

MORE THAN FRIENDS

Vivian Wholey

CHARACTERS

Olive - female, 18 years old, gay, in love with Reagan

Reagan - female, 18 years old, best friends with Olive, closeted

SETTING

A clearing under a willow tree at a private park in the Summer. Early August in Massachusetts during the late afternoon, present day.

(Scene opens with the two best friends mid conversation, reminiscing about life and their favorite memories before they go off to college while music is playing on their speaker in the background. It's a bright and sunny day and they're at their favorite spot, which they rode their bikes to.)

REAGAN: Remember when we met in kindergarten?

OLIVE: *(laughs)* How could I forget? You literally came up to me and asked *(in child voice)* "hi I'm Reagan, do you wanna be best friends?"

REAGAN: *(laughs.)* Thank god you said *(in child voice)* "sure!" 'cause I don't know where I would be without you.

OLIVE: Same here. *(They smile at each other. Pause.)* And now we're going to college in less than a month.

REAGAN: Yeah, don't remind me.

OLIVE: Did you have to pick the furthest school from me?

REAGAN: It's not that far.

OLIVE: I'm going to school here and you're going to school in California. That's literally across the country.

REAGAN: I mean I could have gone somewhere, like, not even in this country. Plus you're gonna visit me like all the time.

OLIVE: Girl, how much money do you think I have? Flights are expensive as fuck. (*They laugh.*) Also why can't you come back here and visit? You can actually afford the flights!

REAGAN: 'Cause, I'll be in California! Would you wanna leave California?

OLIVE: Yes. I'd leave to go wherever you are.

REAGAN: (*Pause.*) Ok ok, one of us will have to visit the other at least a couple times, like for a long weekend or Thanksgiving break. Plus, we'll facetime like every day.

OLIVE: Yeah I know. It'd be so much easier though if you stayed here or went somewhere that, I don't know...wasn't 3,000 miles away.

REAGAN: Easy is boring.

OLIVE: Yeah but it's also cheap.

REAGAN: (*They laugh.*) I'm sorry, ok. It's just what I want. If I could control the way I feel I would, but I just fell in love with it when I toured there.

OLIVE: No, I know. In all seriousness, I'm really happy for you. I'm just going to miss you tons.

REAGAN: I'll miss you tons too.

OLIVE: But, I will only let you go if you *promise* me that you won't find a new best friend and forget all about me.

REAGAN: Hmmmmmm. I'll think about it.

OLIVE: (*OLIVE lightly shoves her.*) Ha ha you're soooo funny. Fuck you. (*They laugh.*)

REAGAN: I'm kidding, I'm kidding. I can't believe you would even think that I could forget you.

(“Turn Around” by Blanks starts playing on their speaker).

REAGAN: Oo, turn this up! (OLIVE turns up the music, and they get up and start dancing whilst singing along to each other. As REAGAN dances, OLIVE looks at her, loving the way she is smiling as she dances, admiring her beauty and carefree spirit).

OLIVE: (Right about at the beginning of the second chorus, OLIVE stops dancing.) Rae?

REAGAN: (As she's still dancing.) Yeah?

OLIVE: I love you.

REAGAN: (Continues dancing, not quite looking at her yet.) Aw, I love you too!

OLIVE: (Pause. OLIVE turns the music off. Then, more sternly) Reagan! (REAGAN stops fully and faces OLIVE.) I love you.

REAGAN: What?

OLIVE: I love you. I love how you pose for the photo they take when we go through the EZ pass tolls on the highway. I love how you scrunch up your nose when you pretend to be mad. I love when you do a little dance when the food finally comes to our table at restaurants. I love how you always spell out your name to the Starbucks barista. I love how I'm not afraid to be myself around you. I love how I feel when I'm with you.

REAGAN: (Silently at first) Stop.

OLIVE: And I love that you are the kindest, smartest, funniest, and most incredible person I know. And I-

REAGAN: Stop!

OLIVE: What?

REAGAN: Why are you doing this?

OLIVE: What do you mean?

REAGAN: Why are you telling me this?

OLIVE: Because it's true.

