

ME, MY SELFIE AND I

Written by

Jonathan Dorf

Cast of Characters

AARON (or ERIN), a teen.

An ENSEMBLE of a minimum of six performers to play a wide assortment of teenage characters in the vignette scenes.

Unless specified, characters may be of any gender--just update the pronouns as needed.

It is possible to do the play with a cast of six if necessary. In this case, the actor playing Aaron could participate in the vignette scenes, but it shouldn't be as Aaron; try to make the actor's other roles look substantially different.

Order of Scenes

Selfie, Take 1
 Free Fallin, Part 1
 We're On a Mission
 PowerPoint
 The Man in the Mirror
 Election
 Selfie, Take 2
 Ice Cream
 First Date?
 Selfie with Santa
 M.I.A.
 Selfie, Take 3
 Free Fallin', Part 2
 Food Fight
 And Now, A Word from Our Sponsors
 The Mirror Never Lies...Much
 Art
 Selfie, Take 4
 Dolphin
 Watermelon Face-Plant
 Free Fallin, Part 3
 Selfie, Take 5

Production Notes

Feel free to swap in text in [brackets] as appropriate.

SELFIE, TAKE 1

The ENSEMBLE is on stage. They're trying to selfie. In these choral moments, each new line should be said by a new speaker, unless specified otherwise.

ENSEMBLE MEMBERS

Wait--are we doing funny faces or no?
Serious for once.
Funny is funnier.
Someone's a future rocket scientist.
("Funny is funnier" kid:)
I might be, just to prove I could.
One funny, one serious?
Never do just one.
Two funny, two serious then.
Could we do it already?
Yeah--pics or it didn't happen.

AARON (or ERIN) has been there all along. There should be something a little different about him, perhaps in the costuming.

AARON

Pictures and we live forever.

ENSEMBLE MEMBERS

Is this about to get deep?
He's going deep!

ENSEMBLE MEMBERS

A selfie's just a selfie.
This might be the last time we're all together.
Whoa. Now I'm sad.
It's true.
("Now I'm sad" kid:)
Yeah, but you don't have to say it. If you don't say it, it's--
-
Still gonna happen.
("Last time" kid:)
I wasn't saying it to be all depressing.
Fail.
("Last time" kid:)
I'm just saying we should make it good. Just in case--
("Now I'm sad" kid:)
Don't say it.
OK--how do we make this the best selfie of all time?
How 'bout on top of a skyscraper?
Where we gonna find a skyscraper?
Cliff?

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AARON

Too soon.

ENSEMBLE MEMBERS

Sorry.

(Beat. To Aaron:)

How are you even here if you're--

("Now I'm sad" kid:)

Don't say it!

AARON

(Pointing to his head:)

I think I'm here.

ENSEMBLE MEMBERS

Too deep.

Yeah. I can't swim.

Selfie ideas, people: Go.

What about in our underwear?

Nobody wants to see you in your underwear.

("Underwear" kid:)

How do you know?

Perv.

Human pyramid.

If by human pyramid you mean all of us falling on our butts,
sure, that'll work.

This has to be the best.

Everybody think.

They all assume Rodin's "The
Thinker" pose.

ENSEMBLE MEMBER

(Looking around at everyone
frozen as "The Thinker":)

What about like this?

(The others:)

Nah.

The lights shift, as all but
Aaron leave the stage or
disappear into the background.

FREE FALLIN', PART 1

Aaron is alone on stage.

AARON

They say at the moment of your death your life flashes before your eyes. I am so getting that right now. Mostly I'm getting a lot of tacos, but I really like tacos and I eat them all the time, so I'm not surprised.

(Beat.)

Let's back up. Do you ever have one of those days where everything is completely normal, boring--like your brain is on auto-pilot it's so been there, done that. And then boom. Your life just changed completely, and is this really happening? A second ago, it was every other day and now your brain is flipping through pictures of your mom and dad and Brianna [Brian], that girl [guy] you're kinda dating and this random pug that you saw squeezing out some business on the sidewalk and tacos--tacos filled with pork and beef and fish and even those ridiculous little sampler size tacos for hipsters that are like an insult to real tacos--and you're wondering why you didn't take that selfie two feet farther from the edge.

(Beat.)

And part of me's like, "Brianna, I just fell off a cliff for you--you'd better be impressed." But just a small part, because my brain is literally splitting into four tracks at once. Track one is screaming

(Making the "bleep" sound as indicated:)

bleep bleep bleep, or at least that's what it would sound like on network TV. Track two is my parents, my little sister who's annoying as

(Makes the "bleep" again:)

bleep, but I still love her even when she flushes my math homework down the toilet--really, she wanted to see if all paper was like toilet paper--my gramps and grams and that girl Brianna [boy Brian] that I might kinda be dating. Track three is the "all tacos, all the time" track. And track four is a laugh track. Seriously. Like it's listening in on the other tracks, especially the first one--because it apparently finds that one hilarious--and laughing at all of the right moments and, well...all the wrong ones too. Which is getting really awkward and uncomfortable fast. And louder. A whole lot louder.

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WE'RE ON A MISSION

Two TEENS at an upscale restaurant, crawling on the ground.

FIRST TEEN

Just a little closer.

SECOND TEEN

This is so wrong on so many levels.

