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*Samuel French Acting Edition*

# Five Mile Lake

*by* Rachel Bonds

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ISBN 978-0-573-70670-7

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*FIVE MILE LAKE* was originally produced by South Coast Repertory in Costa Mesa, California in April of 2014. The performance was directed by Daniella Topol, with scenic design by Marion Williams, costume design by David Kay Mickelson, lighting design by Lap Chi Chu, and sound design by composer Vincent Olivieri. The Stage Manager was Jennifer Ellen Butler. The cast was as follows:

**JAMIE** .....Nate Mooney  
**MARY** .....Rebecca Mozo  
**RUFUS**..... Corey Brill  
**PETA**.....Nicole Shalhoub  
**DANNY**..... Brian Slaten

*FIVE MILE LAKE* was subsequently produced by McCarter Theatre Center in Princeton, New Jersey (Emily Mann, Artistic Director; Timothy J. Shields, Managing Director) in May of 2015. The performance was directed by Emily Mann, with set design by Edward Pierce, costume design by Jennifer von Mayrhauser, lighting design by Jeff Croiter, and original music and sound design by Daniel Perelstein. The Production Stage Manager was Cheryl Mintz. The cast was as follows:

**JAMIE** ..... Tobias Segal  
**MARY** ..... Kristen Bush  
**RUFUS**..... Nathan Darrow  
**PETA**.....Mahira Kakkar  
**DANNY**.....Jason Babinsky

## CHARACTERS

JAMIE

MARY

RUFUS

PETA\*

DANNY

\*Author's Note: Peta was originally written for a South Asian actor, though we cast an actor of Middle Eastern descent in the world premiere production, and this casting also made sense.

## SETTING

A small, somewhat desolate town near Scranton, PA. By a lake.

## TIME

Winter.

## AUTHOR'S NOTES

A slash ( / ) indicates where the next line should begin. For instance:

**RUFUS.** We're not engaged.

**JAMIE.** What? / That's -

**RUFUS.** That's what you were going to ask, right?



## 1. The Bakery

*(Early morning. The bakery. MARY and JAMIE set up: He prepares coffee and sets up the coffee station; she arranges the bakery case. She is in a dark cloud, very drawn into herself. He observes her as they work quietly.)*

**MARY.** Can you hand me that?

**JAMIE.** *(Handing her a box of baked goods.)* Yeah – / sure.

**MARY.** That one too.

**JAMIE.** *(Handing her another box.)* Yeah – yup.

*(She takes the boxes from him without looking at him and works quickly, clouded. He puzzles at her.)*

...What's up with you?

**MARY.** What?

**JAMIE.** You seem, / like –

**MARY.** What?

**JAMIE.** You're all, like...

*(He does some brief imitation of her going through her tasks robotically, shell-shocked.)*

**MARY.** I'm fine.

**JAMIE.** Okay.

**MARY.** Okay...

*(She turns back to her task, annoyed.)*

**JAMIE.** ...Did you watch any hockey last night?

**MARY.** I hate hockey.

**JAMIE.** *No* – but this is – this isn't like normal hockey, this is like –

**MARY.** I don't like hockey.

**JAMIE.** But THIS hockey is like when everyone plays AGAINST their own teammates and / it's crazy.

**MARY.** Don't like hockey.

**JAMIE.** But this is – you'll like this. They tell everyone's family back-stories and you get all personally involved with all / of them...

**MARY.** They're all such dicks, though. They all get such pleasure out of beating each other up.

**JAMIE.** That's just – part of / the game.

**MARY.** Would you ever want to hang out with a hockey player though? They're probably all really mean and aggressive and like / drunk all the time –

**JAMIE.** Fine, okay – but they're fun to watch. They're really good at what they do and that's Fun To Watch. You don't have to hang out with / them.

**MARY.** I / know that.

**JAMIE.** Okay, so –... You've been watching figure skating?

**MARY.** I'm not talking to you about it.

**JAMIE.** Have you?

**MARY.** It's a sport, / Jamie.

**JAMIE.** Yeahhh, not really / a sport.

**MARY.** It's a / sport.

**JAMIE.** Not really a sport, / Mary.

**MARY.** Have you seen the legs on those people? Their muscles are like bulging out all over the – they are serious athletes, Jamie.

