

# ROOM FOR TWO

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A ten-minute drama by  
Jeri Weiss

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## CAST OF CHARACTERS

JEN, female, 15. Her mother has recently remarried after a nasty divorce, and she expects her daughter to be friends with her sullen stepsister.

LISSA, female, 15. Her mother passed away several years ago, and she is having difficulty adjusting to her father's remarriage.

## SETTING

A bedroom, with two distinct sides.

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*(A bedroom shared by two teenage girls. JEN is on her side of the room, arguing with her mother on her cell phone.)*

**JEN:** *(On cell phone:)* I have been trying. *(Beat.)* Yes, I have! Just because you married her dad doesn't mean— *(Beat.)* Well, I don't know what else you expect me to do. I gave up half my room. I tried introducing her to my friends, and she just sits there and never says anything. She's the one who isn't trying. *(Beat.)* How much more time? She's been here three weeks already and— *(Beat.)* Well, it's not my fault her mom is—

*(LISSA enters, sullenly. Did she hear what Jen just said? Jen's not sure. She tries to compensate by greeting Lissa warmly.)*

Hi, Lissa!

**LISSA:** *(Barely acknowledging Jen:)* Hi.

*(Lissa lies on her bed.)*

**JEN:** *(On phone, quietly:)* Yes, she just walked in. *(Beat.)* Fine. I'll try harder.

*(Jen tries to engage Lissa by rolling her eyes at her mom's lecture.)*

*(On cell phone:)* Yes. Okay. I will. I will. I will...

*(Lissa ignores the conversation and rolls over so her back is to Jen.)*

*(On cell phone:)* Okay, bye.

*(Jen tosses her cell phone on her bed. She makes another attempt to bond with her stepsister.)*

*(To Lissa:)* Mothers! Right?

*(Lissa rolls over and stares incredulously at Jen.)*

*(Wishing she could take it back:)* Oh uh...sorry. I didn't mean to...

*(Lissa rolls back over toward the wall. Jen tries again.)*

How was your day?

**LISSA:** What?

**JEN:** Did you have a good day?

**LISSA:** *(With no emotion:)* Yeah. It was a great day.

**JEN:** Great? – That's much better than good. *(Goofy:)*  
Progress—yay!

*(Lissa does not crack a smile. Jen, fighting frustration, stops her attempt at conversation.)*

*(She begins putting things away while quietly singing a hymn.  
[Note: any hymn may be substituted.])*

*(Singing:)* AVE MARIA...

*(Lissa, recognizing the song, rises in bed. Clearly, it affects her.)*

*(Singing:)* GRATIA PLENA—

**LISSA:** *(Cutting her off:)* Do you think you could keep it down a little?

**JEN:** What? I was barely making a sound.

**LISSA:** I can't concentrate with you—

**JEN:** Concentrate on what?

**LISSA:** I'm trying to...

*(Lissa looks around, sees a book, and picks it up.)*

I'm trying to read.

**JEN:** *(Not buying it:)* You're trying to read.

**LISSA:** That's right.

**JEN:** Well I'm trying to practice my solo for church this Sunday.

**LISSA:** I hate that song.

**JEN:** Well, I happen to like it.

*(Jen goes back to what she was doing, quietly singing the hymn.)*

**AVE MARIA...**

*(Lissa tries to find her headphones. She digs through her things, loudly opening and closing drawers, unzipping bags, etc.)*

*(Jen, thinking Lissa is doing this on purpose, sings louder. The more Jen's volume increases, the more agitated Lissa gets.)*

**GRATIA PLENA...**

*(Lissa frantically looks for something, anything, with which to lash out against Jen.)*

*(She picks up her water bottle [or other item] and throws it at Jen, narrowly missing her.)*

What the — What is wrong with you?

**LISSA:** I asked you nicely —

**JEN:** Nicely? You haven't done or said one nice thing since you moved in here. What is your problem?

**LISSA:** I don't have a problem. I'm sitting here quietly and you're being rude.

**JEN:** Rude? Seriously? I've gone out of my way to try to make you feel welcome. I've introduced you to all my friends —

**LISSA:** Your friends are freaks —

**JEN:** You're the freak; not them. All you do is lie around all day, moping. I invited you to go with us to the mall, to the movies, to every flipping party. You don't want to do

anything. (*Sarcastically:*) And when you do grace us with your presence, you sit around with this snarly look on your face all the time.

*(Lissa snarls.)*

See? See? There it is.

*(Lissa buries her ears in her pillows, trying to drown out Jen.)*

Don't ignore me. You're going to listen to this.

*(Jen pulls at Lissa's pillows. Lissa struggles to keep them on her ears.)*

**LISSA:** Get away from me!

*(Their fight gets more physical, with pushing and shoving, until Jen falls on the floor.)*

*(The girls stare at each other with hatred in their eyes. Jen is seething now. She resumes her singing to spite Lissa.)*

**JEN:** (*Singing, loudly:*) DOMINUS TECUM...

**LISSA:** (*Completely losing it:*) Stop it! Stop it; stop it; stop it!

*(Jen stops, confused by Lissa's explosive reaction.)*

**JEN:** What is it, you psycho?!

*(Lissa's outburst seems to have released something bottled up inside her for a long time, maybe years. She becomes inconsolable.)*

*(Jen doesn't know what to do.)*

Should I... Do you want me to call your dad?

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