Libby Pearce Drinks

By Tim Mogford

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DEDICATION

For Maria, Hannah and Molly, who knew I could.

STORY OF THE PLAY

A teenage girl has been arrested after a car accident and charged with DUI. Four of her peers who were with her earlier that night arrive at the small-town police station. Julie, restlessly belligerent, is frustrated with Lindsay, who waits silent and brooding. Soon, Erin, who is impulsive, and Jen, a natural follower, join them. The girls wait anxiously, speculating about what the police already know … and what they will find out.

A series of admissions and revelations force the girls to re-evaluate themselves and their role in the events, as an already tense situation becomes ever more serious and significant. *Libby Pearce Drinks* examines, in a gripping and highly realistic way, the issues of responsibility and relationships, as seen through the prism of a teenage alcohol prank which goes awry.

ORIGINAL PERFORMANCE

The play was first presented at the Bucks County (PA) Playhouse Secondary Schools Drama Festival, on May 3, 2007. The play won the following awards:

Best Production
Outstanding Actress Award (Abbie Richards as Julie)
Excellence in Acting Awards (to the actresses playing Lindsay, Erin and Jen)

The original cast was as follows:
JULIE: Abbie Richards
LINDSAY: Lynsey Graeff
ERIN: Jamie Weist
JEN: Jenne Gampe

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(4 w)

JULIE: A high school junior or senior like the others. Julie is a restlessly belligerent girl. Underneath her intimidating exterior, however, lies a volatile, more disturbing core.

LINDSAY: The most mature and reflective of the group, Lindsay's habitual calm has been shaken by recent events into a brooding, troubled silence.

ERIN: Impulsive and garrulous, Erin often acts and speaks before she thinks. She is quick to follow, and equally quick to doubt herself.

JEN: Anxious and impressionable, Jen is a natural follower. As the play unfolds, however, she reveals another side no one knew was there.

SETTING

The play takes place in a nondescript waiting area in a small-town police station. Two chairs and a coffee table with magazines were used in the original production.

A NOTE ON LANGUAGE

Some of the language in the show is adult in nature. It is meant to be realistic in the way teens speak, especially when under pressure and fearful. Adjustments can be made to fit your community standards.

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(AT RISE: The waiting room of a police station. LINDSAY is seated, USC. Her face is away from the audience. JULIE is pacing, picking up and replacing the magazines which lie on the basic low wooden table.)

JULIE: *(Her manner is restless, belligerent.)* Well? *(LINDSAY does not look up.)* You're weird. *(Pause.)* I don't know what your problem is. I don't have a problem. *(Picks up a chair and pulls it to Lindsay.)* Aren't you going to say anything? It's bad enough they waste our time by calling us here. Now I got to deal with you and your stupid moody silence. *(Pause.)* That's what it is – right? *(Pause.)* Moody bitch. *(Pause.)* Is it that time of the month? Am I talking to your PMS, Lindsay?

(Finally she gets a reaction. LINDSAY turns, with a derisive snort. Almost looks at Julie – she seems on the verge of saying something, but does not. Turns away again.)

JULIE: *(Continued.)* Screw you then. I don't know what your problem is.

(Enter ERIN, flushed with nervous excitement. She pauses a little at the door, sensing the tension.)

ERIN: What's her problem?
JULIE: *(Relaxing back in the chair.)* She's a moody bitch, PMS, boyfriend dumped her, cat died, she crashed the car, Mommy was mean, whatever. Who cares? What's your news?
ERIN: *(A nervous smile.)* Same as yours, I guess.
JULIE: *(Her smile is forming.)* I dunno. What'd you hear?
ERIN: They arrested her? *(A guilty, snorted chuckle.)*
JULIE: Yep. *(SHE leans forward, a note of triumph.)* DUI. She hit some car.
ERIN: *(Moving forward with shocked delight.)* Oh, my God.

JULIE: Yeah – no shit. Like at 1 this morning.
ERIN: Oh man, that must've been ….
JULIE: Yeah – she didn't get that far, did she?
ERIN: Oh, man …. *(A nervous giggle.)* I can't *believe* it.
JULIE: Yeah. Kind of just gets better, right?
ERIN: Have you seen her?
JULIE: No, 'course not.
ERIN: Did you talk to her?
JULIE: No - *(A note of irritation.)* – what do you care?
ERIN: Well – I just … how did you find out?
JULIE: Same way as you, I'm sure. Jen can't keep her mouth shut.
ERIN: I guess her mom talked to … *(The name will not come out.)* … the mom….
JULIE: Yeah. I wish I'd heard that … can you *imagine*? You know how stuck *up* she is.
ERIN: "Not *my* little angel," right?
JULIE: Oh, God … can you *imagine*?
ERIN: Yeah – that must've been a real shock ….

(There is an awkward pause.)

JULIE: Well, I guess now she gets it.
ERIN: Yeah. I guess she does.
JULIE: That was the point, right?
ERIN: Yeah, I *know* ….
JULIE: Well, it kinda feels like you might be … you know….
ERIN: What?
JULIE: Feeling, like *bad* for her ….
ERIN: No!
JULIE: I mean, the drink was *your* idea ….
ERIN: *(Uneasy with this.)* Yeah – I know ….
JULIE: I just said *embarrass* her … wait till she was asleep and then take *pictures* ….
ERIN: I *know*, Julie.
JULIE: *You* said put vodka in her drink ….
ERIN: Julie, I *know* ….
JULIE: And I don't remember you telling me to stop, either, Erin.

ERIN: Yes, but –
JULIE: But – what?
ERIN: Nothing.

(Another pause.)

ERIN: Oh, God … can you *imagine*? Like, being in the *car*?
JULIE: *(Mocking.)* Oh, officer, officer, please … I've never done *anything* before ….
ERIN: I'm a little *angel*, officer.
JULIE: I have straight A's, officer.
ERIN: Don't tell my mommy, officer.
JULIE: *My* shit doesn't stink, officer.

(Enter JEN, flushed. She has been hurrying and is nervous.)

JEN: Oh, my *God*!
ERIN: I *know*!
JULIE: Could this have gone any *better*?
JEN: Julie, they *arrested* her – I told you - her mom called my mom this morning … she was *drunk* – she hit a *car*….
JULIE: So?
JEN: So they know I was … we were with her last night. They know we –
ERIN: Oh, Jen, relax.
JULIE: Yeah, Jen, relax. What's the big problem?
JEN: What's the *problem*? Julie – you put vodka in her….
JULIE: So?
JEN: So … she's underage … so the police will ….
JULIE: They'll what, Jen? Tell her she's a naughty girl? Throw her in jail? Shoot her? What do *you* care?
ERIN: As far as they know, she *chose* to drink and drive.
JULIE: Sure – why would they think any different?
JEN: Why would they …?
ERIN: Did she *see* Julie do it?
JULIE: It was *your* idea, Erin.
ERIN: Oh, I know ….
JEN: Well, I guess she didn't ….

End of Freeview

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