**JAMIE.** I don't know if they're *serious* / athletes...

**MARY.** JAMIE STOP.

**JAMIE.** Okay!

(*Quiet.*)

I mean they wear glittery costumes.

**MARY.** Seriously – fuck off.

**JAMIE.** Whoa!

**MARY.** Just – I said I wasn't talking about it.

**JAMIE.** Sorry.

*(They work silently for a moment. She grabs a bag of cat food hidden under a shelf and heads outside.)*

You know if you keep feeding them they're going to multiply.

**MARY.** Then I'll get more food.

**JAMIE.** I don't know if it's a good thing to do.

**MARY.** What else are they going to eat?

**JAMIE.** Birds. Moles. Wild things. They hunt, Mary.

**MARY.** They're hungry.

**JAMIE.** But what if they become dependent on you and forget how to fend for themselves?

*(She gives him a look and turns to go outside.)*

Okay, feed them – But don't be surprised if you go out there one day and there's like forty cats sitting there waiting for you.

**MARY.** I would love that.

**JAMIE.** Like, "Feeeeeeeeed ussssss."

**MARY.** If I get locked out, let me / back in.

**JAMIE.** "Marryyyyyy, feeeed usss."

**MARY.** Goodbye.

*(She disappears into the back. JAMIE stares after her, then goes back to arranging the coffee station.)*

*(MARY re-enters.)*

**JAMIE.** How were they?

**MARY.** Hungry.

**JAMIE.** Yup.

**MARY.** You know you like them.

**JAMIE.** Euhhh... They're kind of crazy looking.

**MARY.** What?

**JAMIE.** I mean – they look kind of rabid / or something.

**MARY.** They're stray cats, they're not – going to look like the Fancy Feast commercial / or whatever.

**JAMIE.** I know.

**MARY.** You know if I weren't here you'd be back there feeding them out of your hand.

**JAMIE.** (*Cringing.*) Errr – doubtful.

**MARY.** Okay, fine, you'll let them starve and freeze to death.

*(She goes back to work, quiet. They are silent for several moments.)*

**JAMIE.** Hey – how's Danny doing?

**MARY.** (*Not looking up.*) Danny's fine.

**JAMIE.** You know there's this incentive thing where businesses get a bonus from the government if they hire him.

**MARY.** We know.

**JAMIE.** So, but – he hasn't found anything / yet?

**MARY.** Not yet.

**JAMIE.** Okay. Well... I don't know, if he wants, maybe I could talk to some people for him, ask around...

**MARY.** Yeah, maybe...

**JAMIE.** I mean, it must be hard, / like –

**MARY.** Yup.

**JAMIE.** It must be really hard to...have such a serious purpose, and like, sense of duty and everything, and then have that disappear completely.

**MARY.** Yeah.

**JAMIE.** Especially for Danny, he's so... He seems to need that – sense of purpose thing. Anyway.

*(MARY studies a spot on the counter, rubbing it with a cloth. JAMIE goes back to his task. MARY rubs the spot on the counter. Several moments pass.)*

**MARY.** ...So were you on that email?

**JAMIE.** What email?

**MARY.** That Jared sent about getting married?

**JAMIE.** Oooh, yeah. I was. On that.

**MARY.** Yeahhh.

**JAMIE.** I thought it was weird he sent a mass email.

**MARY.** Me too.

**JAMIE.** He didn't...tell you before or / anything?

**MARY.** Nope.

**JAMIE.** Are you pissed?

**MARY.** Pissed? Not really.

**JAMIE.** But you're...

**MARY.** I don't know.

**JAMIE.** Sad?

**MARY.** No.

**JAMIE.** Melancholy?

**MARY.** (*Laughing.*) "Melancholy?" Yeah – maybe.

**JAMIE.** Why though? You're always saying how much of a dick / he was.

**MARY.** Well, yeah, he's completely – emotionally incapable, but...I don't know, I'm still just kind of HERE, like – treading water – and he's going off to really live his stupid life somewhere.

**JAMIE.** Yeah, in Philadelphia. It's not like the – like Paris.

**MARY.** (*Shrugging.*) Still.

Don't you ever get claustrophobic? – Like don't you ever want to just tear your skin off and run away and be a whole different person?

**JAMIE.** No. Because I live on a huge lake.

**MARY.** (*Rolling her eyes.*) Oh god.

**JAMIE.** ...So I can go outside and stare out at the huge, beautiful lake every day...and that feels very un-claustrophobic.