FIRST TEEN

People do it all the time.

SECOND TEEN

That doesn't make it right.

FIRST TEEN

Just a few more steps.

SECOND TEEN

Steps?

FIRST TEEN

Crawls.

SECOND TEEN

How has nobody said anything?

FIRST TEEN

We're blending. People are too busy enjoying their lobster crusted steak or whatever they're eating. That and I slipped the waiter a Lincoln.

SECOND TEEN

A five?

FIRST TEEN

It's all I had. He said he was gonna be making a tableside Caesar for four minutes and fifteen seconds, but after that, if he looked down and saw us, he was gonna have us thrown in the dumpster.

SECOND TEEN

The-- Thrown in the--

FIRST TEEN

Oh. I think he also said he was gonna call the police.

SECOND TEEN

Not the dumpster then.

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FIRST TEEN

After the dumpster. We are kinda stalking.

SECOND TEEN

Why did I let you talk--

FIRST TEEN

Because you know that [pick a current music star] is my life.
And being my best friend--

SECOND TEEN

I'm your best friend?

FIRST TEEN

Who else would--

SECOND TEEN

Amber [Artie].

FIRST TEEN

Is Amber [Artie] getting rug burns on her [his] knees,
helping me achieve that one moment of total bliss that will
come from a selfie with [first name of star]? Heck no.

SECOND TEEN

So we have four minutes and fifteen seconds before the wait--

FIRST TEEN

I heard someone call him Robert.

SECOND TEEN

Before Robert has us thrown in the dumpster and calls the
cops.

FIRST TEEN

More like three now. Or two and a half. Oh no--they just
brought back his credit card.

SECOND TEEN

He's signing.

FIRST TEEN

His friend is getting up.

SECOND TEEN

It's OK. We'll cut them off. There's only one route from his
table to the door.

FIRST TEEN

Twenty feet. We can totally crawl twenty feet. We can do
this.

They crawl at a furious pace.

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SECOND TEEN

Yes, we can.

(Beat.)

What's wrong with that woman?

FIRST TEEN

Which woman?

SECOND TEEN

The one who's all--

The Second Teen makes snorting,
coughing, choking sounds.

FIRST TEEN

That seems kind of rude at a nice restaurant.

The First Teen alters trajectory.

FIRST TEEN

Forty-five degree turn. Go.

SECOND TEEN

(Figuring it out:)

I think she's choking.

FIRST TEEN

I knew geometry wasn't totally worthless. Wait--what?

SECOND TEEN

She's definitely choking.

(Beat.)

What do we do?

FIRST TEEN

That waiter in the corner will help her. He sees her.

SECOND TEEN

He's getting [star's first name]'s coat.

FIRST TEEN

No no no this can't be happening.

SECOND TEEN

I took that weekend course at the Y.

FIRST TEEN

How fast can you save her?

They crawl toward a table just
offstage and then stand.

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SECOND TEEN

(Exiting toward the table:)

Ma'am, I know this looks weird, but I'm going to save you.

The lights flicker. It's now
shortly afterward. Both teens are
back onstage and look stuffed
with food.

FIRST TEEN

His [Her] music changed my life. I'll probably never be that
close again. I just wanted one picture.

SECOND TEEN

Lady's gonna live. It was nice of her to buy us dinner--

FIRST TEEN

I'm gonna die.

SECOND TEEN

-and selfie with us.

SECOND TEEN

(Beat.)

No you won't. You still got the music, right?

POWERPOINT

The POWERPOINT TEEN stands in front of a PowerPoint--or similar--projection. The images described could project on a screen or just be somewhere unseen.

POWERPOINT TEEN

So I decided to selfie every day for 30 days. Well, mostly I decided I didn't want to fail Health and Human Development. But this is good. I'm taking stock. I'm checking in where I am--as a human being. And like literally where I am.

(Beat.)

I'm glad I did it. Here are some highlights.

(Image:)

Me with my huge group of close personal friends.

(New image:)

Me at work winning employee of the month--again.

(New image:)

Me being adored by my parents. Notice the look of extreme envy on my little brother's face.

(Beat.)

But of course, I don't want to limit things to my immediate circle, and I want to show me doing more than just being the life of the party.

(New image:)

Me helping a little old lady across the street. Yeah, I know you're thinking it's cliché, but I like to think of it as an oldie but a goodie.

(New image:)

That's me and the cat I rescued from...wait for it...yeah, I know the cat in a tree is another--let's just call it a classic.

(New image:)

But this one...I bet you weren't expecting me to go all Batman [Wonder Woman] on that guy. The mask is there to protect my identity, of course, and everyone in this room...

(Puts a finger to his lips:)

Shhhhh.

(New image:)

This is me after they signed a "global framework for the cessation of hostilities." We call that a peace treaty. You'll hear about that soon.

(Like a rapper, with the requisite stereotypical, exaggerated gestures:)

Yo. Peace.

(Back to himself:)

It sounded a lot funnier in my head. I also looked a lot cooler doing it. Moving on:

(New image, perhaps with a giant fishing net, garbage bag, flippers:)

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POWERPOINT TEEN (CONT'D)

Here I am doing my part to clean up that giant floating landfill in the Pacific. Yup. That is real. Another 100,000 trips and

(Striking a pose:)

Earth, I got you.

