

our own paths, alone. But we'll always be there for each other.

**TONY:** Just miles apart.

**SHARON:** You can look at it that way. I prefer to think of it as a phone call away.

**TONY:** *(Holding her)* I will always love you.

**SHARON:** No matter where we end up? *(He nods.)* Me too.

## DOES IT MATTER?

**ROBERT:** Seventeen years old, upset about the death of his friend and confused about his friends' lack of feelings.

**MATT:** Also seventeen, more accepting of the "life goes on" school of thought.

**AMY:** Seventeen, appears to be very self-absorbed, but is a realist about life and expects it from others.

**SETTING:** A funeral reception for a friend who has committed suicide.

**ROBERT:** Did you look?

**MATT:** At what?

**ROBERT:** At . . . her.

**MATT:** You mean . . . oh. Nah.

**ROBERT:** I did. Whew.

**MATT:** How'd she look?

**ROBERT:** Dead, I guess. She looked dead.

**MATT:** Makes sense. She was.

**ROBERT:** She looked good, though.

**AMY:** *(Entering on ROBERT's last two words.)* Who, me?

**MATT:** No, Jackie did.

**AMY:** You mean I don't look good?

**MATT:** Who cares how you look? Today isn't about you.

**AMY:** I care. You know I like to make a good presentation.

**ROBERT:** A little self-absorbed today, Amy, even for you.

**AMY:** I prefer to think of it as self-aware. Have you tried the onion dip?

**MATT:** No. Is it good?

**ROBERT:** Both of you are just too much. Jackie is dead and *(Indicating AMY)* you're talking fashion and *(Indicating MATT)* you're feeding your face.

**MATT:** I'm hungry. Funerals make me hungry.

ROBERT: Everything makes you hungry.  
AMY: Listen, we paid our respects, let's get out of here.  
MATT: I'm with Amy. This place is dead. Oooops.  
AMY: *(Laughing)* No kidding. Let's go.  
ROBERT: For God's sake, Jackie is dead. At least pretend you have some respect for that fact.  
AMY: Listen — I told you I never liked the girl. I think if I leave it would show a lot more respect than if I stayed. In fact, I think it's a little hypocritical for any of us to be here.  
ROBERT: She's dead, Amy.  
AMY: *(Gathering her things)* Yes. Well. I suppose that's too bad. But it was her own carelessness that killed her, don't you agree, Matt?  
MATT: What? Oh, yeah, I guess so.  
ROBERT: I thought she was your friend.  
AMY: We partied together. We weren't best friends. I never called her in the dark of night to share any intimate secrets, if that's what you mean.  
MATT: So, what do we do about this summer? Are we still on for the beach house?  
ROBERT: We probably won't go.  
AMY: Because Jackie's dead? Oh, brother. We can get another person to take her place for her part of the rent.  
ROBERT: You mean you'd still go?  
AMY: In a hot New York minute. And so will everybody else.  
ROBERT: I don't think so.  
MATT: *(Quietly)* I'm still going.  
ROBERT: *(A gasp of surprise)*  
AMY: You want to ride with me?  
MATT: When are you leaving?  
AMY: Let's see. Thursday I'm getting my nails done at 10:00 and then I have to stop at Nordstrom's to pick

up a dress I'm having altered. I can get you after that.  
MATT: Could we stop and pick up my board at my cousin's house?  
AMY: You want to bring that tatty old surfboard? *(He nods.)* I suppose so.  
ROBERT: I cannot believe you two. You're making vacation plans at Jackie's funeral reception. Do you see something kind of shallow and mean-spirited in that?  
AMY: In what? In that life goes on and so do we? Come on, Robert. You know you feel like we do.  
ROBERT: No, I don't.  
AMY: Well, you will.  
ROBERT: Maybe this is why she killed herself. Because no one in this world cares about anyone but themselves.  
AMY: Get real, Robert. You say I'm selfish. What she did is about as selfish and self-centered as you can get.  
MATT: Her mom said in her note Jackie said that she felt there was too much trouble in the world for there to be any point in living.  
AMY: Selfish.  
ROBERT: Maybe her death will make a difference.  
AMY: Only that there's one less person in the world to stand behind in any lines.  
ROBERT: You are a cold-hearted bitch.  
AMY: No, I'm realistic. Look, she's been dead three days. I'll admit, the first day I was as upset and shocked as anyone else. I mean, dead at 17.  
MATT: Me, too. I was really upset. Only the old are supposed to die.  
AMY: Exactly, but then, a couple days go by. At first, it was all anyone talked about. Now, here we are at her funeral and we're making summer plans.  
ROBERT: But don't you feel bad that you didn't take

the time to really know her?

**AMY:** No. But I do feel bad that she took the time away from me before I could get to know her. So, what's been accomplished by her dying?

**ROBERT:** I don't know. I've been thinking and thinking about why she would do this.

**AMY:** I'll tell you what's been accomplished. Nothing. Oh, we'll all talk about it for a while; some, like you, even longer than just a while.

**MATT:** But, like she says, life goes on.

**AMY:** You know what the saddest part is? Think about ten years from now, say at our high school reunion. I would bet that someone says "Remember that girl that killed herself?" She'll be "that girl." And the only people that really care, her family, are left with nothing but wondering what they did wrong.

**ROBERT:** So, in other words, she lived for nothing, and she died for nothing.

**MATT:** It sure seems as if she died for nothing, because nothing will change, everyone still goes on.

**AMY:** But did she live for nothing? We'll never know, will we? She never gave herself a chance.

**ROBERT:** I wish I could have said something to her.

**AMY:** I wonder if it would have made a difference.

**MATT:** Like you said, who knows?

**AMY:** You ready to go?

**MATT:** Anytime you are.

**AMY:** Then let's go.

**ROBERT:** Hey, wait up.

**AMY:** You coming with us?

**ROBERT:** Yeah. I'm going with you.

**AMY:** *(Putting her arm around him)* I knew you would. C'mon.

## GRADUATION

**EDDY:** A high school senior, happily anticipating college acceptances. Feels he has a clear idea of where he is headed.

**MARCIE:** Also a high school senior, has decided on a different path than Eddy and is now making it known to him.

**SETTING:** This scene can take place wherever the director chooses. Be sure that the actors have a specific task to complete while they are acting this scene.

**EDDY:** It's here, it's here.

**MARCIE:** What?

**EDDY:** My college acceptance. Yes!!

**MARCIE:** Where'd you apply?

**EDDY:** Everywhere, but I want Stanford, and I got it.

**MARCIE:** Wow, Stanford. I am impressed.

**EDDY:** As well you should be. *(Grabbing her and dancing her around the room.)*

**MARCIE:** Eddy, what are you doing?

**EDDY:** Dancing out my happiness. *(He leans her back in a deep dip.)*

**MARCIE:** Listen, Fred Astaire, put me down. *(He does)* So I can assume from this ridiculous display of joy that you are pleased with this?

**EDDY:** *(Kissing the letter)* My acceptance to Stanford. *(Dancing happily around the room, sing-song the following)* I am going to Stanford. I am going to Stanford. I won't be stuck going to a junior college.

**MARCIE:** Eddy, please, that's enough.

**EDDY:** Did yours come yet?

**MARCIE:** Uh, no . . .

**EDDY:** *(Suddenly embarrassed)* Oh, Marcie, I wouldn't worry. I mean with your GPA, you'll get in.

**MARCIE:** I wouldn't count on it.