

# **STALLED.**

By  
Eugenie Carabatsos

## STALLED.

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STALLED.

*For my first car, and yours.*

## STALLED.

A thirty-minute version of *Stalled.* was originally produced in the Manhattan Repertory Theatre's One Act Festival. Directed by Allison Moody, it starred:

Maggie.....Kaelin Birkenhead  
Dad.....Andrew Houlihan  
Johnny.....Lawrence Evans  
Doug.....Paul Corning  
Katie.....Piper Blouin Foley-Schultz  
Mark.....Will Cooper

This full-length version of *Stalled.* premiered at the Variations Theatre Group. It was directed by Andrew Wells Ryder. Starring:

Maggie.....Molly-Ann Nordin  
Dad.....Devon Diffenderfer  
Johnny.....Max Stampa-Brown  
Doug.....Brennan Pickman-Thoon  
Katie.....Sabina Friedman-Seitz  
Mark.....Ari Itkin

CAST: 2W, 4M

MAGGIE.	26 years old
DAD.	Maggie and Katie's father
JOHNNY.	Maggie's high school sweetheart
DOUG.	Maggie's college hookup
KATIE.	Maggie's younger sister
MARK.	Maggie's friend

SETTING: Maggie's car. The car is created by the actors. It is a living, breathing entity with its own personality, thoughts, and emotions. It's small, old, and a bit cranky. It's also sturdy, not too expensive, and safe.

TIME: Before smartphones were ubiquitous.

NOTES: There are no blackouts.

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*26-year-old MAGGIE drives. Car is bitter.*

**MAGGIE.** I'm sorry. Okay? I told you I was sorry. Stop punishing me. It's not like I want to do this... *(Car groans.)* It's going to be okay. Parts of you will be used to help other cars. *(Car is infuriated.)* Okay sorry. Insensitive. I'm taking you to slaughter. But what are my options? The mechanic said you only had a couple hundred miles left in you. You are rotting, he said. Rotting. *(And now, annoyed.)* I know. I didn't like his word choice either. It's too organic. But nothing works anymore! Every time we get to that little incline on Cedar Street, you know what I do? Pray. That's right, I pray. I haven't been to church since I was baptized and yet I say a prayer every time we go up that hill. Because of you. We could go plummeting down to our death at any moment. You've broken down three times this past month. *(Pause.)* I shouldn't blame you. It's not entirely your fault. I didn't give you as many oil changes as I should have. I never gave you premium gas. I've taken you to the car wash maybe once in the past ten years. You don't even have a garage to live in. No wonder you want to leave me. *(Maggie messes with the stereo. It makes a lot of noise, but eventually she gets a station. A song she hasn't heard in a long time comes on. She turns it up. She is now 16. DAD gets into the passenger seat. He turns off the music.)*

**MAGGIE.** Hey, I'm listening to that!

**DAD.** Ten and two.

**MAGGIE.** Mom says the driver chooses the music.

**DAD.** Not until you get a license. Ten and two.

**MAGGIE.** Come on, Dad.

**DAD.** Ten and two. Slow down! Why are you tailgating that guy?

**MAGGIE.** I'm not.

**DAD.** The speed limit is 35.

**MAGGIE.** I know.

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**DAD.** You're going 38.

**MAGGIE.** Jesus Dad.

**DAD.** Pay attention to the road.

**MAGGIE.** I am. You're making me nervous.

**DAD.** I'm fine.

**MAGGIE.** I can see the whites of your knuckles. Hey why aren't you wearing—

**DAD.** Don't look down. Brake! *(Maggie slams on the brakes. They take a moment to collect themselves.)* Are you okay?

**MAGGIE.** Yeah.

**DAD.** That was close.

**MAGGIE.** Yeah.

**DAD.** Do you want me to drive home?

**MAGGIE.** Yeah. *(Dad exits. Maggie reflects as a 26-year-old.)* Almost rear-ending someone that day was one of the most frightening experiences of my life. When you hit something, at least you know what happened, when you almost hit something, it's like... you never really know what the outcome would have been. It's a mind fuck, really. Maybe I will get one of those new cars that stops itself when it is getting too close. What do you think about that? *(Car is pissed off.)* Okay, you're right. I could never afford one of those. Maybe something with a camera though, or a built-in GPS. Yeah, maybe I'll finally replace that GPS, and then I'll have something to tell me what to do so I wouldn't have to make my own decisions. *(JOHNNY pops out of the backseat, holding up two types of cigarettes. They are 16.)*

