

SEA GLASS

By

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SEA GLASS

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SEA GLASS

*For Emma, Madeline, Shaelin, & Bryn.
And all the other Anne's and Imogen's to come.*

SEA GLASS

Sea Glass was originally produced at the Teatro LeTea in New York, NY by SprItz Theatre Co. & Taylor McIntyre, featuring the following cast:

Imogen Kilcullen.....Madeline Parks
Anne Kilcullen.....Emma Finnerty
Alan O’Hare/Patrick Kilcullen.....Jared Kirsch
Bill McDermott.....Ronan Kelly
Mike McDermott.....Nick Snipes
Toddy McDermot.....Alex Finch

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Sea Glass received its 2nd production and Off-Broadway premiere at the WP Theatre Produced by Bitter Maiden Productions featuring the following cast:

Imogen Kilcullen.....Shaelin McKenna
Anne Kilcullen.....Bryn Frazee
Alan O’Hare/Patrick Kilcullen.....Andrei Dolezal
Bill McDermott.....Cooper Musser
Mike McDermott.....Zac Branciforte
Toddy McDermot.....Nick Snipes

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CAST: 2 WOMEN / 5 MEN

IMOGEN KILCULLEN	14 years old; freshman; youngest girl.
ANNE KILCULLEN	16 years old; junior; middle girl.
PATRICK KILCULLEN	Mid 30's; Father of three girls.
BILL MCDERMOTT	19 years old; senior; oldest boy.
MIKE MCDERMOTT	17 years old; junior, middle boy.
TODDY MCDERMOTT	15 years old; sophomore; youngest boy.
ALAN O'HARE	23 years old; college graduate.

PLACE: Long Island; Outer beaches, along Jones Beach. Babylon, NY
TIME: 1979; Fall.

A Casting Note: Alan and Patrick were double cast in original productions.

An Acting Note: All slash marks are interruptions. This "/" indicates when the next line should begin.

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ACT I
SCENE 1

2:21 AM. Night. The living room and kitchen of a beach house in West Gilgo. The interior features light wood furniture and a tile floor. Two couches, a rattan coffee table, an old red rug, and shelves filled with tchotchkes decorate the living room. The coffee table between the couches is covered in travel magazines. A wooden door nestled in the back wall of shelves leads to the bathroom. Behind the couches, a metal winding staircase ascends to the second floor. A slatted wooden backdoor leads to a back porch. A wooden kitchen table with five chairs sits under a single light fixture, which has a red and green stained-glass bowl. Three placemats are laid out on the wooden table. Behind the table, the kitchen features a small tile countertop and an old white refrigerator covered in kitsch magnets. Far right, a glass sliding door leads to the front porch. The house is eclectically furnished, with a mix of dusty old wooden chairs and large, fancy china in cabinets. Dolls, pots, a record player suitcase, and an infinite number of books line the shelves along the back wall. Old cardboard boxes fill any open space. This is the home of an unadmitted hoarder. It's night. The sound of crickets and ocean waves fills the air. A kitchen clock reads "2:21 AM." The red taillights of a car illuminate the living area. Bathed in the glow is IMOGEN KILCULLEN, 14, tall for her age, with frizzy hair tied back for sleep. She wears a red tartan cotton nightgown with a lacy collar, a bathrobe, and white socks. Imogen holds a white envelope in her hands. Sound of engine. The red glow of taillights fades away. Imogen is alone in the MOONLIGHT. The sound of crickets. Ocean waves. A parkway. Imogen weighs the envelope in her hands. As she goes to examine its contents, heavy footfall on the metal staircase. Imogen stuffs the envelope into a pocket on her robe. Imogen turns towards the stairs to see ANNE, 16 come down the stairs. Anne wears an oversized t-shirt with text that reads "ROLLING STONES 1978 US TOUR"

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and gym shorts. She plods down the stairs, rubbing the sleep from her eyes. She has short, messy red hair. A rebellious spirit.

ANNE. Did she leave?

IMOGEN. Yeah, just left.

ANNE. How much money did she leave? *(Imogen takes the envelope from her pocket, caught.)*

IMOGEN. She didn't say.

ANNE. Count it, then. *(Imogen turns the light on, sits. Anne looms over her. Imogen sorts the money. Anne hovers. Imogen's shoulders lift.)*

IMOGEN. Stop breathing down my neck. *(Anne obnoxiously wheezes onto Imogen's shoulder. Imogen continues sorting.)* 400.

ANNE. What?

IMOGEN. 400 dollars.

ANNE. Count again.

IMOGEN. Anne, that's how much there is. *(Imogen counts again.)*

ANNE. Count again.

IMOGEN. 400.

ANNE. She's a psycho.

IMOGEN. That's not a small amount of money.

ANNE. 400?! Mom can spend a metric buttload of cash on a cruise / and we can't get more than 500?

IMOGEN. It's not a cruise! It's a semester at sea! And if we spread it out carefully, that's... a little over 25 a week.

ANNE. A week!?

IMOGEN. *(thinking out loud)* Divide 400 by 15 and you end up with something around 26.

ANNE. For gas and groceries and all that shit... 26 fuckin' bucks.

IMOGEN. Okay! Give me a second and I'll budget it. Just give me a second. *(Imogen finds a notebook in the kitchen nearby and begins sorting through, jotting down calendar dates.)*

ANNE. That bitch / makes me get a license so I can drive you around and then doesn't leave me with enough money to fill the tank.

IMOGEN. Don't call Mom a bitch, she's trying to figure it out and it's not like Dad was going to be any help-

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ANNE. Give me my cut.

IMOGEN. I'm sorry?

ANNE. I want my cut. Give me my cut.

IMOGEN. You don't have a cut.

ANNE. Of course I have a cut. It looks like this. *(Anne grabs a wad of cash from the piles. Imogen grabs her hand. The two struggle.)*

ANNE. Imogen! Get off!

IMOGEN. Put it back! Put it back! *(Anne releases, sending the money flying into the air and Imogen falling onto her back. The two sisters scramble to catch the money out of the air. Blackout.)*

INTERLUDE A

Imogen, Catholic school uniform, stands at a lectern, reading her book report.

IMOGEN. A godly woman is a woman of value. Firstly, a woman helps her husband. She is meant to help her husband and be the mother of his children. She provides help and assistance to her husband in every way. She is also valuable to the household as she raises her children. A godly woman is also a woman of virtue. She does not lead her husband down a sinful path. She is meant to steadfastly preserve her husband and household's name. She is kindhearted and steadfast. A godly woman fears the Lord and protects her household. Godly women are valuable, virtuous, and fearful of the lord. Women under the lord are women of excellence. We are women of excellence.

SCENE 2

4:40 PM, later that week. Imogen does homework at the kitchen table. Anne comes downstairs, wrapped in a bathrobe. She opens the fridge.

ANNE. How'd you end up getting to school?

IMOGEN. Mister McDermott drove me.

ANNE. St. Paul's is super out of his way.

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IMOGEN. Well, Mom told us he was willing to help if we ask.

ANNE. Don't wanna bother him, though.

IMOGEN. I won't. (*Anne constructs an elaborate sandwich. Imogen takes out a pile of schoolwork.*) Sister Josephine sent this home with me / for you so you didn't fall behind on anything.

