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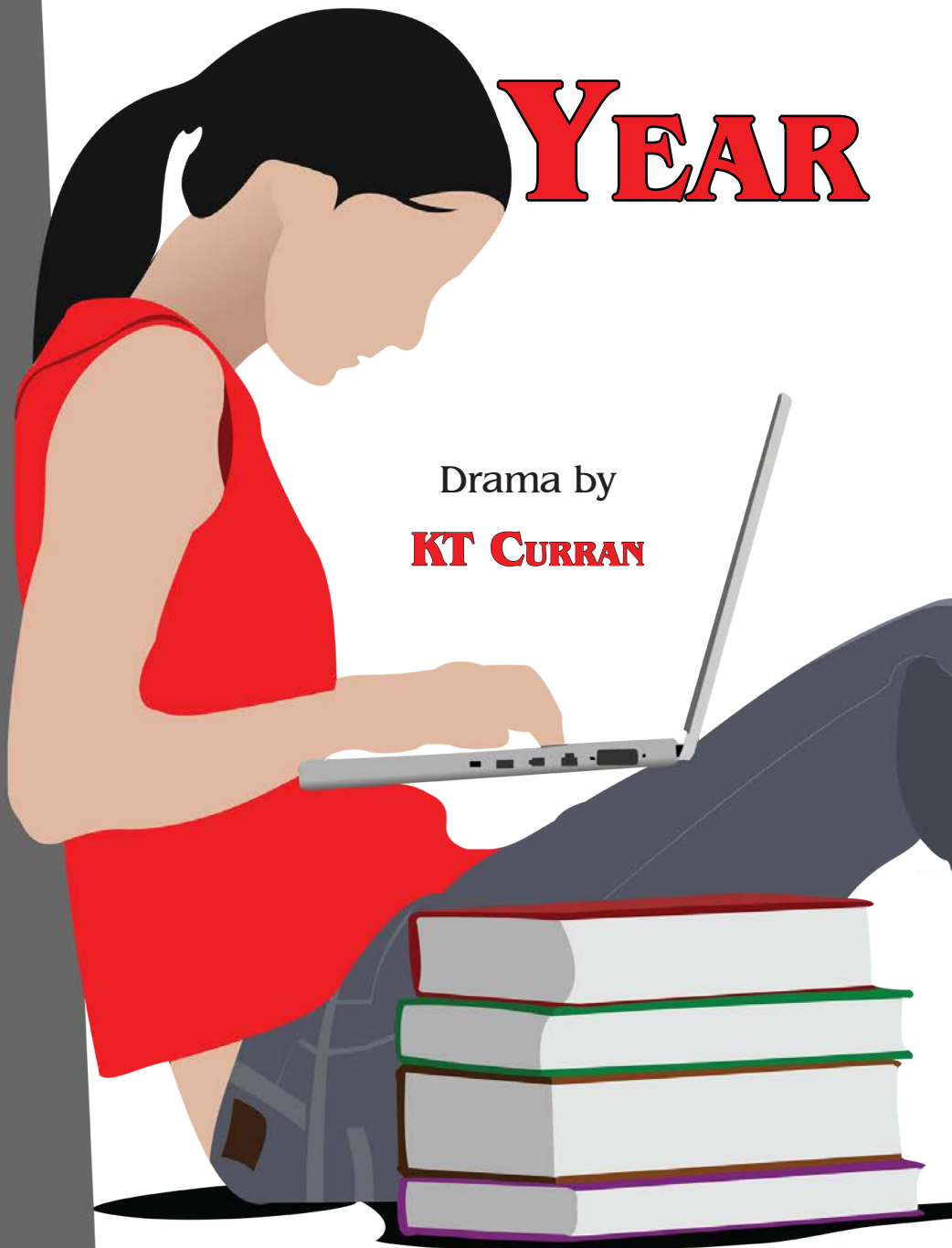
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Family Plays