(Back to himself:)

I don't know where that came from.

(Beat.)

I don't know where any of this came from. It's not me. My life isn't interesting--not to you. Mostly not even to me. I haven't done anything. I don't do anything. At least nothing worth lasting forever. I go to school. I go home. Do my homework. Work a little on the weekends. Hang with friends. Mostly two or three people really. When I'm lucky. Even when I do go out with as many people as are in that first photo, I just stay in the background. It's like whatever picture I'm in, I fade.

(New image, with the teen barely visible in the background:)

That's a real selfie. There I am. That's me. Invisible.

(Beat.)

I'm not OK with it, but I'm too afraid to change it.

THE MAN IN THE MIRROR

MIRROR BOY, teen boy in a muscle T, poses in front of the BOY'S MIRROR, which could be the pre-recorded voice of that same actor, or played by another actor wearing a mask of Mirror Boy's face. Mirror Boy does a "double bicep" pose.

MIRROR BOY

Do you think girls are gonna go for this?

BOY'S MIRROR

I'm just the mirror.

MIRROR BOY

I know, but you've seen me for the last few months.

BOY'S MIRROR

Seen you for way longer than that.

MIRROR BOY

You know what I mean. Since I've been bodybuilding.

BOY'S MIRROR

Is that what you call it?

MIRROR BOY

Fine. Working out.

BOY'S MIRROR

OK--that's fair.

MIRROR BOY

(Doing a "most muscular" pose:)

So?

BOY'S MIRROR

That looks painful.

MIRROR BOY

It is. And hard to take a picture while you're doing it.

Mirror Boy releases the pose.

BOY'S MIRROR

Hmm...

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MIRROR BOY
(Pulling up shirt to show off
his abs:)
Or what about this?

BOY'S MIRROR
Better than it was.

MIRROR BOY
Better than it was.
(Beat.)
But not good?

BOY'S MIRROR
If you say so.

MIRROR BOY
What do you say?

BOY'S MIRROR
If you think about it, I say what you say.

MIRROR BOY
So if I say which pic should I post--

BOY'S MIRROR
Which pic do you want to post?

MIRROR BOY
And should I do a shirtless...?

BOY'S MIRROR
Do you want to?

MIRROR BOY
This isn't helpful.

BOY'S MIRROR
Who are you taking pictures for?

MIRROR BOY
(Beat.)
I don't know.

BOY'S MIRROR
Maybe if you answer that, you'll know how to answer the other
ones.

ELECTION

A STUDENT CANDIDATE speaks to an assembly.

STUDENT CANDIDATE

So everyone, I want you to turn to the person next to you. I don't care how well you know them. Selfie with them. If you don't have your phone, take a pretend selfie. I don't care if you like them. For this one moment, you are together. That's what I want for this school every moment. For us all to be together. Because we are--whether we like it or not. And if we all say, "Yeah, I'm gonna make the best of it. I'm gonna make every moment just like that time I hugged my neighbor with the questionable skin and the big league B.O. and selfied," maybe we'll all get through this alive.

(Beat.)

Thanks, and, uh, vote for me. I'm also campaigning on a platform of more dances, better food and all the stuff everybody else says. OK...thanks.

SELFIE, TAKE 2

The kids from the ongoing selfie.

ENSEMBLE MEMBERS

It needs a theme.
No. More like a look.
It needs to make a statement.
Can the statement not be "we're weirdos"?
Also, not "we're losers."
We should dress up like dead Presidents.
(A non-male or ensemble
member of color:)
I don't want to be some dead white guy.

AARON

I don't want to be dead.

Beat.

ENSEMBLE MEMBERS

We should be a rock band.
I hate rock.
A musical act.
A guy with an accordion is a musical act.
Yeah. Not going there.
Accordions are hot.
Oh yeah? I think I got an accordion some-
I've got it--we should dress up as our spirit animal.
How are we supposed to know our spirit animal?
(*"Spirit animal" kid*)
You don't know your spirit animal?
Can we dress as our patronus instead?

AARON

I think we're thinking about this wrong.

ENSEMBLE MEMBER

How should we be thinking about it?

AARON

A selfie is supposed to represent *us*.

ENSEMBLE MEMBERS

Which version? Highlight us or real us?
Everybody does highlight.
I don't.
(*To "I don't" kid:*)
Is that why every pic you post is #amazing?
(*"I don't" kid:*)
It is not.
(*Beat. "I don't" kid:*)
Maybe I just like the word "amazing."

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ENSEMBLE MEMBERS (CONT'D)

(Beat. "I don't" kid:)

It's not like you don't do it too.

Beat as this sinks in.

AARON

We should be ourselves. Real us.

ENSEMBLE MEMBER

Does anybody know who that is? Like honestly.

A couple hands go up uncertainly.

ENSEMBLE MEMBERS

Some days.

Kinda.

Mostly not.

Can't I figure that out after I graduate?

This is gonna be a long day.

ICE CREAM

JENNA, or JAMES.

JENNA

So we're coming out of the ice cream parlor, and I'm trying to selfie with my double of Rocky Road and chocolate chip--I never get a double, but every time you go to Marty Malone's you can get your card stamped, and after the tenth time you get a free double. Gotta love the customer loyalty program, and I am a loyal customer.