ANNE. Oh, no... Did you tell her about my food poisoning? (*Imogen doesn't reply.*) Fine. What did the Sister give you? (*Imogen taps the math textbook with her pencil. Anne can't find a pencil. She grabs the one from Imogen's hand. Imogen finds a new one. Anne attempts at civility*) Jeez, you'd think we'd have measured all the triangles by now, right? (*No response from Imogen. Anne sits on the couch, opening a different textbook.*)

IMOGEN. You're chewing really loud.

ANNE. Oh my god.

IMOGEN. I'm just saying it's really loud!

ANNE. You always think everyone / is chewing really loud!

IMOGEN. I do not / I just think when you chew with your mouth open-!

ANNE. Yes, you do! I could be eating a fucking feather sandwich a mile away and you'd complain about the crunch! Can you help me? (*Imogen trudges over. She sits beside Anne.*)

IMOGEN. What's the problem?

ANNE. "Which one of the following decreases the entropy of the system? There is only one correct answer. A) Dissolving NaCl in water B) Sublimation of benzene C) Dissolving oxygen in water D) Boiling of alcohol" Who is boiling alcohol?

IMOGEN. It's C.

ANNE. Okay. (*Anne circles it and Imogen stops her.*)

IMOGEN. Can I explain why?

ANNE. Why would you need to?

IMOGEN. Because if I explain the question, then the answer will make sense / if a similar question comes up again.

ANNE. But I have the answer. / "Dissolving oxygen in water"

IMOGEN. But you don't know why!

ANNE. I don't need to know why!

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IMOGEN. What are you going to do when you've got a test? It's not going to be the same question; it's going to be the same why! So what are you going to do if you don't know why?

ANNE. Cheat.

IMOGEN. (*fed-up*) Clearly a gas dissolving in a liquid shows a decrease. That's why.

ANNE. Wow, "smart-one" is / all hot and bothered today.

IMOGEN. Don't say that.

ANNE. Remember when Dad introduced us to that couple in his dressing room? He said Winnie was an 'actor', he called me 'Anne' and then he said you were 'the smart one'.

IMOGEN. He didn't mean it like that.

ANNE. We should get some food.

IMOGEN. You're eating / right now.

ANNE. I know, I know, I meant for dinner.

IMOGEN. Okay... What were you thinking?

ANNE. Pizza.

IMOGEN. No. No chance.

ANNE. What? Why not?

IMOGEN. Because that's not in the budget.

ANNE. It can't be more than 10 bucks.

IMOGEN. Yes. Out of our 25 for the week.

ANNE. So, we eat in for the rest of the meals.

IMOGEN. We're eating in tonight too.

ANNE. C'mooooon. What if we get barbecue? Half-racks are like five bucks at Odeen's.

IMOGEN. That's still a lot.

ANNE. 'Gen. Really?

IMOGEN. Anne. Really. I'm sure we could ask the McDermott's if we / needed anything

ANNE. No.

IMOGEN. What is your issue with asking them?

ANNE. I don't want people knowing we're... 'temp-orphans'.

IMOGEN. Oh my gosh, we are not 'temp-orphans', that's such a horrible thing to say.

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ANNE. It's true. If it's just two kids hanging out, what's the difference between us and orphans?

IMOGEN. ALIVE. PARENTS.

ANNE. Technically. But if they're not even around and they're not sending us money, are they even alive, dear Imogen?

IMOGEN. You're such a freak.

ANNE. Our parents could be dead.

IMOGEN. Mom and Dad are not dead.

ANNE. Can we see them? Can we hear them? Are we just living day to day hoping they'll eventually return? We're basically Annie. Little. Orphan. Annie.

IMOGEN. Oh my gosh, fine, I'll call Odeen's.

ANNE. Thank you. *(Imogen dials a number on a brochure in a kitchen drawer.)*

IMOGEN. Hi there. This is Imogen Kilcullen. I'm calling to place an order for takeout. *(Anne waves her hands. Imogen shushes Anne.)* We would like two orders of the half-rack ribs. Sides? *(Anne mouths "Cornbread" and mimes it in the air.)* Oh, no, that's alright. Just ribs is fine for now. *(Anne is grievously offended.)* Thanks so much. Napkins? Yes, please. And when can we expect them to be ready by? Well, have a nice day now. Okay. Bye-bye. *(Imogen hangs up.)*

ANNE. What the hell?!

IMOGEN. Oh, come on. We don't have the money / for sides.

ANNE. What's even the point of barbecue without the cornbread? *(Anne collapses on the table with a huff.)* And now we have to go pick it up?

IMOGEN. So we don't have to tip the driver. *(Imogen goes back to her homework. SOUND OF - ocean waves.)*

ANNE. *(singing, quietly at first)* "Maybe far away Or maybe real nearby
He may be pouring her coffee She may be-" *(Imogen throws a pillow at Anne.)* Oh my god, relax. *(The phone rings.)* Hello? Mike? Hey! Yeah, we're down. Bill will drive if Winnie is here? Well, I'm sure we can bring Winnie. I'll ask to make sure she's in town that weekend. Who's place is it at? Paul Beaufort? Yeah, yeah, we know him. Yeah. That sounds great, Mike. Would you guys mind picking us up? A carpool might be fun.

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Super. Let's say 11:30? See you then. Bye. (*Anne hangs up and dances with excitement in the kitchen.*)

ANNE. We're going to Paul Beaufort's party next weekend!

IMOGEN. (*excitedly*) What?! Who is that?!

ANNE. I have no idea... (*The two girls squeal excitedly.*)

IMOGEN. Also, wait... Winnie's not going to come for the weekend. Why'd you lie to Bill?

ANNE. I wanted to support the troops and keep his hopes up. Winnie makes Bill happy, therefore he has high morale before he goes to basic training.

IMOGEN. ...You wanted him to drive us?

ANNE. Man, nothing gets past you, huh? (*The girls giggle.*) Oh, that's awesome. We're gonna buy new outfits and everything.

IMOGEN. Anne...

ANNE. There's this wrap dress down at the mall I saw last month that I am dying for.

IMOGEN. Dad took us shopping last summer. Can't you wear one of those?

ANNE. I'm not going to wear an old dress to Paul Beaufort's party!

IMOGEN. You learned his name 30 seconds ago!

ANNE. I want a new dress.

IMOGEN. I want to be able to eat next week!

ANNE. You are so selfish.

IMOGEN. How?

ANNE. What's Mom going to do? She's not going to yell at you for breaking her rules!

IMOGEN. I'm not worried about Mom yelling at me! I'm worried about us using up every single thing she gave us before she comes back!

ANNE. Look, give me 20 and we can be done.

IMOGEN. That is a week's worth, Anne! No. For real. No. (*Imogen goes back to work.*)

ANNE. (*singing*) "But whether I'm the rose Of sheer perfection, a freckle on..."

IMOGEN. (*correcting, without looking up*) That's "Funny Girl"! (*Anne considers, then goes back to work.*)

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INTERLUDE B

PATRICK KILCULLEN paces. Tall, early 30's, barrel-chested. He finally picks up a phone and dials a number. A few rings, then prompt to leave a message after the tone. Patrick drops his shoulders.

