening to LOUD MUSIC and doing some last minute cleaning up. She begins to dance to the music and doesn't even notice her brother, DALTON, enter the room. Dalton is 17 years old. He's handsome and intelligent but seems a bit edgy. He watches her for a moment, amused. She whirls around and sees him watching her from the door]

MAX. *[Turning off the music]* Get out of here!

DALTON. Don't tell me you're gonna listen to that teeny bopper junk all night!

MAX. I said, "Get out!"

DALTON. I mean, come on, Max. You start high school on Monday. You've got to start developing a better taste in music.

MAX. If you come down here and start bothering us, you're gonna regret it.

DALTON. Oh I'm so scared. My fourteen-year-old sister's gonna whup my butt.

MAX. Dalton, really. I want tonight to be perfect.

DALTON. Well, if it was up to me, I wouldn't be here at all. I can't believe this. The last real party night of summer and I'm not allowed to leave the house.

MAX. It's your fault.

DALTON. Okay, so now you're my mother?

MAX. I'm trying to get ready. I don't have time to argue with you, Dalton.

DALTON. I just don't think it's fair, Mom goes off and leaves me to baby-sit you and your little friends all night.

MAX. *[With growing frustration]* We don't need a babysitter. Just stay upstairs and leave us alone.

DALTON. *[Suddenly smiling]* Hey. Is what's her name coming? The one with the blonde hair and the cute butt?

MAX. Don't be gross.

DALTON. I bet she's so sweet. She's just like candy!

MAX. You better keep away from my friends!

DALTON. You want to fight? You want to fight? *[They wrestle and then end up laughing. The two are silent for a moment and then DALTON speaks]* Do you really think I'm so low that I would hit on one of your little friends? *[MAX doesn't answer]* Why do you hate me so much?

MAX. *[Quietly]* I don't know. You're different than you used to be. And anyway, I don't hate you.

DALTON. *[Pause]* Look, kid, I won't bother you tonight, okay?

MAX. You promise?

DALTON. I promise. *[He gives her a playful tap on the head]*

MAX. And don't call me kid! *[There is a KNOCK on the door and the HIGH-PITCHED SOUND OF EXCITED GIRLS TALKING RAPIDLY. DALTON exits Left. MAX exits Right and reenters with JOY, a bubbly and happy blonde girl and CHANTAL, a girl dressed in trendy clothes with a slightly superior air]*

CHANTAL. I can't believe we are actually having a sleep-over at your house. We never come to your house. And I love it here. It's so messy.

JOY. OMG, I am so excited. I want to stay up all night, okay? All night.

CHANTAL. The first one to fall asleep gets tortured by the rest of us.

JOY. OMG. *[To Max as she looks at Chantal]* Don't you just love her shirt?

CHANTAL. Thanks. I got it at Bebe. And I brought the cutest little pajama set. You're gonna die.

JOY. I love your clothes.

MAX. I hope you guys are hungry. There's tons of food.

JOY. *[Holding up a bag]* I brought candy. Chocolate and Twizzlers... ummm... Starbursts and mints. What do you like?

MAX. I like everything. But mostly chocolate.

JOY. Me too! *[She hands MAX a chocolate and they BOTH eat the candy]*

CHANTAL. *[Opening up her bag and taking out some clothes]* Well, keep it away from me. I want to be skinny, skinny, skinny when I walk into high school on Monday. Is Amanda here yet?

MAX. You know Amanda. She's always late.

CHANTAL. *[Taking her pajamas out of the suitcase and holding them up]* Isn't this cute?

JOY. I love it!

MAX. *[Looking through Chantal's suitcase]* I can't believe you brought all these clothes.

JOY. I know. Like, wow.

CHANTAL. I didn't know what I wanted to wear tomorrow.

JOY. *[Opening up her bag]* Look at mine! *[Holding up a funny pair of pajamas from her suitcase]* What do you think?

CHANTAL. Ummmm. Well...

MAX. It's adorable. *[She puts on some FAST MUSIC]*

JOY. OMG! I haven't heard that song in ages. *[She starts to dance]* Hey! Remember our dance?

ALL. The eighth grade talent show! *[They ALL start to dance a little routine. They are having lots of fun. In the middle of the dance they notice AMANDA has arrived]*

ALL. Amanda! *[MAX turns off the music]*

AMANDA. I cannot believe you three are still doing that stupid dance.

