

# **GUSH**

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**INDY: (M)** The survivor of a terrible tragedy. Shaken by the deaths of his classmates, Indy is attempting to get his story straight after watching his teacher brutally murder his friends.

**CHAD: (M)** The psychotic murderer that has broken into Mountainview highschool. Deadset on getting people to listen to him, he's driven to extreme measures after breaking out of a nearby psych ward.

**WENDELL: (M)** Snarky, outgoing, and Indy's best friend, Wendell is trying to reconnect with Indy after a spring break spent apart, though any attempts at normalcy all come crashing down the second he lands in detention.

**NEIL: (M)** A smarmy, incompetent, jock who antagonizes Wendell and Indy for being brains and is crushing hard on Alice. The only thing standing in the way between him and Alice is his inability to care about someone other than himself.

**ALICE: (F)** The "golden child" of a single mother, Alice is struggling to uphold her mother's expectations alongside her own. She relies on her solid wit and smarts to find her way through life, but sometimes fails to recognize her own shortcomings.

**COP: (M/F)** Tasked with calming down Indy after the Mountainview tragedy.

**ACT 1**  
**(SCENE ONE)**

*(The play opens with two characters sitting across from each other at a small folding table, illuminated by a single spotlight on stage left. Indy, wrapped in a shock blanket, is visibly trembling as the Cop begins to ask him questions.)*

**COP:** You know it's over, right?

**INDY:** Yeah. I gathered that.

**COP:** *(sighing)* I get that you're under a lot of stress, but there's no reason to be aggressive.

**INDY:** I— I'm sorry, I just...

*(Indy trails off. Again, the cop sighs.)*

**COP:** I know.

**INDY:** ...yeah.

**COP:** I just need to take a statement from you, kid.

**INDY:** I already *told* you—

**COP:** You were in *hysterics*—

**INDY:** Can you *blame me*? I not only found a *dead body* in a closet, which is traumatic enough, but then I was *hunted down* by a deranged *lunatic* in my own *highschool*.

**COP:** I understa—

**INDY:** *(upset, on the verge of tears)* After he killed *all* of my friends, might I add, s-so...

**COP:** Kid, hey—

**INDY:** It's Indy.

**COP:** ...right. Indy. I just need you to tell me what happened. In order— and in little bits, if that's easiest, okay? Can you *please* just do that for me?

**INDY:** I'll try. I'm sorry.

**COP:** It's quite alright, son. Just start from the beginning.

*(Indy nods. Slowly, he stands, and moves to start pacing, leaving the light.)*

**INDY:** Right... w-well, *after* we found the body—

*(Lights down on stage left. Lights up on stage right, revealing the rest of the teenage cast, frozen in place, various expressions of horror on all of their faces. Alice is mid-scream from the look of it. Neil is bent over the trashcan. Wendell has one hand clamped over his mouth, sitting on a desk)*

**INDY:** We all panicked.

*(Indy slumps into the vacant seat and the scene unfreezes. Wendell grabs Indy for protection. Alice screams.)*

**ALICE:** OH MY GOD!

**WENDELL:** Th-That's— th-that's—

**ALICE:** A DEAD BODY!

**WENDELL:** —thanks, captain obvious! I was gonna say that it's Mr. Richard—

**INDY:** Isn't he supposed to be watching us?

**WENDELL:** Well, it's not like he *could*, seeing as— he's in *pieces*—

**ALICE:** Hey— *relax*— m-maybe it was just a personal thing, yeah? M-Maybe he just got on somebody's nerves? O-Or he was involved in... I dunno, a gang thing?

**INDY:** N-No, I... *(Indy snaps his fingers)* there was this guy on the news— Chad Brunswick—

**NEIL:** Our teacher got killed by a guy named Chad?

**INDY:** Well, *maybe*— I don't know if it was him or not, but that's not all that far away from the school, and if he was on foot... this'd probably be the closest building...

**WENDELL:** If— okay, if— if the killer managed to take *him* down, th-then we're like... *nothing!*

**NEIL:** Speak for yourself.

**WENDELL:** Oh, *sorry*, my apologies Mr. bent-over-a-trashcan, please, go take down the murderer!

**NEIL:** His name is Chad. I have a fighting chance.

**ALICE:** ...Mr. Richard must've gotten in his way. W-We've gotta call the police!

**WENDELL:** With what phones? Mr. Richard was on his way to drop them at the front desk, a-and if he's—

**NEIL:** Can we *please* stop talking about the body and just *leave*? It's not like he can see us, c'mon, it's a straight shot to the front door.