PATRICK. Hey girls. Right now, it is 12:30, so I know you're both at school. This was just the only time I could call today. Since I'll be out so late. I hope school is going well. Your mom was good in school. I bet her school is going well. *(A pause.)* That movie I filmed last spring is premiering tonight. You two gonna watch it? I played a trucker! Truck wasn't real. Fake truck. Well sometimes. Sometimes a real truck. I drove the fake truck. Some guy named Stu drove the real truck. Not as nice as the Firebird. Also, just a reminder now that we're all talking about it do not drive the Firebird. I will know. I wrote down the mileage. That car is for grown-ups only. Alright. So. Back to why I called. Y'know, actually... I think that movie may not be great for you girls. It's probably... Well, there's a few more raunchy scenes- I didn't do anything sex- Well, not sex- I didn't have sex with No. Wait. I, ah, fuck- Shit, I mean... Don't tell your mother I said those words and... Okay. Okay. Alright. So, well... God, why did I even Well, girls... I'll be... So, the thing is, when you're in movies and... Alright. I'm just gonna say this- *(Anne picks up.)*

ANNE. Hello?

PATRICK. Anne!?

ANNE. Hi, Dad.

PATRICK. Oh, hi, sweetheart. What are... isn't it noon?

ANNE. I had a stomachache and stayed home.

PATRICK. O-oh.

ANNE. Yeah.

PATRICK. I'm sorry to hear you had a stomachache.

ANNE. Yeah.

PATRICK. How are you two doing?

ANNE. Good.

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PATRICK. Good. That's good. (*Anne taps on the counter. Patrick hums into the phone.*) Well, bug, I wanted to call to, um, let you know I won't be home next weekend.

ANNE. What?

PATRICK. Yeah. They're, well, keeping me a little longer than we thought?

ANNE. So you're not here next weekend?

PATRICK. No, bug.

ANNE. Oh.

PATRICK. BUT! But, that's why, well, sweetheart, I'm ordering you guys a bunch of food tonight.

ANNE. Oh?

PATRICK. Yup. Pizza and ice cream and... extra mushrooms. How does that sound?

ANNE. Imogen doesn't like mushrooms, but that sounds great.

PATRICK. Great. Great. No mushrooms. Disgusting! Why'd I even suggest it!? I can't believe

ANNE. Yeah, of course. Imogen and I were planning on having some friends over next weekend. Could you buy us some pizza then too?

PATRICK. Woah! Slow your roll there. No boys, right?

ANNE. (*laughing playfully*) Imogen likes pepperoni.

PATRICK. Okay. Pepperoni pie.

ANNE. Okay.

PATRICK. Hey, Anne. I'm really sorry I'm not coming back soon.

ANNE. That's okay.

(*A long beat.*)

PATRICK. I can send you some great gifts I found here in L.A. You still collect postcards, right?

ANNE. Winnie collects postcards.

PATRICK. Right! Right. Been such a long week on set, I mixed you up.

ANNE. That's okay. (*Anne drums the counter, waiting for anything from her father.*)

PATRICK. Well, bug, I gotta get going. Tell Imogen for me, alright?

ANNE. Alright.

PATRICK. Alright. Love you. (*Anne doesn't reply. Silence.*)

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PATRICK. Love you. Hello? Anne? Did I lose you?

ANNE. No, I'm here.

PATRICK. Ah. Okay. Talk soon. *(Patrick hangs up. Anne listens to the dial-tone.)*

SCENE 3

Anne and Imogen are lounging like queens with tubs of ice cream and slices of pizza. The TV show "ANGIE" plays on the TV.

ANNE. This is great.

IMOGEN. Mhm.

ANNE. Dad not coming back might be the best thing that's ever happened to us.

IMOGEN. I could get used to temp-orphan-ry.

ANNE. Oh yeah?

IMOGEN. As long as we get pizza dinners most nights.

ANNE. I bet we could pawn off most of mom's collections and do this at least once a week.

IMOGEN. I don't like how seriously you said that.

ANNE. We could probably make a quick buck off of that shelf.

IMOGEN. Off of terrifying porcelain dolls and travel books with countries that don't exist anymore?

ANNE. What about the china grandma gave Mom and Dad for their wedding?

IMOGEN. You chipped it last summer when you and Mike got drunk.

ANNE. That was Winnie.

IMOGEN. Winnie said it was you.

ANNE. That fuckin' snitch. *(The girls laugh together.)* Plus! No dad back means we can throw that party we were talking about with the McDermotts. We could get drinks and move to the beach if the weather's nice. I think it's perfect.

IMOGEN. Or... we could not blow it away?

ANNE. Oh, come on.

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IMOGEN. What?

ANNE. You can't even spend Dad's guilt money right.

IMOGEN. It is not dad's guilt money.

ANNE. He paid for a massive dinner the day he told us he was abandoning / us, that's "I'm sorry" money 101.

IMOGEN. He didn't abandon us, he's just coming back later.

ANNE. To-may-to, To-mah-to.

IMOGEN. Ugh, you always do this!

ANNE. Do what?

IMOGEN. Act like Dad doesn't care at all! That he's not gonna come back when we need him.

ANNE. First of all, I never said we needed him / I was just saying that-

IMOGEN. You are such a narcissist. / You always do this whenever we talk about dad.

ANNE. What the hell are you talking about!? What kind of a word is "narcissist", you pretentious asshole?

IMOGEN. Anne, we can't just spend money because you feel like it. The world doesn't just revolve around- *(Anne goes to the TV and changes the station.)* What are you doing?

ANNE. That episode was boring.

IMOGEN. You chose it!

ANNE. And now I'm choosing something different.

IMOGEN. Just leave it, it's giving me a headache.

ANNE. Oh, I thought the world didn't revolve around me / but I guess it revolves around you-

IMOGEN. Oh my god, you are so dramatic all the time! Just let it play!

ANNOUNCER. A World Premiere: Bill Ryan: Road Blocks. *(Music from the TV.)*

IMOGEN. Oh my god, Anne! Turn it off! *(Melodramatic dialogue and sounds of gunfire interspersed in the trailer. Anne is transfixed. Hypnotized.)*

ANNOUNCER. (VOICE) She was a woman on the run from her past.

WOMAN. (VOICE) Hey, get your paws off me!

ANNOUNCER. (VOICE) He was a trucker trying to find his future.

PATRICK KILCULLEN. (VOICE) Lady, I'm trying to help you! Jeez.

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(Patrick's voice freezes Imogen in her tracks.)

ANNOUNCER. (VOICE) How would they fare when they were trapped on the icy roads together?

PATRICK. (VOICE) Silvie!

IMOGEN. ANNE! TURN IT OFF!

WOMAN. (VOICE) I'm doing my damn best, George!

ANNOUNCER. (VOICE) How would a man with nothing help the woman who needed everything? And what happens when her past catches up?

PATRICK. (VOICE) Daisy?

IMOGEN. ANNE!

PATRICK. (VOICE) Who the hell is Daisy?

ANNOUNCER. (VOICE) Starring: Betty Milliard

WOMAN. (VOICE) I didn't know a simple lift was that much to ask of you.

ANNOUNCER. (VOICE) And Patrick Kilcullen

PATRICK. (VOICE) I coulda- *(Anne snatches the television plug out of the wall. The girls are rattled. Parkway.)*

IMOGEN. I didn't know Dad's movie was on tonight.