FRESHMAN YEAR

Drama by

KT CURRAN



FRESHMAN YEAR

Drama. *By KT Curran.* *Cast: 1m., 4w.* *Freshman Year* was written for the SOURCE Teen Theatre, a nationally acclaimed and award-winning theatre for young people. The SOURCE is a traveling theatre company that creates and performs plays on important issues for teens. “It was written,” KT Curran says, “to shine a light on the difficult and sometimes life-altering situations that can happen to young women their freshman year of high school. Girls enter high school still precariously balanced between being a child and an adult. They are often misinformed about issues relating to dating, peer pressure and sexuality. In this play I try to reveal the hidden cultural influences that can lead young girls into situations they are ill-equipped to handle. Misconceptions about dating and sexuality can have dangerous consequences for teenagers—and these misconceptions can lead to serious problems such as eating disorders, low self-esteem, drug abuse and high-risk sexual behavior.” Curran is the author of some of our most popular Young Adult Awareness Plays—*Dear God, Let Me Be Popular*; *Secrets* and *The First Time Club*. Working with the Planned Parenthood Association in Sarasota, Florida, and director of the SOURCE Teen Theatre, she is intimately aware of the problems, fears and anxieties of teenagers and the devastating mistakes some of them make. Their lives and activities make a gripping play, which was developed on a tour of Southern Florida. *Permission is granted to modify any language that may be offensive in your community. Directors are also allowed to cut the play, if needed, for one-act play competitions. The playbook tells how the action may be mounted on a bare stage. Costumes: modern. Approximate running time: 45 minutes. Code: FE1.*

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KT CURRAN

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(FRESHMAN YEAR)

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“Produced by special arrangement with
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Freshman Year was originally produced by The SOURCE Teen Theatre in Sarasota, Florida, with the following cast:

Amelia—Allison Mazer

Candy—Traci Derr

Luna—Taniel Hoyle

Sarah—Tai Li Bond

Richard—Jordan Baszner

The SOURCE Teen Theatre, sponsored by Planned Parenthood Association of Southwest Florida, Inc., is a nationally acclaimed and award-winning theatre for young people. The SOURCE is a traveling theatre company that creates and performs plays on important issues for teens.

FRESHMAN YEAR

Cast of Characters

AMELIA is a fourteen-year-old girl entering her freshman year of high school. Her parents are recently divorced, and she now lives only with her mom. Amelia misses her father very much. They shared a love of sports and airplanes—her father named her “Amelia” after Amelia Earhart. She was a happy child, good at soccer, quick to laugh, and ready for adventure. Now her world is changing and she doesn’t quite know who she is any more.

CANDY, fourteen, is pretty and well developed. She is very concerned with her appearance and anxious about her weight. Candy is interested in boys and dating and wants to be popular. She tends to try to hide her true feelings and act more mature than she really is.

LUNA is a sixteen-year-old freshman. She is older than her peers because she spent a year and a half traveling through India with her parents when she was a child. Luna has been brought up with a great deal of freedom, but isn’t quite ready for the social complexities of being in high school. She smokes and experiments with drugs.

SARAH is a young woman in her mid to late twenties who has just started her first job as a school guidance counsellor. She is “hip” and personable—the kind of adult kids often feel they can trust. Sarah really wants to make a difference with the young people she comes in contact with.

RICHARD is a young man in his early twenties. He went to the same high school that Amelia, Candy, and Luna are attending and is now working in a low-paying job. He lives with some old high school friends in a run-down house in the city. Richard enjoys seducing young girls, which makes him feel important and reminds him of the fun times he had in high school.

A NOTE FROM THE AUTHOR

Freshman Year was written in order to shine a light on the difficult and sometimes life-altering situations that can happen to young women in their freshman year of high school. Girls enter the ninth grade still precariously balanced between being a child and an adult. They are often misinformed about issues relating to dating, peer pressure, and sexuality. In this play I try to reveal the hidden cultural influences that can lead young girls into situations they are ill-equipped to handle. Misconceptions about dating and sexuality can have dangerous consequences for teenagers; and these misconceptions can lead to serious problems such as eating disorders, low self-esteem, drug abuse, and high-risk sexual behavior. Our premiere tour went very well. The SOURCE Teen Theatre performed the play for 150 teachers during a teacher training session for Teen Pregnancy Prevention Week. The teachers gave the actors a standing ovation and many in the audience were crying. Several teachers spoke about how real the play was and that it needed to be seen by as many high school students as possible.



A NOTE FROM THE PUBLISHER

KT Curran is one of our most popular authors of Young Adult Awareness Plays. This is the fourth script of hers that we have published. The others are *The First Time Club*, *Secrets*, and *Dear God, Let Me Be Popular*. Reports from producers indicate that all are effective in helping young people live better lives. Perhaps the people in this play would have avoided trouble if they had seen a play like this one.

Playing time is about one hour. Permission is granted to modify any language that may be offensive in your community. Directors are also allowed to cut the play, if needed, for one-act play competitions.