**COP:** And then you fled, right?

*(The scene freezes. Indy shakes his head.)*

**INDY:** No, we had to escape first.

*(The scene unfreezes.)*

**NEIL:** *(checking the door)* Locked. *Crap.*

**INDY:** It's probably part of the new security system. Y'know, to *prevent* stuff like this from happening? We should just stay where we are—

**ALICE:** We're *sitting ducks* if we're here!

**WENDELL:** *Crap*, okay, d-does anyone here know how to pick locks? Indy?

**INDY:** Do I... Do I *look* like I know how to pick a lock?

**WENDELL:** Uh, *yeah*?

**NEIL:** Great, so you're *both* useless, then.

**ALICE:** Move.

*(Alice pushes Neil out of the way of the door, pulling a bobby pin out of her hair before starting to fiddle with the lock.)*

**NEIL:** You know how to pick a lock?

**ALICE:** *(sarcastically)* No. I'm just fondling the doorknob. For fun. *(a beat of silence)* Yes, genius, I'm picking the lock. I used to sneak out all the time, and if I remember right...

*(The lock gives way. Smirking, Alice pushes the door open.)*

**ALICE:** Got it.

*(The group moves toward the door, Neil leading the way. He stands in front of Alice, smirking.)*

**NEIL:** Hot. Guess that makes you the final girl, then, yeah?

**ALICE:** ...I can't tell if I'm supposed to be insulted or disgusted by that.

**NEIL:** What— no, *neither!* The final girl is like, the one who makes it to the end of the movie, y'know? Outlives everyone else? Last one standing? Usually a hot girl with big—

*(Wendell thwacks him in the back of the head.)*

**WENDELL:** Flirt with her later.

*(The scene freezes. Indy turns to the cop.)*

**INDY:** Of course, he never got to.

**COP:** Right. What happened?

**INDY:** He shot Neil first. We thought he was gonna make it. He reached the door and everything, but he must've... I dunno, locked it.

**COP:** Chad?

**INDY:** Oh, thank god, that was actually his name. We were just kinda guessing based on the news...

**COP:** No, you kids had a run-in with Chad Brunswick. You got lucky.

**INDY:** Well, Neil didn't.

*(BANG! Two spotlights flash to life on Neil and Chad. It freezes when the cop speaks up.)*

**COP:** What happened?

**INDY:** Chad shot him. Missed the first time.

*(BANG! Neil crumples to the floor.)*

**INDY:** He didn't miss the second time.

(BANG!)

**INDY:** And then he shot him again for good measure.

(Lights down on all except for Indy and the cop.)

**INDY:** Then we ran.

**COP:** All of you?

**INDY:** Well, all of us except Neil.

**COP:** ...did he have a reason to shoot Neil?

**INDY:** Isn't that your job to figure out?

**COP:** That's why I'm asking you.

**INDY:** ...right. I... I don't really know if he *had* a reason, b-but Neil only ran because Alice told him to.

**COP:** Why'd she do that?

(Indy shrugs.)

**INDY:** She wanted to get out, I guess. We all did, and she thought it'd work, a-and for a second, we all did too, but... y'know. It clearly *didn't*, because... Neil went home in a bodybag.

**COP:** Do you think Alice would do that on purpose?

**INDY:** No, I don't think so.

**COP:** What makes you say that?

**INDY:** Alice isn't like that. She was a lotta things, but she's not a murderer.

(Lights up on stage right. The scene has changed, and when Indy steps into it, it unfreezes.)

**WENDELL:** I can't believe this— I— y-you got him killed!

**ALICE:** IT'S NOT MY *FAULT*. You know DAMN well he made that decision on his own!

**WENDELL:** No, that's *crap*— he made that decision because *you* told him to— and guess what? Now, he's *dead!*

**ALICE:** I didn't—

**WENDELL:** Do you think he's EVER made a decision on his own in his entire life? You're the one who talked him into running to the exit in the first place— did you think he was gonna make it?

**ALICE:** I— you're acting like I was *trying* to get him killed!

**WENDELL:** Were you? You sure as hell seemed like it.

**INDY:** Hey, quit it, guys— sh-she didn't mean to—

**WENDELL:** It was *her* plan!

**INDY:** Well, yeah, but—

*(Alice pushes past Indy to better face down Wendell. Indy grabs onto Wendell's wrist.)*

**ALICE:** That's not *fair!* I—

**WENDELL:** No, it's *not* fair. It's not fair because Neil just *died*, thanks to the fact that you think you can do no wrong. It's like you've never had a problem before! Ever! God!

**INDY:** Wendell, c'mon—

**ALICE:** I *have* had problems!

**INDY:** *Alice*—

**WENDELL:** Then *face* them for once. You're *perfect*, Alice. There's nothing you *can't* do, and even if you *can't* do it, society gives you a pass, because they all *think* you're perfect.

**INDY:** Hey, leave her alone, c'mon, we need to be thinking of a plan, not—

**ALICE:** You don't know anything about me!

**WENDELL:** No, and I don't *want* to, because guess what? I already know enough about you to make a judgement call, and I know you're just as scared as the rest of us. Maybe if something happened to *you*, you'd notice.