ANNE. I did.

IMOGEN. It's weird to see him kiss some random lady.

ANNE. Shut up. *(Ocean waves. Crickets.)*

IMOGEN. Should we watch / it?

ANNE. No. I'm going to bed. I think the food was bad.

IMOGEN. Anne...

ANNE. Yeah, I have food poisoning. Can't drive you to school tomorrow.

IMOGEN. Are you serious? Again?

ANNE. Just ask Mike or someone.

IMOGEN. Anne, please we have to talk about what we want to do. *(Anne runs up the stairs. Sound of door slamming. Sounds of retching from upstairs. Imogen clenches her fists and checks to see if the front door is locked. She locks it. Once. Twice. Imogen bites down on her hand. Imogen picks up a SEA GLASS BOWL from the shelves and pulls out the MONEY ENVELOPE. She counts the money then tucks it back underneath. Imogen checks the door again. Once. Twice. Bites on her hand. More retching.)*

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INTERLUDE C

Anne sits at a desk, writing. An unseen figure seems to loom over her. She glares up at it before standing and reciting:

ANNE. "Why Lying is Ungodly Behavior, by Anne Kilcullen. I have received detention today because I have lied to Sister Harriet. I now recognize this as wrong. This is because the Bible says lying is wrong. The Bible tells us lying is a sin many times. One of the 10 commandments given to us by Moses from God is "thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour." This means, even though I live an hour away, Sister Harriet is my neighbor and I shouldn't lie to her. I lied to Sister Harriet when I said I did not cheat off of Junie Martindale's test. I lied, which is a sin. In John 14:6, Jesus expects those who follow Him to be people of truth. And, even though I went to confession and told the priest in confidence about this, I have been given detention. Which is a wonderful opportunity to repent further. In the future, I will not lie ever again. I will always tell Sister Harriet the truth. I will tell her the truth about tests and homework and when she has so much hair on the mole on her chin that it looks like a beaver or rodent. I will make sure she knows the truth, as Jesus intended us to share. Jesus is the truth. So, by telling Sister Harriet we can all smell her absolutely rancid breath after she eats garlic and lox, I am closer to Jesus than ever before. Praise be. Amen." See? 200 words easy, Sister. *(The sound of a ruler smacking.)*

SCENE 4

Friday night, 11:30. Anne teases her hair and looks in the mirror between the kitchen and living room. Effortlessly punk, she is too-cool with a too-short skirt and a safety pin as an earring. Anne sets the record player to blast some music. Anne rifles through her coat. She pulls out a joint and a lighter. She smokes and moves to the music.

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ANNE. *(calling)* You ready? *(Anne knocks on the bathroom door.)* It's already 11:30, 'Gen! *(Anne looks frustrated and puts out the joint in an ashtray on the bookshelf. She bangs on the door, fed up)* Let's go!

IMOGEN. *(Through the door)* Give me a minute!

ANNE. None of the boys who matter even notice freshmen. Hurry. UP.

IMOGEN. I'm just trying to be comfortable!

ANNE. Do you want to get a larger skirt?

IMOGEN. NO.

ANNE. We could probably make something bigger out / of the table cloth...

IMOGEN. I'm not bigger.

ANNE. Did you eat dinner? You can't eat dinner if you're trying to / fit into my skirts.

IMOGEN. You're supposed to eat every / single day.

ANNE. Not when you're big.

IMOGEN. I'm just tall.

ANNE. Winnie is tall. / Her stomach doesn't stick out like yours.

IMOGEN. / I eat exactly the same things you do! Minus the cigarettes.

ANNE. Oh, please, you're built like dad. *(Silence.)* Imogen. We're going to be late! Grow up! *(Anne pounds on the door.)* I didn't mean it like you were fat. I meant it like... in the way dad's body is sort of like... In-

IMOGEN. Dad was a linebacker in college. *(Anne grimaces, as if to say, "that's a great point.")*

ANNE. What do you want me to say?

IMOGEN. Sorry. I want you to say sorry. *(Anne sucks her teeth.)* You won't even say sorry? *(Silence.)* You're mean. *(Shuffling from behind the door. Then muffled crying. Anne removes her earring. Anne knocks on the door.)*

ANNE. I have a sweater and pin out here. Pin your dress, put on the sweater and no one will see the pin. *(The door unlocks and opens to reveal a teary-eyed, but fully dressed, Imogen. She wears a short, ill-fitting pink dress. It won't zip up on the side. Anne sits on the floor and pins the dress on Imogen. Once finished, Anne backs up and looks at her little sister. Imogen holds her hands out to the sides to show the dress off.)* You look like a stuffed pig. *(Anne throws the sweater at Imogen. While Imogen tries*

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to catch the sweater, Anne shoves Imogen hard to the floor. Imogen falls backwards with a thud. A knock.) And I haven't even started on mean. (Three young men let themselves inside. Imogen picks herself up off the floor. First is BILL, 18, who carries a 6 pack of Heineken. He is strong, tall, with broad shoulders. He wears a pair of jeans and a denim jacket. He is classically handsome, almost a soldier type. Bill greets Anne politely, then looks up the stairs.)

BILL. Hey. Is Winnie here?

ANNE. No, she's got stuck on campus this weekend. *(Bill, annoyed by this news, plops down on a couch. Following Bill is MIKE, 17. Mike is more slender than Bill. He has longer, shaggier hair, around to his shoulders. Friendly, cheeks burned from time spent in the sun, a stereotypical beach bum. (Sean Penn in Fast Times at Ridgemont High). Mike reaches and pokes Anne in the side, pulling her into a hug.)*

ANNE. This shit you sold me sucks, Mike.

MIKE. How do you know what good shit is, exactly?

ANNE. Because I know what bad shit is. *(Last inside is TODDY, 15. Younger, drowning in a massive varsity jacket, carrying a cooler. A softer disposition and a head shorter than his brothers. Toddy closes the door behind him carefully. He takes off his varsity coat and hangs it on the coat rack by the door. He wipes his shoes on the mat and then takes them off.)*

MIKE. Toddy, we're going in like 5 minutes.

TODDY. Oh. *(Toddy begins putting his shoes back on. Imogen approaches.)* You look really nice.

IMOGEN. Thanks. *(Toddy gives Imogen a hug. He pulls back and winces. He looks down at his sleeve and tugs at the PIN stuck in it. He pulls it out and hands it to Imogen.)*

TODDY. Is this yours? *(Imogen hastily pins her dress as she speaks.)*

IMOGEN. *(changing the subject)* So, you're already on a team?

TODDY. Huh? *(Imogen gestures to Toddy's jacket on the coat rack.)* Oh, no. That's Bill's. He said you get more girls when you're on varsity. So he gave me his old jacket to wear.

IMOGEN. What are you going to do if there are actually guys on Varsity there?

TODDY. Hide. Cry. Piss myself.

SEA GLASS

MIKE. Yeah! Spoken like a true warrior. *(Mike and Anne have made their way to the couch and are smoking the joint together.)*

BILL. You'll be fine. Most Varsity guys won't even think twice. And the football players can't think, like, at all. Just tell the football you're on the swim team and tell the swim team you're with football.

MIKE. Or tell them you've started your own sport. Like shuttle-cock.

TODDY. Shuttle-cock isn't a sport. Badminton is the sport. Shuttlecock is just the thing you play with.

