

SEEING EMMA  
ACMS Drama Team

## PROLOGUE

*EMMA at center stage with a SPOTLIGHT. Rest of the stage is EMPTY.*

EMMA: Hi. (*Peers out at the crowd, taking them in*) Wow. There sure are a lot of you. My name's Emma and...well, I'm really not good with crowds... so this is kinda hard for me. And sometimes...when things get hard for me...well...

*EMOTION pokes his head out from LEFT STAGE, staring at the audience with fear before disappearing again.*

EMMA (*Speaking KINDLY to the EMOTION*): It's okay. You can come out. These are nice people. They won't hurt you (*turns to the CROWD*) will you?

*EMOTION still REFUSES to come out. EMMA turns toward CROWD.*

EMMA: Maybe you can let him know it's okay to come out? Let him know he's safe? Maybe we can clap? (*EMMA begins CLAPPING*)

*CROWD joins in. EMOTION finally STEPS out on the STAGE. EMOTION is still very SHY. Standing in an EXAGGERATED fearful or shy stance. EMMA looks from him to the CROWD.*

EMMA: This is my emotion. Wherever I go, he goes. And wherever he goes, well, I go. This guy is everything I don't like to show people. He's my anger.

*(EMOTION stomps around the stage in an EXAGGERATED ANGER).*

EMMA: He's my sadness.

*EMOTION slumps and WALKS sulkily in EXAGGERATED SADNESS.*

EMMA: And he's my fear.

*EMOTION goes back to EXAGGERATED FEARFUL stance from before.*

EMMA: No one else can really see him. But he's always there anyway. I think if people knew about him or could see him, they'd understand me a lot better.....

EMOTION (*to EMMA*): No they won't. They'll hate you, just you wait and see.

EMMA (*to the audience*): Sorry. He's kinda hard to like sometimes.

EMOTION: You're kind of hard to like all the time.

EMMA: Sorry...again. Please don't let him ruin the show, we all worked real hard on it. Please enjoy.

EMOTION: It's awful.

EMMA sighs and shakes her head before he EXITS STAGE RIGHT. EMOTION EXITS STAGE LEFT.

LIGHTS GO OUT

SCENE I

LIGHTS COME UP

*MATH CLASS. RACHEL, MALLORY, and other students are sitting at their desks talking about anything that isn't work. Textbooks are closed. MRS. BROWN walks in with EMMA behind her. At the SAME TIME, EMMA'S EMOTION enters from LEFT STAGE, looking very scared.*

MRS. BROWN: Good morning class, sorry I was late. I was showing our new student around the school. This is Emma Larkim. Say hello, Emma.

EMMA (*mumbling*): ...hello.

MRS. BROWN (*waiting a second for the class to respond*): Well, class. Say hello to Emma.

CLASS (*obviously uninterested*): Hello Emma.

MRS. BROWN: Thank you class. Emma, how about you tell the class something about yourself?

*EMMA stands, UNCOMFORTABLE and NERVOUS. her EMOTION starts trying to make himself SMALLER and SMALLER.*

MRS. BROWN: Do you have a favorite subject?

EMMA: ...no.

MRS. BROWN: Any hobbies?

EMMA: ... not really.

*CLASS laughs quietly.*

MRS. BROWN: Well, how about you tell them where you're from? It was somewhere in Newfoundland, wasn't it? Muddy Hole? Right?

*CLASS laughs loudly. EMOTION reacts.*

EMMA (*whispering*): ...yes.

MRS. BROWN: Alright class. Calm down. It's not *that* funny.

MALLORY: What's it like living in a ditch?

MRS. BROWN: Mallory. Stop it. Emma, please take a seat.

*EMMA walks slowly to her SEAT. As he PASSES MALLORY she snickers.*

MALLORY: Mudgirl.

MRS. BROWN (*picking up a stack of paper from her desk and passing it out*): Okay class, some of you might remember that today is test day.