**ALICE:** I—

*(Wendell ignores her. Instead of talking back, he huffs.)*



**WENDELL:** You just don't get it, but I hope you figure it out before you end up dead.

*(With a last glance at her, he turns away. Indy follows, albeit, with a sympathetic glance toward Alice.)*

**ALICE:** I'm not *gonna* end up dead, Wendell. And I'm not perfect, either.

**WENDELL:** Tell that to everyone else.

*(SONG CUE: Playing pretend)*

**ALICE:** PERFECT SHOES  
PERFECT CLOTHES  
STAY INSIDE  
ALWAYS HIDE  
NEVER TELL  
ALWAYS SHOW  
DON'T LET ANYBODY KNOW

IT'S TOO LATE  
THEY CAN'T SEE  
WHAT THEY'VE DONE TO ME  
PERFECT DAUGHTER  
PERFECT WIFE  
IT MAKES ME WANT TO END MY LIFE

YOU CAN'T BULLY ME, I'M PERFECT  
YOU CAN'T SEE MY CRACKS 'NEATH THE FOUNDATION OF MY MASK  
YOU CAN'T SEE MY EYES  
BENEATH THIS HAZE OF PRETTY LIES  
AND IF I DIE TONIGHT  
IF I BREATHE MY FINAL BREATH  
I'M GONNA DIE PLAYING PRETEND

SKINNY WAIST  
PERFECT HAIR  
SLOW TO TRUST  
NEVER LUST  
STAY INSIDE  
HIDE AWAY  
JUST ANOTHER GAME TO PLAY  
MAMAS HOUSE  
LOCKED UP TIGHT

SET ME FREE FOR JUST A NIGHT  
I COULD LEAVE BUT I KNOW  
IT ONLY GETS WORSE WHEN I GO

THEY'LL NEVER KNOW, WHAT THEY'VE DONE  
'TILL IT'S TOO LATE, AND I'M GONE

YOU CAN'T BULLY ME, IM PERFECT  
YOU CAN'T SEE MY CRACKS, 'NEATH THE FOUNDATION OF MY MASK  
YOU CAN'T SEE MY EYES  
BENEATH THIS HAZE OF PRETTY LIES  
AND IF I DIE TONIGHT  
IF I BREATHE MY FINAL BREATH  
I'M GONNA DIE PLAYING PRETEND

**ALICE AND WENDELL:** PERFECT CAUSE I HAVE TO BE

**NEIL:** PRESSURES OF SOCIETY

**ALICE AND WENDELL:** IT'S ALL THEIR FAULT

**NEIL:** WHY ACT LIKE A SAD RESULT?

**ALICE AND WENDELL:** I TRY TO KEEP IT ALL TOGETHER

**NEIL:** WHY PRETEND YOU'RE GETTING BETTER?

**ALICE:** SHE CONTROLS ME

**NEIL:** 'CAUSE YOU LET HER

**ALICE:** YOU CAN'T BULLY ME, I'M PERFECT

**NEIL:** LOOK AT HER, LOOK AT HER, ISN'T SHE PERFECT?

**ALICE:** YOU CAN'T SEE MY CRACKS, 'NEATH THE FOUNDATIONS OF MY MASK

**NEIL:** THEY'RE SHOWING THROUGH YOUR MASK

**ALICE:** YOU CAN'T SEE MY EYES

BENEATH THIS HAZE OF PRETTY LIES

**NEIL:** YOUR WHOLE WORLD IS BUILT ON LIES

**ALICE:** AND IF I DIE TONIGHT

IF I BREATHE MY FINAL BREATH

**NEIL:** I BREATHED MY FINAL BREATH

I'M GONNA DIE PLAYING PRETEND

**NEIL:** YOU'RE GONNA DIE PLAYING PRETEND

**ALICE:** I'M GONNA DIE...

**NEIL:** YOU'RE GONNA DIE...

**INDY:** Hey, Alice, c'mon, we gotta go.

**ALICE:** ...do you guys have a plan?

**INDY:** (*shrugging*) Well, Wendell thought we could try a window. There's a couple in Thompson's that don't close all the way, s-so we were thinking we could maybe prop one open. Police station isn't too far from here, and if we make a break for it...

**ALICE:** Sounds great.

**INDY:** Was that sarcastic?

**ALICE:** ...a little.

**COP:** So that's why there's a broken window?

(*The scene freezes.*)

**INDY:** ...yeah, that was me. It seemed like a good idea. To me, anyway.

(*The scene unfreezes.*)

**ALICE:** How the hell are we supposed to get the window *open* without anything to break it?

**WENDELL:** We're not *breaking* it. We're just gonna... I dunno, nudge it open?

**INDY:** ...it's a *window*, you *slide* it open—

**ALICE:** It doesn't MATTER which way it OPENS!

**WENDELL:** *Quiet!* Let's just go, okay? We can argue about which way a window slides of all things *later*. Let's go.

(*The group moves offstage, Wendell leading the way, Indy behind him. While they exit, Chad creeps onstage from the opposite side and hides "behind" a desk so he's in plain view of the audience. He doesn't speak, he just stays where he is, holding a gun while the students make their way back onstage from the opposite side. Wendell goes right up to the window and immediately tries to slide it open.*)

(*It squeals.*)

**ALICE:** Wow. Great plan.

(*Behind the group, Indy slips off and grabs a chair from another table without saying a word, moving right past Chad on his way there and back.*)