PRODUCTION NOTES*Properties*

Nail polish
Old teddy bear
Backpack—Amelia
Purse—Amelia
Hair brush—Amelia
Purse—Candy
Brush—Candy
Lipstick—Candy
Purse—Luna
Cigarette—Luna
Lighter—Luna
Diet Coke—Candy
Apple—Candy
Diet pills—Candy
Lunch bag with sandwich—Amelia
“How I See Myself In Ten Years” fliers—Sarah
Pen and scrap of paper—Luna
Beer bottle—Richard
Portable phone—Richard
Two beers—Luna
Telephone—Richard
Catalog—Richard
Clipboard with form on it/pencil—Amelia
Papers and pen—Candy
Poem on crumbled up piece of paper—Luna
Several dollar bills—Richard
Realistic baby doll wrapped in blankets

Costumes

Since the play must move rapidly in spite of the fact that the play has many settings, the costumes must be designed for quick change (or no change). Over-dressing—that is, wearing one costume over another—is one solution. Another solution is to make quick changes by quickly adding a jacket, vest, hat, etc. No changes should be made unless a character is offstage long enough to make a change; the action should *not* slow down for costume changes.

Amelia should be dressed in sporty clothes at the beginning of the play, then look more “seductive” in the scenes with Richard, and finally be in sloppy clothes in the final scene when she is taking care of her baby. *Candy* should dress in tight clothes that reveal her figure until after the rape where she begins to wear baggy clothing. *Luna* is dressed in “hippie” style clothes—long flowing Indian skirts, jeans, etc.

Music

Contemporary or original music is effective during scene shifts and to softly underscore *Amelia*’s monologues. (If you use contemporary music, you must secure permission from the copyright owner.)

The Set

The set, like the costumes, must be designed so that there is no delay between scenes—no pause longer than it takes for a shift in lighting. The set can be as simple as a bare stage and a few black boxes that can be stacked, one upon the other, or used separately to serve as beds, chairs, etc., for a variety of settings. Creative use of various levels, platforms, abstract boxes, and units help keep the play moving swiftly.

Prologue:	Amelia’s bedroom
Scene 1:	Amelia’s bedroom
Scene 2:	The girls’ bathroom at school
Scene 3:	The school cafeteria
Scene 4:	Richard’s apartment
Scene 5:	A hallway at school
Scene 6:	Outside the school
Scene 7:	Service Supply Company
Scene 8:	The Health Clinic
Scene 9:	The City Park
Scene 10:	The School Library
Scene 11:	Amelia’s bedroom

FRESHMAN YEAR

Prologue

[Fun and fast music is playing. A teenage girl, AMELIA, is sitting in her room painting her nails and swaying to the music. She speaks to the audience]

AMELIA. Sometimes I sit in my room with the radio on, listening to old songs. I think about everything that's happened to me this past year. My freshman year. I listen to the music and imagine myself laughing and running around with my friends. And then it begins. *[A BABY is heard crying over the music. The baby crying gets louder and louder as the music fades. AMELIA rises and walks downstage]* I wish I could go back to how I was then. *[MUSIC comes up and covers the sound of the baby crying. AMELIA exits]*

Scene One

[Amelia's Room. MUSIC is playing loudly. Fourteen-year-old AMELIA enters, pulling on a jacket. She is busy getting ready for her first day of high school. She grabs a brush and yanks it through her hair several times. She pulls on her shoes, grabs her purse, and reaches for her backpack. As she picks up the backpack, she knocks over an old teddy bear that was lying on the floor, half under the bed. She turns off the music, bends down and tenderly picks up the old bear]

AMELIA. What are you doing on the floor in all that dust and dirt? Have you been hiding under the bed? *[She gives him a hug]* I haven't talked to you for ages, have I? *[AMELIA walks over to her bed and starts to put him on it]*

CANDY. *[Entering]* I've been banging on your door for ten minutes—finally I just thought, "Duh, just try the door handle." And it was open! *[She sees Amelia holding bear]* What are you doing?

AMELIA. *[Throwing bear on the bed]* Nothing. Making my bed.

CANDY. Well, I don't want to be late on our first day of high school. Where's your mom?

AMELIA. We have to take the bus.

CANDY. The bus?

AMELIA. She had to leave early. New job.

CANDY. That sucks.

AMELIA. I know.

CANDY. Sitting in a bus, crammed next to a bunch of geeks first thing in the morning is not my idea of—

AMELIA. What time is it anyway?

CANDY. Why didn't you tell me we had to take the bus? I wanted to get there early. All the best lockers are gonna be taken and we'll be stuck with old ones down by the gym. Your mom always drives us the first day of school.

