



2-PERSON SCENES

This scene is from a Stage Partners play, free to read in full at yourstagepartners.com.

A Night Under the Stars by Tracy Wells

2 F

Dramedy

Scene 5: The Forest from the Trees

(A rustic campsite in a clearing in the woods as before. A large rock is over or in front of the campfire, concealing it. CARLA enters, wearing a large hiker's backpack and boots and holding a compass. She is followed by GRACE, who also wears a large backpack and boots.)

CARLA: *(Reading the compass as she crosses to center:)* So if this is due north, then this way must be...

GRACE: Nowhere.

CARLA: It's not nowhere, Grace. We're somewhere... *(Holds the compass up and spins around a little to orient herself.)* We're definitely somewhere.

GRACE: Of course we are. *(Crosses to rock.)* We're right back at this big rock...again.

CARLA: *(Looks at the rock.)* That can't be the same rock. *(Looks closer.)* Can it?

GRACE: Trust me. It is. We've walked past this rock six times now. I've studied it in depth. *(Traces her finger along the rock.)* See this ridge right here? I call it the Little Dipper because it resembles the constellation. And see this spot right here? *(Points out a spot on the rock and smiles proudly.)* That's the Grand Canyon. *(Pats the rock.)* George has a lot of hidden secrets to share with the world, don't you, buddy?

CARLA: *(Raising an eyebrow:)* You named the rock?

GRACE: Of course. At the rate we're going, I feel like George and I are going to be spending quite a bit of time together, so I figure, the least I can do is give him a name.

CARLA: I'm going to get us out of here, you know.

GRACE: *(Not believing her:)* Okay. You keep telling yourself that, Carla.

CARLA: *(Holding up the compass:)* I know exactly where we are.

GRACE: Sure you do. *(Pulls out her phone.)* In the meantime, I'm just gonna take one little peek at the GPS on my phone.

(CARLA swats the phone out of GRACE's hand.)

CARLA: No!

GRACE: *(Annoyed:)* Hey! *(Retrieves phone and brushes it off.)* You're lucky I have the Rugged Max phone case, or else you'd be buying me a new phone.

CARLA: Sorry. It's just...you promised I could be the navigator.

GRACE: I'm really questioning that decision right about now, but yes, I did.

CARLA: Then let me navigate. *(Holds out the compass.)*

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GRACE: Fine.

(GRACE sits on the rock. She quietly watches CARLA as she taps on the compass, holds it up, tries to follow it, etc. After a moment, she speaks. These next few lines should be in quick succession.)

GRACE: Question...

CARLA: *(Still looking:)* Don't.

GRACE: But you don't even know what I'm going to ask!

CARLA: *(Warningly:)* Just don't.

GRACE: Are we...

CARLA: I'm warning you...

GRACE: Lost?

(CARLA turns and scowls at GRACE.)

GRACE: What? It's a legitimate question! *(Pats rock.)* Isn't that right, George?

CARLA: *(Throwing her hands up in the air:)* Fine. Whatever. I give up. *(Turning to GRACE.)* You're right, Grace. We're lost. We've been walking in circles for hours and it's all my fault. I'm no good. Useless. I don't know what I was thinking! I couldn't find my way out of a paper bag. *(Sits on the rock.)*

GRACE: *(Confused:)* How, exactly, would you find your way *into* a paper bag?

CARLA: I should've listened to my dad in the first place. If I had, then maybe we wouldn't be stuck out here, in the woods, just waiting for the wolves and bears to come and eat us.

GRACE: So now we're getting eaten by wolves and bears? That just took a dark turn.

CARLA: *(Looks at the compass.)* I guess I don't need this anymore. *(Throws the compass offstage or behind a tree or behind the rock.)*

GRACE: *(Stands.)* Carla, no! *(Crosses over to where the compass was tossed.)* Why did you do that?

CARLA: What do you care? You still have GPS on your phone, don't you?

GRACE: *(Looking for the compass:)* Yeah. But wasn't that compass your great-grandfather's or something?

CARLA: Great-great-grandfather's, but who cares?

GRACE: *(Stops and looks at CARLA:)* Um...I'm going to guess your great-great-grandfather for one.

CARLA: He's not here.