TODDY. I know what I said.

MIKE. I KNOW, I KNOW, SHUT UP! Toddy plays with shuttlecocks!

BILL. Sorry, are we bothering your Dad?

TODDY. Should we say hi before we go?

IMOGEN. Oh. That's not really-

MIKE. *(coughing, rushing to put out the joint)* Holy shit, is your dad here?

IMOGEN. No, he's-

ANNE. Nah, he gave us another week. Y'know, movie star shit. Red carpets and stuff. It's so not a big deal. But! He actually said he wanted to pay for that party we talked about.

MIKE. Fuck yes, Daddy Kilcullen.

ANNE. So, maybe next weekend? Would that be cool?

MIKE. Fuck yeah.

BILL. Alright. Line up, cadets. *(The kids line up behind Bill. He paces up and down their commanding line.)* Rules of the night. I wanna hear 'em.

Toddy? Cop's a dick?

TODDY. Don't talk back.

BILL. Bill says to go?

IMOGEN. Give no flack.

BILL. You get caught?

ANNE. Bill posts bail.

BILL. Mike gets caught?

MIKE. I'm stuck in jail.

BILL. Alright. Move out cadets. We're having everyone home by 3 AM sharp. Move it! *(Bill downs the rest of his beer. The group heads out. Mike gives Anne his jacket. Toddy goes to give Imogen his varsity coat, but*

SEA GLASS

Imogen is already out the sliding doors. Toddy looks around the empty house. He opens the cooler he brought, filled with packaged food. He shoves it into the girls fridge. Just as he shuts the fridge door, Anne comes back in.)

ANNE. What the hell are you snooping for?

TODDY. *(panicking)* Panties.

ANNE. ...In our fridge?

TODDY. Mike told me that's where the women keep their panties.

ANNE. Stop saying panties and get in the car. *(Toddy runs out. Anne tousles his hair as they leave.)*

INTERLUDE D

1:45 AM. Imogen stands on the platform. She tugs at the bottom of her dress. She sways in her spot with a drink in hand. Whenever Imogen sips, it is immediately followed by a grimace. A young twenty something, enters and stands SL. Imogen notices ALAN, 23, the man, take a drag of his cigarette. He has a snake tattoo on his neck with a bad haircut.

ALAN. Oh! Was this your spot?

IMOGEN. What?

ALAN. Like, where you were hanging out?

IMOGEN. The deck?

ALAN. Yeah. I'm kinda a corner expert and so was just checking out this corner. And it looks great.

IMOGEN. Okay.

ALAN. Okay. You smoke?

IMOGEN. No.

ALAN. Daddy say you couldn't?

IMOGEN. I'm Imogen.

ALAN. Alan.

IMOGEN. Like Guiding Light!

ALAN. What?

SEA GLASS

IMOGEN. Alan Spaulding? He's the guy who owned Spaulding Mansion until they wrote him off the show last year? Have you seen it? It's so good. There was a whole thing with his first wife, Elizabeth, because she thought she was the biological mother of Phillip, but back in 1969 Alan bought Phillip in a deal with Dr. Paul LaCrosse to replace Elizabeth's stillborn child. And Elizabeth had an affair with Mike Bauer both before and during this time but Jackie is this close to finding out about it. It's really good.

ALAN. You're, like, really smart. I don't know if I'd be able to remember all of that.

IMOGEN. Oh, well... I watch it a lot. Every day when I come home from school.

ALAN. Right on. Maybe we watch it together sometime?

IMOGEN. Oh, it's not airing right now.

ALAN. We can go out sometime.

IMOGEN. Oh! Yes! I would love that.

ALAN. Can I get your number?

IMOGEN. Yes... No! I don't think we do that...

ALAN. Alright, all good. Here's mine.

IMOGEN. Okay.

ALAN. So, tell me more about Elizabeth? *(Imogen laughs and plays with her hair.)*

SCENE 5

Anne and Imogen stumble through the front door. Anne waves through the glass doors.

ANNE. Goodnight! *(Sound of car doors closing and a car peeling away. Anne begins going through the fridge as Imogen begins peeling off her dress.)* Where did you go?

IMOGEN. Hm?

ANNE. You disappeared around one.

IMOGEN. Oh. I met up with a guy.

ANNE. A guy? *(Anne pulls out a carton of milk. She begins looking in the cabinets for cereal.)*

SEA GLASS

ANNE. What kind of guy?

IMOGEN. One of Bill's friends.

ANNE. Bill's friends? They're all in college.

IMOGEN. Yup. *(Imogen waltzes to the bathroom and runs the sink. Anne continues her hunt for the cereal.)*

ANNE. What's his name?

IMOGEN. Alan.

ANNE. Alan what?

IMOGEN. I don't know his last name. He's a mystery!

ANNE. Did you fool around? *(no response)* 'Gen?

IMOGEN. He and I just talked.

ANNE. Bullshit. *(Imogen leaves the bathroom, now changed into her cotton nightgown.)* What happened? *(Imogen smirks and leans against the counter. She shrugs shyly, picking at the counter.)*

ANNE. How old is he?

IMOGEN. 23.

ANNE. 23!? What did he want with you?

IMOGEN. He said I was a great conversationalist, thank you very much.

ANNE. Boys don't just talk to girls at parties.

IMOGEN. Well, Alan isn't a boy. He's a man.

ANNE. Is he in college?

IMOGEN. He is. And he pays his own way.

ANNE. Well, it's not like you got his number or anything. *(Imogen smirks and makes a noncommittal sound.)* 'Gen. He sounds like he's a, like... adult.

IMOGEN. And I'm basically responsible for myself.

ANNE. Imogen. You're not an adult. You're a kid.

IMOGEN. I'm in charge of the money. I'm in charge of the cleaning. *(Imogen reaches in the cabinet near her and hands Anne the box of Lucky Charms cereal she was looking for.)* What makes me not an adult? *(Anne tugs on the bottom of Imogen's nightgown.)*

ANNE. You've still got baby fat.

IMOGEN. That's because I don't cheat to get skinny like you do. You can't get food poisoning all the time, you'd be dead.

ANNE. Maybe you just have grown-up fat.

SEA GLASS

IMOGEN. Anne.

ANNE. I'm being honest with you 'Gen. And what? You're gonna have sex before you're married? You?

IMOGEN. Maybe. You don't know everything about me!

ANNE. You're not ready to date a grown man. What are you gonna do when he asks to have sex? You know, you'll have to be able to take the dress off yourself.

IMOGEN. You're mean.

ANNE. I forbid you from seeing "Alan." I have met Alans, and they are assholes. All of them.

IMOGEN. Can you please trust me?

ANNE. Where's the money?

IMOGEN. What?

ANNE. I'll trust you when you trust me.

IMOGEN. I-

ANNE. See! You think I'm a fuck-up! Where is it? *(Anne marches around the house, opening cupboards and slamming cabinets. Whatever Anne moves, Imogen anxiously puts back.)*

IMOGEN. Stop! Mom said not to break anything. Please, Anne!

ANNE. Is Mom here? HELLO!?! JOAN!! Who cares! *(Anne goes to the middle shelves. She reaches up and begins throwing books onto the floor.)*

IMOGEN. This is exactly why she gave it to me! You're a child!

