

Acting Edition

Our Play

by Jessica Moss

|| SAMUEL FRENCH ||

Copyright © 2025 by Jessica Moss
All Rights Reserved

OUR PLAY is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America, the British Commonwealth, including Canada, and all member countries of the Berne Convention for the Protection of Literary and Artistic Works, the Universal Copyright Convention, and/or the World Trade Organization conforming to the Agreement on Trade Related Aspects of Intellectual Property Rights. All rights, including professional and amateur stage productions, recitation, lecturing, public reading, motion picture, radio broadcasting, television, online/digital production, and the rights of translation into foreign languages are strictly reserved.

ISBN 978-0-573-71140-4

www.concordtheatricals.com

www.concordtheatricals.co.uk

FOR PRODUCTION INQUIRIES

UNITED STATES AND CANADA

info@concordtheatricals.com

1-866-979-0447

UNITED KINGDOM AND EUROPE

licensing@concordtheatricals.co.uk

020-7054-7298

Each title is subject to availability from Concord Theatricals Corp., depending upon country of performance. Please be aware that *OUR PLAY* may not be licensed by Concord Theatricals Corp. in your territory. Professional and amateur producers should contact the nearest Concord Theatricals Corp. office or licensing partner to verify availability.

CAUTION: Professional and amateur producers are hereby warned that *OUR PLAY* is subject to a licensing fee. The purchase, renting, lending or use of this book does not constitute a license to perform this title(s), which license must be obtained from Concord Theatricals Corp. prior to any performance. Performance of this title(s) without a license is a violation of federal law and may subject the producer and/or presenter of such performances to civil penalties. Both amateurs and professionals considering a production are strongly advised to apply to the appropriate agent before starting rehearsals, advertising, or booking a theatre. A licensing fee must be paid whether the title(s) is presented for charity or gain and whether or not admission is charged. Professional/Stock licensing fees are quoted upon application to Concord Theatricals Corp.

This work is published by Samuel French, an imprint of Concord Theatricals Corp.

No one shall make any changes in this title(s) for the purpose of production. No part of this book may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, scanned, uploaded, or transmitted in any form, by any means, now known or yet to be invented, including mechanical, electronic, digital, photocopying, recording, videotaping, or otherwise, without the prior written permission of the publisher. No one shall share this title(s), or any part of this title(s), through any social media or file hosting websites.

For all inquiries regarding motion picture, television, online/digital and other media rights, please contact Concord Theatricals Corp.

MUSIC AND THIRD-PARTY MATERIALS USE NOTE

Licensees are solely responsible for obtaining formal written permission from copyright owners to use copyrighted music and/or other copyrighted third-party materials (e.g. artworks, logos) in the performance of this play and are strongly cautioned to do so. If no such permission is obtained by the licensee, then the licensee must use only original music and materials that the licensee owns and controls. Licensees are solely responsible and liable for clearances of all third-party copyrighted materials, including without limitation music, and shall indemnify the copyright owners of the play(s) and their licensing agent, Concord Theatricals Corp., against any costs, expenses, losses and liabilities arising from the use of such copyrighted third-party materials by licensees. For music, please contact the appropriate music licensing authority in your territory for the rights to any incidental music.

IMPORTANT BILLING AND CREDIT REQUIREMENTS

If you have obtained performance rights to this title, please refer to your licensing agreement for important billing and credit requirements.

