

REBECCA, THE CHILD

a short one act play for teens

by Timothy Tarkelly

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Rebecca, The Child
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Setting: Suburban street with a payphone.

Characters:

Rebecca: *a sheltered high-school student. She is prissy in an innocent sort of way.*

Claire: *Rebecca's friend. She is precocious and stupid. However, she thinks she has life "figured out."*

AT THE RISE:

CLAIRE and REBECCA are walking down a street. They stop at a payphone.

REBECCA

My dad would kill me if he knew I was doing this.

CLAIRE

Well, he'll never know.

REBECCA

I hope so.

CLAIRE

All right. You call him.

REBECCA

No way. You do it. He's your...friend.

They look at each other for a few moments.

CLAIRE

Look, I'll give you twenty bucks if you do it.

REBECCA
(bites her lip)

OK, I'll do it.

REBECCA picks up the phone and dials.
After a few seconds she hangs up the
phone.

REBECCA

Damn it. Busy signal.

CLAIRE

All right, but you're calling back in a minute.

REBECCA

Why are we doing this again?

CLAIRE

Because...well, because we're bound to sooner or later. We might as well do
it now. You know?

REBECCA

I guess.

CLAIRE

Besides, it will be great.

REBECCA

Oh? How would you know?

CLAIRE

(shrugs)

That's exactly it! We don't know anything.

REBECCA

Maybe, it's better that way?

CLAIRE

Ha. You've lived in this town for too long.

REBECCA

And you?

CLAIRE

I'm just different, I guess.

REBECCA

OK, well forgive me for being boring.

CLAIRE

(chuckles)

Yeah, well. You are kind of boring.

REBECCA

(laughs)

Excuse me?

CLAIRE

I'm just trying to...get us...educated. We're seventeen, and I promise, we are way below the curve.

REBECCA

I don't really think that you are miss excitement or anything.

CLAIRE

You're not boring and I'm sorry. Now can you call?

CLAIRE deposits a coin into the payphone. She holds it for a moment and then hangs up.

REBECCA

Busy signal.

CLAIRE

Again?

REBECCA

Yep.

CLAIRE

(sighs)

This sucks.

REBECCA

Yeah, let's just give up. The phone is probably disconnected or something.

CLAIRE

Uh uh. I'm too excited about this.

REBECCA

Why are you so sure that you're ready to do this?

CLAIRE

I just know. I'm just...really grown up for my age. People tell me that all the time.

REBECCA
Like who?

CLAIRE
People. Don't be rude.

REBECCA
You think you're so much better than everybody else.

CLAIRE
I do not.

REBECCA
I think I want going home. I don't even know why I considered this.

CLAIRE
This isn't even about me. You're just chickening out.

REBECCA
Well...

CLAIRE
You really want me to do this without you?

REBECCA
No, Claire. I'm just nervous.

CLAIRE
Look, I lied earlier. I'm nervous too. I just know that it won't be so bad if we both do it.

REBECCA
Yeah?

CLAIRE
Yeah. Wanna call again?

REBECCA deposits a coin into the
payphone and dials. After a moment she
hangs up again.

REBECCA
Still busy.

CLAIRE
(sighs)

I guess we'll try again in a minute.

REBECCA

How did you meet him anyway?

CLAIRE

A party.

REBECCA

A party? You went to a party and didn't tell me about it.

CLAIRE

Well, it was kind of invite only, you know?

REBECCA

You got invited?

CLAIRE

Yeah. It wasn't a big deal. It was just a few guys hanging out. Asked me to join.

REBECCA

And you didn't just get it over with then?

CLAIRE

No! You're my friend. It's us or not at all.

REBECCA

Well, that didn't stop you from not inviting me to the party.

CLAIRE

I said it wasn't a big deal.

REBECCA

Where was it?

CLAIRE

Nowhere.

REBECCA

Where?

CLAIRE
(hesitates)

My house.