*CLASS GROANS. MALLORY looks up suddenly.*

MALLORY: Test? We have a test?

RACHEL: How could you've forgotten the test?

MRS. BROWN: Yes, Mallory. We have a test today on trigonometry. The date's been on the board for a week now. (*Laying the sheet on EMMA's desk*) Emma. I know you haven't been here, but I'm sure you can handle it. Just take your time.

*All the kids start doing the test - all except MALLORY and EMMA doing obviously well. MALLORY is looking around the CLASSROOM, PLAYING with her PENCIL and WASTING TIME. Behind her, EMMA is staring at the PAGE with her PENCIL held tightly in her HAND. EMMA LOOKS around SECRETIVELY and then back to her PAGE.*

*Her EMOTION starts MOVING CLOSER and the lights start DIMMING.*

EMOTION: You can't do it, Emma.

*EMMA REACTS to the voice and LEANS closer to her PAGE. EMOTION gets closer, STANDS up to FULL HEIGHT, TOWERING over EMMA.*

EMOTION: You're too stupid. You're useless. They all hate you.

*EMMA starts SHAKING. Puts her HANDS in her HAIR. MALLORY notices and gets RACHEL'S ATTENTION. THEY BOTH start WATCHING her.*

EMOTION: See? They're all watching you. All watching you fail.

*MALLORY looks at RACHEL and GRINS. LIGHTS START to DIM.*

EMOTION (*loudly*): They all think you're funny. Stupid Emma from Muddy Hole. You're going to have no friends. You're going to be all alone.

*EMMA erupts, FLIPPING her DESK onto the floor. The other STUDENTS jump with FRIGHT. Lights come back on.*

MRS. BROWN: EMMA!

*EMMA storms past her with her EMOTION STOMPING BEHIND HER with EXAGGERATED ANGER. The other STUDENTS (except for RACHEL) start LAUGHING. EMMA AND EMOTION EXIT STAGE RIGHT.*

MRS. BROWN (*chasing her*): EMMA! GET BACK HERE!!!

*EMMA is now PACING in FRONT of the STAGE. Her EMOTION is PACING behind her.*

*On the STAGE, the STUDENTS look at each other.*

MALLORY: She's crazy, wha?

RACHEL: Stop it, Mal.

MALLORY: I'm just saying is all. She's nuts. Should be in the zoo.

RACHEL: Mal, quit it. Some of us are trying to pass a test. Those of us who studied, anyway.

MALLORY: Hey! I studied!

*RACHEL gets back to WORK on the test. MALLORY looks at the TEST. MALLORY taps her pencil on the desk, fidgets around. Finally, she LEANS over to RACHEL.*

MALLORY (*whispering*): What's the answer to number 1?

LIGHTS GO OUT

## SCENE II

LIGHTS COME UP

*LUNCHROOM. BONNIE enters STAGE LEFT with a lunch tray in hand, heading TOWARD A TABLE.*

MALLORY (*offstage*): Hey, Bonnie! Wait up!

*BONNIE stops near CENTER STAGE. MALLORY enters STAGE RIGHT.*

MALLORY: What's lunch today?

BONNIE (*looking at her tray with disgust*): Something...sticky.

MALLORY (*groans*): Again?

BONNIE: Again.

MALLORY: I think I'll skip lunch today.

BONNIE: That might be smart.

*BOTH sit down at a TABLE. MALLORY takes out her PHONE and starts scrolling. BONNIE picks at her food without much enthusiasm. MALLORY suddenly gets very EXCITED.*

MALLORY: Oh my Gawd! I can't believe I forgot! Did you hear about what happened in my math class today?

BONNIE: EEEEEEEE! No! What happened?!

MALLORY: You know that new kid?

BONNIE: Emma, right?

MALLORY: Yeah. Emma. We were having a test and she cracked up!

BONNIE: Not even, issa?!