OUR PLAY premiered at the Wendy Kurka Rust Flexible Theatre at Southeast Missouri State University in Cape Girardeau, Missouri in February, 2024. The production was directed by Kitt Lavoie, with scenic design by Kathy Voecks, properties design by Hannah Bryan, sound design by Cleo Watkins, costume design by Amber Marisa Cook, and lighting and projection design by Christopher George Haug. The production was stage managed by Lyric Stewart. The assistant director was Natalie Williams. The assistant stage manager was Aiden Mueller. The cast was as follows:

- BECKY**..... Peighton Robinson
- MARY**Harley Vuocolo
- SAM**..... Oliver Jacquin
- WILL** Jake Carpenter
- ANTON**..... Levi Lee
- REID**.....Nicholas Eby
- TAYLOR**.....Josh Neighbors
- ALLISON**..... Evelyn Bunce
- SABREENA**..... Kira Jean-Gilles
- DJ**..... Kennedee Nash
- CLAIRE**.....Brecken Styles
- GREG**..... Drew Post
- EMILY**..... Jodie Lloyd
- COOKIE**..... Jonathan Reynolds

Understudies were Isabel Kissel, Carly Joseph, Em Thomason, Brazos Brooks, Carrington Turner, Tom Drabkin, Reese Simken, Anna Riemenschneider, Deanna Rubach, Lucas Herich, and Ava Barker.

OUR PLAY was developed in June 2023 as part of the Lanford Wilson New American Play Festival and with The Jeanine Larson Dobbins Conservatory of Theatre and Dance at Southeast Missouri State University. The reading was directed by Roxanne Wellington, with assistant direction by Lindsay McLaughlin. Stage directions were read by Josh Neighbors. The cast was as follows:

BECKY	Lizzie White
MARY	Carly Joseph
SAM	Jae Cook
WILL	Jake Carpenter
ANTON	Cameron Cai
REID	Gabriel Scott Lawrence
TAYLOR	Noah Hinton
ALLISON	Evelyn Bunce
SABREENA	Natalie Williams
DJ	Michael Reitano
CLAIRE	Ava Barker
GREG	Drew Post
EMILY	Lily John
COOKIE	Zay Williams

Content Warning – school shooting, self-harm and suicide, bullying, drug use.

CHARACTERS

- BECKY** – She/Her. Real Stage Manager, 16. Organized. Needs a list. Shy and not shy. Someone much happier behind the scenes than onstage. Feels tremendous pressure to succeed. Working on a play for the first time.
- MARY** – She/Her. Mrs. Gibbs, 16. Character actor who wishes she was an ingénue – in life and onstage. Insecure about appearance. Her dark side scares her, even though most people would not realize she has one. Very ambitious, dreams of being a serious theatrical actor. Extremely sensitive. Allison's best friend? In love for the first time.
- SAM** – They/Them. Rebecca Gibbs, 16. Non binary. An artist. Makes their own clothes. Some kind of “dark” aesthetic – this could be goth, this could be punk, this could just be that they like horror movies or Edward Gorey's art. Introspective, startlingly wise, confident enough to be still, confident enough to be different, confident enough to be themselves. This confidence is not easy; it was really, really hard won. Also on a championship winning robotics team. Sam was in a traumatic school incident (at another school) in 8th grade.
- WILL** – He/Him. Dr. Gibbs, 17. Athlete with performance ability. Older brother. A positive thinker. Charmed and charming. A little bit of a golden boy, or at least a golden aura. Elastic and loose-limbed, like a slinky.
- ANTON** – He/Him. Howie Newsome, 16. Good real-life friend of DJ, but Anton has an online community that he is closer to. Tried out because DJ did. A gamer. Analytical. A follower at this point in his life, and a natural collaborator. Starting to think he could be a leader. You wish you got to do a group project with Anton.
- REID** – He/Him. Constable Warren, 17. Recently got in trouble for stealing equipment from the school gym. He might be doing the play as a punishment, or at the suggestion/mandate of a guidance counsellor. Impulsive, intimidating, prone to explosion. But he is softer than he lets on.
- ALLISON** – She/Her. Emily Webb, 16. A class clown who occupies the position of a cool girl: a unicorn. People tend to think she has no problems; she has a feeling that that is a huge reason behind her success and wants to keep them thinking that way. As ambitious as, and constantly in competition with Mary, who is her best friend.
- TAYLOR** – Any gender, change pronouns as appropriate (this script uses they/them). Stage Manager, 17. Cannot take a compliment (deeply craving compliments). Terrified of failure. Struggles with dissociation: is life real? Am I real? Scared, but deeply craving to reveal a deep silliness, giddiness, anything vulnerable. Self-deprecating.