**JOHNNY.** Marlboro or Camel?

**MAGGIE.** I don't know. Whichever. *(He climbs into the passenger seat.)*

**JOHNNY.** Come on. Marlboro or Camel?

**MAGGIE.** Whatever you don't want.

**JOHNNY.** Here. *(He lights the cigarette for her. She holds it out the window.)*

**MAGGIE.** So are we almost there?

**JOHNNY.** Almost.

**MAGGIE.** We've been driving for like forty-five minutes.

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**JOHNNY.** I know.

**MAGGIE.** I'm going to run out of gas.

**JOHNNY.** Relax.

**MAGGIE.** I'm not going to be back by curfew.

**JOHNNY.** I thought that was only for dates.

**MAGGIE.** What?

**JOHNNY.** Your curfew. Isn't that only for dates? We're just friends.

**MAGGIE.** Oh, I know, it's just, well, I just got my license—

**JOHNNY.** Here we are! Pull over. *(She does. They are overlooking a beautiful vista.)* What do you think?

**MAGGIE.** It's beautiful. Thank you for taking me here. It was really sweet of you.

**JOHNNY.** You gonna smoke that thing?

**MAGGIE.** Yeah. *(She brings it to her lips, takes a drag, and coughs.)*

**JOHNNY.** Having some trouble?

**MAGGIE.** No, I'm fine. It's just been a while.

**JOHNNY.** You look really uncomfortable.

**MAGGIE.** I'm pretty comfortable.

**JOHNNY.** Your hand is just like—

**MAGGIE.** I'm fine.

**JOHNNY.** You don't have to smoke it. I don't want you to feel like you're being pressured or...

**MAGGIE.** Stop babying me. I'm fine.

**JOHNNY.** I'm not babying you. I'm just saying—

**MAGGIE.** Everyone feels like they have to baby me. I'm sick of it. No one died, you know? No one died.

**JOHNNY.** I know, I—

**MAGGIE.** It's just so annoying. I'm sixteen. I can handle it.

**JOHNNY.** I was just talking about the cigarette, okay?

**MAGGIE.** Yeah.

**JOHNNY.** So your Mom—

**MAGGIE.** Yep.

**JOHNNY.** That sucks.

**MAGGIE.** Pretty much. What is this a pity date?

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**JOHNNY.** I brought you out here because you've been my best friend since middle school—

**MAGGIE.** I don't feel like your best friend.

**JOHNNY.** Mags, high school is just different, you know? We just have different friends. A different life. It doesn't mean we can't hang out from time to time. And, Maggie, it's not a date. I told you: I'm seeing Ashley.

**MAGGIE.** Ashley.

**JOHNNY.** Yeah.

**MAGGIE.** Does Ashley care that you brought me here?

**JOHNNY.** No. *(Pause.)* She doesn't know.

**MAGGIE.** And why not?

**JOHNNY.** Because she's a girl and she would freak out.

**MAGGIE.** So are you guys like serious or something?

**JOHNNY.** No. I don't know.

**MAGGIE.** Did you sleep with her?

**JOHNNY.** Of course.

**MAGGIE.** Oh.

**JOHNNY.** That's what couples do. They have sex. *(They don't have sex.)*

**MAGGIE.** I guess.

**JOHNNY.** I'm just shocked you would even have to ask. *(Desperate to change subjects.)* This was your mom's car, right?

**MAGGIE.** Yeah.

**JOHNNY.** I don't think I've been in here since like... what 8<sup>th</sup> grade?

**MAGGIE.** When Mom and Katie would pick us up from band practice. *(Maggie and Johnny transition to their eighth-grade selves. KATIE sits in the back seat as a fifth grader. Johnny instructs Maggie.)*

**JOHNNY.** First of all, you have to look confident. A cop is going to pull you over if you look scared.

**KATIE.** Confidence is key!

**MAGGIE.** I don't think this is such a good idea.

**KATIE.** This is awesome!

**JOHNNY.** *(To Maggie.)* Stop being such a baby. Check your mirrors.

**MAGGIE.** Okay. What am I looking for?

**JOHNNY.** Cars and stuff. Can you see out the rear?



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**MAGGIE.** Yeah. Are you sure you know what you're doing?

