

ECHOES & WANDER

Script Samples

ECHOES

NOA advances to MALLORY, a girl around 16 years old. She's wearing something any teenager would wear to school, except she only has one shoe on. She's sitting, fidgeting with a heart shaped locket in her hands.

NOA

What's in there?

MALLORY just kind of stares at NOA.

MALLORY

Are you... *talking*... to me?

NOA

Sorry. I uh, didn't mean to like pry or anything I just—

MALLORY

No, I'm sorry I'm not trying to be rude, just.... Haven't really talked to anyone since I...

NOA

Oh.

MALLORY

Sorry.

NOA

You're new, right?

MALLORY
(mock joy)

...Three months.

A pause.

MALLORY

You can sit if you want.

NOA does, she looks at MALLORY, beginning to recognize her. A silence holds.

NOA

... Mallory. Right? We went to school together.

MALLORY

Oh. Yeah. You're right. Your brother's Trevor.

NOA

(with a small chuckle)

Unfortunately.

MALLORY

Yeah. We were in SGA together. He would always offer to help me clean up and stuff. He seemed sweet. I wish I had gotten to know him better.

NOA

Yeah.

A silence holds.

NOA

Trevor didn't tell me, um – I haven't heard much about like...

MALLORY

It's okay. I don't think *anyone* really talked about it, so...

NOA

What? Weren't you like the literal president of SGA? And like the lead in the musical? Everyone knew you at school. I would think you *dying* would be significant enough for people to have talked about it.

MALLORY

Well. They don't.

NOA

Really??

MALLORY

I mean, I don't really know for sure I guess, but... At the funeral. The wake... I seriously couldn't believe how many people came. I mean like, I knew people *liked* me, I guess, but I didn't realize until I actually saw them all there. All these people talking about me and my life, and weirdly, it was kind of nice? ...You know, I used to be terrified of dying. When I was in third grade, I was on the bus, and outside my window I saw this car hit this old woman on the sidewalk. And after that I remember being just absolutely terrified to do anything. I couldn't even like, go outside, at all for weeks. I refused to go to school, to dance, to soccer because I was so petrified of dying that I wouldn't even leave my room. But when *it* happened, to me, and when I was at my funeral, I felt like, at *peace* for some reason, which was just like... I don't know. Uh. Sorry, the funeral, so, my mom has a little speech in my honor, and then my dad, and then other family, and then my boyfriend goes up to talk. And in the middle of it, I kinda start to hear this yelling and screaming, from the room over. I see my uncle go outside to check what was going on, and he opens the door and this woman just barges in. And she's screaming like a maniac, saying like, "That stupid little—killed my Anthony. This is all her fault. *She* took *my* Anthony." She thought I was texting and driving, she— she thought it was *my* fault, but I—

NOA

Sorry, I mean... Wasn't it?

MALLORY
(*soul crushed*)

... What?

NOA
(*Contemplating whether to speak*)

You were... texting and driving...?

MALLORY

Is this a joke or something? I- I haven't spoken to anyone in months and if you are trying to like, prank me right now, it really isn't funny.

NOA

I— I'm confused.

MALLORY

Are people saying it was... *My fault*?

NOA hesitantly pulls out her phone, to show MALLORY an article.

NOA
(reading)

Here, um... "Quarterback hit by distracted driver. High school sophomore, Mallory Cain, struck and killed star quarterback, Anthony Walters, in a texting and driving accident last Thursday night, at around 6:07 pm. Investigators say that Cain was on her cell phone while driving, and—"

MALLORY grabs NOA's phone.

MALLORY

Wait, wait you're *serious*....?

NOA

Yeah. That's what the-

MALLORY

That's not true.

NOA

What do you-

MALLORY

No, no. I wasn't on my phone... That's fucking bullshit.

