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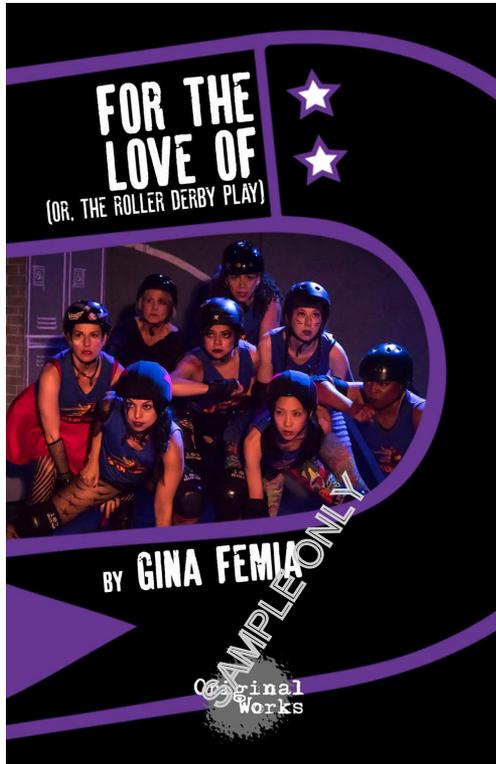
*RIPPED*

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Trade Edition, 2022

ISBN 978-1-63092-134-7

*Also Available From  
Original Works Publishing*



**FOR THE LOVE OF (or; the roller derby play)**

**by Gina Femia**

**Synopsis:** When Joy gets on the Brooklyn Scallywags and meets the star, Lizzie Lightning, she and her long term partner Michelle find their lives turned upside down. *For The Love Of* asks how much you're willing to sacrifice – or lose – in order to follow your heart.

**Cast Size:** 9 Diverse Females

# Ripped

by Rachel Bublitz

SAMPLE ONLY

*Ripped* received its world premiere production with Z Space in San Francisco, California, opening on May 22, 2019. It was directed by Lisa Steindler, Z Space's Executive Artistic Director.

The cast was as follows:

Krystle Piamonte as Lucy  
Daniel Chung as Jared  
Edwin Jacobs as Bradley

The production crew was as follows.

Intimacy Director: Maya Herbsman  
Set and Lighting Designer: Colm McNally  
Assistant Lighting Designer: Camille Simoneau  
Sound Designer: Sara Huddleston  
Costume Designer: Christina Dinkel  
Props Designer: Hannah Clague  
Creative Producer: Rose Oser  
Stage Manager: Christina Hogan  
Production Assistant: Kat Cuchiara-Armstrong  
Photography: Lorenzo Fernandez-Kopec  
Graphic Design: Kara Frame  
Publicist: Mona Baroudi

*Ripped* received its second production with Good Company Theatre in Ogden, Utah, opening on September 20, 2019. It was directed by Nicole Finney.

The cast was as follows:

Sydney Schwarzwald as Lucy  
Callahan Crnich as Jared  
Tristan B. Johnson as Bradley

The production crew was as follows:

Producer, Costume and Properties Design: Alicia Washington  
Producer, Scenic Change Artist: Camille Washington  
Stage Manager: James Schaffer  
Technical Director: Austin Hull  
Sound Design: Kyle Lawrence  
Lighting Design: Gary Gabriel White  
Intimacy Coach: Andrew Barratt Wilson  
Assistant Master Electrician: Ethan Yearsley  
Social Media and Marketing: Sahna Foley  
Construction Crew: Michael Solarez

**Characters** (in order of appearance):

**Lucy**, female, 18. Freshman at UC Berkeley.

**Jared**, male, 19 or 20. Sophomore at UC Berkeley.

**Bradley**, male, 18 or 19. Lucy's high school boyfriend.

\*A note about the characters and race: Race isn't one of the focuses of this play, but thought should be given so as not to perpetuate the stereotype that Hispanic and Black men/boys are more likely to rape White women/girls. This may be avoided by having Lucy be played by an actor of color. Additionally if there is only one actor of color in the play, they should probably not play Bradley.