**JOHNNY.** Totally. I've been watching my brother learn to drive for like months...

**MAGGIE.** And he has his license?

**JOHNNY.** Well... he has to take this road test again.

**MAGGIE.** Again?

**JOHNNY.** He dinged a curb. It was nothing. It's just because he's a guy. You know insurance premiums and stuff.

**MAGGIE.** Huh?

**KATIE.** Hurry before Mom comes back!

**JOHNNY.** Let's go!

**MAGGIE.** What if she comes out?

**JOHNNY.** It's not like we are carjackers. We're just going to take it for a spin while she's in the bathroom.

**MAGGIE.** That gas station attendant suspects something. See! He's looking at us.

**JOHNNY.** He's not looking at us. Why do you think every boy is looking at you?

**MAGGIE.** I don't think every boy is looking at me. Just that guy.

**JOHNNY.** Yes, you do. All the time you're like, "Johnny, did you see Fred looking at me?" "Did you see Garrett looking at me?"

**MAGGIE.** They do look at me.

**JOHNNY.** You want to know why?

**MAGGIE.** So you admit they do!

**JOHNNY.** They're not looking at you. They're looking at...

**MAGGIE.** What?

**JOHNNY.** You know. Your...

**MAGGIE.** What?

**KATIE.** Boobs.

**JOHNNY.** Right.

**MAGGIE.** I guess they are getting bigger.

**JOHNNY.** Okay relax. It's not like you're a porn star.

**MAGGIE.** What do you know about porn?

**JOHNNY.** What don't I know about porn?

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**KATIE.** What's porn?

**MAGGIE.** You're disgusting. I can't believe I'm friends with you.

**JOHNNY.** Whatever you're just mad because I know how to have sex.

**MAGGIE.** Shut up. Katie's here.

**KATIE.** I don't mind.

**MAGGIE.** This conversation is inappropriate for a fifth grader.

**KATIE.** Have you had sex, Johnny?

**MAGGIE.** No! Right?

**JOHNNY.** Not precisely.

**KATIE.** Johnny, do you like my sister?

**MAGGIE.** Katie!

**KATIE.** Because Mom says you do.

**MAGGIE.** Shut up!

**JOHNNY.** I don't think about Maggie that way. She's not my type.

**MAGGIE.** What do you mean?

**JOHNNY.** You're just a goody-goody.

**MAGGIE.** I am not.

**JOHNNY.** Yes you are. You won't even drive this car around the block.  
*(Maggie starts the car.)* Awesome!

**KATIE.** Yes!

**JOHNNY.** Okay, now, remember: break on is the left gas is on the right.

**MAGGIE.** Break-right?

**JOHNNY.** Break-left!

**MAGGIE.** Just kidding. I got this. *(She starts driving, super, super slowly but it is utterly thrilling.)* I'm doing it!

**JOHNNY.** You're totally doing it!

**KATIE.** You are so awesome!

**MAGGIE.** What's the speed limit?

**JOHNNY.** 25.

**MAGGIE.** I'm going to go 15.

**JOHNNY.** Better to be safe. Just let this guy pass you! Yeah fuck you!

**KATIE.** Yeah fuck you!

**MAGGIE.** Language! *(Johnny takes out a cigarette.)* What are you doing?  
Where did you get that?

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**JOHNNY.** I stole it from my brother. You want one?

**MAGGIE.** No. That stuff kills you. Haven't you seen all those commercials? At least roll down the window, I don't want it to stink up the car. Mom is totally going to know.

**KATIE.** Don't forget to turn.

**MAGGIE.** Oh yeah. Oh no. There's Mom. She's angry.

**KATIE.** She's yelling.

**MAGGIE.** She's going to kill us.

**JOHNNY.** Do you think she'll tell my mommy?

**MAGGIE.** Quick the cigarette! *(He throws it out the window.)*

**KATIE.** Johnny! Littering is a crime against humanity!

**JOHNNY.** Okay now just slowly pull in. Slowly and break.

**MAGGIE.** Hi Mom. *(Maggie and Johnny transition to their 16-year-old selves. Katie exits.)*

**JOHNNY.** She was pissed. And when she told my mommy, I was grounded for a month. Did your parents freak?

**MAGGIE.** My dad did.

**JOHNNY.** And your mom went insane.

**MAGGIE.** Just at first. When we got home, she was almost understanding. She told me about the time that she tried to drive her dad's car and she couldn't really reach the pedals and she ended up running over her cat.