NOA

Uh-

MALLORY
(in shock)

No. No. My- my phone was dead. I- I was driving home from musical rehearsal to go get my charger before we did our final dress run. I- What- People are saying that *I* did this? I don't- He hit *me*. *He* was looking down. *He* blew a red light. How did this-

NOA

Fuck. Isn't his dad a cop?

A pause.

MALLORY

Oh my god.

Beat.

MALLORY

Fuck.

Beat.

MALLORY

That's why everyone goes to visit him instead of me. That's why no one's talking about it. That's why there were always police here telling people to leave... Oh my god. My parents. My sister. They all think I. Do they..? Oh my god... Do people hate me?

A pause.

MALLORY

Please don't answer that.

NOA

I'm so sorry. I didn't know that it wasn't... I thought it was your fa...

*NOA stares at her, not knowing what to say.
MALLORY sees that NOA is now
uncomfortable.*

NOA

I'm sorry.

Beat.

MALLORY

...There's nothing in the locket by the way. It was part of my costume from the show, I just forgot to take it off before I left.

NOA

Oh.

*MALLORY grabs the locket. Fidgeting with
it. A pause.*

MALLORY

Sorry, do you mind just going-

NOA

Yeah. I'm sorry. I'll go. I'm sorry.

WANDER

PETER

Moment #4: You were playing...

SOFIA

Monopoly.

PETER

Against...

SOFIA

My friend Noa.

PETER

And she told you that you needed a...

SOFIA

Lobotomy.

PETER stops writing and looks to SOFIA.

SOFIA

We weren't always friends! It was actually pretty bad for a while. We were both like, *die-hard* Monopoly players so we were like, battling each other to the death basically, and we kept calling each other names, and I dumped my whole water bottle on her, and we had to have this huge intervention, and—

SOFIA notices a concerned look on PETER's face.

SOFIA

Why don't you see for yourself?

SOFIA steps into the scene, putting on glasses and sitting across from NOA. NOA is sitting, arms crossed. CLUB LEADER sits between them.

NOA

But she called me a cheat/er!!

SOFIA

BECAUSE YOU ARE!!! YOU STOLE FROM / THE *BANK*.

NOA

I DID NOT *STEAL* FROM THE *BANK*! YOU'RE A LIAR.

SOFIA

Well *you're* a cheater.

NOA

Well *you're*... blind.

SOFIA

WELL *YOU* CHEATED! YOU / LITERALLY ACTUALLY CHEATED.

CLUB LEADER

GIRLS. GIRLS. Look. I know you two are very serious about this game. I see the passion. I see the hard work. But it is unacceptable to act upon your frustrations in harmful ways!

NOA

Harmful *how*?

CLUB LEADER

(handing her a paper)

Noa, can you please read the note that you just handed Sofia?

NOA

(deadpan)

"Sofia, you are a disgusting ugly cheating freak bitch, I trained my whole life for this and you are trying to steal it from me. I hope you impale yourself in the eyes with your glasses and give yourself a lobotomy so that—"

SOFIA

I don't even know what a lobotomy is.

NOA

It means that you're crazy and need someone to shove a pole in your brain and scramble it around to make you normal, DUH.

SOFIA

Oh... Well, are you sure *you* don't need one of those?

CLUB LEADER

GIRLS. Cut it out. If you two want to continue being in this club, I need to see that you guys can be team players, all right? Sofia, can you apologize to Noa?

SOFIA

WHAT DID I DO?! I DIDN'T BRING UP LOBOTOMIES!

CLUB LEADER

You dumped your entire bottle of water on her.

SOFIA

YEAH, IN SELF DEFENSE!

CLUB LEADER

Well, if you guys can't work this out then... I have no choice but to kick you out of the club.

BOTH

WHAT?!

The two girls yap about how unfair this is, making more accusations at each other. They're at each other's throats. For a while. CLUB LEADER tries to intervene and eventually has to physically get between them.