SABREENA – She/Her. Simon Stimson, 16. Wants to fit in. Intense difficulty with school (recently diagnosed ADHD) but doesn't tell anyone about it. Started the school in the middle of freshman year and feels she never fully caught up to anyone. Deeply loving and in need of a place to put her love. Disorganized, but extremely capable; hyper-focused when she cares about something.

DJ – Any gender, change pronouns as appropriate (this script uses she/her). Mr. Webb, 17. Stoner philosopher. “Yeah, man.” Doesn't have to study to make excellent grades. History buff, cinephile, lover of beauty. Desires and prioritizes experience. Learning about the cosmos. Lonelier than they let on.

CLAIRE – She/Her. Mrs. Webb, 17. Emily's best friend since grade four. Very insecure about cystic acne; has tried Accutane and it hasn't worked. On the swim team – has non-stop wet hair, and her acne is aggravated by the chlorine. She regularly hits her cheeks, or licks the backs of her hands and puts them on her cheeks, to try and stop the burning feeling. Emily is trying to stop her from doing this.

GREG – He/Him. George Gibbs, 16. Loud. Appears confident. “How dare you.” A vicious and cultivated sense of fashion. Pop culture expert, and has great throwback knowledge for movies, fashion, dances, music of the past (particularly Club Kid culture). Physically not dominant, but dominates every room he's in. Being harassed by hockey players.

EMILY – She/Her. Mrs. Soames, 17. Claire's best friend since grade four. Has multiple honors classes with Allison this year, and they sit together in them. Wants to be a doctor. Extremely studious and grades – focused. Has a 10-year plan, and it requires getting into a top college. Doing the play to boost extracurriculars. From a wealthier family than most of the others. Has cats.

COOKIE – He/Him. Joe Crowell, 17. Bradley Cooke, called Cookie. First play ever. Hockey player. Quiet until he's not. His dad recently passed away from cancer. Has the aura of someone who has lived through a tragedy – but is that just what everyone is putting on him?

Please cast with a mindful and sensitive eye to diversity, and represent the diversity in your community.

SETTING

A high school theatre before, during and after a production.
Present day.

TIME

In the theatre, right now.

AUTHOR'S NOTES

A [/] indicates a point of interruption, where the following line begins.

Dialogue in two columns or more is simultaneous!

CAPS DON'T NECESSARILY MEAN YELLING, and ellipses [...] don't necessarily mean a pause. They indicate something's happening in the character's train of thought, but that can manifest in lots of different ways, often to indicate a character thinking, or searching for how to use language. It's fine to take a beat there if that feels right to you, but you don't have to. The play needs to move at pace and can't be bogged down by too many silences, so earn the ones you really need.

Fast. Real fast.

The play should ideally run without an intermission, but if you need one, take it after Act One. You can have Becky yell "Intermission!" while she's trying to calm everyone down.

All the characters in the play should carry a printed script through Act One, in various states of use/disarray. I offer to you that all props other than the script can be mimed, and there might not be much more than chairs, blocks, or maybe a ladder as a set (à la *Our Town*).

The song choice in Act Two should be chosen by the cast/crew of your production as a group. Can be a pop song, a school/choir song, whatever feels right for what this moment is to the characters, and to the play. Something to think about is if it's a moment of counterpoint to the end of Act One, where we see the group having a lot of fun, but being quite chaotic; is this the chance to show how they have come together as an ensemble? If it isn't too stressful for your group, you might want to pick a few songs and have the actor playing Sam choose one spontaneously each performance. If you have legit singers in the group, it's conceivable to me that some of these characters are in choir and love to sing, complete with a few of them trying a harmony. But if you don't have any singers, that's also totally fine...maybe better.*

* A license to produce *Our Play* does not include a performance license for any third-party or copyrighted music. Licensees should create an original composition or use music in the public domain. For further information, please see the Music and Third-Party Materials Use Note on page iii.