(Beat.)

So everybody else--it's like me and Jason and Jose and Janine and Jelicia [or feel free to use the real names of actors from the ensemble]--has started to walk, but I can't walk and ice cream selfie at the same time, so I'm a little behind. And this man comes up to me. Not like stranger danger comes up to me--just walks up and asks if I can help him out. I'm pretty sure he's homeless, 'cause of his shoes--you can tell from the shoes and the bottom of the pants. That's what my dad says. He says he's hungry--the guy, not my dad--and can I help him.

(Beat.)

Does he want my ice cream cone? I'm not done taking a picture of it, and if I don't, it'll be like tonight--and the amazing time I'm pretending to have with all of my close friends who didn't even wait for me--didn't happen. And that's probably not a healthy dinner if that's all you're eating.

(Beat.)

I mumble "sorry" and take my ice cream selfie, trying to get all wrapped up in it so that he'll go away--and as I'm catching up with my sort of friends, I see this pizza place. More like a takeout window. And it's cheap, like a buck a slice [or whatever is cheap where you live] cheap, and it's just across the parking lot.

(Beat.)

And I finally turn back to this guy I was trying so hard to replace with a photo of me and my two scoops. Two slices--two bucks--two-fifty if he wants pepperoni--could get him dinner, and I am totally down to do this. But he's gone.

(Beat.)

It's not my fault he left, and I know it doesn't make me a terrible person. But right now, I'm not feeling like a good one.

FIRST DATE?

Two teens, MARK and ASHLEY, at a coffee shop with their laptops and books.

MARK

And that is how you lower carbon emissions in a Third World city to be named later twenty-five percent by 2040 [or an appropriate year for your production]. Boom.

ASHLEY

Well, if you had money and people who would actually do it.

MARK

Yeah. There's that.

ASHLEY

But boom.

MARK

If we get less than an A...

ASHLEY

We are so getting an A.

MARK

We should definitely be partners again.

ASHLEY

Definitely.

MARK

When?

(Verbalizing his interior monologue to the audience:)

What was that?

ASHLEY

Well, whenever we need partners again, I guess.

(Verbalizing her own:)

"Whenever"? That's a total blow-off.

MARK

(Verbalizing:)

Talk about the project.

ASHLEY

(Verbalizing:)

Say something nice.

MARK

(Verbalizing:)

You're good at talking about the project.

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MARK (CONT'D)

(To Ashley:)

The--what do you call the guys who pour the drinks?

ASHLEY

Baristas?

MARK

Yeah, the baristas are good here.

ASHLEY

Yeah.

MARK

(Verbalizing:)

Project! Not baristas. Project!

ASHLEY

(Verbalizing:)

"Yeah"? Seriously? Come on, Ashley!

(Beat. To Mark:)

I love the baristas here.

MARK

I learned a lot about the Third World.

ASHLEY

I love the Third World.

(Verbalizing:)

What?! Are you insane?!

MARK

(Verbalizing:)

Save this save this save this.

(To Ashley:)

Selfie?

ASHLEY

(Verbalizing:)

Oh no--what do I do?!

(To Mark:)

Heck yeah, selfie!

Until noted, the conversation
shifts back to the characters'
interior monologues.

MARK

Why did I say that?

ASHLEY

I can't believe I just said yes.

MARK

She's going to know.

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ASHLEY
He's going to know.

MARK
OK. Breathe.

ASHLEY
(Reassuring herself:)
You're good, Ashley. You're good.

MARK
Think of something else.

ASHLEY
What does my mom say? "Redirect your energy."

MARK
Wait--did she just smile at me?

ASHLEY
He does this weird thing when he's thinking.

MARK
Of course she smiled. We just finished the project.

ASHLEY
He puts his lips together and crinkles his nose and looks like a baboon. It's kind of adorable.

MARK
That was so not a "project is finished" smile.

ASHLEY
I think he likes me too.

MARK
I think she likes me too.

MARK & ASHLEY
(Beat.)
This is our first date!

MARK
And I'm wearing my aunt shirt!

ASHLEY
My face looks--

MARK
My great-aunt has no taste in shirts.

ASHLEY
Let's not call it a zit. Let's call it a "temporary imperfection."

MARK

I love her to death, but I've never met anybody with so much tacky stuff.

ASHLEY

A really imperfect imperfection.

MARK

I shouldn't pick out my clothes until I open my eyes all the way.

ASHLEY

If we use my phone, I could Photoshop [edit] that-

MARK

If I take it, I can Photoshop [edit] this shirt out.

ASHLEY AND MARK

(To each other:)

I'll take it.

ASHLEY

(To Mark:)

I think my phone has a better camera.

MARK

(To Ashley:)

They're both about the same, and I...

He waves his phone in the air to indicate that it's already out. Beat. Both are again in their heads until otherwise noted.

ASHLEY & MARK

I'm blowing it.

MARK

This is so gonna be my Waterford. Wait--that's my mom's china. Napoleon. Waterloo. Crap--I'm pretty sure I wrote Waterford on the test.

ASHLEY

Feasible, narcolepsy, eaglet. Sixth grade spelling bee words, go away. Barramundi.

MARK

At least I'm gonna get an A on this project.