AMELIA. *[Grabbing her backpack and purse and starting to walk out the door]* I didn't find out 'til this morning. Her new job starts at 7:30, so I had to get myself breakfast and everything. She gave me this big speech about how I'm in high school now and I can handle it and life is gonna be different because of the...you know...

CANDY. *[Stopping]* Divorce. You can say it, Amelia. It's no big deal. My parents have been divorced since I was nine. Everybody's parents get divorced sooner or later. It's just life. *[AMELIA turns to CANDY, who notices the old jacket Amelia is wearing for the first time]* Is that what you're wearing?

AMELIA. What do you mean?

CANDY. Promise me you won't get mad if I ask you a question?

AMELIA. What?

CANDY. Did you get that jacket at the Salvation Army or what?

AMELIA. I love this jacket. It was my dad's

CANDY. Whatever. Come on. We're gonna miss the stupid bus. *[CANDY exits. AMELIA takes one last look at her bedroom and then follows her. MUSIC up]*

Scene Two

[The girls' restroom in the high school. LUNA, a sixteen year old, is smoking a cigarette. She is a freshman, but is older because of time spent traveling with her parents. She is tall and well developed. Luna is inhaling her cigarette in short, quick puffs and watching the door (the smoking may be mimed). The door opens and she rushes to put out the cigarette. AMELIA and CANDY enter]

LUNA. You scared the hell out of me. I thought you were a teacher or something. Damn. I just wasted a perfectly good cigarette. *[Profanity may be modified]*

AMELIA. Sorry.

LUNA. You're new here, aren't you?

CANDY. *[Looking in her purse]* Oh no! I forgot my brush!

AMELIA. *[Smiling at Luna]* First day.

LUNA. Freshmen?

CANDY. Is it that obvious? *[She takes out a lipstick and puts some on]*

LUNA. You wanna share a cigarette?

CANDY. Gross.

AMELIA. Uh...Okay.

CANDY. Amelia!

AMELIA. It's no big deal.

LUNA. It's menthol.

AMELIA. What grade are you in?

LUNA. Ninth. I know. I look older. *[She lights cigarette and passes it to Amelia]* I'm sixteen. I spent a year and a half traveling through India with my parents when I was a little kid.

AMELIA. *[Trying cigarette a little awkwardly]* Cool. What's your name?

CANDY. Amelia, we're going to be late.

LUNA. Luna.

CANDY. Luna? What kind of name is that?

LUNA. My parents are old hippies.

AMELIA. Wow.

LUNA. *[Offering cigarette to Candy]* You want a drag?

CANDY. No thanks. Coming, Amelia?

AMELIA. Yeah. I'll be right there. *[She quickly brushes her hair.*

CANDY exits]

LUNA. She's like a Barbie Doll. Perfect hair, perfect teeth. And plastic underneath.

AMELIA. She's my friend.

LUNA. Sorry.

AMELIA. It's okay. Well...thanks for the cigarette. See you around.

LUNA. Later.

[AMELIA exits and finds CANDY waiting for her outside]

CANDY. I can't believe you were smoking with that girl.

AMELIA. I like her.

CANDY. She's a freak. And since when do you smoke?

AMELIA. I don't smoke. I just—

CANDY. You just wanted to impress...what's her name? Tuna?

AMELIA. *[Laughing]* I think it was Luna. The bell's about to ring. I'll see you at lunch.

CANDY. There's a meeting about cheerleading try-outs at twelve-thirty. I'll meet you when I'm done, outside the library, okay?

AMELIA. I'll bring you a sandwich from the food cart.

CANDY. Bye! *[CANDY exits. AMELIA speaks to the audience:]*

AMELIA. I had just walked into a whole new world. Girls smoking in the bathroom. Weird guys grabbing you in the halls. I didn't know how to react to any of it. There was this sort of contest with the older boys to see how many girls' shirts they could pull up between classes. It was awful. I walked the halls in fear. The seniors were like gods and we freshmen, the dogs of the school. I needed to be grown up. Fast.

Scene Three

[The school lunchroom. Later that day. CANDY is sitting at a table. She has a Diet Coke and an apple. She is sipping the Coke and looking around. AMELIA enters. She rushes across the cafeteria]

CANDY. Amelia. Amelia!

AMELIA. Sorry I'm late.

CANDY. Where have you been? I don't want to be seen sitting alone at lunch.

