

# HASHTAG ADORABLE

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A short comedy by  
Samantha Macher

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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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## CAST OF CHARACTERS

ELIZABETH, female, 18, choir member.

OLLIE, male, 18, choir member.

ALEX, female, 18, scrapbook aficionado.

CHOIR MEMBERS, various ages and genders.

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*(A group of high schoolers in choir robes are walking out of their latest rehearsal. They're a nerdy group, but they're sweet, and enthusiastic. There are about six of them total. Among them are ELIZABETH, a senior and obviously the leader, and OLLIE, a cool, confident sixteen-year-old.)*

**ELIZABETH:** You guys! That was great. I think we nailed it that time.

**CHOIR 1:** You think so?

**ELIZABETH:** Definitely. We were almost on pitch in that last song!

**CHOIR 2:** Almost! And Ollie's solo—

**ELIZABETH:** Was freakin' sweet. I had no idea you could sing like that.

**OLLIE:** Me neither. I guess that's what adrenaline will do.

**ELIZABETH:** I don't care how you did it, I'm just glad you did.

**CHOIR 1:** Are we still doing the "thing" tonight?

**CHOIR 2:** Shh!! It's supposed to be a secret.

**CHOIR 1:** Not to them.

**CHOIR 2:** Oh yeah—

**ELIZABETH:** Yes. We're still on, but not for a little bit. Do you guys mind giving me and Ollie just a second?

**CHOIR 1:** Yeah, we'll meet up with you later.

**ELIZABETH:** Thanks guys!

*(The rest of the choir exits. OLLIE and Elizabeth are left alone.)*

So... Do you think it's going to be good, or—

**OLLIE:** I think they're ready for tonight.

**ELIZABETH:** I know we've been practicing, but I'm still

nervous. What if—

**OLLIE:** It'll be fine, I promise. You just have to trust us, Elizabeth.

**ELIZABETH:** I know, I know. And I do. I totally do, but I feel like this is my one shot and I don't want to blow it. You know what's at stake.

**OLLIE:** (*Coyly:*) I do.

**ELIZABETH:** Hold up. You do? How—

**OLLIE:** I asked Melinda last week.

**ELIZABETH:** NO!

*(She punches him in the arm.)*

**OLLIE:** Ow!

**ELIZABETH:** Ooh. Sorry. Wait. No I'm not. Tell me everything. How'd it go? What did you do? What did she say?

**OLLIE:** It went fine. I walked her to the parking lot and gave her a mixtape with a bunch of songs that reminded me of her—

**ELIZABETH:** A mixtape?

**OLLIE:** Her grandma's car only has a tape deck.

**ELIZABETH:** Whoa. Old school.

**OLLIE:** So I gave her the thing and we got in her car, and we sat in the front seat, and told her to play the first song—our song. While it played, I asked her to go to the prom with me.

*(A huge smile crosses his face, while simultaneously, a scowl crosses Elizabeth's.)*

**ELIZABETH:** Oh crap, Ollie!

**OLLIE:** What?!

**ELIZABETH:** That's SO SMOOTH! It's simple, and romantic—

**OLLIE:** It's definitely romantic.

**ELIZABETH:** Which means I'm completely overthinking the whole thing! This is all too much. It's WAY too much! Alex isn't going to be expecting this —

**OLLIE:** She'll be fine.

**ELIZABETH:** No! You had it all right. Keep it calm, keep it quiet.

**OLLIE:** Not everyone's love has to be quiet.

**ELIZABETH:** What are you, some kind of poet?

**OLLIE:** (*Beat.*) Yeah.

**ELIZABETH:** I never even thought I could ever be with someone like Alex. And today is the day I'm deciding to be with her, for real. In public.

**OLLIE:** Yeah. Really public. Like, really soon.

**ELIZABETH:** My parents are gonna kill me. I never even told them I was — I'm screwed. I'm dead. So dead. But she's worth it. Right?