**JOHNNY.** That's disturbing.

**MAGGIE.** And then she started to cry.

**JOHNNY.** About the cat?

**MAGGIE.** Yeah or maybe it was about her dad. *(Pause.)*

**JOHNNY.** Mags, are you okay?

**MAGGIE.** Did you teach Ashley how to drive too?

**JOHNNY.** No.

**MAGGIE.** You just sleep with her? All the time?

**JOHNNY.** I already told you, we sleep together. Are you sure you're—

**MAGGIE.** I'm fine. *(Pause.)* I know you're lying about Ashley.

**JOHNNY.** That's okay. I know you're lying too. *(Maggie transitions to present.)*

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**MAGGIE.** Johnny was the first—maybe the only—person I’ve ever shown myself to. He... saw me in a way others didn’t. He understood what I was going through, but never made me talk about it. He knew how to love me. And I loved him for that. (*Johnny and Maggie are in their junior year of high school. Clearly a couple.*)

**JOHNNY.** I still don’t understand—why are we going to a softball field?

**MAGGIE.** So I can practice.

**JOHNNY.** You can play catch anywhere.

**MAGGIE.** I want to be in the right environment. You know, regulation and all that.

**JOHNNY.** (*lovingly*) You’re so weird.

**MAGGIE.** Katie’s obsessed, so I figured I needed to learn something about it.

**JOHNNY.** You’re a good sister.

**MAGGIE.** Dad says she might be good enough to play in college. Like to get a scholarship and everything.

**JOHNNY.** That’s great.

**MAGGIE.** Yeah. (*Pause.*) Have you thought about college?

**JOHNNY.** Sure, in the abstract. You?

**MAGGIE.** Yeah.

**JOHNNY.** I’ll probably just end up local though.

**MAGGIE.** I don’t want to go local.

**JOHNNY.** I know. You want to get out.

**MAGGIE.** Don’t you?

**JOHNNY.** Sometimes, but I like it here.

**MAGGIE.** There is nothing here! All we do is go on drives.

**JOHNNY.** (*Making a move.*) Hey, I like our drives.

**MAGGIE.** I do too, but you know what I mean. Where’s our future? Don’t you ever think about that?

**JOHNNY.** Are you asking if I think about *our* future?

**MAGGIE.** Not *our* future, just our future.

**JOHNNY.** You really hate it here, don’t you?

**MAGGIE.** It’s just... hard to be here. (*Pause.*)

**JOHNNY.** Okay.

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**MAGGIE.** Okay what?

**JOHNNY.** Okay we'll get out of here.

**MAGGIE.** Together?

**JOHNNY.** Always. (*Maggie transitions to present.*)

**MAGGIE.** Always. What a fucking word. Always. "We'll be together always," "I promise to love you always," "I'll always be with you," "I'll keep this car always." (*Car responds—hurt.*) I didn't mean to lie. I didn't know I was lying when I said that to you. (*Johnny and Maggie switch places and transition to senior year of high school.*)

**JOHNNY.** You know I've been thinking about it, and I think it's time for you to get a new car.

**MAGGIE.** What?

**JOHNNY.** I just want you to be safe.

**MAGGIE.** I am safe.

**JOHNNY.** I would just feel a whole lot better if you had a car that worked.

**MAGGIE.** This one does work! What's wrong with you? You're acting weird. (*Johnny pulls the car over.*) What's going on? (*He gets out of the car, lights a cigarette. She follows.*) What are you doing? You said you quit.

**JOHNNY.** I got in.

**MAGGIE.** You got in?

**JOHNNY.** Off the waitlist, yeah.

**MAGGIE.** Out of state.

**JOHNNY.** I didn't know how to tell you because... you know.

**MAGGIE.** Because I didn't?

**JOHNNY.** Yeah.

**MAGGIE.** I thought you wanted to stay here anyway. I thought that was the plan. To both do the local thing and then reapply when—

**JOHNNY.** I know that was the plan, but... it's just a really good opportunity.

**MAGGIE.** So you're going?

**JOHNNY.** Yeah. I'm sorry. It's all because of you, you know. I would never have even thought of applying if you hadn't pushed me.