**WENDELL:** Would you shut up for like, three seconds? I'm *working* on another plan— we're gonna have to—

**INDY:** Duck.

**WENDELL:** Where—

*(Wendell dives to the floor. SMASH! Indy swings the chair through the window. In an instant, an alarm starts blaring. They all freeze, silent for a few long moments before Wendell stumbles to his feet.)*

**WENDELL:** DUDE!

*(The scene freezes.)*

**COP:** Okay, after the window broke, that's where the record goes fuzzy. Think you can clear that up?

**INDY:** I can try, but I got shot and lost a lot of blood.

**COP:** Yeah, I saw that... you're lucky, y'know, that you got a tourniquet in time.

**INDY:** *(nodding)* Yeah, I know. Wendell did it for me. When we bolted, Alice... she went off on her own, s-so Wendell and I found a janitor's closet, a-and we hid.

*(Slowly, Indy sits down on stage right. Lights up on stage right.)*

**Wendell:** God, I can't believe he— he *missed*, he had a clear shot and—

*(Indy groans in pain, cutting him off. His hands are clutching his leg.)*

**INDY:** I hate to break it to you, b-but he didn't.

*(He breaks into a sharp cry. When his hands pull away from his leg, they're bloodied.)*

**WENDELL:** Oh my god. Y-You— how the *hell* did you manage to run, a-are you okay?

**INDY:** *(sarcastically)* Take a guess.

**WENDELL:** Jesus christ, y-you just— you're bleeding—

**INDY:** I think it'd be m-more concerning if I *wasn't*. I can't believe I got shot by a guy named *Chad*.

*(He's clearly trying to downplay his pain, though from the way Wendell's reacting, it's not working.)*

**WENDELL:** I don't... I don't know what to do, I d— what am I even *supposed* to do?

**INDY:** I dunno, I... ngh... my head...

*(He starts to slump over. Wendell steadies him.)*

**INDY:** Tourniquet... I need one.

*(Indy starts stimming as he speaks, flapping his hands in distress. Wendell starts to take off his shirt, stopping Indy from speaking. The stimming continues.)*

**INDY:** —what're you... look, I might be dying, but I'm not *that* desperate—

**WENDELL:** You said you wanted a *tourniquet*, a-and I don't see one, so shut up. I have no idea how you're still joking about this— does it *hurt*?

**INDY:** What do you think?

**WENDELL:** I don't know what getting *shot* feels like, oh my god—

*(Wendell manages to get his overshirt off and kneels next to Indy.)*

**WENDELL:** S-Sorry, I don't... I don't really know what I'm doing, what—

*(Wendell attempts to rip his shirt but it doesn't budge)*

**WENDELL:** I can't— I can't rip it

**INDY:** Jus— just hand it over. I'll do it.

**WENDELL:** Are you sure you even can? You're pretty hurt.

**INDY:** I got it, just hand it over

*(Wendell hands Indy his shirt and Indy rips it with ease. Indy smiles weakly and Wendell begins to wrap his leg.)*

**INDY:** You need something to twist it with, your noodle arms ain't gonna be... ain't g-gonna be enough.

**WENDELL:** Right, you're right.

*(Reaching forward, he grabs a ruler from his backpack, and lays it down over Indy's bloodied leg.)*

**WENDELL:** Like that?

**INDY:** Y-yeah.

*(They sit in awkward silence, Indy whimpering every time Wendell tightens the tourniquet.)*

**INDY:** Hey... if I don't make it—

**WENDELL:** Shut up, you're gonna be fin—

**INDY:** I just got shot in the leg, I'm not fine— I could keel over at any second, s-so could'ja pay attention?

*(Indy pauses. Wendell has stopped twisting the tourniquet.)*

**INDY:** ...please?

*(The scene freezes. Indy starts to break down.)*

**COP:** Kid— you don't have to keep going—

**INDY:** I just don't *remember* a lot of it, I... I think I said something, but I don't... it's all fuzzy... I don't think I said what I w-wanted to say...

*(The scene unfreezes. Indy clutches at his leg. Wendell grabs his arm.)*

**WENDELL:** Hey... I have something I want to tell you.

**INDY:** Me too...

**WENDELL:** You do?

**INDY:** Yeah... I love you, man.

*(There are a few beats of awkward silence before Wendell offers Indy a smile.)*

**WENDELL:** I- I love you too.

*(Scene freezes.)*

**COP:** Can you just tell me what you *do* remember? No need to get too specific.

**INDY:** I— I can try.

**COP:** Just stop whenever you need to, okay? I know this must be hard for you.

**INDY:** Okay... I remember hearing something over the announcements.

*(Lights up on stage right. Alice is tied to a chair, sobbing, speaking into the PA system. Chad is standing behind Alice with a gun pointed at her head.)*

**ALICE:** G-Guys... guys, *p-please*, you n-need to come to the classroom—

*(Chad jams the gun tighter against her skull and yanks on her hair. Alice gasps.)*