**MARY.** But Jamie, it's a lake.

**JAMIE.** So?

**MARY.** So it's finite and man-made.

**JAMIE.** I know.

**MARY.** And shallow and muddy / and –

**JAMIE.** I like my / lake.

**MARY.** – Too small to contain anything interesting.

**JAMIE.** Jesus – well it's big enough for me.

**MARY.** Well we are very different people.

**JAMIE.** ...I guess. What, you want to go live in Philly?

**MARY.** Maybe, I don't know. Or New York.

**JAMIE.** Eugh, New York is nasty.

**MARY.** It's not – why is it *nasty*?

**JAMIE.** There's people just, like, in your face, all the time, and – trash, like, all over the street – seriously, the last time I was there it was everywhere, and we were in this place in...I think, like, Chinatown, and there was this nasty / *smell* –

**MARY.** Well yeah, it's a city.

**JAMIE.** People seriously, like, take shits on the street. / On the street.

**MARY.** (*Rolling her eyes.*) Oh god.

**JAMIE.** They do.

**MARY.** Okay – well. It's a city, Jamie. People do all kinds of things.

(**JAMIE** *climbs on the counter and begins writing the names of muffins, specials, etc. on the chalkboard menu.*)

**JAMIE.** Today's cranberry walnut, right?

**MARY.** Yeah.

God – Jared's such a dick. “Just wanted to share the good news...!”

**JAMIE.** (*Writing carefully.*) He's just excited.

**MARY.** He's a dick.

**JAMIE.** Yeah. My ex-girlfriend's married.

**MARY.** But Melissa's your high school girlfriend.

**JAMIE.** So?

**MARY.** So you high-school-loved her. I adult-loved Jared.

**JAMIE.** It was still weird when she got married.

**MARY.** She is ALWAYS tapping her ring against the counter.

**JAMIE.** (*Jumping down from the counter.*) What?

**MARY.** She doesn't do this to you? When Melissa comes in, she always stares into the bakery case and pretends to be thinking really hard about what she wants and she taps her little ring finger against the glass like TAP TAP TAP, MAN, I canNOT decide WHAT BAKERY ITEM I WANT to BUY toDAY, and OH MY GOD, LOOK HOW HUGE MY DIAMOND RING IS.

**JAMIE.** It is huge, isn't it?

**MARY.** It's ridiculous.

**JAMIE.** Like kind of gawdy, right?

**MARY.** YES. I would never wear that.

**JAMIE.** Yeah, good, I would never buy that. For / anyone.

*(A loud knock on the glass interrupts them. JAMIE and MARY jump and look out toward the noise. RUFUS and PETA stand outside; RUFUS pounds on the glass.)*

*(Squinting.)* ...Rufus? Oh my god, what the...

*(JAMIE lets them in. MARY smooths her hair.)*

*(RUFUS and PETA step inside.)*

**RUFUS.** Hey are you open yet? We're starving, feed us.

**JAMIE.** Rufus, what the? What are you –

*(They hug.)*

It's been / forever.