CHANTAL. Where have you been?

JOY. What's wrong with our dance?

AMANDA. *[Going over to the boom box]* Thank God I brought some of my new CD's.

JOY. I love Britney Spears.

AMANDA. Doesn't anybody answer the door in this house? I've been out there for like an hour. Finally your brother let me in. He is so hot.

MAX. Yuck. Not to me.

CHANTAL. Well, I hope not. He's your brother.

AMANDA. He told me he was grounded.

MAX. Yeah.

AMANDA. What happened? *[Looking through her CD's]*

MAX. On his birthday last week, my mom got this burst of energy and decided to surprise him and clean out his car. Well, she's scrubbing and vacuuming, and sticks her hand under the seat...where she finds about ten empty bottles of beer and vodka and all kinds of stuff. Plus the ashtray filled with cigarette butts. Of course he swore none of it was his. He said it was from his friends coming in the car and leaving garbage and stuff.

AMANDA. Right. He's like, totally innocent.

MAX. My mom freaked out. Ever since he got his license she's gone on and on about "Don't drink and drive" and then she finds his car overflowing with empty beer bottles.

AMANDA. Where is your mom tonight anyway?

MAX. She went to some party. She won't be home until really late.

AMANDA. Wow. She left us on our own?

MAX. It's no big deal. She always leaves me alone.

AMANDA. No adults. Well, this'll be fun.

MAX. I know. Our last real night of summer.

JOY. It's a good thing my mother didn't call your mother. She never would have let me come if she knew your mother wasn't home. OMG. Don't let me forget. I'm supposed to call her before we go to bed.

AMANDA. Your mom treats you like a baby.

JOY. I know. I don't mind though. I love my mom.

CHANTAL. I can't believe high school starts on Monday.

JOY. I'm scared.

CHANTAL. Me too.

AMANDA. Not me. I can't wait.

MAX. Do you think we'll all stay friends?

JOY. Of course!

CHANTAL. I don't know. We'll be in different classes , going in different directions... meeting new people.

MAX. Yeah. I already feel like we're changing, you know?

JOY. What do you mean?

AMANDA. I hope I'm changing. I don't want to be the same girl I was in middle school.

CHANTAL. You're totally not. I think you've changed a lot, Amanda.

JOY. Especially since your parents... you know.

AMANDA. Everybody's parents get divorced sooner or later.

JOY. Not mine.

CHANTAL. Not mine either.

AMANDA. Well, yours did, Max.

MAX. No. My dad... my dad died when I was a baby.

AMANDA. Oh. *[Changing the subject]* So what do you guys want to do tonight anyway?

CHANTAL. I know! Let's do make-overs.

JOY. Ooooh. Yeah.

CHANTAL. Max, I want to redo your make-up. Make your eyes darker... And we have to do something with your hair. You don't want to look like a stupid freshman walking into high school on Monday.

MAX. I am a stupid freshman.

CHANTAL. Well you don't have to look like one.

JOY. Ooooh. I want to help.

AMANDA. Me too.

MAX. No. You'll make me look like a Goth or something.

AMANDA. No I won't. Come here.

[They start taking out make-up. The GIRLS work on Max. They ALL freeze around Max. DALTON enters, talking on the telephone on another area of the stage]

DALTON. *[Talking on the phone]* ...What? I can hardly hear you. I'm out in the backyard. I needed a cigarette so bad I actually swiped a Virginia Slims out of my mom's carton. I feel like a sissy smokin' this thing... You would not believe what is going on over here. My little sister is having a slumber party. These eighth grade girls are driving me out of my mind. Yack, yack, yack, yack, yack, yack, yack. It comes right through the walls, right through my brain. If their voices get any higher they're gonna start breaking glass. I am so pissed at my mom trying to make me stay home on a Friday night. I didn't even do anything. And now I'm stuck here like a kindergarten teacher. My mom is such a hypocrite. She can smoke and drink and stay out all night at a party, and I can't. She gets drunk out of her mind and then gets behind the wheel and expects me to listen to her? *[He listens to his friend on the phone]* You've got to come over here, man. And bring some booze or something. I need a little "moral" support... *[laughing]* Are you kidding me? Get high with my little sister? That would be like, totally weird, man... Listen, I don't care what you say to your dad, just get his car and get over here. Okay... okay, dude. I'll see you after a while. *[He hangs up the phone and goes inside. The GIRLS are almost finished with their makeovers]*

MAX. *[As CHANTAL is plucking her eyebrows]* Ouch.