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**MAGGIE.** Right.

**JOHNNY.** So thank you.

**MAGGIE.** Sure.

**JOHNNY.** Should we just go home?

**MAGGIE.** Yeah. *(Maggie stops him from getting in the front seat.)* I'm driving. *(Johnny walks over to the passenger door. The door won't open. Maggie transitions to the present. Johnny exits.)* You've always looked after me, haven't you? Fought my battles, protected me. That passenger door was working just fine until that moment. The mechanics tried to fix it, but you wouldn't let them. Everyone had to climb through the front seat to get in. *(She transitions to 19. She waits outside the driver's side. She's excited but tries to play it cool. DOUG, 19, walks up to the car. Maggie gestures for him to climb in through the driver's side. He does. She drives.)*

**DOUG.** Thanks for giving me a ride.

**MAGGIE.** Sure. Did you have fun at the party?

**DOUG.** Yeah! Didn't you?

**MAGGIE.** It was cool. It was nice to see a familiar face around here. It seems like everyone else from our high school left town.

**DOUG.** Yeah, well, I'm just here for the summer, but I'm really gonna make it count, you know?

**MAGGIE.** Yeah, totally. That sounds like a good idea. How was your first year?

**DOUG.** Eh. Alright. I guess. To tell you the truth, I kinda miss it around here.

**MAGGIE.** So what's your major?

**DOUG.** I haven't really decided.

**MAGGIE.** Oh.

**DOUG.** It's just that I don't really know what I want to do yet.

**MAGGIE.** They say it's good to take the time to think about it. Consider all your options.

**DOUG.** That's what I plan on doing.

**MAGGIE.** My... Johnny, you remember him? Anyway, he, um, he always wanted to be a music major, but now he's considering majoring in

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government or history. He may want to go to law school someday. At least that's what his momm—mom says. So yeah, you, like, never know. It's good to keep your options open. *(Pause.)* Have you ever considered law school?

**DOUG.** Not really.

**MAGGIE.** How about government or history?

**DOUG.** Are you trying to ask me if I vote?

**MAGGIE.** No! You do though, right?

**DOUG.** It's not really your business.

**MAGGIE.** You're right. You're probably like, a libertarian or something.

**DOUG.** Huh?

**MAGGIE.** Nevermind. I liked a sociology class that I took this year.

**DOUG.** Cool.

**MAGGIE.** Maybe you'd like sociology.

**DOUG.** I don't really want to talk about school.

**MAGGIE.** Oh, sure. Okay. What do you want to talk about?

**DOUG.** I ate this amazing meatball sub today. You ever been to Gino's?

**MAGGIE.** Sure.

**DOUG.** Well their meatball subs are the best. They put these pine nuts in 'em and it just really adds to the flavor, you know?

**MAGGIE.** Sure.

**DOUG.** I'm really into all of that stuff.

**MAGGIE.** Like the culinary arts?

**DOUG.** I guess. Or maybe just like how to make the best sandwich in the world. I don't know if it's an art or anything, but it's like, really interesting. *(They sit for a moment. Doug checks the speedometer.)* You're going really slow.

**MAGGIE.** Oh. Yeah.

**DOUG.** Like under the speed limit.

**MAGGIE.** I always drive under.

**DOUG.** You got a lot of points on your license or something?

**MAGGIE.** No nothing like that.

**DOUG.** Well, you shouldn't be afraid of a little speed in your life.

**MAGGIE.** I'm not. It's just a habit.

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**DOUG.** Well next time, I'm driving.

**MAGGIE.** Next time?

**DOUG.** Sure. I mean. Next time we hang out.

**MAGGIE.** Okay. Yeah. Sure you can drive next time. *(She pulls over.)*

**DOUG.** Cool, thanks.

**MAGGIE.** Doug?

**DOUG.** Yeah? *(Maggie kisses him. It's alright.)* I'll see you later. *(He climbs over her and exits. Maggie wipes her mouth, shrugs. She pulls out her cell phone and dials. Leaves a message.)*

**MAGGIE.** Hey Johnny. It's me. Maggie. It's been a while since we've talked and... anyway I saw your *mommy* the other day and she said that you were going to major in government or history, and I just wanted to say I think that's great. Have a good summer, I guess. *(She hangs up, transitions to 22. Doug, also 22, appears at the driver's side.)*