**RUFUS.** I know.

**JAMIE.** What the hell are you doing here?

**RUFUS.** You know... Oh, sorry – this is Peta.

**JAMIE.** (*Offering his hand.*) Peta. Hey – I'm Jamie.

**PETA.** (*Shaking his hand.*) Hi. It's so nice to meet you.

**JAMIE.** Yeah, um – it's nice to meet you too.

**PETA.** (*Smiling politely.*) I've heard a lot about you.

**JAMIE.** Oh – well, that's – thanks, that's – god, sorry, I'm just  
– I did NOT expect to see YOU / today.

**RUFUS.** I know, it's kind of crazy.

**JAMIE.** What time did you leave the city?

**RUFUS.** Uhhh...early.

**JAMIE.** Yeah, seriously. What's going on?

**RUFUS.** Uhh, nothing, really, we just...decided to take a  
little trip.

**JAMIE.** Cool, okay. Oh, sorry – you remember Mary?

**RUFUS.** Uh – yeah – hey Mary.

**MARY.** Hi.

**RUFUS.** Danny's sister.

**MARY.** Right.

**RUFUS.** (*To PETA.*) Danny was a friend of mine in high  
school.

**PETA.** Ahh, nice.

**RUFUS.** Peta, Mary.

**PETA.** Hello.

**MARY.** Hi.

**JAMIE.** Seriously, though, are you guys – what are your  
plans, are you just driving through?

**RUFUS.** No, we came for a visit.

**JAMIE.** Okay. Okay, awesome.

**RUFUS.** Thought we'd take some time, stare at the water,  
relax, you know... Is that okay?

**JAMIE.** Yeah! – Yeah totally.

**RUFUS.** Good. Okay.

**JAMIE.** Um...well, welcome home.

**RUFUS.** Thanks.

*(They all stand quietly.)*

## 2. The Backyard

*(Late night. JAMIE and RUFUS behind the lake house. They sit at a picnic table. They share a bottle of whiskey. Though it's cold, they've stopped noticing.)*

**RUFUS.** So then *he* – *he* then tries to *recover* and pretends that he DIDN'T say what he just said, like tries to coast over it *entirely* – and she's standing there with like, mouth agape, like – “What the fuuuuuuck did you just say?” – and he's like fumbling around saying like, “Well anyway what I meant was, see what I'm trying to say is blah blah,” and while he's like shitting his pants she just like – ohmygod – she just *rears back* and – *(He gestures a sucker punch.)* WHAM! – she just punches the guy right / in the face.

**JAMIE.** *(Laughing.)* Ohmygod.

**RUFUS.** I KNOW! And then like the whole room goes quiet and he's clutching his face and making this *weird* whimpering sound and everyone's staring at him, except for me – because I'm looking at *her* – and you can barely see it, like it's barely there, it's just this tiny, tiny, tiny thing, but I see it. She has this subtle, little snarl going / on – like –

**JAMIE.** A snarl?

**RUFUS.** Yes! Like her lip is slightly curved up on one side – it's really small, like almost imperceptible – but it's there – this like real *animal* thing. And that's it, then I'm just like, “I must know this girl. This girl must be in my daily life from now on.” Just... I mean she really beat the shit out of him. And then that little *snarl*. How do you not walk across the room and immediately introduce yourself to that girl?

**JAMIE.** I don't know.

**RUFUS.** So.

**JAMIE.** That's crazy.

**RUFUS.** I know! God.

Oh shit – it's late. Do you have to be at work in like four hours? I don't want you to get fired.

**JAMIE.** No, it's okay – I'm basically managing this location now, so.

**RUFUS.** Nice.

**JAMIE.** Yeah – Brad's mostly out at the Waynesboro location so he's never around. And I know he won't come in tomorrow. Er, well, today. Shit.

**RUFUS.** That's cool.

**JAMIE.** Yeah.

**RUFUS.** (*Drinking.*) God this tastes good.

**JAMIE.** I know.

**RUFUS.** Everything tastes better when you're outside.

**JAMIE.** And you're staring at a lake.

**RUFUS.** And it's negative degrees. Cheers.

*(They drink.)*

**JAMIE.** So...

**RUFUS.** We're not engaged.

**JAMIE.** What? / That's –

**RUFUS.** That's what you were going to ask, right?

**JAMIE.** NO. I was not.

**RUFUS.** What were you going to ask?

**JAMIE.** I was going to ask what your plans are.

**RUFUS.** Uhhh...

**JAMIE.** Like how long are you staying?

**RUFUS.** I don't know, a few days?

**JAMIE.** Okay.

**RUFUS.** We just need a little time off from everything.

**JAMIE.** Like what?

**RUFUS.** Just – everything. Work. I've been totally consumed by my dissertation lately.

**JAMIE.** Right.

**RUFUS.** And Peta's been working like mad, so –

**JAMIE.** Cool. Okay, well – it’s awesome you’re here. It’s seriously been forever.

**RUFUS.** Yeah yeah, I know.

I mean, to be perfectly honest...