ASHLEY

Crocodiles kill their prey by grabbing it in their jaws and twisting around and around, dragging it under the water and drowning it.

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MARK
And an A+ for ruining our first date.

ASHLEY
It's called a death roll.

MARK
Probably our last date.

ASHLEY
It seems slow and painful and horrible beyond all imagining.

MARK
I need to be bold. Mayday. Mayday.

ASHLEY
I am my own crocodile.

MARK
(To Ashley:)
Maybe...

ASHLEY
(To Mark:)
Yes...?

MARK
(To Ashley:)
I know we both want to selfie really bad.

ASHLEY
(Back in her head:)
Where's he going with this...?

MARK
(To Ashley:)
But if we do it before we present, we might jinx it.

ASHLEY
Jinx it?
(In her head:)
That totally works!

MARK
(In his head:)
Please don't hate me.

ASHLEY
(To Mark:)
Yeah. I think that makes sense.

ASHLEY	MARK
(In her head:)	(In his head:)
He's perfect!	She's perfect!

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SELFIE WITH SANTA

There's a line of KIDS and a SANTA--or least a guy dressed like one--who's taking each kid in turn on his lap.

SANTA

Nice!

FIRST KID

I want a doggie, and a kitty, and a horsey...

They selfie together, and a SECOND KID comes aboard Santa's lap.

SANTA

Nice!

SECOND KID

I want World of Warcraft, Grand Theft Auto, Resident Evil [feel free to sub in the games of the moment]...

They selfie. A THIRD KID gets on Santa's lap and offers a phone for a selfie.

SANTA

Naughty!

THIRD KID

But--

SANTA

Nope.

THIRD KID

Can we talk about this?

SANTA

Somebody get this little malcontent outta here.

THIRD KID

(As he's getting dragged off:)

I'm just gonna Photoshop you in!

(Almost off:)

So ha!

M.I.A.

LIZZIE, a teen girl.

LIZZIE

So let's say you have this friend. Dana. Yeah, let's call her Dana. You've known her since you were in kindergarten, and maybe she's not your very best friend, but she's pretty high on the list. Like if you're in a play, she always comes. Well, except for that time she had tonsillitis--and you go to her Science Olympiad, which is pretty huge considering you're sitting there for hours not understanding anything. But then summer comes, and I'm away, and she's away, and then...she's gone.

(Beat.)

I text her and she doesn't text back. I figure she's still away, but I try again three days later--which takes incredible willpower--and still nothing. "R U OK?" Nothing. At all.

(As Dana's voicemail:)

"Hi, this is Dana, you got me--don't got me--leave a fat, juicy message."

(As herself leaving a message:)

Hey, Dana--it's me. Everything good?

(No longer leaving a message:)

And then I Facebook stalk, but we're suddenly not friends. What?! And her Instagram [or social media platform of the moment] has selfies of her and her dog and some randoms and the last one is from yesterday, so what just happened here? It's like we...stopped. Dana, I'm not sure what's going on, but if I like did something--

(Beat.)

Nothing. And I know she's out there...living... She's got this whole series of dog selfies and I try liking and then even commenting. She likes all the other comments, but for some reason she's just decided that I don't exist. What did I do? And I'm replaying everything over and over trying to come up with a clue, something...

(Beat.)

And fall comes, and she's not back at school, but apparently she's bought a cat, and some people are kind of in touch and it hurts that I'm not one of some people, but there's nothing I can do about that. And I start to think, maybe it's not about me. I still don't understand why somebody would do that, but maybe it's time to stop trying to find out.

SELFIE, TAKE 3

The kids from the ongoing selfie.

ENSEMBLE MEMBERS

Forget the selfie. What we need is an epic adventure.
 Like...?
 I don't know. Paintball?
 That's epic?
 That's barely even fun.
 Don't hate on paintball.
 I got it--we walk from one end of [nearest big city] to the other.
 My mom would lose her mind.
 Don't tell her for once.
 We bowl. For 24 hours straight.
 Where on earth is there a 24-hour bowling alley?
 Camping?
 We do that anyway.
 You don't camp. You glamp.
 Still counts.
 Whitewater rafting.
 Don't know if that's an epic adventure.
 If it's Class 5 rapids.
 I'm not going on Class 5 rapids.
 We need something we can all do.
 Antiquing?
 That was a joke, right?
 Skydiving then.

AARON

Still too soon.

ENSEMBLE MEMBERS

Nothing that involves falling.

AARON

I support that.

ENSEMBLE MEMBERS

African safari.
 Yes! I can totally afford that in another hundred years.
 This is hopeless.
 Come on--we can't just sit here.
 Maybe that's us. Sitting here braindead doing nothing. Maybe that's the sum total of our high school years.

FREE FALLIN', PART 2

Aaron, from the earlier "falling" scene.

AARON

As I start to pick up speed--and you do--gravity is actually a thing--you just have to fall from high enough to notice it--suddenly all the noise fades away. And everything changes and it's like you know when the character in the movie goes back and sees younger them, only younger them can't see or hear them? It's kind of like that. And whoever put them together was going for maximum guilt. This is going to be a long few feet.

(Beat.)

