

[Untitled Play]

Lizzy Lee (In-progress)

CAST OF CHARACTERS

JAMIE, an American rebel

LARA, Jamie's girlfriend

CHLOE, Lara's best friend

CHRIS, Jamie's cousin

SETTING

American rebel base camp

ACT I: SCENE I

(The scene is the middle of a dark, dreary forest. There are a few cut-out trees, the rest are painted on a backdrop. JAMIE, wearing a bloody white shirt and dirty jeans, is seen sitting on a large boulder, deep in thought. There is a duffle bag by him.)

(LARA enters stage left, a sleeping bag hung over her shoulder.)

LARA. Do you realize what you did?

JAMIE. Yeah, I do.

LARA. You can't go back now.

JAMIE. I know... I know...

LARA. What were you thinking? Killing those men?

JAMIE. They were after you, Lara.

LARA. So you killed them yourself? Jamie, that's what police are for!

JAMIE. And I was supposed to just sit around and wait for those lazy bastards to show up? The men would have gotten you by then.

LARA. Jamie, the police are doing all they can. The invasion is taking a lot out of everyone.

JAMIE. The invasion has been going on for years now. You'd think they'd be used to it.

LARA. Are you used to it?

JAMIE. *(Painfully)* Yeah. As a matter of fact, I can't even remember what it was like before.

LARA. Jamie...

(LARA kneels next to JAMIE and grabs his hand in attempts to console him. JAMIE gets up and shakes his head.)

JAMIE. Don't worry about it, Lara. *(Turns around, hearing noise.) (Nervous)* You hear that?

(LARA clings to JAMIE. CHLOE enters, stage right)

LARA. Chloe?

CHLOE. *(Relieved)* Oh, Lara! You're alright?

LARA. Yeah, but how'd you find us here?

CHLOE. We've snuck away here plenty enough times as kids. Just best friend instinct, I guess. But with the murders at your house, I was terrified.

(CHLOE takes a look at JAMIE's outfit.)

CHLOE. Jamie... Did you...?

LARA. Chloe, please, don't—

CHLOE. Please say he didn't kill the two men...

JAMIE. *(Tough)* Yeah, I did. What'cha gonna do?

(CHLOE begins to turn around, LARA grabs her arm.)

LARA. Chloe, please!

CHLOE. Lara, the police will find out, and they'll execute us too if they find out we were hiding him. *(Turns to JAMIE.)* She'll never leave you, so as long as you hide, you're gonna get both of you killed.

JAMIE. Granted they find us.

CHLOE. You're gonna hide forever? You're gonna keep dragging Lara around you forever because you're afraid to come clean and confess to the murders?

(JAMIE takes a step towards CHLOE with a raised fist. LARA grabs JAMIE's arm and holds him back.)

JAMIE. *(Angrily)* You better shut your mouth, bitch. I killed those men in good reason.

CHLOE. *(Incredulous)* Good reason? What "good reason" is there for killing two innocent men?

LARA. Please, guys... Stop...

JAMIE. *(Outraged)* Innocent? They were German soldiers! And I was protecting your fucking best friend! But I suppose that's not a good enough reason, is it?

CHLOE. Protecting Lara? And what fucking danger was she in? Were the men going to compliment her? *(Mockingly)* Oh, dear, we can't have that. Only Jamie is allowed to compliment his precious girlfriend. Heaven forbid someone else in the world says something nice to her. *(She snickers.)* You're too over-protective, and clearly insane. You have no proof they were German.

LARA. *(Upset)* Chloe...!

(JAMIE pulls LARA away.)

JAMIE. Forget her. The ignorant bitch obviously cares little about you.

CHLOE. No, Jamie, I absolutely love that girl like a sister. But clearly she'd rather live the rest of her life, hiding and running with a murderer, than listen to the truth. If she doesn't think she can trust me after all these years, I don't believe we even *are* friends.

(CHLOE starts walking stage right, wiping tears away.)

LARA. Chloe, please, just listen...

(CHLOE stops. Long pause.)

CHLOE. *(Painfully)* I won't say anything to anyone. But you're on your own now. Goodbye, Lara...