**JAMIE.** What?

**RUFUS.** I actually didn’t know you’d be here.

**JAMIE.** I live here.

**RUFUS.** I know that, yes.

**JAMIE.** ...Sooo?

**RUFUS.** I mean I knew you’d be in town and we’d see you, I just didn’t know you’d be *here* here – in the lake house.

**JAMIE.** Mom didn’t tell you?

**RUFUS.** I don’t know, maybe she did?

**JAMIE.** I’ve been fixing it up like crazy over the past year.

**RUFUS.** Maybe I knew and I forgot...? I don’t know.

**JAMIE.** Well...sorry dude. Did I ruin your romantic getaway or / something?

**RUFUS.** No no, that’s not what I meant. It was just a surprise.

**JAMIE.** Right.

**RUFUS.** No, it’s good. You get to really meet Peta this way.

**JAMIE.** Yeahhh. You gotta drive her out to meet Mom.

**RUFUS.** Yeah, yeah – We don’t have a ton of time off, but, / yeah...

**JAMIE.** Because she is always asking me if I’ve spoken to you, which I haven’t – and then we spend like an hour talking about why you haven’t called her...

**RUFUS.** Shit, sorry. I’ve been so distracted with writing / and –

**JAMIE.** I know.

**RUFUS.** My brain’s just been elsewhere, you know?

**JAMIE.** Yeah. So – wait, your...thing – your dissertation – what’s it about?

**RUFUS.** Oh god. Uhhh – You’ll think it’s boring.

**JAMIE.** No I won’t.

**RUFUS.** I mean I don't know if it'll mean anything to you.

**JAMIE.** Come onnn.

**RUFUS.** Uhhhh, okay. Okay. So – it's about mourning. Well, more specifically, it's about laments.

**JAMIE.** Laments.

**RUFUS.** Yeah – the laments for the dead. In Greek tragedy. And in the *Iliad*.

**JAMIE.** We read that! In tenth grade!

**RUFUS.** Yeah, probably. So, okay, it's about communal laments – which were almost always led by women, because they were basically professional mourners, performing these like impassioned rituals – like when Hector dies in the *Iliad*, right – the line goes: “They put him on a carved bed, and stood singers beside him, leaders of laments, who lamented in grievous song, and the women wailed. And the white-armed Andromache began their wailing.” – I love that image of her being “white-armed.”

**JAMIE.** Yeah.

**RUFUS.** So – right, but it's also about characters individually protesting against death. Like when Patroclus is killed – Achilles has this amazingly intense moment – his weeping is SO LOUD, that Thetis, his mother, who's down being a nymph in the DEPTHS of the SEA, can hear it. And then he goes like wild with grief and covers himself in ash and starts tearing out his hair... it's wonderfully dramatic stuff. Women wailing and beating their breasts and hair getting torn out of people's heads and just... It's fantastic.

**JAMIE.** Whoa.

**RUFUS.** So.

**JAMIE.** Cool. That means something to me.

**RUFUS.** Okay, good – I didn't know...

**JAMIE.** That's intense stuff.

**RUFUS.** God, yes – everything that everyone feels is incredibly vast and epic and and...it's just so much better than real life, you know?

**JAMIE.** Right, yeah. So how long is it?

**RUFUS.** Uhhhh god... I don't know, a million pages?

**JAMIE.** I mean, how much have you written?

**RUFUS.** Definitely over a hundred pages at this / point.

**JAMIE.** Jesus. You've written a hundred pages of something?

**RUFUS.** Yeah.

**JAMIE.** That's crazy.

**RUFUS.** And it's not done.

**JAMIE.** How long's it going to be?

**RUFUS.** Two hundred something, I / imagine.

**JAMIE.** JESUS.

**RUFUS.** Yup.

**JAMIE.** That's insane. TWO HUNDRED PAGES – that's like a *book*.

**RUFUS.** I know.

**JAMIE.** Shit. Cheers.

**RUFUS.** Cheers.

*(They drink.)*

So, hey – what's with Mary?

**JAMIE.** Mary? Nothing.

**RUFUS.** Nothing.

**JAMIE.** Nothing.

**RUFUS.** Really.

**JAMIE.** Yes. Unfortunately.

**RUFUS.** Haaaa YES, I KNEW IT!

**JAMIE.** What?!

**RUFUS.** I thought so.

**JAMIE.** There's nothing going on.

**RUFUS.** Why not?

**JAMIE.** Because. She's – she's got a lot of other stuff... happening.

**RUFUS.** Like what?

**JAMIE.** Well, like Danny just moved back in with her a couple months / ago.

**RUFUS.** Okay...

**JAMIE.** And he did two tours.

**RUFUS.** Whoa.

**JAMIE.** – In Afghanistan. And... He's having a hard time finding work, / so...

**RUFUS.** Ah.

**JAMIE.** So, she has a lot to deal with and I don't know, she doesn't need people – me – bugging her.

**RUFUS.** Bugging her.

**JAMIE.** I don't know! – But also she's so freaking beautiful I don't know what to do.

**RUFUS.** Yeahhhh – wasn't she a track star or something?

**JAMIE.** Cross-country.

**RUFUS.** Yeah – I remember that. She was good, right?

**JAMIE.** Yeah. She was.

**RUFUS.** Yeah yeah... I feel like – yeah, I remember seeing her – like I'd be driving home late and she'd always be out running on Brakefield Road? And she was like this – thing, this – like this mystical creature racing down the streets in the middle of the night.

