



2-PERSON SCENES

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

Edgar: A Ghost Story by John Haman

1M, 1F
Drama

(The auditorium at lunch. EMMA is seated on stage with an ironic lunch box and GARRETT walks in with a tray, thinking he will be alone. He sees EMMA and stops.)

GARRETT: Whatcha doing?

EMMA: *(Aggressively disinterested:)* This is where I eat.

GARRETT: Why...aren't you in the cafeteria?

(Pause.)

EMMA: Why aren't you?

(He sits down with his food, despite her efforts to repel him. After a pause.)

EMMA: Lunch gets weird. Finding a group...

GARRETT: Yeah.

EMMA: Even if the kids are nice, I still end up talking about my scarf, my hair. My illness.

GARRETT: I'm not even gonna ask. *(Pause.)* How bout Miss Foster, though? She's alright. I like being in her class.

EMMA: *(Softly:)* It's safe here.

GARRETT: She's cool. But anywhere away from monster boy is good.

EMMA: Mason?

GARRETT: There was someone like him at the old school, too.

EMMA: Thought you didn't want to talk about that.

GARRETT: I don't mind it with you. You've got an understanding face.

EMMA: You mean I've got my own problems, so you feel better about yourself? *(Beat.)* That was snarky. I...apologize.

GARRETT: It's cool. I'm not used to people being nice. They look at me and see I'm nothing special, and I just disappear.

EMMA: Invisibility. I get it. People look at me and see the scarf, the pale skin. I'm thinner than they think I should be, and they figure I won't be around long. They look past me.

GARRETT: That's a shame. I think I can see you.

(Pause.)

EMMA: I see you too.

GARRETT: Eh. Don't look so hard.

EMMA: *(Setting aside her lunch:)* Let's...try something. *(Pause.)* Look me over as well as you can.

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GARRETT: Uh...

EMMA: And tell me everything you see. Then I'll give you the same treatment. How's that sound?

GARRETT: Fair, I guess.

EMMA: So, what do you see?

GARRETT: Someone...smarter than I am, who chooses...really good words. She has...an identity. She's smart, a good actor and a good writer. She's...quick on her feet.

EMMA: Alright. *(Pause.)* What else?

GARRETT: You've...lived through some really tough things.

EMMA: Yep.

GARRETT: Probably a lot of throwing up.

EMMA: *(Laughs.)* Also true.

GARRETT: And nasty stuff to swallow.

EMMA: It was mostly I.V.

GARRETT: You don't have much appetite.

EMMA: Still get weekly treatments.

GARRETT: Yours eyes are kind of...tired.

EMMA: Great.

GARRETT: But really...kind.

(EMMA smiles just a little, a bit embarrassed. Pause.)

EMMA: *(Quietly:)* Do you see that I'm dying?

(Silence.)

GARRETT: I don't know what that looks like, exactly.

EMMA: Come on now.

(Silence.)

GARRETT: Yeah. I see it.

(There's quiet between them as they focus on their food.)

GARRETT: Your turn?

EMMA: Sure. *(Pause.)* You have some trouble learning.

GARRETT: Okay. *(Pause.)* I mean yeah. I do.

EMMA: You learn from experience. From connecting. It's classroom learning you struggle with.

GARRETT: People, I get. One-on-one, anyway. I can...relate.



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EMMA: You also...understand death. *(Pause.)* You aren't afraid of it. That's why you're willing to talk to me. You know it's not catching.

GARRETT: I have direct experience.

EMMA: You've already been dead? *(She smiles.)*

GARRETT: When I was six, I found my mother's body.

EMMA: *(Almost chokes on something.)* Jeez!

GARRETT: I'm not hung up on death. She talks to me.

EMMA: Wait. How does she...appear?

GARRETT: Just a voice. She tells me there's nothing to be afraid of.

EMMA: Wow. I wish I could be calm about it. I'm terrified. My mother, my father, they're healthy and planning to live for another forty years. They take it for granted. But they don't know if I'll be here another three months. I see fear in their eyes. They know I won't have a family. Lots of special days together. Each day reminds me there won't be many more.

GARRETT: *(Upbeat, trying to cheer her:)* Couple of ways you can go with that. You could say, hey, it's just a normal day. Live it like everything's cool. Or I guess you could say, why am I in school? Let's go have some...experiences.

EMMA: I want the normal day. It keeps me calm and...well, I don't know if I can say I'm happy. But I also want the experiences.

GARRETT: What's on your list?

EMMA: Oh, I'd like to write a book. Maybe a novella.

GARRETT: Okay.

EMMA: I'd like to see the Rockies, all the way up into Canada. The glacial lakes. The elk. Moose.

GARRETT: Sounds doable.

EMMA: *(Looking down:)* And I want to know what being in love feels like.

(GARRETT looks up, while EMMA keeps her eyes down.)

End of Scene.

EDGAR: A GHOST STORY by John Haman

Length: 35-40 minutes

Cast Size: 6-20 actors (suggested casting: 4F, 2M,)

Synopsis: A first-year high school drama teacher arrives at school to find her auditorium haunted. Against this backdrop, a terminally ill girl falls in love for the first time with a troubled boy as she works against time to stage a tender, autobiographical play. A love-letter to high school theater, *Edgar* explores the realms of the living, dead, and dying with humor and grace.

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