MALLORY: She flipped her desk and everything! Mrs. Brown had to run after her!

*EMMA enters STAGE RIGHT with a tray. BONNIE nudges MALLORY as he walks by. EMMA sits down at a free table.*

BONNIE: Is that her?

MALLORY (barely keeping in her giggling): Shhhhhh.

*The GIRLS STARE at her. They are trying to make it NOT OBVIOUS but are doing a BAD JOB. EMMA CONCENTRATES on EATING. The LIGHTS DIM and her EMOTION ENTERS STAGE LEFT, ACTING very NERVOUS and UNCOMFORTABLE.*

BONNIE (giggling): She looks normal enough.

MALLORY (holding a hand over her mouth): Shhhh! Quiet!

EMOTION: They're staring again. They're staring at us. Make them stop.

*EMMA looks over at the GIRLS. They look AWAY quickly. She turns back to her FOOD. The GIRLS STARE again.*

EMOTION (looking back at the girls): Uhh. They're still doing it. Make them stop. MAKE THEM STOP! (Getting really panicked).

EMMA (under her breath): Stop it. They're not looking at me.

MALLORY: Oh my God. She's doing it. She's cracking up again.

*EMOTION starts walking back and forth. As HE WALKS he starts getting less SCARED and more ANGRY. RUNS up to EMMA, SLAMMING his HANDS on the TABLE.*

EMOTION: They ARE! They are staring at us! They are staring at us and YOU ARE LETTING THEM! MAKE THEM STOP!

MALLORY holds up her PHONE and STARTS TAKING A VIDEO of EMMA.

EMMA SLAMS her TRAY down onto the TABLE and JUMPS to her FEET.

EMMA: WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING AT?!

EMMA EXITS STAGE RIGHT with her EMOTION STOMPING CLOSE BEHIND. MALLORY stands up to get a better view with her PHONE.

MALLORY (typing on her phone): Oh this is going on my streak.

BONNIE (a little uncomfortable): I dunno, Mal. That seems a little mean.

MALLORY: So what? Reading the comments on this is probably going to be the only fun I have all weekend.

BONNIE: You're not going to the pep rally on Saturday?

MALLORY: No. Not after Dad sees the mark I got on the math test.

*Bell rings.*

BONNIE: Ugh. Time for English.

MALLORY: Lucky you. I've got Science.

BONNIE: With Mrs. Brown? Gross. She's so booooring.

MALLORY: I know. Hopefully Emma cracks up again so it's not a total waste of time.

Both EXIT STAGE RIGHT.

### Scene III

LIGHTS COME UP

EMMA enters STAGE RIGHT into her LIVING ROOM. It's a bare room without much in it. THERE'S a lot of mess. Empty beer cans. Ashtrays. Garbage everywhere. EMMA shuts the door and LOOKS over the room sadly.

EMMA takes off her COAT and THROWS it on the COUCH. Starts to walk toward STAGE RIGHT, meaning to LEAVE the room. She stops and LOOKS BACK at the room and sighs. She STARTS CLEANING and then gets OVERWHELMED. She SHOVES some stuff off the COUCH and sits, picking up a GAME CONTROLLER and starts playing a game.

*MOM walks in LOUDLY. SLAMS door, looks around the house, and finally at EMMA on the COUCH.*

*EMOTION ENTERS STAGE LEFT, ARMS CROSSED.*

MOM: Playing that dumb thing again?

EMMA: I guess.

MOM: Haven't got anything better to do?

EMMA: Not really.

MOM (*stomps over to the couch and plucks up some junk*): Couldn't've cleaned any this up?

EMMA: I cleaned some it. None of this is my mess anyway.

MOM (*starts to clean up angrily*): Great. Just great. You never do anything to help around the house. You know that?!

EMMA (*not really meaning it*): .sorry.

MOM: Sorry? Sorry? I come home to this mess with you sitting on the couch and you are sorry?