THANKS

Special thanks to everyone at the Lanford Wilson New American Play Festival and SEMO, particularly Kitt Lavoie, Roxanne Wellington, and the incredible students; C 'Meaks' Meaker, Rachel Greene, Lindsay Partain, and Keiko Green; Sara Naumann, Kelly Cavanagh, and Josh Neighbors for the rides (Jae Cook for the assist); Rosey Strub and The Wilder Estate; and Marsha, David, Chris, and everyone at Juilliard.

*For the real Sabreena
Clever girl...*

(House lights are up.)

(When all the audience is in, and before they quieten, BECKY enters.)

(She has a headset and a clipboard. Stage management gear.)

BECKY THE STAGE MANAGER. Um. OK.

The play's called *Our Town*.

It's *Our Town*.

(She looks at her clipboard.)

By Thornton Wilder.

(She looks up from her clipboard and squints into the audience.)

I'm Becky. Stage Manager. The real one, not in the play. I would *not* be in the play, ha. Not that it's – I – mmm. I don't mean it like that. I'm the stage manager. That's all.

(She looks at the clipboard.)

“Introduce self.” Check. *(She crosses it off.)*

I'm not that good at being a Stage Manager, if you're – I'm just organized. I don't actually like being in charge or telling people what to do? Well maybe I – sometimes I like telling people what to do, but – no, I really like telling people what to do, sometimes, and I like spreadsheets. I love spreadsheets. And pens. And I liked when we were rehearsing when we'd all be there together, it felt...

with talking it's like you start doing it and then you remember you don't like doing it in front of people?

OK. "Set up space like SM in OT."

This is the theatre. The booth, where I sit is up there.

(She points up and behind the audience, or to wherever the actual booth is.)

This is the house, where the audience sits. You're in the house.

(The house lights can start to go down now. So slow as to not be noticeable, if possible.)

This is the stage.

There are wings. "Backstage." Where we store props and stuff, and where you wait before you go on. Like... here? Here?

If you exit stage right – that's this way, it's the actor's right, I always mess that up – there's a little stairwell. That's like pre-backstage. You wait there before you wait in the wings.

Yeah?

I'm doing like what the Stage Manager does in the – 'cause I thought that would maybe be like... Taylor did it in the play and they were so good, they like –

(BECKY makes a gesture like how TAYLOR played the Stage Manager.)

(She listens. She looks back to the audience.)

And if you go up the stairs, there's a drama room where classes happen, and we use it to rehearse and keep costumes and props in.

Little room where we do makeup, off the drama room.

Then you go out the doors to a long hallway. That way, there's an entrance to the field. Sometimes those outside doors lock? It's kind of private there so people go out there to like...whatever, but then sometimes they get locked out.

Other way out of the drama room, there's lots of hallways, and eventually you get to the lobby. We'll say it's, I don't know. Here? (*A part of the stage.*)

"Theater." Real but not. Magic and friends. Right?

I don't honestly know why we do this play. It's good, I mean, well, but it's called *Our Town*? I don't live in a town. This play has like. Milkmen? Who have horses? (*She kind of laughs.*) People go and have ice cream sodas? It's not *My Town*.

(*She looks around the theatre.*)

(*She takes a step.*)

Today we're doing this scene which is a wedding. Emily's wedding. Emily's big day. That's what we're doing at this rehearsal. So everyone's in it, so everyone's called today.

(*She scans the theatre.*)

(*Does she shiver?*) Everyone's supposed to be here. I called everyone. I'm the stage manager, so they have to come because I called them. It's three fifty-nine p.m., and we're doing the first rehearsal with everyone, and everyone's here.

The show's in a month. We're not ready.

(*She kind of laughs.*)

Some people are, Will and Mary, they're fine, Mary is such a good actor, but there's so much other stuff that is like, nowhere. I don't know what to do about that. I really don't. How do I fix – am I supposed to fix it?

