

Time of Our Lives

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Jay and Lindsay

(Jay and Lindsay are seated on the sofa watching TV.)

Jay: She's not going to make it this week. If there's *justice* in America, she'll be sent home.

Lindsay: And I suppose when you're wrong you'll scare my parents with another screaming fit?

Jay: Yep.

Lindsay: Over-invested and over-competitive. You really hate that model don't you?

Jay: I don't – (pause) Yes. But that's only because -

Lindsay: Shhh. "There are five beautiful girls in front of me, but only four pictures in my hands..." *(waiting for the results)*

Jay: *(he jumps to his feet)* DAMNIT! HOW DOES SHE KEEP MAKING IT?! THIS IS A CRIME AGAINST HUMANITY!! *(He continues to yell over Lindsay).*

Lindsay: Calm down! Calm – okay. *(grabbing the remote and turning the television off)* Enough of this - I'm not going to let you terrify my family because the Next Top Model isn't the lady of your choice.

Jay: *(he doesn't want to give it up)* But...!

Lindsay: Sit down, Jay! We have something else to discuss anyway. Something in real life.

Jay: *(A sigh)* Okay. *(a change of heart)* But she...!

Lindsay: NO.

Jay: *(a moment passes)* Okay, what is it?

Lindsay: Prom. Two weeks.

Jay: I know. Tomorrow's the last day for tickets. I'll get them during lunch.

Lindsay: And then Six Flags the next day?

Jay: Perfect. Perfect Prom – points for alliteration.

Lindsay: *(she smiles)* I can't believe this is all almost over.

Jay: What?

Lindsay: Senior year. Prom. It seems so final. "The End."

Jay: This isn't an existential crisis. It's simple; we'll have a great time and we'll look fantastic.

Lindsay: I love you, Jay.

Jay: You too, Linds. *(They kiss briefly)*

On the Telephone

(Split scene. Both on the phone – not with each other. The lines should overlap a bit at the beginning and end.)

Lindsay: Yeah, I know what she said she heard, but I think it's ridiculous.

Jay: It's really good to hear your voice. I've missed you.

Lindsay: We've known each other for *eight years*. If something like that happened he would tell me.

Jay: I want to see you. I feel like this *thing* has built up inside me and now it's rushing out. I need to see you.

Lindsay: No, I trust him completely.

Jay: I know, but Linds and my parents...

Lindsay: Wait, he – what? – how would she know?

Jay: This might sound lame, but I think about you all the time.

Lindsay: Well...she's a bitch. I trust him completely.

Jay: I'll see you at 11. I - I love you....

Lindsay: No. He's my best friend and I trust him completely.

Rising Action

(At school. Jay is at his locker)

Lindsay: Hey, Jay!

Jay: Linds! Hey.

Lindsay: Can we talk?

Jay: Of course. Why so *serious*?

Lindsay: It's nothing. You know, people talk. *(pause)* Is there something - Hm. I mean, if something happened - if you had something on your mind - you would tell me right?

Jay: You're like family, and you know pretty much everything anyone could ever want to know about me. *(pause)* What's the matter?

Lindsay: It's really nothing. Let's drop it.

Jay: No, you seem upset.

Lindsay: *(She doesn't miss a beat - all out at once)* Rebecca says she saw you making out with Tom Herlin in the front parking lot on Sunday night.

Jay: *(he is caught off guard)* What? I didn't - I really can't deal with this right now. If you're going to get wrapped up in a rumor, fine. But I have enough to think about without high school bullshit games.

Lindsay: This isn't the response I expected.

Jay: Sorry that I didn't meet expectations. That's the bell - we should go.

Lindsay: Hold up. Is there something you're not telling me?

Jay: *(he snaps at her)* Can we *not* do this right now?!

Lindsay: *(a bit startled)* What are we? You can say whatever you want; I just have to know. What am I to you?

Jay: I don't know.

Lindsay: *(pause)* Are you....? *(She's looking for the right word, but realizes it does not need to be said. Pause)* Are you?

Jay: NO. Okay? NO.

Lindsay: Then do we have something here? Because I don't want to be the last to know that the last four years...

Jay: Yes. Yes, of course we have something, Linds. I would never do anything that hurt you.

Lindsay: Okay. I trust you. I love you, Jay.

Jay: You too. *(another brief kiss – a peck)* So I'll see you tonight around 6?

Lindsay: My mom wants to take pictures at 5:30.

Jay: 5:30 it is.

(In transition, Jay and Lindsay are in a few typical prom photo poses. The poses flow into dancing.)

The Big Night

(Prom night. Jay and Lindsay are dancing)

Lindsay: This....was a really.... terrific night.

Jay: You look beautiful. You really do.

Lindsay: Where do you think we'll be after all of this?

Jay: Well, as we discussed, you'll have my baby this summer. We'll forget school, move to southern Illinois, and we'll live life nicccce and eezayy *(his best Tina Turner impression – the opening of Proud Mary)*.

Lindsay: *(she laughs)* Thank you, Tina Turner. *(pause)* That doesn't sound so terrible.

Jay: Not at all. I wish it were that easy. I wish everything was as uncomplicated as how I feel about you.

Lindsay: That's really sweet, Jay.

Jay: I'll fulfill my dream of becoming a riverboat captain...stare at ole miss... we would jest keep rollin' along...