**JAMIE.** Sounds like her.

**RUFUS.** Just tell her she's a mystical nighttime creature.

**JAMIE.** Yeahhh, I'm not good at saying things like that.

**RUFUS.** Women love being told they're mystical.

**JAMIE.** I'm sure they do. It just sounds retarded when I say something like that.

**RUFUS.** Just try it.

**JAMIE.** Great, I'll go in tomorrow and tell her she's a creature.

**RUFUS.** A mystical nighttime creature.

**JAMIE.** Perfect.

*(They drink.)*

So, um...what do you think?

**RUFUS.** About...

**JAMIE.** The house.

**RUFUS.** Ohhh – It looks good.

**JAMIE.** Doesn't it look awesome?

**RUFUS.** Yeah, it looks really good.

**JAMIE.** I seriously did most of it myself. New floors, new windows – like the whole deal. I was like down on my hands and knees, replacing all the baseboards and everything.

**RUFUS.** That's crazy.

**JAMIE.** I mean, I had an electrician come in and do some things I don't know how to do, and Baylor helped me out / a lot –

**RUFUS.** Baylor helped you?

**JAMIE.** Yeah, he was here almost as much / as me.

**RUFUS.** You let that guy handle power tools?

**JAMIE.** He actually really knows what he's doing.

**RUFUS.** Oh my god, that guy was such an idiot, though – didn't he like drive his car into the pond behind St. Michael's?

**JAMIE.** Yeah, in like tenth grade, / though.

**RUFUS.** (*Laughing.*) He got high on Robitussin? Or something and was like, "Jesus told me to drive my car into / the pond!"

**JAMIE.** Come on – he worked really hard on this, actually.

**RUFUS.** Well, don't be surprised if the walls start falling down around you.

**JAMIE.** People change, Rufus.

**RUFUS.** No no, they're just revealed over time.

**JAMIE.** What?

**RUFUS.** Nothing, I'm – Just something annoying I say to my students. I'm drunk.

*(PETA appears from the house, wrapping a sweater or coat around herself.)*

Heyyy gal! Did we wake you up?

**PETA.** Why'd you let me pass out like that?!

**RUFUS.** You seemed exhausted, so –

**PETA.** What time did I fall asleep?

**RUFUS.** Like...nine?

**PETA.** Shit. Sorry guys.

**RUFUS.** You want a drink?

**PETA.** Uhhhh no, I'm okay.

**RUFUS.** Come onnn.

**PETA.** Nah, I'm good.

**RUFUS.** It's freezing out here!

**PETA.** True.

**RUFUS.** So have a drink to warm you up.

**PETA.** I'll just have a sip of yours.

**RUFUS.** Just have your own.

**PETA.** I only want a sip.

**RUFUS.** I'm just going to pour you a tiny glass.

**PETA.** I'm just going to have a sip of yours.

**RUFUS.** Okay.

**PETA.** Thank you.

*(She takes a small sip of his.)*

**RUFUS.** Good, right?

**PETA.** Yeah.

**RUFUS.** You want your own?

**PETA.** Rufus.

**JAMIE.** Um - were you warm enough in there?

**PETA.** Yeah yeah, I was / fine.

**RUFUS.** Isn't she so pretty?

**JAMIE.** Yes.

**PETA.** All right, Rufus.

**JAMIE.** It can get pretty drafty up there, / so -

**PETA.** Oh, no, I was fine.

**JAMIE.** I'm gonna put in new windows in the upstairs soon.

I reinstalled the downstairs ones this fall, but haven't gotten to the upstairs yet.