**Time:** Fall 2015 to early 2016.

**Place:** Berkeley, California, and San Diego, California.

## RIPPED

### SCENE ONE

*(The Monday after Thanksgiving, November 30.*

*Morning. Jared's apartment near the UC Berkeley campus. There's a bed, probably a side table, a laptop, bottle of vodka, one or two beer cans, and a to-go food container.*

*Lucy sleeps in Jared's bed, she wears a bra and underwear.*

*She stirs. Her waking is slow at first. She stretches, she rubs her head, then holds her stomach. She wills herself not to throw up.*

*She opens her eyes and her movement speeds up. She sits bolt upright.*

*She looks around the room, she's confused. She looks down to find her lack of clothing and wraps the sheet around herself.*

*She peers over the edge of the bed to see if she can find her clothes.*

*She's about to puke, she holds her mouth and rushes for an appropriate receptacle. She breathes over the bowl or trash can waiting for the puke to come or the feeling to pass.*

*She doesn't puke. She returns to the bed and rubs her eyes.*

*Jared enters with coffees and breakfast pastries. She puts her hands over her face when she sees him.)*

LUCY: Oh shit.

JARED: Well, good morning to you too! I knocked over a bakery. Thought you'd need nourishment before class.

*(She wraps the sheet tighter around her body.)*

JARED: .. Hey, you feeling okay?

LUCY: Yeah. I can't find my clothes.

*(He offers her a pastry.)*

JARED: Here.

*(She doesn't take it. He sets it near her, then goes in for a kiss. She avoids him.)*

JARED: Sure you're okay?

LUCY: Um, last night, did we...?

JARED: You don't remember?

LUCY: Not really.

JARED: Oh man, did you black out or something?

LUCY: I.. I don't know.

JARED: Yeah, I mean, you were pretty wasted.

LUCY: But I don't drink. Well I do, but not like black out inducing amounts or anything.

JARED: We all get carried away, when I was a freshman—

LUCY: So we definitely hooked up or something?

JARED: Yeah.. And it was great, I mean *you* were great. You really don't remember at all?

LUCY: No, I don't even, I don't even know how I could have gotten here.

JARED: Whoa.

*(She holds her head and tries not to vomit.)*

JARED : Get something in your stomach, it'll help. No sugar, just a little milk, that's how you like it, right?

*(He puts a cup of coffee by her.)*

JARED: ... Look, they spelled your name L-O-O-S-E-Y, "Loosey" instead of Lucy, they must have been stoned. Is that even a real name?

*(She doesn't pick it up.*

*He looks at the name on his coffee.)*

JARED: They got mine right, maybe Jared's more common than Lucy? Or maybe I just say your name weird... You feel like you're gonna puke? I can get you a bowl, or—

LUCY: Do you know where my clothes are?

JARED: Oh, yeah, that would help...

*(He searches.)*

JARED: Things got so crazy, I'm not totally sure—

LUCY: I think I was wearing my blue dress.

JARED: Yeah, you were, I do remember that.

*(He hunts around the room.)*

LUCY: .. It's my favorite.

JARED: Mine too. Not in a weird way, I just, I like it, you look, you always look nice when you wear it is what I mean...

*(He searches.)*

LUCY: ... I really need to get home.

JARED: You don't have to like rush off or anything, we could—

LUCY: Maybe another time, yeah? I just, lots going on today.

JARED: Yeah, cool. That's cool.

*(He keeps looking. He reaches under the foot of the bed.)*

JARED: Think I found it.

*(He pulls out pieces of her dress. It's in at least two pieces, but maybe more.)*

JARED: ... Woah. That's— I don't remember... I don't know how that could have happened.

*(He hands them to her.)*

LUCY: Okay..

JARED: I, I can get you another one. Another dress, or something.

LUCY: No, that's, that's okay—

JARED: No really, you just said it's your favorite—

LUCY: It's fine.

*(He grabs his laptop and opens it up.)*

JARED: Where'd you get it? Or is there a brand or something?

LUCY: Seriously, it's not a big deal.

JARED: You sure?

LUCY: Totally.

JARED: ... Things were kinda outta hand last night, I guess.

LUCY: Yeah, I— I guess so.

JARED: In a good way, though.

LUCY: Right.

JARED: You're sure you're not hungry or anything?

LUCY: Could I borrow something to wear? Like sweats or whatever would be fine. I just, I need to get going.

JARED: I, I really like you.