ANNE. She didn't give it to you, she gave it to us!

IMOGEN. She handed it to me and said I was the only one allowed to do it because I'm responsible and /

ANNE. And you're a stuck-up / bitch! Do you know how embarrassing it is to ask my sister for money? To have friends over here when Mom owns all this SHIT!

IMOGEN. I hate you! I hate you, I hate you! *(Anne upturns the room. Imogen grabs Anne's arms, but Anne throws her to the floor. Imogen she lands on her elbow awkwardly.)* Wait, stop. Stop! *(Imogen holds her arm. Anne stares down at her sister.)*

ANNE. Don't go out with Alan.

IMOGEN. That's what you're worried about right now?

ANNE. You'll feel terrible about it after.

SEA GLASS

IMOGEN. You like hanging out with boys.

ANNE. That's 'cause I know what I'm doing.

IMOGEN. You've never been with guys like Alan.

ANNE. Every guy is like Alan.

IMOGEN. That's not true.

ANNE. If you go out with him again, I'll tell Mom.

IMOGEN. I don't believe you.

ANNE. You don't have to. *(Anne, unable to stomach her bowl of cereal goes upstairs, straight to bed.)*

IMOGEN. Don't waste food.

ANNE. Then you eat it, fat ass. *(Imogen goes to the phone. She reaches in her pocket and pulls out a scrap of paper, with a number written on it. Imogen puts her fingers in the rotary and then stops herself. Crickets. Ocean Parkway. Imogen checks the door is locked. Once. Twice. Bites down on her hand. Imogen counts the money. Once. Twice. Bites down on her hand.)*

INTERLUDE E

Imogen stands up on the platform. She reads a newspaper. She's on the phone with Patrick, who paces stage right.

IMOGEN. It's not that bad.

PATRICK. Is it "not that bad" or "good"!?

(Imogen reads the newspaper, clearly choosing what words to say and what to skip over.)

IMOGEN. Road Blocks is a movie filled with'... bah bah bah... 'exciting action sequences and... strong alebit... melodramatic ...performances from both Kilcullen and Millard'.

PATRICK. Melodramatic!? It's a drama! Okay, so I was committed? Apologies to you, Mr. Schonberg.

IMOGEN. "Kilcullen does deliver a strong performance in the climax scene with Millard..."

PATRICK. Mhm. What did he say?

IMOGEN. Oh, no, it's just really good.

SEA GLASS

PATRICK. It is?

IMOGEN. *(Clearly not reading the review)* "And holds his own with Millard as the movie comes to a close, in one of his most rousing performances to date."

PATRICK. Okay! Okay. Now can you grab the New York Post? *(Imogen grabs a different magazine.)* Title?

IMOGEN. "Road Blocks: Road Hacks"

PATRICK. Hacks!?

IMOGEN. Honestly, you know the New York Post has never liked your work. He just doesn't get it.

PATRICK. Right! He doesn't get what I'm going for!

IMOGEN. We shouldn't even read this one. He didn't even like that Mozart movie you did. That was really, really good.

PATRICK. Yeah, toss it. Who needs that guy?

IMOGEN. Not you.

PATRICK. Can you grab the Daily News?

IMOGEN. Let me see if I can find it. *(Imogen begins flipping through the magazines.)* Hey, Dad, there's this permission slip that I need signed. Mom and you aren't around. What should I do?

PATRICK. Oh. Just tell them I'm out of town but I consent.

IMOGEN. I did. They said legally I need your signature.

PATRICK. Just fake it. *(Imogen is stunned into silence.)* I'm joking! I'm joking. Here, can you mail it to me?

IMOGEN. That could take a while...

PATRICK. I'll find time to sign it and send it back your way.

IMOGEN. Oh! Thank you! It's to the New York Historical Society and I'm so-

PATRICK. Did you find the review yet? *(Imogen picks it up. She flips through.)*

IMOGEN. I found the newspaper, I just need to get to it... Did you get your flight back yet?

PATRICK. Oh! Yeah. I thought Anne would have told you by now, kiddo. I'm not gonna be back for a lot longer than-

IMOGEN. She mentioned it. I know you should be back in like two weeks.

SEA GLASS

PATRICK. Oh no. Shit. I didn't... Did I not tell Anne? No I must have. I'm sure I did and she just forgot. Yeah, Imogen. I'm not coming back until December.

IMOGEN. Oh.

PATRICK. Oh, that's horrible, Anne was supposed to. I told her. That's on her, I'm sorry.

IMOGEN. That's longer.

PATRICK. It is. But I'm going to make sure you two are well taken care of. I'm sure you've been responsible, but I can send anything you need.

IMOGEN. Of course I've been good. We have more than enough. Also,

PATRICK. Good girl.

IMOGEN. I'm seeing someone.

PATRICK. Really?

IMOGEN. Mhm. His name is Alan.

PATRICK. Wow.

IMOGEN. Mhm.

PATRICK. Is he nice to you?

IMOGEN. Oh yes. He's really nice.

PATRICK. Okay. Good stuff. I met your mom around your age.

IMOGEN. Did you love her at first sight?

PATRICK. Nah, I dated her sister.

IMOGEN. Oh...

PATRICK. I'm joking. I did date her sister, but we found our way to each other eventually.

IMOGEN. Well, you guys love each other. And I think, well, with Alan, I might-

PATRICK. Mhm. Have you found it yet?

IMOGEN. (*Making one up*) Oh. Yes. This one is titled... "Road Blocks: Kilcullen's Best Yet."

PATRICK. This is what I'm talking about!

SEA GLASS

SCENE 6

6:45 PM. Anne, painting her nails, sits on the phone at the kitchen table. A large American flag banner that says "WELCOME HOME" is hung across the shelves. Anne has un-surreptitiously scribbled on the banner so it instead reads "WELCOME...TO OUR PARTY" The cardboard boxes are gone. Only the knick-knacks on the shelves remain. Imogen haggardly schleps into the door, holding her books and bags. Anne shushes her as she walks through the door, focused on the phone call.

ANNE. *(hand over the receiver, to Imogen)* Put the snacks on the counter and start putting them in bowls. *(to the phone)* Yup. Yeah, you can bring whoever you like. *(Imogen points to the banner.)*

IMOGEN.Why?

ANNE. Last one at the dollar store. *(Imogen drops her bag on the table and collapses into the dining room chair. She quietly puts her face in her hands. Anne does not notice. To Imogen)* Well, it wasn't the last one. The last one was a bunch of flags that said "IT'S A BOY" but I didn't want Mike to freak out if he saw it. *(Anne looks over at Imogen for a response. Imogen is hunched over.)* 'Gen? *(after no reply)* I was joking. Mike and I haven't-

IMOGEN. Gross, gross, / stop-

ANNE. No, all I was going to say was-

IMOGEN. I am going to kill you if you keep speaking-!

ANNE. Just that we've always / used protection-!

IMOGEN. *(explosive)* STOP, OH MY GOSH!! *(Anne is startled by Imogen's sudden ferociousness.)*

ANNE. Paul, I'll call you back... *(Anne hangs up.)* Jeez, okay. What happened?

IMOGEN. No one can sign this stupid permission slip. I told Dad about it a week ago and he hasn't responded and every time I call, I get some lady who says she'll "be right on it"!