I'm in this room. Well, not a room--more like a closet. But a big one. A storage closet. With a table. And I'm taking my physics final. Yep, good old self-paced physics. I've got an A in the class and the final's open notes, but there's this physics book back there. Because it's a storage closet and, well, it's being stored. I probably don't need the book, but there's a couple answers I'm not sure about...and it's there. I'm pretty sure I would've gotten an A on the final anyway, and I definitely still would've gotten an A for the class, but would I have gotten that perfect hundred...?

(Beat.)

And then the closet and the book are gone and it's dark. I'm in the school parking lot. I'm backing out in my car, and there's a car kind of behind me. Not like behind me behind me, but you know when you're like this

(Indicates vertical:)

and they're like

(Indicates horizontal:)

this? It'll come to me when I'm not falling off a cliff. Anyway, my car's kind of...safe. As in huge. And the car behind me isn't as far as it looks in the mirror. And there's this sort of scrape-scratch-bump-not quite crunch. I get out and look, and I guess 'cause it's dark, I don't see anything. It's the corner of the rear bumper on either car. I should've put my flashlight on, but I'm kind of freaked. I could've left a note, but like I said, it looks like no harm no foul. Only when I get home and see my car the next day, it's not bad, but it's not nothing either. And I have no idea whose car that was or even what it looked like.

(Beat.)

And then comes the next image. Arnulfo. Kid works full-time. No, not full-time. He slings burgers 39 hours a week so they don't have to give him benefits. And he gets all his homework done even if I swear he sleeps in his clothes sometimes. His dad is in Mexico still with his little brother and sister, and his mom works two and a half jobs to pay for their apartment, so Arnulfo's money goes to pay for their food and to send some back to Mexico. When all that's done, every week he's got like a couple bucks left over. As in two. Maybe.

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AARON (CONT'D)

I'd blow that on a latte. But he saves and saves, and finally he's got enough and he buys this little tablet. It's not top of the line or even new, but it's good enough and he's proud of it. And somebody steals it out of his locker the second day. I'm like 99 percent sure who did it, but I say nothing-- I guess because there's some code that says we're not supposed to. This middle part of the descent is a lot worse than the beginning.

FOOD FIGHT

Four TEENS at a table at a restaurant, a plate of chicken nuggets sitting in the center.

FIRST TEEN

This looks so amazing.

SECOND TEEN

I am so freakin' hungry.

THIRD TEEN

One sec.

FOURTH TEEN

(Knows what's coming:)

Should we get in it, or do you just want the food?

THIRD TEEN

It's not a selfie if we're not in it.

(Beat.)

One of us with the food, one of the food.

FIRST TEEN

I don't know--you might just want one of us and forget the food for once.

THIRD TEEN

Hello--food blogger here.

SECOND TEEN

Can we do this? I missed lunch.

THIRD TEEN

I should get the food first, then us with the food.

FIRST TEEN

Because how could you live without a photo of chicken nuggets.

THIRD TEEN

(Trying to take a picture of the food:)

The light is kind of sketch.

FOURTH TEEN

Do you want me to do that napkin thing again?

THIRD TEEN

That would rock.

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The Fourth Teen turns on the flashlight of her phone and illuminates the food through her napkin.

THIRD TEEN

Try doubling up the napkin.

The Fourth Teen does.

THIRD TEEN

That's better, but now it's kind of brighter on one side.

SECOND TEEN

Seriously?

FOURTH TEEN

What if Terry does it from the other side?

FIRST TEEN

Anything to get this over with.

The First Teen [Terry] does.

SECOND TEEN

Seriously. These are nuggets.

THIRD TEEN

These nuggets represent our friendship.

FOURTH TEEN

Do you want to be a shadowy, out-of-focus nugget?

THIRD TEEN

Exactly.

(To the Fourth Teen:)

You know me so well!

The Third Teen takes a photo and then checks the image.

THIRD TEEN

Got it.

(Beat.)

OK--what if we all bite into a nugget.

Everybody grabs a nugget and poses in mid-bite. The Third Teen takes a photo.

SECOND TEEN

We good?

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THIRD TEEN
 (Checking the photo, to the
 Fourth Teen:)

Alex, you're faking the bite.

SECOND TEEN

Seriously?

FOURTH TEEN

I told you I went vegetarian.

THIRD TEEN

When?

FOURTH TEEN

That's why I ordered the onion rings. I didn't want to make a thing out of it.

SECOND TEEN

Can we eat the nuggets already?

FIRST TEEN

Yeah. I'm hungry.

THIRD TEEN

Can you just bite into it a little?

FOURTH TEEN

It's chicken.

FIRST TEEN

That's questionable.

FOURTH TEEN

If I'm a vegetarian, I can't bite into chicken.

THIRD TEEN

You don't have to swallow.

FOURTH TEEN

Vegetarians don't bite into meat.

SECOND TEEN

I'm biting before it gets totally cold.

THIRD TEEN

Wait!

(To the Fourth Teen:)

If these nuggets are like our friendship--

FOURTH TEEN

Your words.

THIRD TEEN

--if the bite looks fake, what does that say about all the rest?

SECOND TEEN

(Biting into a nugget:)

Nothin' fake about this bite.

FIRST TEEN

(Biting:)

Yup. I'm all in.

THIRD TEEN

(Beat.)

Never mind.

SECOND TEEN

What? We were hungry.