AMELIA. I was talking to Coach Andrews. He said they're having soccer try-outs next Friday, and my old middle school coach told him I was pretty good.

CANDY. You're not thinking of trying out for soccer!

AMELIA. He thinks I could make varsity. There's only one other freshman on the team, but—

CANDY. You think guys are gonna like a girl who plays soccer? You'll be walking around all day with a sweaty face, stringy hair, and sweat pants. Anyway...soccer is for guys.

AMELIA. *[Sitting]* I love soccer. Me and my dad used to—

CANDY. Why are you always talking about your dad? He's gone, Amelia. And playing some stupid soccer game is not gonna bring him back.

AMELIA. *[Pause]* I really miss him.

CANDY. *[Pause]* I'm sorry.... I mean, for being such a bitch. I'm just so hungry. It's driving me crazy.

AMELIA. Why don't you eat then? Have half of my sandwich.

CANDY. NO. I have to lose ten pounds or I don't make the cheerleading team. *[Takes out some pills]* I'll take another one of these.

AMELIA. I think those diet pills make you hyper.

CANDY. It's better than being fat. Wherever I go I look around and there's someone prettier than me. It drives me crazy.

AMELIA. Oh, you'll never believe what happened. I knew I was late for lunch and you would be pissed, so I took the shortcut behind the gym to get here—

CANDY. Yeah?

AMELIA. There was this guy and girl practically on top of each other. He had his tongue in her mouth and everything. I thought I was gonna die.

CANDY. You are such a little kid, Amelia.

AMELIA. I am not.

CANDY. This is high school.

AMELIA. So?

CANDY. If you're lucky, you'll be the next one behind the gym.

AMELIA. Gross.

CANDY. When are you gonna grow up?

AMELIA. I hate when you say that.

CANDY. *[Suddenly remembering something]* Oh! I forgot to tell you. The most unbelievable, fabulous, incredible—

AMELIA. What?

CANDY. You know Stinger?

AMELIA. Stinger...like the guy on the football team?

CANDY. Stinger, like the STAR of the football team.

AMELIA. What about him?

CANDY. *[She leans in to Amelia and talks excitedly in a low voice]* I was...you know...sort of hanging out down where the guys practice this morning...you know...before school...with some other cheerleader type girls.

AMELIA. Yeah?

CANDY. And this gorgeous guy comes up and starts talking to me. Just like that. He was so cute, Amelia. And so sweet. He made me feel like a princess or something. And suddenly he just asks me out. For tonight. I said yes without even thinking, and when he walked away I realized I didn't even know who he was. Then all the girls tell me he is **THE** Stinger. Star of the football team. I nearly died.

AMELIA. Is your mom gonna let you go?

CANDY. *[Rising]* Are you kidding? She said I can't date 'til I'm a junior. I'm telling her I'm spending the night at your house. So don't call me or anything.

AMELIA. *[Following Candy]* But what if she—

CANDY. I am not gonna miss a chance like this, Amelia. I'll go home after the date, and tell my mom you and I had a fight or something. Just play along with it if she asks you anything about it later, okay?

AMELIA. You are so crazy.

CANDY. *[Excitedly]* Can you believe it? The star of the football team asked me out. My first date in high school. *[They laugh and jump up and down]*

[LUNA enters]

AMELIA. Hey. There's Luna.

CANDY. Oh, great. *[She crosses away]*

LUNA. Hi, Amelia. How's it going?

AMELIA. Luna. Hi. That is such a cool outfit.

LUNA. I had to sort of dress up. I'm seeing some therapist after school.

CANDY. Therapist?

LUNA. My parents think I'm acting weird. They said they think I must be **ON DRUGS** or something.

CANDY. I can't imagine where they would get that idea.

AMELIA. Candy!

[A woman enters. SARAH BOND is in her late twenties, but looks even younger. She is dressed in a hip style. She approaches the three girls]

SARAH. Hi. How's it going?

LUNA. Been better.

SARAH. Ummm. I was wondering if you'd—

CANDY. *[Pointing]* The office is down that way.

SARAH. I'm not looking for the office. I'm... I'm the new counsellor here.

LUNA. Counsellor? You don't look much older than us.

SARAH. To tell you the truth, I'm not. I just got out of graduate school. This is my first job as a counsellor. But don't tell anybody.

LUNA. You don't have to worry. Nobody talks to the school counsellor anyway.

SARAH. Well, hopefully, I'm gonna change that.

LUNA. *[Slight pause. The three GIRLS look at Sarah]* Oh yeah? So what's up? Are we supposed to tell you all our deep, dark secrets or something?