LUCY: Yeah, I know that. I really like you too.

*(He gets her sweats and a t-shirt.)*

LUCY: Thanks. I'll, I'll wash them and bring them back.

JARED: Don't worry about it.

LUCY: No. I'll wash them and bring them back later.

JARED: Okay. Cool.

*(She waits for him to leave the room, he doesn't.)*

LUCY: ... Do.. Do you mind stepping out? So I can get dressed?

JARED: Oh, yeah. Sorry... Last night was, it was great. Maybe if you're free tonight I could pick up some dinner? And pie? Or maybe just pie? Haha.

LUCY: I have that thing, that um, there's that guest lecture thing for bio, it's a requirement or something that we all go, and I promised Kim we could uh, have a girls night after and so yeah, not tonight.

JARED: Tomorrow night then?

LUCY: Um, yeah, maybe? I'll, I'll look at stuff and let you know.

JARED: Okay... I'll, uh, be right out in the hall.

LUCY: Cool. Thanks.

*(He exits.*

*She puts on his clothes. End of scene.)*

SCENE TWO

*(August 21.*

*Kate Sessions Park in San Diego. Lucy and Bradley sit in a car. It's evening. She wears her favorite blue dress. He rubs her shoulders.)*

BRADLEY: It's pretty. Tonight.

LUCY: Yeah.

BRADLEY: You're pretty pretty too.

LUCY: Aw, thanks.

BRADLEY: No, I mean it. You're a good lookin' babe.

LUCY: Well you're a good lookin' dude, so we're even.

BRADLEY: Yeah?

LUCY: Yeah.

BRADLEY: Promise?

LUCY: Oh my God, shut up, you know I think you're super sexy.

*(He tickles her.)*

BRADLEY: How 'bout now? Now do you think I'm sexy?

LUCY: Cut it out, come on— STOP!

BRADLEY: I can't help it.

*(She pushes him away.)*

LUCY: You know I hate that.

BRADLEY: You used to love it.

LUCY: No, never did.

BRADLEY: Then I've just been a jerk these past years,  
tickling you for my own sick pleasure?

LUCY: Pretty much.

BRADLEY: How ever do you stand it?

LUCY: One day at a time.

*(He kisses her, it's familiar and lingering. He holds her close to him.)*

BRADLEY: Maybe I just won't let you go.

LUCY: That's against the law.

BRADLEY: But I'll be really nice about it.

LUCY: It's still kidnapping.

BRADLEY: Yeah... Hey, check behind your seat, got something special for your last night.

*(She does, pulls out a six pack of beer.)*

LUCY: Oh! Warm beer, lucky me!

*(He takes a beer, opens it, hands it to her, then opens one for himself.)*

BRADLEY: I know how to treat you real good.

*(He drinks.)*

LUCY: Like a god damn princess.

*(She drinks.)*

BRADLEY: You know it.

*(He pulls her close. They drink and snuggle.)*

BRADLEY: Seriously, you could, you could stay Lucy. We could get a studio or something and—

LUCY: What about school?

BRADLEY: You could go to City with me.

LUCY: And money? Who's paying for our little love nest?

BRADLEY: We'll get jobs.

LUCY: You're crazy in the face.

BRADLEY: Stay.

LUCY: I can't.

BRADLEY: Yeah I know.. We'll be fine though, yeah?  
You're coming home for Thanksgiving and then  
winter break, right?

LUCY: Yeah. Of course.

BRADLEY: Then yeah. That's a piece of cake.

LUCY: Totally.

BRADLEY: Just don't fall for some other guy.. Come on,  
it was just a joke, can't even give me a fake laugh for  
that one?

*(She puts down her beer.)*

LUCY: .. Bradley, you know I love you, right? More than  
anything. But, I've been thinking about it, a lot, and...

BRADLEY: And what?

LUCY: I think we should take a break.

BRADLEY: Fuck.

LUCY: Can you just hear me out? So.. It's— I just  
think—

BRADLEY: You just don't want to be tied down by some asshole who couldn't get into a real college?

LUCY: You know that isn't true.

BRADLEY: Then why are you dumping me?

LUCY: I'm not dumping you.

BRADLEY: Then what are you doing?

LUCY: I'm not trying to hurt you, this just makes more sense for both of us.