*EMOTION starts to pace back and forth behind EMMA and her MOTHER. Is OBVIOUSLY getting FRUSTRATED.*

*MOM THROWS the stuff in her hand on the FLOOR.*

MOM: Are you even listening to me?

*EMMA says NOTHING. MOTHER STOMPS up to her and GRABS the CONTROLLER, THROWING it to the FLOOR and YELLING at her.*

MOM: I ASKED IF YOU WERE LISTENING TO ME?!

EMMA (*standing up and pushing past her*): I'm so sick of this place.

MOM: What did you say to me?! Everything I do for you! Keeping this roof over your head! Food on the table! Just to come home and have you talk back to me?! Show some respect, Emma. I raised you better than this.

EMMA (*stopping and hanging her head*): I'm sorry.

MOM (*laughing bitterly*): Sorry? You're never sorry.

*MOM EXITS STAGE LEFT. EMMA LOOKS around the HOUSE. She picks up the stuff her MOM had DROPPED.*

*Her EMOTION is acting out a SHIFT from ANGER to SADNESS. THE LIGHTS DIM and the EMOTION starts getting NEARER.*

*EMMA drops what she's holding and FALLS to her knees. HOLDS herself and starts CRYING.*

EMOTION (*getting closer*): She doesn't care.

EMMA (*getting more upset as she speaks*): So sick of this. Nobody understands me. Nobody cares. Not even my own mom. I wish I could just disappear for a while. Just get away. Just make all ther go away.

*EMOTION towering over her. WE EXPECT she is going to have another OUTBURST. INSTEAD, the PHONE RINGS. WIPING her eyes, she SEARCHES for the PHONE. FINDING IT, she ANSWERS.*

EMMA: Hello?

AUNT JESSICA: Hi, Emma.. How're you doing? Is your mom there or wha?

EMMA: No. Sorry, Aunt Jessica. She just left.

AUNT: Alright, awa, beb? You don't sound good. What's goin' on?

EMMA: I'm alright, I guess. Hard day at school. Da's all.

AUNT: What happened at school? Have you made any friends?

EMMA: ...not really. (*Sits down on the couch*). The kids here don't like me. I don't fit in. I...I want to move back home.

AUNT: Well, EMMA. It's okay. Remember, this is just your first day. It's only going to get better.

EMMA: I don't think so.

AUNT: Why? What happened? Do you want to talk about it?

EMMA (*getting more worked up as she speaks*): I dunno. It's just that I had to introduce myself to the class. And there was this test. I didn't know anything. And these girls made fun of me. And then when I come home, mom went off on me - telling me I don't do anything and getting mad at me for not cleaning up her mess.

AUNT (*sighing*): Yeah. She was always the messy one. I'm sorry that happened. She shouldn't be getting mad at you for that. And about school, listen, the first day is always the hardest. Okay?

*EMOTION starts to back up as EMMA starts calming down.*

EMMA (*unsure*): ...okay.

AUNT: I'm serious. Listen, you remember that time we went on a roadtrip to Edmonton? We had so much fun, we stayed in a nice hotel, and went to the circus. Remember?

*EMOTION backs up FURTHER*

EMMA: (*more sure*): Yeah.

AUNT: We had so much fun, didn't we? We had a blast. You didn't want to go at first, remember that? You even called your mom at the ferry and said you wanted to go home. But you didn't. This is like that, you know. Eventually, if you stick through it, you'll make friends. Eventually, you love it there too.

EMMA: That was a fun trip. I wish I could go back to those times. I wish I could come home.

AUNT: Oh, sweetie, you shouldn't wish those things. You need to keep trying. You'll make new memories and you'll meet new people there. Don't you worry.

*EMOTION EXITS STAGE LEFT.*

EMMA: Yeah. I guess you're right, Aunt Jessica. Maybe this won't be so bad. Thanks for calling.

AUNT: Anytime, Emma..