I have no idea how. Ms. Welles tells me stuff but at the center there's this hole like: *but how?* No one teaches you what you actually need, you know? People keep saying "it will be OK," but no one says how. So I find it very hard to believe that it's going to be OK. Or as good as it's supposed to be. It seems impossible and I don't think I can, I don't think I know what to do and I didn't ask for this job, I'm not –

(WILL and MARY enter to the stage area.)

(BECKY sees this and stops herself – she almost can't believe her own stage magic.)

BECKY. *Oh.*

That's them. That's Will and Mary. They're here.

MARY. Of course we're here. It's rehearsal.

BECKY. Yeah. OK. Will and Mary play Dr. and Mrs. Gibbs. They're awesome. I never have to worry about them showing up, or knowing their lines, because they always do.

(SABREENA sits in the house, or on the edge of the stage, with nothing to do. Watching WILL and MARY.)

Mary has been in the play and the musical every time. She usually plays very serious, supporting parts. We did *The Music Man* and she was the mayor's wife, and she was really funny though. Will broke his leg last year and so his parents didn't want him to play hockey again, so. He's in the play.

MARY. "Now Frank don't be grouchy. Come out and smell the heliotrope in the moonlight."

BECKY. This is like their scene together. They're in their garden.

MARY. Oh God.

(While they continue, ANTON and DJ quickly cut across the stage, from backstage towards the lobby, whispering. DJ is doing a kind of “excited” dance. They wave at WILL and MARY, who wave back, without stopping.)

(SABREENA watches this without being seen.)

(BECKY sees everything as if for the first time.)

BECKY. What are they – oh no. DJ, where are you going?

DJ. I am going to the library, Rebecca. To learn things.

BECKY. DJ.

DJ. *(Leaving.)* It’ll be OK!

BECKY. Do you want me to give up?

(BECKY doesn’t realize, but DJ hears this, even though she keeps going.)

WILL. What?

MARY. I suck.

WILL.

No you don’t.

ANTON.

(As he goes out the door.)

You don’t suck, Mary.

MARY. That line is hard. It’s like very /“gather round children, let me tell you a story of the past.”

WILL. “In my day,” yeah, exactly!

MARY. “Let me turn on the Victrola and we’ll do that modern foxtrot.”

WILL. *(Laugh.)* You’re so funny. What even is heliotrope?

SABREENA. I was just wondering that!

(MARY looks at SABREENA.)

BECKY. That's Sabreena. I didn't even see her there.

MARY. (*To WILL.*) It's a flower. It's purple. It's supposed to smell good, I looked it up.

(Unseen by WILL and MARY, ALLISON, EMILY and CLAIRE enter from backstage.)

(SABREENA kind of waves at them, but if they see her, they don't respond.)

WILL. Damn! That's my favorite line in the play now, calling it. I wanna do that. I wanna smell the heliotrope in the moonlight. I'm gonna be like –

(He pretends to be Dr. Gibbs jumping off the porch, and actively smelling heliotrope.)

(He picks some pretend heliotrope and gives it to her.)

(They link arms and start to walk like they do in the play.)

Maybe I should do one of these –

(He spins her. Then he does that thing where you jump and click your heels in mid-air.)

(He gets down on one knee and opens his arms to MARY.)

MARY. I'm too heavy.

WILL. No you're not.

(She sits on his knee.)

EMILY.

THAT'S SO CUTE.

CLAIRE.

Aww, you guys look so sweet like that!

ALLISON. Shhh!

(**MARY** leaps off.)

BECKY. That's Allison. Emily, and Claire, and Allison. Emily and Claire are best friends, and Allison plays Emily. In the play. There's play Emily and real Emily. We didn't really talk but she's really nice and everyone likes her. I like her. I don't know her, but I really like Allison.

Keep going, please!

ALLISON. (*A thing they do.*) Mary, my angel, from heaven!