CLUB LEADER

HEY. HEY. HEY. Take it down to a two, girls, down to a two... Look, I don't *want* to have to remove you both. I've tried fostering healthy alternatives, but I just don't think you guys are... Are...

CLUB LEADER lets out a ridiculously loud sneeze. The girls look at each other, a temporary olive branch, but it lasts very briefly.

CLUB LEADER

Sorry. Allergies. Where was I? AH, apologies. Sofia?

SOFIA

FINE. I'm sorry I physically defended myself from your harmful, thoughtless, words.

NOA

Okay. And I'm sorry you're an idiot loser who needs a pole shoved up / your eye.

CLUB LEADER

OKAY! OKAY! Um, how about this: Noa, would you please say... something *nice* about Sofia?

NOA

Like what?

SOFIA picks up her water bottle to sip.

CLUB LEADER

About how... Ugh, I don't know... How funny she is, or how *pretty* she is, or something?

NOA

(sneering, under her breath)

Oh. Well, I don't know if *you* should be saying that about her.

SOFIA spits out her water and starts laughing.

CLUB LEADER

What was that?

NOA

Oh, I just said that... I *should* tell her that she's pretty! Sofia, you are very pretty.

SOFIA

Thank you, Noa. So are you.

CLUB LEADER

GREAT! OH, GOOD, this is excellent progress, girls! I really, ah– ah–

CLUB LEADER sneezes again, this time into a hankie, facing the back.

SOFIA

God bless.

CLUB LEADER turns around, nose and face all bloody. The girls try to contain their laughter.

CLUB LEADER

(sniffing)

GOD! This pollen is crazy. Wow–

NOA

Uh, sir, you have a little?

CLUB LEADER

A little what?

SOFIA

Here. I can show you.

SOFIA takes out her phone and takes a picture of him, and shows it to him.

CLUB LEADER

OH MY GOD! JESUS! THE FLOODGATES ARE OPEN! THE FLOODGATES ARE OPEN! I—I gotta— You two stay here while I— Oh, GOD! OH GOD!!

He sneezes again as he exits. The two sit there, finally able to let out a laugh.

NOA

He is *such* a freak.

SOFIA

Tell me about it.

NOA

I didn't even know you could get a nosebleed from sneezing!

SOFIA

Me either! Maybe it's just him.

NOA

It's definitely just him.

They laugh. SOFIA pulls out the photo of him. They poke fun together. Almost like they aren't sworn enemies... suspicious. A short beat. SOFIA sticks out her hand.

SOFIA

Truce?

NOA is suspicious.

SOFIA

Look. We're both smart. We're both funny. And we're both really good at Monopoly. We could make each other better! We could be like, *invincible*. We could take over the world together, one Monopoly game at a time! What do you think?

NOA spits in her hand.

SOFIA

HEY, HEY, you could have just said no!

NOA

What?! No. That's how you truce, right?

SOFIA

EW! What are you talking about?!

NOA

My brother told me it's not official if you don't spit on it! Right? And shake?!

A pause. She ponders.

NOA

...He is kinda weird though. Uh, we don't have to if you think it's—

SOFIA concedes and spits.

BOTH

(shaking hands)

Truce.

SOFIA walks back up to PETER's office with the glasses, laughing.

SOFIA

We were literally inseparable after that. I'm sure everyone was confused about how we went from sending each other literal actual death threats to hanging out every day after school, but I wouldn't have changed a thing.

PETER

Mmm... A spit shake though?

SOFIA

Yeah?

PETER
That's so unsanitary.

SOFIA
Sorry, are you the WHO?

PETER
Am I *who*? I'm Peter. Are you that bad with names?

SOFIA
No. I know your name, I said "Are you *the WHO*?"

PETER
Am I WHO?

SOFIA
THE WHO. The World Health Organization. WHO.

PETER
Oh. Ohhhh. No. I work for OOPMA, we've been over this.

SOFIA
Forget it.

PETER
Way ahead of you!

They ask for the next number.