EMMA: And thanks for the help. I love you.

AUNT: Love you beb. Call me if you need anything, alright?

EMMA: Alright.

*THE CALL ENDS with a CLICK. EMMA stares at the PHONE for a second and then SIGHS.*

*THE LIGHTS GO OUT*

#### SCENE IV

*LIGHTS COME UP*

*Back in CLASS. The STUDENTS are CHATTING.*

MALLORY: This weekend was crazy!

RACHEL: How would you know? You spent most of it in the house!

MALLORY: And whose fault is that?

RACHEL: Pretty sure it's yours.

MALLORY: I wouldn't've even been grounded if you'd told me the answers to the test.

RACHEL: Maybe if you'd pick up a book, Mallory...you could go pep rally too.

*EMMA snickers. MALLORY twists around to glare at her.*

MALLORY: What are you laughing at?

*EMMA stops smiling and looks down.*

EMMA:...nothing.

MALLORY: No, Emma. It was something. Come on then. What's so funny?

RACHEL: Mallory...

*MRS. BROWN ENTERS STAGE RIGHT.*

MRS. BROWN: Okay class. It's time to settle down. Class! We're going to be taking another look at cellular respiration. Open your books to page 413 and start one questions 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, skip 7, do part B of 8, 9, 10, and 21. And I expect every answer to be at least a half a page long.

*The CLASS GROANS,*

MALLORY: Come on, now. That's too much!

RACHEL: You can't expect us to do all this in an hour.

MALLORY: How do you expect (*laughing*) Emma to do this in an hour?

*EMMA slumps down in her SEAT.*

MALLORY: Sure she can't even stay in class for 15 minutes.

*EMOTION ENTERS STAGE LEFT walking with EXAGGERATED ANGER. EMMA starts getting FRUSTRATED.*

RACHEL: Mal. Give it up.

*EMOTION gets CLOSER to EMMA. The LIGHTS DIM a little.*

MALLORY: Careful now. She might start throwing desks the once.

EMMA (*quietly to the teacher*): Miss...can I go to the washroom?

MRS. BROWN: Go on. Make it quick.

*EMMA EXITS STAGE LEFT but FUMBLES at the door before she can ESCAPE. The CLASS SNICKERS. Once she's gone the class ERUPTS into LAUGHTER. Her EMOTION is behind HER. They BOTH PACE down in FRONT of the stage.*

*The class gets to work. Hiding from the TEACHER with the cover of her book, MALLORY starts whispering to RACHEL.*

MALLORY: What's even wrong with her?

RACHEL: There's nothing wrong with her. She's just different.

MALLORY: No. She's cracked. She don't belong here.

RACHEL: She just has trouble with her anger. It's not that big a deal. You know Liam, my younger brother, he's like that too. Her emotions just overwhelm her is all. She just needs extra help and a little space. And it would help if you weren't always giving her a hard time.

MALLORY: Your brother's only like that 'cause he's young. He'll grow out of that. Emma's not like that. Emma's permanently crazy. She's cracked. She's mental.

MRS. BROWN: Enough about Emma. Start your work.

*RACHEL and MALLORY get back to work. After a couple seconds, RACHEL whispers to MALLORY.*

RACHEL: It just takes a little bit of time to understand her.

MALLORY: I do understand her. She's 100% insane.

*EMMA ENTERS STAGE RIGHT and SITS DOWN. Her EMOTION is at the BACK, standing with his ARMS CROSSED.*

MALLORY: Oh look who finally came back. Long ol' bathroom break.

RACHEL: Shut up, Mal.

MRS. BROWN: Alright girls, that's enough. Get back to work.

*MRS. BROWN waits until people start working again and then WALKS down to EMMA. RACHEL eavesdrops.*

MRS. BROWN (*talking lowly*): Are you alright, Emma?

*EMMA NODS.*

MRS. BROWN: Are you sure? Do you want to step outside for a minute?