ANNE. Slow down. Breathe. What? *(Imogen reaches in her bag and shoves a paper in Anne's face. Anne takes it.)*

SEA GLASS

IMOGEN. It's the field trip to the Historical Society. Sister Harriet is having this big city day and I really wanted to go because I wrote an essay on James Carroll Beckwith and- (*Anne is in the kitchen, looking in kitchen drawers.*)

ANNE. Who is James Carroll Beckwith?

IMOGEN. He's a painter. And he's really good. And he's one of my absolute favorites. And I was so excited because they have a whole exhibit dedicated to his charcoal sketches which are incredibly rare and now Tabitha Bridges is going to see them before me- (*Anne pulls a pen out of the drawer.*)

ANNE. Who is Tabitha?

IMOGEN. She's a girl in my history class.

ANNE. She sounds like a bitch. (*Anne clicks the pen.*)

IMOGEN. She is. She has been talking about how Beckwith is her favorite painter but she doesn't know anything about him and she is so awful and mean and she thinks she's smarter than me and she just isn't.

ANNE. I bet she's not. (*Anne begins signing the slip.*)

IMOGEN. She isn't! And she's nasty and mean and she's also in the band but she can barely play the violin. I mean, I was first chair last year for a reason and now that her parents pay for her to take violin lessons in the city-

ANNE. Here you go. (*Anne holds out the signed slip. Imogen, falteringly, takes it from her.*)

IMOGEN. What?

ANNE. It's signed for you. Just give it to Sister Harriet. You're welcome.

IMOGEN. But Mom needs to sign it.

ANNE. She did. Look. (*Imogen looks closer.*)

IMOGEN. That looks nothing like Mom's signature.

ANNE. Yeah, well, Sister Harriet is approximately two-hundred and six years old so I wouldn't worry too much.

IMOGEN. I can't hand this in. This is a legal contract.

ANNE. It's worked for me. And what, are you planning on burning down the Historical Society? You're fine, 'Gen. Just say thank you and move on. (*Imogen hesitantly puts the permission slip back in her backpack. Anne waits for her thank you. When Imogen says nothing, Anne huffs, leans over*

SEA GLASS

and crosses a name off her list and begins searching for the next phone number.)

IMOGEN. Where's Mom's stuff?

ANNE. Uh, it's in the garage?

IMOGEN. She's gonna freak if she finds out.

ANNE. Why would she find out?

IMOGEN. She always knows when we mess with it.

ANNE. Does she always know or do you just always feel guilty and tell her?

IMOGEN. I-

ANNE. So, those snacks? Where are they?

IMOGEN. Oh.

ANNE. It's like, two hours until the party. How did you forget?

IMOGEN. I was distracted, I-

ANNE. By a permission slip!?

IMOGEN. Two hours is plenty of time-

ANNE. I gave you money for it!

IMOGEN. It's like a 45-minute walk.

ANNE. Better start now then. *(Imogen gives her sister a pleading look.)*

ANNE. *(coldly)* The exercise will be good for you.

IMOGEN. *(verge of tears)* I'm not your servant.

ANNE. Oh my god, you're so dramatic.

IMOGEN. I hate the way you treat me.

ANNE. Shut up.

IMOGEN. And where's Mom's stuff?

ANNE. I threw it out!

IMOGEN. You threw out all her boxes? *(Imogen considers then snatches the receiver out of Anne's hand and rushes to the bathroom. She slams the door in Anne's face.)*

ANNE. *(shouting)* IMOGEN! GET BACK HERE! I NEED THAT!

(Anne stomps her foot, pounding on the door. Imogen dials the phone.)

IMOGEN! Get off the phone right now and I won't FUCKING KILL

YOU! *(Imogen practically shouts through the door.)*

IMOGEN. Hi. It's Imogen! Hi. How are you? Are you busy tonight?

Okay. You're working. Until when? Okay. That's perfect! Actually... we're

SEA GLASS

having a party! Come after work! Okay. 43 Sea Bay Drive- (*Anne has taken a pair of scissors and cut the phone cord.*) Hello? Alan? (*Anne sits in front of the door.*)

ANNE. When you walk out here, I am going to kill you.

IMOGEN. Yeah, okay-

ANNE. I am not exaggerating. I am going use your entrails as party decorations, Imogen Darlene Kilcullen.

IMOGEN. You don't scare me.

ANNE. Oh, you wait. I am going to chop you up and serve up your body as little fuckin' appetizers to our friends, okay?

IMOGEN. You're such a freak!

ANNE. And, AND, AND! I'm gonna wring your fucking neck until your head pops off! I'll use it as a party popper! How about that!

IMOGEN. Alan is coming over and he's gonna pick me up and you can't stop it.

ANNE. Oh. I am going to tell Alan all about your tragic, tragic passing. I will nail his feet to the welcome mat! And then, when you think it's all over and you're safe 6 feet under in a coffin, I am going to dig you up. I am going to open that coffin. And then, you know what I'm gonna do?

IMOGEN. (*whispered*) What?

ANNE. I'm gonna punch you in the cooch, you stupid bitch! (*Anne bangs on the door.*)

SCENE 7

The party, having not quite kicked off yet. Anne mixes drinks in the kitchen goes while Mike, drunk, hangs on Anne, whispering into her ear. Bill lounges on the couch. The phone cord remains caught in the door. Toddy walks in with a dirty backpack held at arm's length and the brother's cheer.

BILL. What took you so long?

TODDY. I couldn't find it because Mike's room is fucking disgusting.

MIKE. (*to Anne*) It isn't. It's an oasis of love.

TODDY. What oasis has 13 apple bongs-

SEA GLASS

MIKE. Shut the fuck uuuup! *(Toddy looks around.)*

TODDY. Where's 'Gen?

ANNE. She's shitting her brains out still.

MIKE. Loved not knowing that.

TODDY. Does she need, like, help...?

BILL. Toddy, what?

ANNE. No, no, she's fine. She has these massive, stinking shits that just make the house unbearable for a few days. Like, hazmat suit bad!

MIKE. Hey, can we talk about, uh, anything else?

BILL. Toddy. Bag please. *(Toddy upturns the black bag to reveal pill bottles and small ziplock bags of weed and cocaine. Anne shrieks with delight and kisses Mike on the mouth.)*

ANNE. You little fuckin' scumbag, thank you.

MIKE. I'm not going to lie, 'scumbag' really did something for me. *(Toddy fixes his appearance in the mirror. He stops short of the bathroom and then covers his nose. He knocks.)*

TODDY. Imogen?

IMOGEN. Toddy!? Oh thank goodness.

TODDY. Hey, I just wanted to ask if you wanted a banana or / anything to help with your...

IMOGEN. No. Toddy. No, just listen to me. I need you to go upstairs.

TODDY. Okay.

IMOGEN. I need you to grab me some clothes. I'm still in my school uniform.

TODDY. New set of clothes? Oh, I've been there.

IMOGEN. Toddy. Toddy. Listen. Please. Just go up there. There's clothes on my sister's bed. Bring them down. Please.

TODDY. Okay. Okay, sure. Are you sure you don't need Imodium or-

IMOGEN. Just go! *(Toddy runs upstairs.)*

ANNE. Bill, you have multiple friends, uh, named Alan, right?