AMELIA. Luna.

SARAH. Seriously, if any of you ever need someone to talk to, I'm here. I remember what it's like in high school. Sometimes it can get really tough.

CANDY. I don't know. It's okay so far.

LUNA. Speak for yourself.

SARAH. Well...stop by and see me. I get lonely sitting in my office. Oh, I almost forgot. Are you girls freshmen? *[They nod]*

CANDY. Yeah.

SARAH. *[Handing them each a flier]* I talked the principal into having this essay contest. A lot of local businesses are sponsoring it. The flier tells all about it. It's just for freshman girls. "How I See Myself In Ten Years."

CANDY. I'm not very good at essays.

AMELIA. Me either.

SARAH. It's worth a try. You could win a college scholarship.

LUNA. Thanks, but no thanks. *[She wads up her flier]*

SARAH. Well...think about it. Maybe you'll change your mind. *[The GIRLS smile at her as she exits]*

CANDY. Whatever. Could you believe that lady?

LUNA. I don't know. She was kind of cool. Unlike most of the jerks in this school.

AMELIA. How old do you think she is?

CANDY. Maybe twenty-five? Definitely not thirty.

LUNA. I bet she doesn't last six months. *[She looks thoughtfully at the wadded up flier in her hand]* And what's this stupid contest?

AMELIA. *[Reading the flier]* "How I See Myself in Ten Years."

LUNA. *[Sarcastically]* Great prize. You win a college scholarship. *[She tosses the wadded-up piece of paper up and down]* What if you don't want to go to college?

CANDY. You probably couldn't even get into one.

AMELIA. Candy. Shut up.

CANDY. *[Gathering her backpack together and rising]* Listen, Amelia. I've got to go. I'll call you tomorrow and tell you what happened. Thanks for...you know...

AMELIA. *[Crossing to Candy]* What if your mom calls or something?

CANDY. She won't. She went to some stupid party at the club.

AMELIA. Have fun.

CANDY. See ya.

LUNA. I don't think your friend likes me.

AMELIA. Candy's weird sometimes. She's a little buzzed out on her diet pills.

LUNA. Barbie on speed. Watch out, world!

AMELIA. *[Laughing, then looking at flier in her hand again]* Hey, Luna. What do you think you'll be doing in ten years?

LUNA. I don't know. I'd like to own my own music store, have posters and stuff, maybe a little vegetarian cafe.

AMELIA. Wow.

LUNA. What about you?

AMELIA. I have no idea. *[Pulling her legs up on the bench and wrapping her arms around them]* When I was a little girl I used to want to be a pilot.

LUNA. A pilot? You mean, like fly airplanes and stuff?

AMELIA. My dad used to take flying lessons. He loved to fly. And sometimes he'd take me up in the air with him. But my mom made him stop 'cause it was so expensive. Then he just read books about it.

LUNA. What a drag.

AMELIA. He named me Amelia after Amelia Earhart. You know...the woman flier from way back in the thirties or something? He'd tell me stories about how brave she was.

LUNA. Cool.

AMELIA. I haven't thought about Amelia Earhart in ages.

LUNA. Your dad sounds really neat.

AMELIA. I don't know. My parents got divorced this summer. He moved to Colorado. *[She wads up flier and tosses it on the table]*

LUNA. That sucks.

AMELIA. Yeah.

LUNA. Maybe you're lucky. *[She picks up her purse and rises. AMELIA follows her]* My dad's been driving me crazy lately. I totally disagree with him about everything. I hate school. He loves it. I like MTV. He hates it. He wants me to live up to my potential and I think he's *sooo* full of it. *[She turns to go and then suddenly thinks of something]* Hey, Amelia. You want to go with me to a party tonight?

AMELIA. A party? Where?

LUNA. It's at this guy Eric's house. He used to go to this school and now him and a bunch of other people live together in this old house downtown. They're having a keg party. You want to go?

AMELIA. I have to ask my mom.

LUNA. My friend Emily's driving. We could pick you up.

AMELIA. I'd love to. I would really love to.

LUNA. *[Writing her number on a piece of napkin]* Here's my number. Call me later and let me know if it's cool with your mom. You could tell her we're just going out to a movie or something.

AMELIA. Yeah.

LUNA. Well, I better get to class. Let me know if you can come, okay?

AMELIA. I'll call you.

LUNA. Bye.

[AMELIA sits alone for a moment, lost in thought. Then she smiles, gets up, and hurries away]