FIRST TEEN

We gave 110% on those bites.

THIRD TEEN

Did you see me taking a picture? And what about Alex? I can hear the whispers starting now.

FOURTH TEEN

Whispers? What are you talking about?

THIRD TEEN

Do you remember Tyrone Hill?

FIRST TEEN

Who's Tyrone Hill?

THIRD TEEN

Exactly. He tanks on a burger selfie with Alice Williams, Murray Williams and Tina Williams--no relation--last spring. It starts with a few whispers. "What's up with Tyrone in that burger pic?" "Was Tyrone sick or something?" "He's not looking into it." Is Tyrone having an allergic reaction? And in under 24 hours, it's turned into this giant snowball of bad juju or mojo or karma--whatever. Tyrone blames the rest of them for starting it, they blame him, and there's so much shade going back and forth that he cancels all his social media accounts and some random kid is passing him in the hall and says something about a cheeseburger in a totally different conversation and the word is so toxic Tyrone blows giant chunks all over him. By the end of the week, not one person in that photo--or any of their friends--was speaking to him, and a week after that, he leaves school and he's never been heard from since. And what's worse, nobody else in that picture talks to each other anymore either. It's like that one little poisonous seed killed the tree.

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FOURTH TEEN

It's not like that.

THIRD TEEN

I'll bet Tyrone thought that too.

SECOND TEEN

Can we keep eating the nuggets?

FIRST TEEN

Yeah--we're true friends.

The Third Teen gestures to go
ahead. Beat.

FOURTH TEEN

The onion rings are still coming.

THIRD TEEN

You're just saying that.

FOURTH TEEN

No--I really ordered onion rings.

SECOND TEEN

(Beat.)

I'll still be hungry.

FIRST TEEN

Me too.

FOURTH TEEN

I could go all-in on those onion rings.

THIRD TEEN

Those rings could be our last chance.

FOURTH TEEN

I won't let you down.

AND NOW, A WORD FROM OUR SPONSORS

A COMMERCIAL KID pitches.

COMMERCIAL KID

I know you've seen those perfect people with their little extendable sticks, capturing their lives at just the right angle. But how perfect are they really? And what if you could be even more perfect? Would you do it? We both know the answer. And that answer is the selfie star. With constellations extending in up to six different directions--twelve with the ultra-deluxe model--you can truly control every detail of how you shine.

(Beat.)

A galaxy of choices awaits, so what are you waiting for? Whatever your pleasure, rest assured that you will be the center of the universe.

(Quickly, like a medical disclaimer:)

Please consult a doctor before use if you are on any medications. The most common side effects are dry mouth, headache and temporary dizziness. In more rare cases, subjects reported nausea, mild to moderate diarrhea and soul-crushing self-envy.

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THE MIRROR NEVER LIES...MUCH

MIRROR GIRL looks at herself in the GIRL'S MIRROR, again either the pre-recorded voice of the same actor, or played by another actor wearing a mask of the Teen Girl's face.

MIRROR GIRL

How do I look fatter? This is insane. I lost two pounds.

GIRL'S MIRROR

They say the mirror adds ten pounds.

MIRROR GIRL

I thought that was the camera.

GIRL'S MIRROR

Both. Personally, I think I add more like seven, possibly nine for some people.

MIRROR GIRL

So wait--if the mirror adds ten pounds--

GIRL'S MIRROR

Give or take--

MIRROR GIRL

--and the camera adds ten, does that mean together they add twenty?

GIRL'S MIRROR

I've never thought about that.

(Beat.)

But I'm gonna go with ten total.

MIRROR GIRL

I'm so sick of wearing a T-shirt at the beach.

GIRL'S MIRROR

Graphic tees make a statement.

MIRROR GIRL

What--"I'm too fat to wear a bikini"?

GIRL'S MIRROR

Sure you're not projecting?

MIRROR GIRL

What statement do you think they make then?

GIRL'S MIRROR

Oh, I'm totally you projecting.

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MIRROR GIRL

I so wish I had an eating disorder.

GIRL'S MIRROR

There's at least three girls in your grade that do.

MIRROR GIRL

Really?

GIRL'S MIRROR

How else would I know?

MIRROR GIRL

(Flipping through pics on her
phone:)

Marla looks amazing. Look at that.

GIRL'S MIRROR

And you can look that good too. Would you rather starve until
your brain's permanently scrambled, or puke 'til your teeth
are eaten away from the inside out? Or you could stop
pretending you're allergic to exercise, you lazy--

MIRROR GIRL

Stop judging me.

GIRL'S MIRROR

Honey, I'm not the one judging you.

ART

The TEEN ARTIST, alone on stage.
The referenced images can be
unseen, or if you have a great
artist who can create the edited
photos as described, go for it.

TEEN ARTIST

I call this "Godzilla eats Jane Simmons' Face," or when I get famous and the people who own the trademark for Godzilla come after me with their blood-sucking lawyers, it'll become "Giant Dino-Lizard Bearing No Resemblance to a Certain Prehistoric Movie Franchise Monster that Fires Radioactive Beams from its Mouth Eats Jane Simmons' Face."

(Moving on:)

This one next to it is "Train Emerges from Cloud to Drive Through Liam Gardner's Large Intestine."

(Beat.)