CHANTAL. I can't believe you've never plucked your eyebrows. You've practically got a unibrow.

MAX. My mom never taught me anything about make-up.

CHANTAL. So learn from a magazine... Okay, you're almost finished.

MAX. I'm afraid to look.

AMANDA. Just wait a minute. She needs darker lipstick, don't you think? *[She puts heavy lipstick on Max]*

JOY. This reminds me of elementary school when we all used to play dress-up.

CHANTAL. Remember that time we built that fort in your backyard?

JOY. *[They all laugh]* OMG. And we dressed up like girls from... I don't know... the Dark Ages or somewhere and fought off evil spirits?

CHANTAL. Remember when Max got in that fight with the boys down the street?

MAX. I kicked their butt!

JOY. And then it was like a big war between the boys and the girls.

CHANTAL. And that big pile of dirt in the vacant lot? We were all hiding behind it and waiting for the boys? *[ALL the girls laugh]*

AMANDA. That was so funny. The looks on their faces.

CHANTAL. Dirt was flying everywhere. We were like covered in dirt. I had it in my mouth. My nose. I thought my mother was gonna kill me.

JOY. And then it started raining!

AMANDA. *[Laughing]* Uhhg. The mud! Wow.

MAX. That was so much fun. I miss those days.

CHANTAL. *[She has been doing the make-up on Max all this time]* Okay. I think you're finished. Where's the mirror? *[CHANTAL hands her the mirror and she holds it in front of Max]* Ta da! *[To Max]* You look so incredible.

JOY. *[Looking at Max]* OMG. OMG.

AMANDA. If you say that one more time, I'm going to kill you.

JOY. *[Still looking at Max]* OMG. She looks like a movie star! *[MAX is silently looking in the mirror]*

CHANTAL. Isn't it fabulous? And if you wore, like, some different clothes you'd be perfect.

JOY. Shut up. She's already perfect.

MAX. *[Looking at herself in the mirror]* I don't like it. I don't feel like myself at all.

AMANDA. Get your brother in here. Let's see what he thinks.

MAX. No! I do **not** want my brother to see.

AMANDA. I'm gonna get him.

MAX. No!

AMANDA. *[Running to the door and calling out]* Dalton! Hey Dalton! *[MAX runs out of the room]*

DALTON. *[Appearing at the door]* Yeah!

AMANDA. Never mind. We gave Max a make-over and wanted you to see, but she ran out of here like a little baby. *[The THREE GIRLS surround Dalton]*

DALTON. Hey. Don't talk about her like that.

AMANDA. Wow. Protective older brother. How sweet.

DALTON. What did you do to the poor girl?

CHANTAL. We made her look totally awesome.

DALTON. She's already awesome. Leave her alone. You think guys like all that lipstick and powder and stuff. Well, we don't.

AMANDA. *[Flirtatiously]* Well then, what do guys like?

DALTON. *[Looking at her for a moment]* So you start high school on Monday, huh?

JOY. I'm so scared.

DALTON. You should be.

JOY. Why?

DALTON. The very first day of school the guys start hitting on the freshman girls. I'm telling you to watch out. You could end up in a lot of trouble.

AMANDA. I'm not afraid.

CHANTAL. Me either.

[MAX enters. She has washed all the makeup off her face]

DALTON. Hey, beautiful.

MAX. Dalton, what are you doing down here?

DALTON. I was invited. *[We hear the SOUND OF A MALE VOICE calling out. It is STUART, Dalton's 17-year-old friend]*

STUART. Hey, dude, is anybody home?

DALTON. I'm in here!

MAX. Dalton— *[STUART enters]*

STUART. Dude. I brought some Jack Daniels, man. You ready to get wasted?

DALTON. Would you shut up?

STUART. *[Seeing the girls]* Oh, you got company.

AMANDA. Jack Daniels? I want some.

JOY. Amanda!

AMANDA. It's no big deal.

DALTON. You little girls are way too young to drink.

MAX. Dalton, would you guys just get out of here?

DALTON. We're going. We're going.

AMANDA. Why don't you stay? We can have a party.

STUART. Oh yeah. Jailbait.

MAX. Dalton!

DALTON. Stuart, come on.

STUART. No, man. I wanna stay. It looks way more fun down here.

DALTON. I said out!