MARY. Allison, light of my life!

(*They head off towards the lobby. CLAIRE is patting her cheeks. EMILY sees this and takes her hands.*)

EMILY. Stop.

CLAIRE. No, it hoits.

EMILY. Stop.

ALLISON. It'll be OK, Becky.

BECKY. Hngggg.

ALLISON. I know. But it will! I mean, it'll be what it is.
It'll –

BECKY. Go on.

(**ALLISON** nods.)

(*They share something – a shrug? An almost smile?*)

(**ALLISON** runs off.)

(**WILL** looks at **MARY**, smiling.)

WILL. What is that?

MARY. Oh, it's just this thing we do, I don't know.

WILL. Cool. (**WILL** drops to a knee.) No, wait.

(He does his heel clicky thing, his gathering the heliotrope thing, this time even bigger, and then drops to a knee and holds out his arms to MARY.)

(MARY looks at him.)

Everyone's gone, don't worry.

MARY. You can't do that in the play. We're the old people.

WILL. We're the parents! We're in charge! Get over here.

(MARY sits on his knee.)

(MARY puts her arm around his shoulders.)

Yeahhhhh!

MARY. I'm always old in the play. /I never get to –

WILL. Who did you want to be? Emily?

MARY. *(Yes.)* No. I don't know. I guess there isn't really a part for me in this play. I don't know if there's a part for me in any play.

WILL. But you're /in the play. You're always in the play.

MARY. It's. /Difficult to explain. But I –

REID. *(Offstage, from lobby.)* I'M NOT YELLING, I WASN'T YELLING, I DON'T NEED TO CHILL, EVERYONE IS ALWAYS TELLING ME NOT TO YELL WHEN I'M NOT YELLING. GOD, I'LL –

SABREENA.
What's that about?

(REID opens the door to the theatre from the lobby and looks in –)

REID. There's people there, there's... *(He closes the door and goes, but they hear:)* ARGH.

(WTF?????)

SABREENA. Whoa. Somebody check the equipment room again.

COOKIE. Hey.

(COOKIE pokes his head on from backstage.)

(MARY quickly stands up off WILL's knee again.)

MARY.

(So nice.)

Hey Cookie,
how are you?

WILL.

(So nice.)

Hey man.

SABREENA.

(So nice.)

Heyyyyy...

COOKIE. Oh. Sorry.

MARY.

It's OK.

WILL.

No, no worries.

SABREENA.

How are you
doing?

COOKIE. Have any of you seen my script?

SABREENA. What does it look like?

COOKIE. Like a script.

(They all start to look for it.)

MARY.

Does it have your
name on it?

SABREENA.

Does it have your – yeah.

COOKIE. *(I'm an idiot.)* No.

MARY. Are your lines highlighted?

COOKIE. Uh. No. There's some writing in it though. Like a list on one of the back pages?

Dammit. K, if you find an extra script, it's mine.

SABREENA.

I'll keep an eye
out.

WILL.

Sure man.

MARY.

OK.

(COOKIE goes off the way he came.)

MARY. Should we have said something? About how sorry we are, or –

WILL. I've said that like four times, I said it at the funeral. I try to be nice to him, but I don't know /what to say.

SABREENA.

I feel so bad.
One day you just don't
have a dad anymore. And
Cookie seems normal.

MARY.

No you are, that was nice.

MARY. Can you – I'm sorry – but can you. I feel weird doing the scene and being watched. Just do you mind, while we're rehearsing?

SABREENA. You know it's a play, right? Like. People will eventually be watching.

MARY. I know, but there's been a lot of activity, and just/ while we're rehearsing if you could...

SABREENA. OK. Yeah. OK. *(She exits towards the lobby.)*

MARY. From, uh...?

(WILL offers her his arm.)

(They link arms and start walking.)

WILL. You know the best part?

MARY. (...) Oh my god, I thought we were starting and I was like, /“when does he say that?” and I was freaking out, what.