**RUFUS.** You. Are. So. Handy.

**JAMIE.** (*Shaking his head.*) You're trashed.

**PETA.** Yes, you have that look in your eye.

**RUFUS.** What look?

**PETA.** Unfocused. Like your eyes are looking at things but you're not really seeing what they are.

**JAMIE.** Yeah, totally!

**PETA.** See?

**RUFUS.** Shut up, both of you.

**PETA.** What've you boys been talking about?

**RUFUS.** GIRLS.

**JAMIE.** / Shut up.

**PETA.** Oooh, which girls?

**RUFUS.** Jamie's little co-worker.

**PETA.** She was very cute.

**JAMIE.** Okay, let's not –

**PETA.** Has anything ever happened between you?

**RUFUS.** You should at least make out with her in the back room or something – like all the flour and sugar raining down / around you –

**PETA.** Yes!

**JAMIE.** GUYS, guys, come on – no.

**RUFUS.** Okay, just / saying.

**PETA.** She's really cute!

**JAMIE.** I know. She is. It's just / not...

**RUFUS.** When was the last time you even dated anyone?! / And please don't say Melissa.

**JAMIE.** I don't know, not that long ago – No, it wasn't Melissa.

**RUFUS.** Mmmmkaaaayyyy.

**JAMIE.** Shut up.

OH – but wait, okay, so what we *should* talk about is that you sucker-punched a guy?!

**PETA.** Rufus! – Why do you have to tell that story / to EVERYONE –

**RUFUS.** Because it's an amazing story.

**PETA.** No, it's awful and embarrassing.

**JAMIE.** No it's not, it's awesome!

**PETA.** I shouldn't have done that.

**JAMIE.** YES you should / have.

**RUFUS.** It's one of the best things you've ever done!

**PETA.** He was a horrible idiot.

**RUFUS.** Yeah!

**PETA.** But I shouldn't have hit him.

**RUFUS.** He deserved it.

**JAMIE.** How did it feel – like, when you were hitting him?

**PETA.** Ohmygod, amazing. Amazing. Like – electric.

**RUFUS.** Yes!

**PETA.** And incredibly powerful.

**JAMIE.** Yeah.

**PETA.** (*Smiling.*) And he absolutely deserved it.

(*She laughs.*)

God – yeah, it felt amazing!

**RUFUS.** Isn't she so fucking pretty?!

**JAMIE.** She is.

**PETA.** Rufus.

**RUFUS.** And she thinks her hair's falling out!

**PETA.** (*Smacking him.*) Rufus! Why would you say that?!

**RUFUS.** Sorry, but you're so pretty and it's ridiculous!

**PETA.** Don't just – say those things to people!

**RUFUS.** I'm a little drunk.

**PETA.** I see that.

**RUFUS.** Come ooooo – have another sip.

**PETA.** No, thank you – I'm good.

(**RUFUS** nurses his drink, holding it between his palms and slowly, steadily sipping throughout the next section.)

Jamie, this house is so cute.

**JAMIE.** Oh, thanks.

**PETA.** And the lake is beautiful.

**JAMIE.** Yeah, I like it.

**PETA.** It must be nice to get up every morning and look out at *this*.

**JAMIE.** It is, yeah.

**PETA.** (*Looking out.*) Yeah...it reminds me so much of this little place we used to go with my parents' friends, in Grasmere... It was / lovely in the same way.

**RUFUS.** Isn't she so cool?!

**PETA.** (*Shaking her head.*) Rufus.

**JAMIE.** Is your family still in England?

**PETA.** They are.

**JAMIE.** That's far away.

**PETA.** Yeah, yeah...it is. Though I'm a bit of a black sheep.

**JAMIE.** Why?

**PETA.** Ohhh I didn't go to Oxford, I didn't major in economics or business and I've invested in a career that they largely think is a waste of time, so.

**RUFUS.** And they just LOVE me.

**PETA.** They – Yeah. Well, to be fair, they only met you that once.

**RUFUS.** That seemed to be enough for them to form a pretty solid opinion.

**PETA.** They're – yeah. Very traditional.

**JAMIE.** Do you – were you supposed to have an arranged marriage or something?

**RUFUS.** Basically.

**PETA.** NO.

**RUFUS.** Please, they had a whole list of qualified suitors lined up for you.

**JAMIE.** Holy shit, / really?

**PETA.** No they did not. Not really.

**JAMIE.** Well do they know that Rufus is a genius?

**RUFUS.** Shut up.

**JAMIE.** / You are.

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