**ALICE:** —Mr. Richard's old room. The one by the library, *f-from* last year. *H-He* says he'll let me go, *j-just... hurry, p-please, l...* *(voice breaking)* I don't wanna die here, I don't... *(she starts to cry.)*

*(Chad grabs the PA system's phone from her when she starts to sob, keeping the gun casually trained on her.)*

**CHAD:** Tick tock, boys. You have the next *five* minutes to make your way here, or...

*(Again, he yanks Alice's hair. Alice shrieks.)*

**CHAD:** Well. You know what.

*(Slamming the PA phone down, Chad chuckles darkly before turning to Alice. Alice tries to get away, but, of course, can't, seeing as she's tied up.)*

**ALICE:** You can't be *s-serious*. You couldn't've killed me a year ago? I— I'm graduating now. Last year I wanted nothing more than to die. You've got to be joking.

**CHAD:** Oh, I'm *dead* serious, dear...

**ALICE:** Alice.

**CHAD:** Right. Alice. Good to have a name to go with my next victim, I guess.

**ALICE:** That's— *y-you* can't— you *can't* just kill people!

**CHAD:** Actually, I can. Already *have*, in fact.

*(SONG CUE: Dear Alice)*

**CHAD:** FIRST IT WAS KYLE AND HIS GIRLFRIEND, STACEY  
TWO CLEAN SHOTS  
AND LIKE THAT, THEY'RE GONE  
NEXT IT WAS RICHARD  
TRYING TO DEFEND  
A GOOD MAN FOUGHT, FAILED, AND MOVED ON

HE TRIED TO FIGHT ME BUT I GUESS I'M JUST TOO STRONG  
COUPLE QUICK HITS AND THE FELLOW MOVED ALONG

YOUR INCESSANT CHATTERING HAS GONE ON FAR TOO LONG  
AND EVERY CHOICE YOU'VE MADE IN YOUR PATHETIC LIFE IS WRONG  
CONSIDER IT A FAVOUR, ALICE, NOW I'M SETTING YOU FREE

WHY SHOULD I LISTEN TO YOU?  
WHAT'S IT MATTER WHAT YOU SAY?  
FACT IS THAT YOU'VE LOST  
YOU WON'T SEE ANOTHER DAY

I'M NO TEACHER  
BUT HERE'S A LESSON YOU SHOULD LEARN  
EVERYONE DIES, DEAR ALICE  
AND IN FIVE MINUTES  
IT'S YOUR TURN

TAKE A MINUTE TO ASSESS THE SITUATION  
LOOK AROUND AND REALIZE THERE'S NO ESCAPE  
FEEL YOUR HEARTBEAT STARTING ITS ACCELERATION  
AND AS YOUR MOUTH FALLS AGAPE

I HOPE YOU WONDER IF THERE'S SOMETHING YOU COULD TRY  
AND THAT YOU KNOW THAT YOUR RELEASE WOULD BE A LIE—

WHY SHOULD I LISTEN TO YOU?  
WHAT'S IT MATTER WHAT YOU SAY?  
FACT IS THAT YOU'VE LOST  
YOU WON'T SEE ANOTHER DAY

I'M NO TEACHER  
BUT HERE'S A LESSON YOU SHOULD LEARN  
EVERYONE DIES, DEAR ALICE  
AND IN FIVE MINUTES  
IT'S YOUR TURN



DID YOU REALLY THINK THAT YOU COULD GET AWAY?  
DID YOU THINK I'D LET YOU LIVE ANOTHER DAY?  
DID YOU ACTUALLY THINK THAT THEY'D COME SAVE YOU?  
HATE TO BREAK IT TO YOU

THEY'RE NOT COMING  
THEY DON'T CARE  
LET'S JUST FACE IT  
LIFE'S NOT FAIR

WHY CAN'T YOU LISTEN TO ME?  
JUST HEAR WHAT I SAY  
THE FACT IS THAT YOU LOST  
YOU WON'T SEE ANOTHER DAY

ARE YOU PAYING ATTENTION?  
HERE'S A LESSON YOU SHOULD LEARN  
EVERYONE DIES, DEAR ALICE  
OH, LOOK AT THE TIME, DEAR ALICE  
IT'S THE END OF THE LINE, DEAR ALICE  
IT'S BEEN FIVE MINUTES  
IT'S YOUR TURN

**CHAD:** *(spoken)* Oh... looks like your friends must not care after all... time just flies when you're having fun, doesn't it?

**COP:** So you didn't try to rescue her?

*(The scene freezes. Indy shakes his head.)*

**INDY:** We did everything we could, b-but it wasn't like we just had an army at our disposal. I just got shot in the leg, a-and Wendell was freakin' out, we...