**DOUG.** I'll drive.

**MAGGIE.** I can do it.

**DOUG.** We'll get there faster if I drive. *(Maggie moves to the passenger seat. She leans over for a kiss. Doug responds unenthusiastically. He starts driving.)*

**MAGGIE.** Sorry. I just assumed.

**DOUG.** No problem.

**MAGGIE.** I just thought... well you know, every time you come home from college...

**DOUG.** Sure.

**MAGGIE.** Sorry if I jumped the gun—

**DOUG.** Who cares? We've been screwing for three years—

**MAGGIE.** Well, four actually—

**DOUG.** I can give you one kiss.

**MAGGIE.** Right. So I haven't heard from you in a while. How was your last semester?

**DOUG.** Oh, you didn't hear? I dropped out.

**MAGGIE.** But you only had one semester left.

**DOUG.** I considered my options and figured out it wasn't for me.

**MAGGIE.** So you've been home?



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**DOUG.** Yeah for a few weeks.

**MAGGIE.** Why didn't you tell me?

**DOUG.** *(Honestly)* I didn't think you'd care.

**MAGGIE.** So are you working or something?

**DOUG.** Yeah full time at the grocery. I'm a butcher now. *(Pause.)* Hey, you know who I saw come in the other day?

**MAGGIE.** Who?

**DOUG.** Your sister, Katie.

**MAGGIE.** *(Proudly.)* She's home from her first year at Stanford.

**DOUG.** College? Yeah, I thought she looked different.

**MAGGIE.** What do you mean?

**DOUG.** She's been boned. *(Car is appalled.)*

**MAGGIE.** That's my sister.

**DOUG.** I can just tell. *(Car is even more appalled.)*

**MAGGIE.** That's—

**DOUG.** What's wrong with this thing?

**MAGGIE.** It makes that noise sometimes. Just ignore it.

**DOUG.** She's still cute though... hey, do you know if she's seeing anyone?

**MAGGIE.** You want to know if my sister is seeing anyone?

**DOUG.** I know it sounds weird to ask, but don't worry, I got you covered.

**MAGGIE.** What does that even mean?

**DOUG.** Well since we're not fucking anymore, my friend Kevin is interested.

**MAGGIE.** In me?

**DOUG.** Yeah or in fucking you. One of those.

**MAGGIE.** So you asked me on a date to tell me this?

**DOUG.** No I just said I'd bring you to the party and introduce you. *(Car battery dies.)* What happened?

**MAGGIE.** I don't know, Doug. *(He pulls over to the side of the road. Both get out to examine, Doug half-heartedly.)*

**DOUG.** I think you may need to jump it. You got AAA?

**MAGGIE.** Yeah.

**DOUG.** So I told my friends I would meet them about a half mile from here.

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**MAGGIE.** Can you call them? Maybe they can come help.

**DOUG.** They're probably too busy. So yeah I think I'll just walk from here.

**MAGGIE.** What about the car? What about me?

**DOUG.** Sorry. Text me and let me know you got home safe! Just call AAA. It's very reliable. *(He runs off. Maggie examines the car.)*

**MAGGIE.** Fuck. *(She gets back in, pulls out her phone to call AAA, decides against it. She tries to turn on the car. It works. She puts the car in reverse, turns her head backwards to back out. Katie, 13, pops up in the backseat. Maggie becomes 16.)*

**KATIE.** Dad isn't going to let you drive.

**MAGGIE.** Yeah he is.

**KATIE.** No he thinks you're a terrible driver.

**MAGGIE.** He does not.

**KATIE.** Mom says he just doesn't want to hurt your feelings. *(Dad stands by the driver's side window, taps on the glass.)*

**DAD.** I'm going to take this one, honey.

**KATIE.** Told you. *(Maggie slides over into the passenger seat. Dad gets in.)*

**DAD.** Sorry, honey, but it's too far of a drive.

**MAGGIE.** It's not that far.

**DAD.** You'll get lost.

**MAGGIE.** I won't get lost. We have a GPS. *(Pause.)* Where's the GPS? *(Dad starts driving.)*

**KATIE.** So, Dad, are we going to be able to rock climb this time?

**DAD.** Sure.

**KATIE.** And I really want to go on that hike... what's it called? You know what I mean.

**DAD.** Bear's Hollow. We can try to get it all done.

**MAGGIE.** I don't want to do any of that stuff.

**KATIE.** You never want to do anything.

**MAGGIE.** I don't like nature.

**KATIE.** You're stupid.

**MAGGIE.** It's dirty.

STALLED.