**OLLIE:** You're asking me?

**ELIZABETH:** You're my best friend.

**OLLIE:** You know I can't answer that —

**ELIZABETH:** Try!

**OLLIE:** FINE! Jeez. I can't tell you if I think she's worth it. But I think *you're* worth it. I always thought you should be who you are.

**ELIZABETH:** But what if —

**OLLIE:** Any question that starts with "what if" is stupid.

(*ALEX, an outgoing, sporty girl, enters.*)

Hi.

*(Elizabeth takes a moment to take in how beautiful Alex looks right then in that moment. The world stops for just a second.)*

**ALEX:** Hi.

**ELIZABETH:** Ollie, can you give us a sec?

**OLLIE:** Sure. Are we still on for the...

**ELIZABETH:** Yeah, yeah. Just. Wait for me, will ya?

**OLLIE:** You got it.

**ALEX:** Wait for you for what?

**ELIZABETH:** Nothing.

**ALEX:** No, what?

*(Elizabeth takes Alex's hands in hers. Ollie exits.)*

What are you guys planning?

**ELIZABETH:** Who says we're planning anything?

**ALEX:** Oh, right. Like you and Ollie aren't ALWAYS scheming something. What is it this time? A flash mob in chemistry class?

**ELIZABETH:** You plan ONE flash mob and suddenly you're the queen of flash mobs.

**ALEX:** Pulling the fire alarm during your French test?

**ELIZABETH:** Hey, I'm good at French. I don't need to pull the fire alarm.

**ALEX:** Well, whatever it is, I'm sure it'll be a shock to everyone.

**ELIZABETH:** Is that a good thing?

**ALEX:** *(Laughing:)* Well, you know I like surprises. Which is why I have one for you.

*(Alex puts her backpack on the ground and pulls out a book.)*

**ELIZABETH:** What's this?

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**ALEX:** Take a look.

*(Alex hands her a photo album. Elizabeth leafs through it.)*

**ELIZABETH:** It's us.

**ALEX:** Yeah. I've really been enjoying the last few months together, and I thought, you know, maybe I'd throw some of those dumb selfies in a scrapbook.

**ELIZABETH:** Hashtag adorable.

**ALEX:** Hashtag crafting.

**ELIZABETH:** Hashtag... I'm out of hashtags.

*(Elizabeth flips to the first page.)*

Ooh! There's the one from the night we went to the party at Frida's house.

**ALEX:** Was that Halloween?

**ELIZABETH:** Nah. Just my femme fatale phase.

**ALEX:** That was a good phase— Look! There's the one from the ice skating rink from our first official-unofficial-secret date.

**ELIZABETH:** Oh man, I had forgotten how cold it was that day.

**ALEX:** And how bad you are at skating! You basically clung on to me the whole time.

**ELIZABETH:** Like you minded.

**ALEX:** Touché.

**ELIZABETH:** Oh! And there's one from the band and choir spring break competition trip!

**ELIZABETH:** We're so gross! Look at those bow ties.

**ALEX:** I'm more offended by the cummerbund, personally.

*(Elizabeth flips through the pages.)*

Look, there's a bunch more in here, and there's so many really

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good memories we could spend all day looking at, but I know your folks are coming soon to pick you up, and I wanted to make sure you saw this before you go.

*(Alex turns to the last page.)*

**ELIZABETH:** It's empty.

**ALEX:** I know. I'm hoping that's where we can put our prom picture.

**ELIZABETH:** What?

**ALEX:** Look, I know that we're still kind of keeping this whole thing on the down low, but I'm hoping that if I put on a dress and do the whole "hair and makeup" thing, your parents won't have too many questions if we go together as *(In air quotes:)* "friends."

*(Elizabeth looks around nervously.)*

**ELIZABETH:** Are you asking me to prom?

**ALEX:** I am.

I'm asking.

Will you go with me, Elizabeth?

**ELIZABETH:** Oh man.

**ALEX:** What? Is something wrong?

**ELIZABETH:** Not exactly.

**ALEX:** Because if you want, we can forget the whole thing—

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