GRACE: But your dad is, and if I'm not mistaken, he's probably not going to be too happy with you for losing a precious family heirloom.



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CARLA: Well then I guess he'll just have to be happy with being right about me...once again. I am a screwup, just like he always says I am.

GRACE: Carla...

CARLA: What? It's true. I'm barely scraping by with enough credits to graduate, I got rejected by not one, not two, but three of my top choice colleges, and I have no idea what I'm going to do with my life! *(CARLA puts her head in her hands.)*

GRACE: *(After a beat shrugs her shoulders.)* Okay.

CARLA: *(Looks up, confused:)* Okay?

GRACE: Yep. *(Shrugs.)* Okay.

CARLA: What is that supposed to mean?

GRACE: It means that it's okay to make mistakes every once in awhile. It means it's okay that not everything works out the way we want it to. It means it's okay to not have all the answers. I sure as hell¹ don't.

CARLA: Really?

GRACE: Yes, really.

CARLA: But you always seem like you have it all figured out.

GRACE: *(Laughs, ruefully:)* How long have we been friends?

CARLA: Since third grade.

GRACE: Then you should know that the only thing I have figured out is which Chinese place has the best egg rolls and which Harry Potter book is the best.

GRACE and CARLA: *(In unison:)* *The Prisoner of Azkaban.*

CARLA: Exactly.

GRACE: *(Sits down next to CARLA.)* And I know one more thing.

CARLA: What's that?

GRACE: Your dad's wrong. You're not a screwup. In fact, you are a lot more capable than either you or your dad give you credit for.

CARLA: I had one job on this hike, Grace—to navigate our way through the forest—to get us safely out. And I couldn't even do that.

GRACE: You may not have gotten us out, but you got us here...to this spot.

CARLA: *(Ruefully:)* Yeah, like six times.

GRACE: Exactly. Did you ever stop to think that maybe this is where we were supposed to end up? That you spent so much time focusing on getting us out that you never stopped to realize

1 Or "heck"



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where we were hiking to? (*Looks around, smiling, holding out her arms.*) Look at this place! Look at this night! It's clear and bright and you can see a million stars.

CARLA: (*Looking up:*) I guess you can.

GRACE: It's beautiful!

CARLA: (*Smiling:*) It really is.

GRACE: You've spent so much time worrying about graduation and what's going to come next, that you've forgotten to enjoy where you are right now. It hasn't always been easy...you've had to work really hard sometimes, and you've made mistakes, but you're here...you made it. And you should be really proud.

CARLA: (*Nodding:*) Yeah, maybe you're right.

GRACE: And as for today...you've spent so much time with your nose pressed into that compass that you forgot that the entire point of taking a hike was to experience nature. And there's no better place to experience nature than right here. (*Pats the rock.*) Isn't that right, George?

CARLA: You know he's not going to answer you back, right?

GRACE: I don't know. Out here...in the crisp night air...in this special spot you found for us...I almost think I can hear him.

CARLA: Oh, yeah? Then what's he saying?

GRACE: He's saying... (*Cups a hand to her ear, then smirks.*) Don't get eaten by the wolves and bears.

(GRACE and CARLA laugh, maybe hug.)

GRACE: So should we go look for your compass?

CARLA: Yeah, in a minute. Right now I just want to take a minute to enjoy where I am.

GRACE: (*Smiles.*) Sounds good to me.

(GRACE and CARLA look up at the stars as lights fade to black.)

End of Scene.

A NIGHT UNDER THE STARS by Tracy Wells

Length: 90-100 minutes **Cast Size:** 8-31 actors (suggested casting: 15 any) **Genre:** Dramedy

Synopsis: The great outdoors...for some this is a place of peace and tranquility and for others it's...well...a little messy. *A Night Under the Stars* is a story about people—people looking to get away from it all, people looking to connect...with nature, with one another, and with the undeniable human spirit that overcomes obstacles, no matter what is thrown our way. And whether it's attempting to make the perfect s'more, telling scary stories around a roaring campfire, gazing up at the stars with the one you love, or trying to find a way to break bad news, there's no better place than under a night sky filled with stars to remind us that no matter what divides, we as people are always better when we're together. **(A one-act version of this play is also available.)**

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