**COP:** Did you go to her, or not?

**INDY:** ... We did.

*(The scene unfreezes. Indy and Wendell are in front of the room Alice is in.)*

**INDY:** This is a trap, isn't it?

**WENDELL:** Absolutely it is, but we need to save Alice. We have to at least try. Just.. stay behind me, okay?

**INDY:** Please be careful...

*(Indy grabs Wendell's wrist and squeezes it tightly. Wendell turns into the classroom. Lights down on everyone except for Indy.)*

*(SOUND CUE: GUNSHOT)*

*(Indy's composure starts to break.)*

**INDY:** I told him it was a trap. But he thought we'd be... smarter, I guess?

*(Lights up on the scene.)*

**INDY:** We weren't.

*(The scene unfreezes. Wendell's been shot. He slumps onto the ground. Indy crawls over to Wendell and cradles his head and puts it in his lap. Indy puts his forehead to Wendell's and sobs as quietly as he can.)*

**INDY:** No, n-no... no, NO, NO...

*(The scene freezes. Indy doesn't. He's still repeating himself in despair.)*

**INDY:** No... no no...

*(The cop looks sympathetic, but doesn't move to comfort him.)*

**COP:** Hey, kid, calm down... I can try piecing together the rest—

**INDY:** No, I gotta... s-sorry, it just... *(his voice breaks)* it sucks, y'know? But hey. Someone's gotta tell you what happened, and it's not like anyone else... can. I just remember being scared.

*(The scene unfreezes.)*

**CHAD:** Whoever's out there, get in here. Now.

*(There's a few beats of silence as INDY just sits on the ground holding WENDELL's body.)*

**CHAD:** Don't worry buddy, I won't shoot you. I need you to come into the classroom. Up. Now.

*(Indy shakily gets up and heads into the classroom. He's limping. Chad is pointing his gun at a crying Alice who is still bound to a chair. Indy raises his hands above his head as Chad points his gun at Indy.)*

**CHAD:** You seem like a nice kid. It's a shame I have to shoot you.

**INDY:** Then get it *over with*.

*(Chad laughs.)*

**CHAD:** Oh well now I'm just not so sure. I know! You could do something for me. Let's say if you do this for me, I'll release your little girlfriend I have here.

**INDY:** She's not—

**ALICE:** *(flatly)* He's gay.

**CHAD:** I think there are more *important things going on here!* Look. I have a favour to ask.

**INDY:** ...what?

**CHAD:** I want you to cut out his tongue.

*(Indy stands in total shock. Once it finally hits him, he chokes out a half sob, half gag and shakes his head.)*

**INDY:** No— I can't— I— He's my best friend! H-He might still be alive—

**CHAD:** Look at him. He won't be for much longer, and neither will our dearest *Alice* if you don't *man up*.

**INDY:** But— m-maybe we can get him to a hospital, a-and I— I won't tell anyone what happened if you don't make me—

*(Chad raises his gun to Alice's head. The lights go out)*

*(SOUND CUE: GUNSHOT)*

*(The lights come back up.)*

*(Alice is slumped forward. Indy puts a hand to his mouth and gags. He lets out a muffled sob. Chad turns his gun to Indy and smiles a thin smile.)*

*(The scene freezes)*

**COP:** How'd you escape that?

**INDY:** (*flatly*) I threw a chair at him and ran.

(*Indy walks back to the interrogation table. The scene unfreezes.*)

**CHAD:** You little *rat*. I'll find you, and I'll get you for this.

(*The scene freezes.*)

**COP:** Did he really say that? Specifically?

**INDY:** I mean, probably not, but I was pretty delirious at that point, so it sounded more like...

(*The scene unfreezes again. Chad repeats his line, but this time, in a mess of garbled syllables.*)

**CHAD:** (*garbled noises*)

(*The scene freezes.*)

**INDY:** But it doesn't really matter. I barely heard him anyway, I was kinda preoccupied with running as *far* away as I could get. Well. More like *limping*. Bullet to the leg'll do that to you, I guess. Who knew, right?

(*The scene unfreezes. Chad runs out of the classroom, but he can't find Indy. He sneers at Wendell's body and walks offstage. Once Chad's out of sight, Wendell twitches, albeit, subtly. He's still alive, but in critical condition.*)

**INDY:** I just knew I had to arm myself. There wasn't much, seeing as the new lock system had most of the classrooms off limits, and I was moving on *one* leg, which... sucked. I felt desperate. I wanted out. I didn't even care how. I just wanted it to be over, y'know? They should'a made it.

(*Spotlight on stage right. Neil stands in it.*)

**INDY:** Neil was a smart kid. I mean, sure, he was a jock, but the dude knew what he was talking about. Probably would've gotten a scholarship if he really applied himself. His grades were never great, but he always managed to pull himself up to at *least* a B before the end of term.

(*The light goes out. A light goes up just beside it, this time on Alice.*)

**INDY:** Alice... she was a leader. Always knew what to do when things got bad, always tried her best. I heard things were hard for her at home, but this year, she really seemed to be doing better, y'know? Had more of a handle on it, and she was finally finding herself.

(*The light goes out. Another light comes on. Wendell.*)

**INDY:** And Wendell was... *(he trails off, and wipes at his eyes)* god, I dunno, he was just... he didn't deserve what happened to us.