I'm also quite proud of my natural disaster series.

(Pointing:)

Alex Gonzalez and Chris Johnson, showing off their perfect tans, only seconds from suffocation in "Unmelting Avalanche of Snow Buries Jock Jerks on Beach." Alliteration is always awesome--sometimes I slay myself.

(Pointing:)

And here we see the entire marching band about to be annihilated by a hundred-foot tsunami wave of hydrochloric acid. I call it "The Entire Marching Band About to be Annihilated by a Hundred-Foot Tsunami Wave of Hydrochloric Acid."

(Pointing:)

And my personal favorite, that horror show of self-involvement, Helen Holly, about to be incinerated beyond all recognition by a lava flow picking her off from atop the cheer pyramid.

(Beat.)

I'm also working on a Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse set and the complete Biblical plagues, though I'm worried there might be some overlap.

(Beat.)

People think I'm disturbed. I'm like no, this is my art. This is me expressing myself so that I don't *become* disturbed. So what if everyone in the selfie is inches from an incredibly gruesome death. That's art doing what it does best. I have to witness your daily acts of complete narcissism and I'm surviving. So get over it.

The Artist selfies in front of
the images.

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SELFIE, TAKE 4

The ongoing selfie kids.

ENSEMBLE MEMBERS

Maybe we're thinking about this wrong.
No duh.
What do people do when they want the world to remember them?
Uh..selfie?
No. Like old school.
Time capsule?
Handprints.
Footprints.
Carve our names in a tree.
Or our own wall.
Like a memorial?
Well, without the dead part.

AARON

Now you tell me.

ENSEMBLE MEMBERS

We could all spit in a jar and then freeze it.
Gross.
Yeah, I veto the spit in a jar.
("Jar" kid:)
Be happy I didn't say pee in a cup.
You just did.
Can we all agree no bodily fluids?
A single strand of everyone's hair.
That's weirdly poetic.
Uh...no.
("Hair" kid:)
It's not a bodily fluid.
It's got bodily fluids on it.
(Pointing at one of the
others:)
I'm not sure what's on that hair.
And I don't want to find out.

The last two speakers high-five.

ENSEMBLE MEMBERS

Focus, people.
Yeah--we're running out of time.

AARON

I'm feeling that.

ENSEMBLE MEMBERS

Weird--I feel it too.
Same.
Yeah.

There's a general nodding and
appearance of consensus.

AARON

We have been since the beginning, I think.

ENSEMBLE MEMBER

Feels kinda helpless.

AARON

Yeah.

Beat.

DOLPHIN

A beach. A group of TEENS come upon a baby dolphin [unseen, or played by a person in either a dolphin costume or without one] that's washed up onto the sand, perhaps stranded by the tide.

FIRST TEEN

It's so small.

SECOND TEEN

I think it's just a baby.

THIRD TEEN

How did it get here?

FOURTH TEEN

What do we do?

FIRST TEEN

(To the Dolphin:)

It's OK. We're not gonna hurt you.

SECOND TEEN

(To the Dolphin:)

Who's the baby dolphin? Who's the baby dolphin?

THIRD TEEN

It must have washed up on the beach.

FOURTH TEEN

(With cell phone out:)

Do we call 911?

FIRST TEEN

I gotta take a picture. This is kinda incredible.

SECOND TEEN

I'll do it.

The Second Teen takes a picture of the First Teen with the Dolphin.

FOURTH TEEN

I think we need to do something.

THIRD TEEN

I don't know if you call 911 for this.

SECOND TEEN

How do you tell if it's a boy or girl?

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FOURTH TEEN

We gotta call somebody.

THIRD TEEN

Yeah, but you get into mundo trouble if you call 911 and it's not.

FOURTH TEEN

What if I call my mom?

SECOND TEEN

I hope it's cool if I selfie.

The Second Teen selfies with the dolphin.

THIRD TEEN

Yeah, but then my mom's gonna find out I'm here.

SECOND TEEN

I don't think it bothers, uh...it.

FOURTH TEEN

How's she gonna--

THIRD TEEN

She will. She always does.

FIRST TEEN

(To the Second Teen:)

I'm next.

SECOND TEEN

(To the Dolphin:)

You are so awesome.

FIRST TEEN

(Selfies--to the Dolphin:)

You're gonna go viral.

FOURTH TEEN

(To other PEOPLE nearby:)

Hey--can anybody help over here?

The others drift over.

FIFTH TEEN

You found a dolphin? That's so cool?

FOURTH TEEN

Should we get it back into the water?

SIXTH TEEN

Don't they breathe air?

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FOURTH TEEN

I think, but-

SIXTH TEEN

So you could drown it. Maybe it's on the beach for a reason.

FIFTH TEEN

Can I selfie with the dolphin?

SECOND TEEN

OK, but it's a real dolphin, not a toy.

FIRST TEEN

Yeah. Anyone who wants a selfie with the dolphin, you gotta be really careful.

SECOND TEEN

Yeah, like try not to pick it up. Just crouch down.

FIFTH TEEN

I'll be really gentle.

(Touching the dolphin
gently:)

Like this.

FOURTH TEEN

(To the Third Teen:)

I don't think we should be doing this.

Like what you see? Hit the back button and follow the instructions for ordering a perusal copy!