REAGAN: Why now?

OLIVE: Because... (*OLIVE struggles to find the words. Pause. Deflecting*) What? Would you rather that I keep it in until you go off to college?

REAGAN: That's not what I'm saying.

OLIVE: Then what?

REAGAN: I don't know. It's just..you spring this on me right before I leave?

OLIVE: Oh I'm sorry, I guess I'll just bottle up my feelings from now on for your convenience.

REAGAN: I didn't say that.

OLIVE: You didn't have to.

REAGAN: Look. We're friends. Best friends. And we will be for, I hope, forever. But that's it. So can we just forget this happened?

OLIVE: You don't understand. I can't. I can't forget this. I can't forget you. If I could I would, but I can't. You're always on my mind. I only want to be with you. As more than friends.

REAGAN: No you don't.

OLIVE: I want to hold hands in public. I want to go on actual dates, rather than just hanging out.

REAGAN: Stop, no you don't!

OLIVE: I want to be able to kiss you. I want to be able to say I love you and have it mean something to you.

REAGAN: It does mean something to me.

OLIVE: Something more! (*Pause. Clouds appear, blocking the sun, and it starts to rain.*) I have spent most of my life since I met you loving you, the whole time knowing that you may never feel the same way. But I can't hide it anymore, because I want you to know, no, I need you to know, that I love you. And more than in a friend way. And if I let you go 3,000 miles away without telling you, I never would have at all. And that would have killed me. (*Pause.*) But you would have preferred that right?

(*REAGAN looks like she's about to say something, but starts walking away and gets on her bike*)

OLIVE: You know what I think? (*Pause.*) I think you're scared.

REAGAN: (*She says this while still on her bike.*) Yeah? Of what?

OLIVE: Me. Us. How you feel about me. Yourself.

(*REAGAN stops and gets off her bike.*)

REAGAN: (*Still facing away from OLIVE. Pause.*) No I'm not. (*It starts to rain harder.*)

OLIVE: Yes you are.

REAGAN: (*Finally turning to face OLIVE*). No I am not! And can you stop that?

OLIVE: Stop what?

REAGAN: Acting like you know every single thing about me. Trying to tell me how I feel.

OLIVE: I do know you though. We've known each other since kindergarten.

REAGAN: Yeah but that doesn't mean you know exactly how I feel all the fucking time!

OLIVE: Ok fine! Then explain to me why you're going across the country.

REAGAN: Because it's where I want to go.

OLIVE: No, it's because you're running away.

REAGAN: You're doing it again! Why would I want to run away from you? You're my best friend.

OLIVE: Ok fine! Then why are you going across the country?

REAGAN: Because I love it. (*Pause.*) What? Do you want me to say that it's because I'm running from you? That it's because I'm running from myself? Because it's not. News flash, you don't know every single thing about me. And not everything has to have a deeper meaning. Just because I'm going somewhere far does not mean that I don't love you. Because I do. So much.

OLIVE: (*Pause. OLIVE starts getting teary eyed.*) But not in the way I want you to. (*Pause.*) Look, it doesn't matter if you don't feel the same way, or if you hate me and want nothing to do with me, or if you do feel the same way, just tell me the truth. Stop lying to me and yourself. And until you're ready to do that, I'm gonna go. (*OLIVE starts walking away toward her bike.*)

REAGAN: Olive! Wait! You don't understand... Olive! (*OLIVE continues walking away.*) Fine! You want the truth? (*OLIVE stops walking, but doesn't turn around*).

(*REAGAN runs toward OLIVE, grabs her arm, and turns her around. REAGAN looks as if she's about to say something, and OLIVE looks as if she's waiting.*)

OLIVE: Well...

(*REAGAN kisses OLIVE.*)

OLIVE: *(Smugly)* I knew it.

REAGAN: *(Chuckling)* Fuck you. *(REAGAN kisses her again.)*

OLIVE: *(Pulls away.)* So...do you wanna be more than friends?

REAGAN: Sure. *(They both laugh, then continue kissing in the rain while the clouds go away, bringing out the sun again.)*