(CHLOE exits stage right. LARA buries her face into JAMIE's chest.)

(Curtain.)

ACT I: SCENE II

(Later that night. The scene is the same, with a small campfire in the center. LARA can be seen laying in a sleeping bag, presumably sleeping. JAMIE is pacing back and forth by the fire, deep in thought.)

(CHRIS enters stage left, dressed in camouflage.)

CHRIS. *(In a normal voice)* I came here as fast as I could. Do you realize how hard it is to sneak out of Manila?

JAMIE. *(Hushed)* Keep your voice down. Lara's sleeping, and I don't want the villagers to find me.

CHRIS. *(Groaning)* Jamie... *(Disappointed)* What did you do?

JAMIE. You hear what happened in Kista yet?

CHRIS. It's like midnight, man. News doesn't travel that fast anymore. Especially between Manila and Kista.

JAMIE. Still not on good terms, I guess. *(Shakes head.)* But anyway. Two soldiers stumbled into our camp last night, and attacked Lara's house first. It would have taken police at least ten minutes to be alerted, then another ten for them to finally arrive.

CHRIS. Jamie, please don't tell me...

JAMIE. What would you have liked me to do? Let them kill Lara?

CHRIS. You know how police treat the murders of enemy soldiers! You should have taken Lara and ran before they got her, not killed them on the spot!

JAMIE. They had fucking guns! It was either I kill them, or they kill us.

CHRIS. So if you're so dead-set on your explanation, why are you hiding from the village? Hmm?

JAMIE. Like they'd understand. Since the invasion, no one's been thinking straight.

CHRIS. *(Crosses arms and looks away.)* Obviously neither are you.

JAMIE. Chris, c'mon, man. You gotta help me.

CHRIS. Why do I "gotta" help you?

JAMIE. You'd really abandon your cousin like that?

(CHRIS turns to face JAMIE and sighs. Short pause.)

CHRIS. Jamie...

JAMIE. *(Hysterically)* Chris, I don't know what to do!

CHRIS. *(Sternly and quickly)* First, Jamie, get a hold of yourself. You're twenty years old, not a fucking baby. Second, you gotta get out of here. There's a rebel camp not that far from here that's not a part of the American Rebel Union, meaning they're not as up-tight as Manila or Kista. Named Valeira. They'll allow you in, on one condition: you and Lara must join the militia.

JAMIE. Whoa, what now? We've gotta fight?

CHRIS. They assume that you're running away because you're either criminals or traitors. They don't want you sitting around doing nothing and getting away with whatever crime you've committed, so they put you to use.

JAMIE. By giving us arms and trusting us to fight for them?

CHRIS. Well, yeah. Barely anyone knows about this place. So if you find out about it, you're trusted.

JAMIE. How did you find out?

CHRIS. My wife's from there. Couldn't take the life of a killer.

(JAMIE sits on the boulder again, pondering this. Long pause.)

CHRIS. Well, you've already killed two of them.

(JAMIE looks down at LARA, then up at CHRIS.)

CHRIS. Grab a pen and piece of paper, I'll write down the directions.

(JAMIE rummages through his bag for a notepad and pen, and hands them to CHRIS. CHRIS scribbles on the paper for a short while.)

JAMIE. Thanks, man.

CHRIS. Anytime. You gonna wait until morning?

JAMIE. *(Solemnly)* No, I couldn't bear to say goodbye to her.

CHRIS. *(Shocked)* You're just gonna leave, just like that? Without Lara?

JAMIE. I have to. I can't expect her to join the militia. It's bad enough she can't return to her family in Kista.

CHRIS. You want me to bring her to Manila with me?

JAMIE. Yeah, if you don't mind.

CHRIS. Nah, she's like family. But man, you know she's not going to take this well.

JAMIE. I know. But I'm doing this for her own good.

(JAMIE grabs his duffle bag and starts walking stage left. He pauses for a moment to look back at LARA, who is still sleeping. JAMIE shakes his head, then exits stage left. CHRIS sits down on the boulder.)

