

# FRIENDS

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A ten-minute drama by  
Karin Diann Williams

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[www.youthplays.com](http://www.youthplays.com)  
[info@youthplays.com](mailto:info@youthplays.com)  
424-703-5315



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*(Two TEENAGE GIRLS sit on a wooden swing in a beautiful garden. It is mid-afternoon, in the waning haze of an unseasonably warm spring day. There are two silent statues nearby, gazing impassively at the audience. The two girls swing lazily.)*

**LILY:** Want to get high?

*(Amber stares at Lily, uncomprehending. Beat.)*

**AMBER:** On the swing?

*(Lily stares at Amber, uncomprehending.)*

**LILY:** You really are a freak.

**AMBER:** Who told you that?

**LILY:** I forget who. Everybody thinks so.

*(Amber considers this. Beat.)*

**AMBER:** Maybe it's cool to be a freak.

**LILY:** I never said it wasn't.

**AMBER:** True.

*(They sit in silence. Beat.)*

**LILY:** Why did you ask me to come out here if you don't want to get high?

**AMBER:** It's just what I do.

**LILY:** What is?

**AMBER:** Sitting here, on the swing. I come here every day after school.

**LILY:** Even in the winter?

**AMBER:** Especially in the winter.

**LILY:** Isn't it cold?

**AMBER:** Of course it's cold.

**LILY:** When there's snow on the ground, I go out in the garage.

**AMBER:** What's in the garage?

**LILY:** Nothing. Just a place I go to smoke.

**AMBER:** I come here.

**LILY:** What for?

**AMBER:** I've always come here. Ever since I was a little girl.

**LILY:** Every day?

**AMBER:** Every day.

**LILY:** When Dad goes out of town, my mom lets the UPS guy come upstairs, into her bedroom.

**AMBER:** Is that a bad thing, or a good thing?

**LILY:** It's something your Aunt Ro wouldn't have asked us over for brunch if she knew about it. But nobody knows.

**AMBER:** I know.

**LILY:** You don't count. You're just some crazy freak with no friends that everybody laughs at.

**AMBER:** Aunt Ro asked your mom over for brunch because she's head of her Casino Night committee, and she worries. About me. She thinks I'm missing out.

**LILY:** She thinks you're a freak too.

**AMBER:** I suppose. She wishes I wasn't.

**LILY:** Don't you wish you weren't?

**AMBER:** Not much I can do about it, is there?

**LILY:** But if you had a choice?

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**AMBER:** If I had a choice...between being who I am or being...you?

**LILY:** Not me. Somebody really cool. Like Jamie Stevens.

**AMBER:** I don't think so.

**LILY:** I'd love to be Jamie Stevens.

**AMBER:** Why?

**LILY:** Everybody totally digs her. It's like Jamie this and Jamie that, and I want shoes like the ones I saw Jamie Stevens wearing at GameStop.

**AMBER:** What color were they?

**LILY:** What difference does it make?

**AMBER:** It makes all kinds of difference.

**LILY:** You wouldn't understand. (*Beat.*) I guess, if I had the choice, if I couldn't be Jamie Stevens which I obviously can't, I'd rather be you than still be me.

**AMBER:** Why?

**LILY:** Because you don't care. It's totally over your stupid head. Jamie. The it girls. All of it.

**AMBER:** Is that a compliment?

**LILY:** I don't know. Maybe.

**AMBER:** The reason I asked you to come out here...I thought my friends might like to meet you.

**LILY:** What friends?

**AMBER:** The friends I talk to when I'm out here.

**LILY:** What—you mean like the voices in your head?

**AMBER:** No. They aren't in my head—they're out there, in the garden.

**LILY:** Uh, right.

**AMBER:** They're all around us. But they're very small. You might call them fairies.

**LILY:** Fairies?

*(Lily bursts out laughing. Amber stares at Lily quizzically. Then, after a moment, Amber bursts out laughing too.)*

You're messing with me!

**AMBER:** No.

**LILY:** You're totally psycho.

**AMBER:** No.

**LILY:** You're high.

**AMBER:** No. At least—I don't think so.

*(Amber laughs. Their laughter dies down.)*

**LILY:** You're serious, aren't you?

*(Amber nods.)*

So—where are they?

**AMBER:** Around. They're always around. Give it time. You'll see.

**LILY:** Fairies!?!

**AMBER:** I didn't say they were fairies. I just said you might call them that. People have, called them that. It isn't what they call themselves.

**LILY:** So what do they call themselves?

**AMBER:** They don't, as far as I know. They don't really have a word for it—what they are, or who they are. They just are.

**LILY:** So what do you call them?



**AMBER:** By their names. They do have names, individual ones, only their real names can't be translated into any human language. So they do the best they can to show me...their names are more feelings, really. That's what they show me.

**LILY:** For example?

*(Very seriously, Amber gets up and picks something out of the garden – it's a dandelion, or a leaf. She brings it to Lily and stands in front of her, gazing into her eyes. Then, without breaking the gaze, she takes the dandelion and runs it down the side of Lily's face, softly brushing her cheek curving under her chin and trailing down her neck.)*

**AMBER:** That's Delicia...that's what I call her, when I'm thinking about her. She's the Queen. And she's one of the oldest...she's been here for thousands and thousand of years...but they made her the Queen because she's able to love the most.

**LILY:** Are you queer?

**AMBER:** I don't think so.

**LILY:** I am. Probably.

**AMBER:** Really?

**LILY:** Yep. But nobody knows.

**AMBER:** I do.

**LILY:** You're just some crazy freak.

**AMBER:** So?

**LILY:** So who's going to believe you? The fairies?

**AMBER:** The princesses are sunbeams. Lean your head back—see? You have to lean your head back until the sun makes your eyes tear, and everything blurs into darkness.

*(Lily does as Amber instructs, laughing as she does it.)*

**LILY:** You're crazy.

**AMBER:** Those are their names. Honestly. Those feelings.

*(Lily shakes her head, laughing, her eyes full of tears.)*

How many feelings did you have just now?

**LILY:** How many feelings?

**AMBER:** Guess! Just guess!

**LILY:** I don't know. Seven?

**AMBER:** See! That's it. There's seven! Seven sunshine princesses.

**LILY:** Are any of them evil?

**AMBER:** They don't have good and evil. Not like we do. Some of them are dark, though. Those come out at night.

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