*EMMA looks at her EMOTION. EMOTION SHAKES his head and then EMMA SHAKES her HEAD and OPENS her BOOK,*

MRS. BROWN: Okay, Just let me know if you need any help, alright?

*Class buckles down to work. RACHEL leans over to EMMA.*

RACHEL: Hey, if you need any help just ask.

*STUDENTS work and then the BELL RINGS.*

MALLORY: Finally, lunch time.

*MALLORY RUSHES out of the room, leaving her stuff on the desk, and with no regard for the safety or personal space of others. RACHEL is one of the LAST to leave and hangs back, LOOKING at EMMA who is WORKING. RACHEL LEAVES.*

*EMMA CONTINUES WORKING for a bit.*

EMOTION: Well, that went well. They all hate you. Good work. Even the teacher despises you.

*EMMA crouches closer to her work. Trying to IGNORE the EMOTION.*

*EMOTION CONTINUES talking, taking a STEP FORWARD with every LINE.*

EMOTION: You know why they hate you? No, of course you don't. Nobody likes you because you're weird. You're always angry. And nobody likes an angry person.

*EMOTION CIRCLES desk.*

EMOTION: You can't do anything right. Not at home. Not here. You know what? That Mallory girl is right about you. You're cracked and there's nothing you can do about it.

*EMMA is getting very UPSET. RACHEL ENTERS STAGE RIGHT, standing in the doorway and she KNOCKS. Both EMMA and the EMOTION look at her. The EMOTION is standing over the desk and glares at her.*

EMOTION: What is she doing here?

RACHEL (*doesn't hear him*): Hey, Emma can I come in...?

EMMA: Ahh. Yeah...I guess so?

EMOTION (*at same time*): No.

*As RACHEL approaches, the EMOTION backs up. RACHEL pulls a chair over to where the EMOTION was standing.*

RACHEL: So, what are you up to?

EMMA: Um...nothing. Just finishing my independent novel.

RACHEL: Ah. What book is it?

*EMMA HOLDS up book. She's HESITANT and doesn't TRUST her yet.*

RACHEL: I just started mine too. What's yours about?

EMMA: I dunno. Swedish history or something. I'm not that far.

RACHEL: You know, I think they did a movie on Netflix.

EMMA (*Getting more comfortable*): Oh yeah?

RACHEL: Yeah. There's like a monster or something, right?

EMMA (*laughing*): I think that's a different movie.

RACHEL (*laughing along*): Okay, I might be confused.

EMMA: I think so.

EMOTION: Don't listen to her. It's a trick. She hates you.

RACHEL: You're from Muddy Hole, right? What's it like there?

*EMOTION keeps backing toward STAGE LEFT.*

EMMA: It's alright. Actually, it's gorgeous there. It's got these beautifully colored houses right on the water. And everyone is so friendly there...(*gets quiet*) unlike here...

RACHEL: They're not all bad. When I first moved her I got bullied quite a bit. I had a real hard time. It's just the way they are. They're a bit closed minded and they like to give the new kids trouble, but they really do get nicer. Eventually.

EMMA: Doesn't seem that way. Especially your friend Mallory.

RACHEL: Well. She's not really my friend. She's more Bonnie's friend that mine, I just tolerate her, really. But I'm sure even she has her own reasons for being a jerk. You'll get used to her. Everyone else did.

*They BOTH LAUGH.*

RACHEL: It just takes time.

EMMA: Maybe you're right. I hope it gets better.

RACHEL: Enough about Mallory, anyway. How are you finding school? Having a hard time catching up?

EMMA: I'm actually pretty good with English and History, so I've got that down. I'm having a lot of trouble with Science and Math. Especially after bombing the test.

RACHEL: Well, I'm actually not that bad at Science and Math. Maybe I could give you hand? And maybe I can get some help on English?

EMMA: Sure.Yeah. That could work, I guess.