Lindsay: Are we still talking about our lives or did you switch to Show Boat?

Jay: Right. Good thing you stopped me – my range isn't low enough to do that song justice. *(she laughs. Jay checks his watch.)* And now... you'll have to let me run to the men's room.

Lindsay: Wait – one more song?

Jay: I would make a horrible mess. I'll meet you at the table.

Lindsay: Okay. I'll be waiting.

(they kiss – a peck)

How it Ends

(In the parking lot at prom. Jay looks giddy, pleasantly distracted. Lindsay approaches from behind.)

Lindsay: I'm such an idiot.

Jay: Linds, hold on.

Lindsay: I saw him. I saw you *kiss him*.

Jay: This is complicated.

Lindsay: Talk me through it.

Jay: This isn't the time. Can we wait until –

Lindsay: NO. I've felt anxious – nauseous – all week and I want to do this RIGHT NOW.

Jay: What do you want me to say?

Lindsay: Oh, I don't know. Start at the beginning. A very fucking good place to start.

Jay: *(A moment – he's about to explain, but changes his mind)* Look, Linds, Prom only happens once. Why don't we go back inside?

Lindsay: *(more sad than angry – a breaking)* When were you going to tell ME?!

Jay: Soon. After we graduated. I don't know.

Lindsay: We've been together for four years. How could you do this to me?!

Jay: We haven't been – I didn't *do this to you, okay?!* This is a little bit about *me* too. I haven't been PROUD, and I didn't think it would hurt to wait.

Lindsay: Screw you for that. And screw everyone else for thinking I didn't know! I'm NOT SOME SAD IDIOT! I believed what they said. I just hoped... this might become something more. I hoped... I don't even know anymore.

Jay: Nothing is different, Linds. Not really. *(He goes to hug her)*.

Lindsay: What're you doing? Don't. Just don't.

Jay: You're my best friend.

Lindsay: Not anymore.

Jay: Linds, I love you.

Lindsay: God you're pathetic.

(He tries to hug her, but she pushes him away)

Lindsay: Don't touch me.

Jay: I really need you to be the same way you always are. You have no idea how much I need you to be okay with this. *(He tries to hug her again)*

Lindsay: IF YOU TOUCH ME AGAIN I'LL SCREAM!

Jay: Please try to understand...

Lindsay: I can't. I'm going back inside now, and don't you dare follow me. *(she turns to go)*

Jay: PLEASE. I need you. *(He tries again to hug her – she shrugs him off violently)*

Lindsay: Look at you. *(pause)* Everyone's right. You're a pathetic FAG.

A Moment Before Moving On

(A local restaurant. Lindsay is seated. Jay joins her.)

Jay: Hi.

Lindsay: Hi. *(a grim smile)*

Jay: *(he sits. Long pause.)* I can't believe you're moving to Connecticut tomorrow. Yale. That's kind of a big deal.

Lindsay: *(laughs tentatively)* Yeah, I guess so. UCLA is pretty exciting too. When do you leave?

Jay: Yeah. About two weeks. *(the waitress comes)* Just coffee for me too.

Lindsay: Starting new lives. It's exciting, but very sudden.

Jay: Yeah. *(pause)* I want to ask you something-

Lindsay: *(interrupting him)* Jay, don't. Please don't. I really can't talk about that.

Jay: Oh. No, this isn't about that. I haven't seen you since – since Prom, but – hm – but this isn't about that.

Lindsay: *(checking her watch)* My mom is picking me up out front in about two minutes. You know how she is. *(pause)* I really didn't invite you here to talk, I just – huh – I just needed to see you – just physically see you - before starting this whole other thing. Does that make sense? *(she gathers her purse, about to stand)* I'll be in town for winter break. Will you be back?

Jay: I think so. My mom is moving to Ohio, but I'll have to visit my dad. Apparently making me sleep in the street because I'm gay isn't enough to take away his visitation rights. So, yes, I'll be here for about a week.

Lindsay: Good. *(she stands to go)* We'll talk then?

Jay: Yeah. Probably.

Lindsay: I feel like I'm running out the minute you arrive –

Jay: *(uncomfortable laughter)* Because you are?

Lindsay: Right. It might feel stupid to meet for just a minute, but try to understand.

Jay: I will.

Lindsay: So I guess this is it.

Jay: *(he stands)* Yeah, I guess so. *(they hug briefly)*

Lindsay: Well...Good luck, Jay. *(she turns to go)*

Jay: Hey – wait – just one minute. Do you remember the summer after Sophomore year? I just got my permit and we would drive around in my dad's car all night. We had all the windows down, and that band Starz was huge that summer.

Lindsay: *(a bit confused)* I remember.

Jay: Well, they had that song that we would just *blast* in the car – Your Ex-Lover Is Dead. There was that one line that we both loved; we would always just *scream* it as loud as we could. "I'm not sorry I met you, I'm not sorry it's over, I'm not sorry there's nothing to say." I've been thinking about it, and I wondered if you remember it.

Lindsay: *(she understands)* I remember it well.

Jay: Good. *(pause. They look at each other for a long while trying to find the next words – but there aren't any)*

Lindsay: Goodbye, Jay.

Jay: Goodbye. I'll miss you.

Lindsay: *(a moment where she might say something else)* Goodbye. *(Lindsay exits as Jay sits down for a moment).*

END