BRADLEY: Right.

LUCY: No really, you're going to meet, ya know, other people, girls and stuff, at class, and you're, you're either going to cheat, or you're going to be pissed at me for holding you back.

BRADLEY: I would never cheat on you.

LUCY: I watched this exact thing play out when Marcus went off to school, him and Jenny tried—

BRADLEY: I'm not your brother.

LUCY: We're not so different. We're kids going off to different colleges, staying together only because we feel obligated to, not because it's the best—

BRADLEY: So you feel obligated to be with me?

LUCY: No, but maybe that's where we're headed. I just, I don't want that to be us.

BRADLEY: That isn't going to happen to us. We'll figure it out. We can skype, and text, and it's only a few months before you're back here again—

LUCY: But my classes are going to be really demanding, and I just don't know if I'm going to have time to have a boyfriend. Okay?

BRADLEY: Because your school is so much better than mine, right?

*(He finishes his beer and gets another.)*

LUCY: Jesus, can you just knock it off? I'm trying— I'm trying to do what's best for both of us. I— I want to be with you forever and if we want to do that we need to break up now. We break up, we miss each other like crazy and stay FRIENDS, and then when school's done we get back together. Otherwise it's going to get stupid and I— I don't want to lose you. You're my best friend. I'm sorry... Say something, please?

BRADLEY: Want another beer?

*(She hits him.)*

LUCY: Not that, stupid!

BRADLEY: Just trying to be helpful. Gotta do this send off right.

LUCY: I'm good for now, thanks.

BRADLEY: *(90% a joke)* You're still going to put out tonight though, right?

LUCY: Stop being a jerk. Please?

BRADLEY: Yeah. Well, I think your plan sucks.

LUCY: No, it's a good plan, I've thought about this, and cried over this, and I'm scared that we're going to implode otherwise.

*(He drinks.)*

BRADLEY: .. Okay. Whatever.

LUCY: Thank you.

*(He drinks.)*

BRADLEY: If Berkeley isn't all it's cracked up to be, you'll come home like right away, right? I mean the love nest deal is still on the table, in case you change your mind.

*(She cries a little, tries to hide it from him.)*

BRADLEY: Hey, don't cry, you'll make me cry.

LUCY: But what if you meet someone who is like, amazing, and you forget all about me, and then I hate myself for the rest of my life?

BRADLEY: Who could I meet that's better than you?

LUCY: I don't know, she'd probably have like giant boobs and love all the stupid crap you do.

BRADLEY: So are we breaking up or not?

LUCY: I don't know! I don't want to hate you, but I don't want you to meet someone else, not like a real someone else. Does that make any sense?

BRADLEY: Not even a little.

LUCY: We just.. I don't. This is stupid and hard!

BRADLEY: .. Okay?

LUCY: Okay, yeah.. Yes, we're breaking up. Just try not to fall in love with anyone.

*(They kiss.)*

LUCY: I need to go.

BRADLEY: But you're going to be gone for so long, I thought we could—

LUCY: I know, I did too, but—

BRADLEY: Finish your beer.

LUCY: No, sorry, you have it.

BRADLEY: Drinking alone up here's not what I had in mind for tonight.

LUCY: No, I know.

*(He pulls her close and kisses her.)*

BRADLEY: I'm not gonna see you for months—

LUCY: But if I stay you'll change my mind—

BRADLEY: We don't have to talk. Like at all.

*(He kisses her.)*

LUCY: Not tonight. Okay?

*(He hits the steering wheel.)*

BRADLEY: Great. Yeah.

LUCY: I'm sorry.

BRADLEY: No, this is fucking perfect. This is exactly how I wanted this night to go.

*(She opens the door, he reaches across her and slams it shut.)*

LUCY: Bradley—

*(He starts the car.)*

BRADLEY: I'll drive you.

LUCY: I want to walk—

BRADLEY: No. It's not safe. I don't want some crazy asshole jumping out of the bushes and grabbing you, I'll take you home.