RACHEL: How about after school at your place?

EMMA: Um. Can I get back to you on that?

RACHEL: Sure (*looking at cellphone*) Hey, there's about 30 minutes left of lunch. Would you like to go and grab some food?

EMMA: Uh. Sure.

*They BOTH get up and EXIT STAGE RIGHT. EMMA leaves her JACKET. EMOTION watches them leave and then EXITS STAGE LEFT.*

LIGHTS GO OUT

#### SCENE V

LIGHTS COME UP

*In lunchroom. MALLORY, BONNIE are already sitting at a table, looking at their cellphones and talking. EMMA and RACHEL ENTER STAGE RIGHT. MALLORY nudges BONNIE and points.*

EMMA: Oh, wait. I forgot my wallet back in class. I'll be right back.

*EMMA EXITS STAGE RIGHT. MALLORY and BONNIE wave RACHEL over to the table.*

MALLORY: Oh watcha doing hanging out with the nutjob? New bestie or wha?

*BONNIE and MALLORY snicker.*

BONNIE: Seriously?! What are you doing with her?

MALLORY: Yeah. Are you crazy?

RACHEL: She's not that bad, once you get to know her. You should stop being such a pain and give her a chance.

MALLORY: You know, if you keep hanging out with her, you'll start cracking up too.

*BONNIE and MALLORY laugh.*

RACHEL: You know nothing about her! You need to lay off!

BONNIE: Come on you guys. You're both cracked.

MALLORY: Stay out of this Bonnie.

RACHEL (*getting louder*): Leave her alone, Mallory!

MALLORY: Who's cracking up now? Half an hour with her and you're already screaming at people.

RACHEL: I'm not screaming. I'm telling you to back off! She's a nice, unlike you, Mallory. You need to grow up and stop being so immature.

*EMMA ENTERS STAGE RIGHT with her coat. Stops dead and stares at RACHEL.*

BONNIE: Hey, Rachel, calm down. You're making a scene. Everyone's staring.

RACHEL (*looks around and start to calm*): Sorry, Bonnie. It just makes me so mad. She's new here and is having a hard enough time as it is without having to deal with people like Mal.

MALLORY: Listen to me, Rach. You need to open your eyes and see that she's a loser.

*RACHEL closes her EYES and takes a couple breaths to CALM down.*

RACHEL (*softly*): You need to open your eyes and stop being such a jerk.

MALLORY (*to BONNIE*): Come on, Bonnie. Let's go.

*MALLORY stomps past RACHEL, pushes past EMMA who is still in the doorway and EXITS STAGE RIGHT. BONNIE obviously ASHAMED walks slowly past RACHEL and smiles at EMMA.*

BONNIE: Sorry.

RACHEL: I know how she gets.

*BONNIE RUNS to catch up with MALLORY. EXITS STAGE RIGHT.*

RACHEL (*to EMMA*): Sorry you had to see that.

EMMA: It's okay. I'm used to it. (*A little laugh*) At least you didn't flip any tables.

RACHEL (*laughs*): I came close. Maybe next time.

EMMA: Why does Bonnie even hang out with her? Bonnie seems alright.

RACHEL: Yeah, she is. (*She sighs*) They've been friends since Kindergarten. They've had their ups and downs but, well, Mallory is loyal - she's always had Bonnie's back. But Mallory just as trouble sometimes, with change and with anger...

EMMA: Really? I guess maybe we have something in common.

RACHEL (*smiling*): I dunno, maybe. If we could get you two in the same room for a couple minutes, maybe we'd find out.

EMMA (*laughing*): Let's not rush into it. So, about what you said earlier about helping each other? I still have to take the test Mrs. Brown gave me on the first day...I'm pretty sure I'm going to fail. No, I'm 100% sure I'm going to fail.

RACHEL: I can you help you with that. I'm actually really good at trigonometry.

EMMA: So...after school?