**KATIE.** Nature isn't dirty. Only unnatural things can be dirty.

**MAGGIE.** Says who?

**KATIE.** Everyone.

**DAD.** No bickering please. We will all find something fun to do this weekend.

**MAGGIE.** When's Mom coming?

**KATIE.** Yeah, how's she going to get there? She hates driving the Subaru.

**DAD.** Girls, I need to tell you something.

**KATIE.** What?

**DAD.** Mom isn't coming.

**MAGGIE.** Why?

**KATIE.** She hates this kind of thing. I knew she'd find a way to back out if it.

**MAGGIE.** Well if she doesn't have to go, I don't want to go either. It's not fair. She never has to do anything she doesn't want to do and I always have to do everything.

**KATIE.** You should stay home. That's fine with me. We'll have more fun without you.

**DAD.** Mom isn't coming because... Mom isn't going to be around anymore.

**MAGGIE.** What do you mean?

**KATIE.** Huh?

**DAD.** She left.

**KATIE.** Where did she go?

**DAD.** She left with Cliff.

**KATIE.** Our neighbor?

**DAD.** Yes.

**KATIE.** When is she coming back?

**MAGGIE.** She's not coming back.

**KATIE.** Don't say that. Dad, when is she coming back?

**DAD.** I don't think she is going to come back. *(Katie and Dad exit. Maggie takes over driving the car.)*

**MAGGIE.** That's how he told us they were getting divorced. It shouldn't have come as a surprise. Dad hadn't been wearing his wedding ring since

STALLED.

before I got my license. But the way it happened was just so... dramatic. Mom had run off with the neighbor. And he told us in the most ordinary way. In a car. Somewhere where we couldn't escape. Somewhere where he didn't have to look at us. He couldn't have looked us in the eyes and told us "Mom isn't coming back." It would have killed him. And you know what's weird? She left you... most of her clothes, her books, even her kids, but she took the GPS. We've never replaced it. No, that's not true, Katie tried to. *(She transitions to 22 years old, sits in the passenger seat. Katie enters as 18 years old in the backseat, holding a GPS.)*

**MAGGIE.** What is that?

**KATIE.** A GPS.

**MAGGIE.** Where did you get it?

**KATIE.** What do you mean? I bought it.

**MAGGIE.** We don't need one. We've been to Bear's Hollow every year since we were kids.

**KATIE.** Yeah and every year Dad gets lost. Come on, just plug it in. What's your problem anyway?

**MAGGIE.** Nothing. *(Pause.)* You know these things never really work. Sydney and I were in Boston last year and her GPS just kept sending us in circles.

**KATIE.** That's probably because it wasn't updated.

**MAGGIE.** What do you mean?

**KATIE.** You have to update it. Don't worry that one's updated.

**MAGGIE.** I wasn't worried.

**KATIE.** Whatever Dad will like it. He's probably never seen a piece of technology like this.

**MAGGIE.** He knows what a GPS is.

**KATIE.** He barely knows how to send an email.

**MAGGIE.** We used to have one. Mom took it.

**KATIE.** Oh yeah. I forgot about that. *(Dad enters.)*

**DAD.** Everyone ready to go?

**KATIE.** Dad look what I brought.

**DAD.** A GPS.

**KATIE.** Yeah, it's about time this family had one.

STALLED.

**MAGGIE.** We did have one. Dad tell her we had one.

**DAD.** Not for a long time.

**KATIE.** Now we won't get lost.

**DAD.** That's very thoughtful of you. *(As the scene progresses, the GPS may interrupt the conversation.)*

**KATIE.** So, I have something I need to tell you.

**DAD.** Did you make the Dean's List again?

**KATIE.** Well, yes—

**MAGGIE.** I don't know why that's so impressive. She's only been in school two semesters.

**KATIE.** You're just mad because you never made it.

**MAGGIE.** Did too.

**KATIE.** At a community college.

**DAD.** Cut it out. I'm proud of both of my girls for their accomplishments.

**MAGGIE.** But you're prouder of her, right? She went to Stanford.

**DAD.** Everyone has different goals.

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