CHRIS. *(To audience)* The kid doesn't know what he's getting himself into. He's gonna head to that village, all prepared to join the militia and kick some ass. He thinks he can just because he's already killed two of them. *(Shakes head.) (Amused)* The kid just doesn't know what he's getting himself into...

(Short pause. LARA starts to stir, then sits up. She looks at CHRIS.)

LARA. *(Sleepily)* Jamie...?

CHRIS. *(Shakes head.)* No, Lara. It's Chris.

LARA. Chris, Jamie's cousin?

(CHRIS nods. LARA looks around.)

LARA. Where's Jamie?

CHRIS. Lara... He left.

(Curtain.)

ACT II: SCENE I

(CHLOE is sitting on a sloppy bed against the wall, and through a window painted on the backdrop, it is in the middle of the night. The room appears to be her bedroom, but it is very tight. There is a tall dresser at the foot of bed. It's obvious this was meant to be a temporary residence, but has turned somewhat permanent.)

(LARA taps on the window on the wall perpendicular to the backdrop. CHLOE opens it.)

CHLOE. Lara, what are you doing?

LARA. I need to talk to you. Can I come in?

CHLOE. *(Coldly)* Sure, whatever.

(LARA climbs through the window.)

LARA. Jamie's gone.

CHLOE. What do you mean?

LARA. I woke up this morning with Chris sitting where Jamie was last night.

CHLOE. Chris, Jamie's cousin?

LARA. Yeah. Jamie left. For Valeira.

CHLOE. Val-what?

LARA. Valeira. A rebel camp not a part of the American Rebel Union.

CHLOE. *(Skeptically)* There's such a camp?

LARA. That's not the point, Chloe! The point is, he left alone. And this place is at least a day's worth of travelling. Do you realize how dangerous it is to go anywhere anymore? He'll be captured by Germans!

CHLOE. Good, let him. He deserves it after killing two men.

LARA. They were German soldiers, Chloe! I heard them talking when they broke into my room.

CHLOE. But even if they were, he shouldn't have killed them. Doesn't he know it's illegal to murder, even in self-defense? We could have captured them and tortured info out of them.

LARA. *(Unconvinced)* And when was the last time that actually worked? The only other time soldiers invaded our camp was three years ago, and two people died before the police got there. All because of this stupid law. Would you have felt better if Jamie let them kill us instead?

(CHLOE sits back down on her bed, crosses her legs, and examines her nails.)

CHLOE. *(Nonchalantly)* If he was a real man, he would have gotten you to safety before that would have happened.

LARA. *(Incredulous)* Are you serious? Are you out of your mind?

(CHLOE looks up at LARA.)

CHLOE. Look, girl. He's a criminal. You deserve better.

(LARA looks down and crosses her arms.)

LARA. *(Sadly)* Who could be better than the only man who makes me feel like I really matter? I love him...

CHLOE. Lara, you're only eighteen. You don't really love him. You don't even know what true love is.

LARA. And you do? You're only a year older than me.

CHLOE. No, I don't. But I'm not the one claiming to be in love with a murderer. He has no soul, Lara.

(LARA takes a step back and covers her mouth in shock.)

CHLOE. What? Lara, murderers have no souls. He's cold and heartless. You should really be with someone more respectable. Like Chad Jones. Now there's a sexy young man...

(CHLOE looks up, fantasizing and biting her lower lip.)

LARA. Chad Jones? That's your idea of a better man? He's a man-whore. Everyone in Kista knows.

(CHLOE shakes her head and waves LARA off.)

CHLOE. Oh, whatever, you good-two-shoes. No one really cares how many chicks he's slept with. Do you realize you're the only one our age in an actual relationship? Really, you should keep up in life, or take notes at least.

LARA. Yeah, I do realize this. And it makes me think the Germans are invading our minds, too.

CHLOE. *(Annoyed)* Whatever, Lara. What was the point of you coming here anyway?

LARA. To tell you that you're coming with me to find Jamie.

CHLOE. *(Taken aback)* I'm what now?

LARA. It's all your fault he left without me. And I'm going find him, and I'm not going alone. You're coming with me.

(LARA crosses her arms, standing firm. CHLOE slinks down onto her bed.)

(Curtain.)