

## Girl Meets Girl

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Props needed for scene: One side of stage needs to be a kitchen. In this scene you'll need a table with two chairs, a cereal bowl with a spoon and a couple of glasses or mugs. On the opposite side of the scene, a bed with all the linens, a pillow and a journal. A cell phone is also needed for this scene.

(scene opens in the kitchen – lights come up to the mom setting the table for breakfast, after a couple of seconds the daughter walks in)

Mom: Morning sweetie – how did you sleep?

Daughter (appearing tired and uninterested): Fine.

Mom: You were out kind of late last night. I turned in about midnight and you still weren't home. What were you up to?

Daughter: Me and Rachel were hanging out.

Mom: You and Rachel? Honey, I thought we talked about Rachel. I thought we discussed that you weren't going to be hanging out with her as much.

Daughter: Yeah, but I don't see what the big deal is, she's my best friend.

Mom: I know baby, but it's not healthy to hang out with one person as much as you and Rachel have been hanging out. What about Kristen? The girl from the cheerleading squad. You two used to hang out all the time. Whatever happened to her or some of the girls from the squad?

Daughter: I don't get along with Kristen...or any of those girls. I'm not like those girls.

Mom: Oh, I have an idea. I met this young man, he's the son of one of my co-workers and I was thinking that you and your sister could go on a double date! Wouldn't that be so much fun!

Daughter: No, it wouldn't be any fun! Mom, I'm not my sister! Can't you see that!

Mom: I know baby, but I'm just worried...

Daughter (interrupts): No...you don't get it! Gosh you don't understand me! None of you do! I'm not like you. I'm not like my sister. I'm not like other girls. Can't you just deal with that!

(storms out of room)

(black out – lights back up on bedroom scene)

Daughter (plops down on bed and begins to make a phone call): Please answer, please answer!

Girl off stage on microphone: Hi, this is Rachel, sorry I can't answer right now, but leave me a message!

Daughter (hangs phone up and throws it down): Rachel! Where are you when I need you.. why can't you answer right now!

(flips over and pulls out her journal and begins to journal – is reading the following lines as she writes)

Daughter: I can't stand my mom. She doesn't get me. Nobody understands me, except Rachel. Why can't she just accept me for who I am? I'm not like other girls. I'm not my sister. So many things go through my mind, but I can't tell anyone, at least anyone but Rachel.

I wish my mom would just leave me alone. She's always trying to get me to be someone I don't want to be. Who cares if I don't want to get dressed up all the time? Who cares if I'm not a cheerleader? Can't I just be me? I wish she would understand that.

(phone rings) (looks at phone and sees it's Rachel)

Daughter: Oh, thank goodness!

(picks up phone)

Daughter: Hey girl. I'm so glad you called!

(after each line there is a pause as if Rachel is talking on the other end of the cell phone)

Yeah, me and my mom got into another argument. I really need to see you. I really need to talk. Can we meet?

Yeah. Twenty minutes sounds good. I'll meet you at our spot.

Ok, Rach, see ya there.

(she begins to walk out and lights out)



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