*(A spotlight comes up on center stage. Indy slowly hobbles into it. He's limping again, and panting heavily, clutching his leg with Wendell's frayed shirt wrapped around it.)*

**INDY:** None of us deserved it. Least of all me.

*(SONG CUE: Final Girl)*

**INDY:** I SOMETIMES JOKED THAT I WOULD MEET MY END  
WITHIN THESE WALLS  
BUT I NEVER THOUGHT THAT THIS WOULD BE  
WHERE MY CURTAIN FALLS

I CAN'T BREATHE, I'M IN TOO DEEP  
AND THERE'S A MADMAN IN THE HALLS  
IT'S DOWN TO ME AND I CAN'T SEE  
WHY I SHOULD EVEN FIGHT AT ALL

I'M THINKING  
THAT THIS IS IT  
I'M THINKING  
THAT I'M GONNA QUIT  
I'VE GOT NO PLAN, NO HOPE, NO CHANCE  
AND NO WAY TO GET OUTTA THIS

THEY TOLD ME  
THAT IT'S LIVE AND LEARN  
THEY LIVED AND DIED  
NOW IT'S MY TURN  
IT'S MY TURN  
IT'S MY TURN

GUESS I'M A FINAL GIRL  
GUESS I'M A SCREAM QUEEN  
GUESS I'M THE ONE WHO GETS TO LEAVE  
NOT THAT IT MATTERS  
CAUSE IT'S A DISASTER  
THOUGH WHAT ELSE COULD IT HAVE BEEN?  
HERE I AM AND HERE I STAND  
PRETENDING I'M A LEADING MAN  
I WISH IT HAD BEEN ANYONE BUT ME

I ALWAYS KNEW THAT THERE'D BE MOUNTAINS  
THAT I'D HAVE TO CLIMB  
THAT'S OUR MOTTO— FIND YOUR SUMMIT  
I GUESS THIS IS MINE

I SORT OF WISH THAT I HAD SOMEONE WHO COULD SAY IT'S FINE  
BUT I'M STUCK HERE IN THIS PLACE WITH MY LIFE  
ON THE LINE

I'M THINKING  
GET A GRIP  
JUST FOCUS, YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO SLIP  
JUST ONE MISTAKE IS ALL IT TAKES AND JUST LIKE THAT YOU'RE LOSIN' IT

DON'T SPIRAL  
HOLD YOUR GROUND  
HANG ON TIGHT  
YOU'LL MAKE IT OUT  
PLEASE, I'M BEGGING, PLEASE, JUST SAY I'LL MAKE IT OUT

GUESS I'M A FINAL GIRL  
GUESS I'M A SCREAM QUEEN  
GUESS I'M THE ONE WHO GETS TO LEAVE  
NOT THAT IT MATTERS  
CAUSE IT'S A DISASTER  
THOUGH WHAT ELSE COULD IT HAVE BEEN?  
HERE I AM AND HERE I STAND  
PRETENDING I'M A LEADING MAN  
I WISH IT HAD BEEN ANYONE BUT ME

**NEIL:** I HAD A LIFE

**INDY:** I KNOW

**ALICE:** I HAD A PLAN

**INDY:** I KNOW

**NEIL:** IS THAT SO HARD TO UNDERSTAND?

**ALICE AND NEIL:** WE GAVE OUR ALL  
NOT THAT IT MATTERED IN THE END

**INDY:** UNTIL THE BITTER END

**NEIL:** NO ONE WILL CARE

**INDY:** I CARE

**ALICE:** NO ONE WILL SEE

**INDY:** I SEE

**ALICE AND NEIL:** THEY'LL THINK IT'S BETTER THEM THAN ME

**ALICE AND NEIL:** GET OUT ALIVE

**INDY:** I'LL TRY

**ALICE AND NEIL:** OR THEY WON'T KNOW

**INDY:** BUT I KNOW

I'LL BE YOUR FINAL GIRL  
I'LL BE YOUR SCREAM QUEEN  
I'LL BE THE ONE WHO GETS TO LEAVE  
EACH SECOND MATTERS  
SURE, IT'S A DISASTER  
THOUGH WHAT ELSE COULD IT HAVE BEEN?  
HERE I AM AND HERE I STAND  
STILL NOT QUITE A LEADING MAN  
I WISH IT HAD BEEN HIM INSTEAD OF ME

I'LL BE YOUR FINAL GIRL  
YEAH, THAT MAKES ME YOUR FINAL GIRL!

*(From the darkness, Indy retrieves a fire extinguisher and hefts it in his grasp. When he does, he turns to the cop, giving a practice swing.)*

**INDY:** The fire extinguisher seemed like a good choice.

*(The cop nods in approval, and motions for Indy to continue.)*

**INDY:** So I... went and hid. Waited for him. Figured I would need the element of surprise. I didn't have to wait long.