BILL. Um. I, don't... I don't think so. I have one friend named Alan. I wouldn't call him a friend, though.

ANNE. What would you call him?

MIKE. I like him.

BILL. He's fine.

SEA GLASS

MIKE. He's a creep, dude. But he's funny.

ANNE. I kinda remember meeting him a while back. Was he at Beaufort's party or something?

BILL. Yeah. He's fine. Girls say shit about him all the time that's super unfair.

ANNE. Ugh, yeah, girls are so annoying sometimes. What do they say about him?

BILL. That he's, like, been weird at parties...

ANNE. Yeah, no, I remember him.

BILL. He's been fine every time I've hung out with him. I've never seen him do anything, you know?

MIKE. He's my dealer.

BILL. Well, yeah, that too.

ANNE. Yeah. Yeah, good to know.

BILL. I wouldn't leave him alone with my sister though, y'know.

ANNE. Okay. Yeah. I figured that out a while ago. *(During this conversation, Toddy comes down and passes Imogen the dress through the door.)*

TODDY. Imogen. We have to talk. I- *(Anne marches over to the bathroom door and knocks.)*

ANNE. Imogen, get out here, right now. *(No response.)* Imogen, I'm not fucking around right now. *(Anne looks around in a panic.)* Bill, I need you to break this door down.

BILL. What?

ANNE. I think Imogen might have passed out or something and I- *(Mike throws himself at the door and crashes to the floor.)*

TODDY. *(calling)* Imogen!?! *(Bill kicks in the door handle. It bursts open and Anne rushes through. Anne runs out of the bathroom, Imogen's uniform in her hands.)*

MIKE. *(looking at the mess of clothes)* Woof, I've been there with the clothes.

ANNE. That little bitch snuck out. Give me your keys, Bill.

BILL. You're shitfaced. No chance. I've barely had- *(Doorbell.)*

ANNE. Bill, she's about to meet this guy that is just bad fucking news and-

SEA GLASS

BILL. It's probably just pizza. Breathe, Anne. *(Bill opens the door. ALAN comes to the door, keys in hand. Anne and Alan's eyes meet. Anne looks as if she's seen a ghost. Bill realizes what all this has been about.)*

ALAN. Hey, man, what are you...?

BILL. *(to Alan)* You gotta go.

ANNE. Why are you here?

ALAN. Anne, I didn't know she was your sister...

ANNE. No, she was just another 14-year-old cherry. *(Bill puts his hand on Alan's chest.)*

BILL. He needs to go, right?

ANNE. *(to herself)* Oh my god. *(Imogen runs in. She wears a dress that is unmistakably Anne's style white, short and form-fitting, she tugs it down as far as it will go.)*

IMOGEN. Alan! I saw your car was here and I tried to grab you before you came in. Let's go. *(Imogen sneakily takes the money from the Sea Glass bowl and hands it to Alan.)*

ANNE. Imogen, you need... Is that my new dress?

IMOGEN. I didn't-

ANNE. Imogen, you need to come here right now.

IMOGEN. Alan, let's go.

ALAN. Don't have to tell me twice.

ANNE. Imogen, I'll call Mom.

IMOGEN. With what phone? *(Imogen points to the BROKEN PHONE CHORD. Anne turns to Alan.)*

ANNE. *(to Alan)* Don't fucking do this.

ALAN. You've got to let it go, okay, Annie.

IMOGEN. Alan!

ANNE. Who even gave you my dress!?

TODDY. That was my fault, / I'm sorry.

ANNE. YOU!?! What's wrong with / you!?!

IMOGEN. I needed to get dressed, you control freak psycho bitch!

ANNE. Oh, my god do not START with me

ALAN. Anne, you may be blowing this out of / proportion.

ANNE. I don't want to hear shit out of you.

SEA GLASS

ALAN. Jesus, Anne, am I responsible for every fucking broken condom in the world?! *(Anne shoves Alan. Mike grabs Anne, Bill stands between the two.)*

BILL. Everyone needs to calm down right now!

IMOGEN. You made love with Anne?

ALAN. *(trying to laugh it off)* It was one time. Okay? I didn't know she was your sister. It was years ago.

IMOGEN. I don't know if I want to see you anymore.

ANNE. *(gloating)* I told you! I told you! I was right and you don't listen to me! I am always right and I always know more! You're such a child!

IMOGEN. Okay!?! You were right! I'm a big idiot. Is that what you want!?!?

ANNE. A little.

IMOGEN. Okay. Congratulations Anne! *(Imogen storms across the room.)* But I'm not a child. Okay? I am a grown up. A GROWN-UP! I make decisions, I have money, I take care of you! *(Anne gets ready to barrage Imogen. Anne sees everyone else is staring at Imogen's back. Anne follows their gaze. A large period stain has formed on Imogen's new dress.)*

ANNE. Imogen. Please just-

IMOGEN. I just want-

ANNE. Please come to the bathroom with me.

IMOGEN. No. I'm so sick of listening to you all the time!

ANNE. Please. Imogen, just come here.

IMOGEN. WHAT!?!?

ANNE. You're bleeding. *(Something registers in Imogen. She begins breathing hard, struggling not to cry. Anne tries to calm down her sister. Alan goes to the door. Bill stops him.)*

BILL. *(whispered)* What the fuck?

ALAN. *(whispered)* Hey, relax. This is a little weird a-and fucked up...

BILL. Really? Is it? Hadn't noticed. What is this?

ALAN. It wasn't anything. She asked me to come here, it's not like-

BILL. Listen, man, I don't want you coming around anymore. Okay?

ALAN. Bill. I didn't know they were sisters. Anne was a one-time thing. And Imogen came on to me! I wasn't gonna do anything! She's just some chubby fucking kid! *(This last part is not said quietly. Toddy, messily but earnestly, punches Alan in the face. Alan stumbles back. When he goes to*

SEA GLASS

get Toddy, Mike steps in, then Bill. The four boys begin beating on each other, smashing into shelves, and shattering different pieces of furniture.)

ANNE. Jesus Christ, you fucking idiots! Get off each other! *(Anne grabs Mike's arm. She is elbowed hard in the nose. The boys stop, alarmed Anne has been injured. Imogen runs up the stairs. She slips and lands directly on her arm. An audible, sickening crunch. Imogen's arm is broken.)* Alright, party is over. All of you. Out! *(The group doesn't move.)* I'll call the fucking police. Move it! *(The boys are spurred to action. As they disperse, Alan thinks for a moment about putting back the envelope. He leaves with it. Imogen cries on the stairs, clutching her broken arm. Bone peeks through. Toddy goes to check on Imogen, but Anne stops him. She points to the door. The room finally clears out. Anne remains, standing on broken remains of the decorations.)*

IMOGEN. I see bone. I see bone. That's-

ANNE. Okay. I'll drive you to the ER and we'll get you a cast. You're fine.

IMOGEN. I hate being alone.

ANNE. I'm here. Get your coat. *(Imogen and Anne get their coats and leave.)*

IMOGEN. Wait, please-

ANNE. We don't have time.

IMOGEN. Please- *(Imogen locks the door twice before they do. Bites down on her hand. Anne ushers her out. Blackout.)*

END OF ACT I

***THE PLAY IS NOT OVER!! TO FIND OUT HOW IT ENDS—
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