*(He blasts the radio, throws the remaining beers in the back seat. End of scene.)*

SAMPLE ONLY

### SCENE THREE

*(September 9.*

*Berkeley streets near the UC Berkeley campus. Night. Lucy enters, she wears her favorite dress. She walks quickly and looks over her shoulder every so often.*

*Jared enters after her, wearing headphones, he walks with less deliberation but at a quick pace.*

*She feels his presence, but is too nervous to look and confirm that someone is there. She clutches for something in her purse.*

*He is oblivious.*

*She pulls out what she was hunting for, mace, and holds it in her hand.*

*He gets closer, just as he is about to pass her she swings around to face him.)*

LUCY: STOP FOLLOWING ME!

*(He takes off the headphones and notices her mace.)*

JARED: Whoa! What the hell—

*(She tosses the mace in her purse.)*

LUCY: Oh my God, you're not— Oh man, I'm so, I thought you were, I thought you were someone else, it's really dark—

JARED: Were you about to mace me?

LUCY: No! Not you.

JARED: There's no one else here.

LUCY: Right, yeah, totally, but last night these two guys started following me, they were really drunk, and they were yelling things and it kinda wiggled me out and so I thought in case that happened again—

JARED: Whatever, just be more careful with that stuff.

LUCY: Yes! Good call, I will be.

*(He puts his headphones on and walks away.)*

LUCY: Hey, sorry to bug you again—

*(He ignores her, she walks after him and taps his shoulder, he pulls off his headphones.)*

JARED: Yeah?

LUCY: Sorry, I, I'm just a bit turned around and like I said, it's dark. Do you know where we are?

JARED: Don't you have a cell phone?

LUCY: I do, yes. It died.

JARED: Where are you trying to go?

LUCY: Home, to my apartment.

JARED: And that is..?

LUCY: Right, ha, that would help! It's, uh, on Virginia and Walnut.

JARED: You're on the wrong side of campus.

LUCY: No, it's not, I—

JARED: This is South of campus, Virginia is North.

LUCY: Aw man.

JARED: Head back that way and hang a right on Oxford, that way you won't get turned around walking through school.

LUCY: Okay, cool. Thank you.

*(He nods, then puts his headphones on. She waves at him. He takes his headphones off.)*

LUCY: I'm not like, I'm not a crazy person. Just so you know.

JARED: I never said you were crazy—

LUCY: And it's not like I went out and bought it, my mom sent it up with me when I left San Diego, that's where I'm from—

JARED: Listen, I've had a really long day—

LUCY: I am not asking you for anything.

JARED: It feels like you want me to walk you back to your place.

LUCY: No! I'm totally fine. I've got, you know, the mace, so I'm all set if anything goes down.

JARED: Cool. Night then.

LUCY: I just didn't want you to worry about me.

*(He laughs.)*

JARED: Look, I don't even know you—

LUCY: Oh, sorry! My name is Lucy... And you are?

JARED: .. Jared.

LUCY: Hi Jared, I'm new, to here. To college. I'm a freshman.

JARED: Look, I have an early class tomorrow—

LUCY: No, totally. You should get to bed.

*(He nods and goes to put on his headphones.)*

LUCY: It's down back this way and then left on Oxford, yeah? That's what you said?

JARED: No, a right.

LUCY: Okay, right, got it.. So, you live near here?

JARED: Just on the corner.

LUCY: Nice.

JARED: Yeah.

LUCY: Great, well, I feel good about this, and walking back alone. Especially with it being so late and dark and everything.

JARED: .. You want me to walk you?

LUCY: What? No. I'm fine. Totally fine.

JARED: It's cool. Come on.

LUCY: Okay great! Thank you.. My class just went later than normal and I've only been here like a week. Normally I can take care of myself.

JARED: Clearly.

*(They head off in the opposite direction.)*

LUCY: Wow, feel free to take it down a notch on the judgement.

JARED: That's pretty rich considering you almost assaulted me tonight.

LUCY: As like, a mistake. I would have been super sorry if I'd actually sprayed you.

*(They exit together. End of scene.)*

## SCENE FOUR

*(Lucy's bedroom. The Monday after Thanksgiving, November 30. Afternoon.*

*Lucy wears sweats and a t-shirt— hers, not Jared's. We hear angry cleaning from another room.)*

LUCY: I already said that I was sorry Kim, and I'll say it again and again until you start talking to me because this silent treatment is totally immature.. I'm sorry! I am sorry. It was wrong, I should have asked, but I just, I don't know. You take my stuff without asking sometimes and I, I didn't know you were saving it. I thought we could, you know, drink together, or something, and talk about our Thanksgivings and stuff. But I get that it was shitty of me and assuming is wrong and I shouldn't have. I just... I'm sorry, really...