*(Chad storms onstage. Indy ducks out of the spotlight before Chad takes it.)*

**CHAD:** WHERE ARE YOU? YOU CAN'T HIDE FOREVER!

*(Lights up on Indy, crouching behind Chad on stage left. Indy dives out of the spotlight. BANG! The light goes out. He missed. Chad collects himself from his rage. Slowly, he lowers the weapon.)*

**CHAD:** I just wanna talk, kid. *(Chad puts the gun into his pocket)* See? That what'cha want? A level playing field? C'mon out. I won't shoot'cha or nothin'. I think we can strike up a deal. How's this sound? *You* take the blame for this— this whole thing, the murders, the dismemberment of your dear teacher— *I* walk away scott free, and *you* walk away in one piece.

*(Lights up on Indy where he's crouching.)*

**INDY:** You shot me once already— I can take it again.

**CHAD:** *Really?*

*(BANG! Indy leaps out of the light and back into the darkness, leaving Chad aggravated and confused.)*

**CHAD:** Kid, just *listen* to me. Do you *really* think you're get outta here without my say so?

*(Lights up on Indy, standing across from Chad.)*

**INDY:** I might. 'Cause I'm a student, y'know? Learned lots of things here.

*(Chad lifts the weapon, and immediately fires. Click. Empty.)*

**INDY:** Like how to count.

*(SLAM! Indy swings the fire extinguisher, knocking him out, leaving him standing in his spotlight with the extinguisher in his grasp.)*

**COP:** ...is that everything?

**INDY:** Yeah. That's... all of it. Lifted his phone, called the cops... rest has been a blur from there, I—

*(SOUND CUE: Phone buzzing)*

**COP:** Sorry, son, I gotta take this. *(He fishes his phone out of his pocket.)* Hello? Yeah, I'm with him right now. Tragic, really, what happened to those kids... what? Of course, I... I'll tell him right now. *(Cop hangs up and puts his phone away.)* Well, that was some good news.



**INDY:** Oh yeah?

**COP:** Yeah. Remember how you said all your friends were dead? One of 'em made it. Pulled through, apparently, he's—

*(Indy stands and slams his hands on the table.)*

**INDY:** Wendell?

**COP:** Uh— yeah. Had a nasty bullet wound, but—

**INDY:** I— I need to go, which hospital, I—

*(Indy tries to leave the stage, but the cop stops him.)*

**COP:** On that leg? You're not going anywhere. I'll give you a ride there.

**(SCENE TWO)**

*(The two walk offstage. Lights down. The table and chairs are removed. Wendell's wheeled on in a hospital bed from the side they just left from. Lights up. Alice is sitting on the edge of his bed. Neil is standing behind her.)*

**NEIL:** ...think he'll be okay?

**ALICE:** I don't know. He got shot in the abdomen, I... it'll be a miracle if he wakes up.

**NEIL:** ...think *Indy*'ll be okay?

**ALICE:** ...I don't know. He won't *die*, but—

**NEIL:** You know I wasn't asking about that.

**ALICE:** ...I know.

*(Silence falls between them. Alice sighs.)*

**ALICE:** ...what do you think?

**NEIL:** That's the first time you've ever asked me that.

*(Alice gives a weak laugh.)*

**ALICE:** Well, I'm not gonna do it again, so...

**NEIL:** Yeah, okay, okay, well, *look*. Honestly, Wendell's too stubborn to die, and he's not gonna leave Indy alone any longer than he has to. Once he's up, he's gonna be all making Indy feel better about everything like he always does.

**ALICE:** I guess so...

*(Indy walks on stage from the opposite side. He pauses to look at Wendell before rushing to his bedside.)*

**INDY:** *(sobbing)* Wendell, I— I'm so-sorry.

*(Indy grabs Wendell's hand and buries his face into his bed, sobbing the whole time. Alice and Neil watch. Alice stands and joins Neil in standing. Indy lifts his head.)*

**ALICE:** ...this sucks. I wish I wasn't just stuck *watching*, I—

*(Neil rests his hand on her shoulder. She trails off, helpless.)*

**NEIL:** Sucks, right?

**ALICE:** Thanks, genius. God I just... does he know it wasn't his fault?

*(Neil inhales to speak, but he's cut off by Indy letting out a choked sob.)*

**INDY:** I— I was supposed to protect you. Or at— at least try! I'm so sorry! You— it should've been me! I always thought you were too brave for me...

**NEIL:** ...taking that as a no. God... He doesn't deserve this.

**ALICE:** No, no he doesn't

*(Indy buries his head back in the bed and continues to sob.)*

**ALICE:** He really does love him, doesn't he?

**NEIL:** Yeah. He does.

*(Wendell begins to stir. Indy immediately lifts his head.)*

**INDY:** Nurse, nurse! He— He's waking up! He—

*(Indy and the hospital fall quiet, but the actions are still playing the scene out. Indy wraps Wendell in his arms as Alice and Neil silently watch, both now smiling.)*

**NEIL:** I told you he'd be okay.

*(Alice rolls her eyes, but she's smiling.)*

**ALICE:** Don't be such a know it all.

*(Neil laughs at her.)*

**NEIL:** C'mon. Let's let them have this one. They've earned it.

*(Neil and Alice exit stage right.)*

*(Lights down)*