*(She holds her mouth for a moment, then decides she isn't going to puke.*

*She closes her eyes.)*

LUCY: You should feel good at least knowing that the universe is punishing me severely for not asking before I drank your booze. Lucy bad. And she will suffer for it. She should suffer. She's a thief, right? That was your word?

*(She pulls out a piece of her dress. Looks at it. Put it's away.)*

LUCY: ..... Hey, have you ever woken up next to someone and you have no recollection of like wanting to, you know, like... Ugh... I don't mean. Yeah. So I finally slept with Jared. I know you were like if you don't, I will, so..

*(The cleaning noises stop. Maybe we hear a door open and close.)*

LUCY: He said it was great. I— I guess I'll just have to take his word, because like I said I don't... Has that ever, have you um had that before? Because I don't know. It doesn't feel.. Maybe that's just this awful hangover and I should just stop thinking that maybe something really happened, you know?... Do you know what I mean?

*(She looks into the other room. No one is there. She almost throws up again.)*

LUCY: Alright. Cool, just leave Kim. Leave me here to talk to myself... I just wanted you to tell me I am overreacting and wrong because like, I like him, you know? He's a good one. A good guy. He'd never... You'll get used to it.. It'll— it'll be quick— No, no, no, no, I— I wanted. I wanted to. I wanted him. I wanted.. I really wanted you to stay home Kim so that you could set me straight on this one. Because I just keep getting these like flashes, these, these, little. What if I didn't. Want. Him.

*(She pulls out the piece of her dress again. She grabs her phone and dials.)*

LUCY: (*Into phone*) Yes, hello. Um... Hi.... I think I was raped.

(*Deep breath*)

No I was. I was raped.

(*End of scene.*)

SAMPLE ONLY

## SCENE FIVE

*(September 12, a few days after Lucy and Jared met over mace. Near Jared's apartment. Lucy, wearing her favorite dress, enters and walks with two coffees and a bag full of breakfast goodies. She tries to figure out which apartment belongs to him.*

*She goes to knock on a door, then stops. She walks away, worrying that she not only has the wrong apartment but also that this might be totally out of line. She stops.*

*She turns around and takes a deep breath, takes a few steps back to the door she believes to be his. She loses steam.*

*She exits.*

*She reenters, with a new level of determination. As she reaches the door she's 90% sure is the one he pointed out the other night, Jared enters, opening the door in her face.)*

JARED: Stop following me.

LUCY: How cute, you remember the first thing I ever said to you. And here I thought you couldn't hear me yelling over your headphones.

JARED: Lost again?

LUCY: No, I, um, came to say thanks for helping me get home even though you were so tired and way too cool to be hanging out with me. And so I brought pastries and coffee... And I hope so badly you're not like gluten free or vegan because I didn't think about that until just now and then this would be not so nice a gesture. And yeah. Good morning, happy breakfast!

*(She hands him a coffee and the bag of treats.)*

LUCY: You're not vegan, are you?

JARED: No.

LUCY: Oh thank God. I mean, vegans are fine and everything, my brother is vegan.

*(He looks in the bag.)*

JARED: You knock over a bakery or something on your way here?

LUCY: I didn't know what you'd like so I got all the things.

JARED: I can see that.

LUCY: Cool. Yeah, so, see you around then.

JARED: You really think I can eat all this by myself?

LUCY: Maybe? You did go on a really long walk the other night, so..

JARED: Have breakfast with me.

LUCY: Okay, really?

JARED: Yeah.

*(He sits on the sidewalk. She sits by him. He selects a pastry, then hands the bag to her, she picks one. They eat and drink.)*

JARED: Have trouble getting home the rest of the week?

LUCY: No, I made sure to bring my charger so I could check my phone for directions.

JARED: Smart.

LUCY: Yeah, I have my moments.

JARED: Mace anyone?

LUCY: No, I took it out of my bag.

JARED: But what about the roving bands of drunk fraternity bros?

LUCY: Turns out they're pretty slow.

JARED: It's all that PBR.

LUCY: Yeah, probably.

JARED: Seriously though, if you're being followed—

LUCY: Can we talk about something else?

JARED: Yeah, totally. It's just, you could go to campus police—

LUCY: It wasn't a big thing really. Happens all the time, I was just overreacting.

JARED: You get followed all the time?

LUCY: Not like, right this second, but I don't know, once a week?

JARED: Really?

LUCY: Yeah.

JARED: That seems like a lot.

LUCY: Well I don't know what the national average is, so I can't really say.

JARED: I guess it's tough for the cute girls out there. I didn't realize.

LUCY: Yeah, I guess.. Not that I think of myself as a cute girl, or that I think I'm not cute, I'm not, I'm not stuck up, so I don't think one way or another about being cute or not.

JARED: It's okay, you're cute.

LUCY: Oh. Well, thanks.

*(They eat. It's quiet.*

*She can't stand the quiet.)*

LUCY: ... School has been crazy, right? I mean, I know this is a big deal place but they really put your back to the grindstone. Is it back or nose? My mom always says those sayings wrong and so I do too, I think she does it on purpose just to make all her kids weird. Like she says you're getting on my left nerve instead of last nerve... So, are you a freshman too?

JARED: Sophomore.

LUCY: Cool. From here, or?..

JARED: Arizona.

LUCY: Oh, nice. I grew up by the beach, Pacific Beach, actually, which was, I mean, talk about roving drunk guys. It's like growing up in a Spring Break party. Really, the main street, Garnet\*, is like bar, bar, bar, taco shop, bar, bar, tattoo parlor, bar, bar, bar, bar, Trader Joes, because I guess people need food too sometimes, on top of all the beer. And the bars, they almost all have open patios, and so once you're like 14 or 15 you can't walk down the block without dudes yelling at you.. But, there are good things too, it's, the beach is always awesome, and the weather *is* really great, nearly 72 every day, which is like the opposite of here. I mean, I guess today isn't so bad, at least the sun is shining. Did you have a hard time getting used to how cold it is coming from Arizona?

(\*Pronounced with an emphasis on both the first and second syllable, unlike the gemstone.)

JARED: Not really. I don't love the heat.

LUCY: Oh. I do. Not that it gets as hot in San Diego as it does in Arizona, but, I miss the sun. I miss my mom too, and my boyfriend— I mean ex. Ex boyfriend. We broke up. Before I left. He's cool. We're still friends, and all that, that's why I miss him I guess. But I'm single now, just— Yeah..

JARED: ... Sounds like we have a lot in common.

LUCY: Yeah? Do you babble uncontrollably and completely embarrass yourself a lot too?

JARED: No, I also don't have a boyfriend right now.

LUCY: Oh.... Ohhhh.

JARED: I'm not gay. That was a joke.

LUCY: Oh!

*(They eat.)*

LUCY: This almond thing is really good, you wanna try it?

*(He nods. She goes to feed it to him, decides that's weird and tries to break a piece off to hand to him instead. She gets courage back and tries to put just the piece in his mouth and misses a little, getting a lot of powdered sugar on his face. They both laugh.)*

LUCY: Sorry. I got a little..

*(She wipes the sugar away with her hand or a napkin. It's awkward and cute.)*

JARED: That's pretty tasty.

LUCY: Yeah it's.. Light and flakey and buttery and sweet.

JARED: Who'd have thought sugar and butter could be so good together?

LUCY: Right? Revolutionary.

*(They eat.)*

JARED: I missed my dog a lot when I was a freshman.

LUCY: That's sweet.

JARED: Soon you'll figure out who your people are, have some fun. Then it all feels a lot more normal. Have you gotten off campus?

LUCY: Not much past Telegraph.

JARED: Whatcha got going on today?

LUCY: Studying.

JARED: Let's go to the City.

LUCY: Which city?

JARED: The City, San Francisco.

LUCY: Oh, like now?

JARED: Yeah, we'll hop on BART. There's a beach over there and everything.

LUCY: Okay! Yeah. Yeah, that's good. Really good.

JARED: Cool. We should probably swing by your place though and grab you a coat or jacket.

LUCY: Who brings a jacket to the beach?

JARED: I guess you're in for a fun life lesson then.

*(They exit. End of scene.)*

**END OF SAMPLE.**