RACHEL: No problem. No wait, we can't do it at my house, they're doing renovations.

EMMA: um. Oh, okay...

RACHEL: What about your place?

EMMA: I guess that could work. Sure.

RACHEL: Great. I'll call my parents and let them know I'm coming over.

LIGHTS GO OUT

## ACT VI

LIGHTS COME UP

*EMMA'S house. EMMA and RACHEL ENTER RIGHT STAGE. HOUSE looks the same as before, nothing has been cleaned up. RACHEL looks around, is obviously UNCOMFORTABLE, but doesn't say anything.*

*EMOTION ENTERS STAGE LEFT. In an EXAGGERATED NERVOUS pose.*

EMMA: Sorry about the mess. I never really got a chance to, uh, clean anything...lately...been pretty busy...

RACHEL: It's okay. I don't mind. It's not that bad, at least we've got somewhere to study...

*EMMA rushes to the table and makes room for her to sit. RACHEL sits and looks around the room.*

EMMA (*very nervous*): I'm sorry. I really am. Do you want anything to drink?

RACHEL: No thanks.

EMMA: Eat?

RACHEL (*softer*): No, I'm good.

EMMA: Anything at all?

RACHEL (*softest*): No...I'm...I'm fine.

EMOTION (*coming up behind them*): She's judging you, you know. You should've cleaned this place up like mom said.

RACHEL: Maybe we should just get started?

EMMA: Yeah. You're right, we've got a lot of studying to do.

RACHEL: Yeah....

*EMMA sits down beside RACHEL and opens her book.*

RACHEL: Where did you leave off at your old school?

EMMA: I'm not sure.

*EMOTION starts laughing meanly.*

RACHEL: Okay. So, do you understand composite angles?

EMMA: No.

RACHEL: Adjacent angles?

EMMA (*softer*): Not really.

RACHEL: Okay. But you know perpendicular angles, right?

EMMA: Wait. Isn't that when the angles are opposite?

RACHEL: Um. No.

EMOTION: You are so stupid. There's no helping you. You're going to fail anyway. She's going to figure that out. She's going to figure out you're hopeless and she's going to leave.

EMMA: I'm sorry.

RACHEL: No need to be sorry. Listen, it's all very easy. (*She puts her book between them and points at the page*), Okay, so, let's start at the beginning. An angle is the distance between two vertices.

EMMA: Wait. What's a vertices?

RACHEL: Well. One is a vertex. But anyway, it's these lines here.

EMMA: Okay. So the angle is, right here?

RACHEL: Yeah. See, easy? So then we measure angles by using a protractor.

EMMA: Is that the pointy thing or the half moon?

RACHEL: Wait. Did you even get this far in your old school?

EMMA: I don't know. I think we did. I missed a lot of school...

RACHEL: Why? Were you sick?

EMMA (*pulling away*): I don't really want to talk about it.

RACHEL: That's okay. We don't have to talk about it, if you don't want.

EMMA (*thinking for a second*): I just have a lot of trouble.

RACHEL: With math?

EMMA: With everything. When I'm around people, like in a classroom, I feel so out of place. And it gets loud, like in my head. And then I can't think and I do things that upset people...

EMOTION: STOP! You can't tell her these things. She won't understand. She'll hate you.

RACHEL (*noticing she's getting upset*): Hey. You've got any plans for the weekend?

EMMA: I think I'm just going to stay here...catch up on work...(*looks around the room*)...clean.

RACHEL: Well, maybe you'd like to hang out? My family has a movie night on Saturday, you could come.

EMMA (*brightening*): Yeah. I'd like that.

EMOTION (*taking a step back*): She's not leaving. Why is she not leaving? Why would anyone want to spend time with *YOU*.

*EMMA ignores EMOTION and smiles and RACHEL. RACHEL smiles back. Then she hears the STOMPING of her MOM approaching the door. She TENSES up and her EMOTION does as well.*

EMMA (*whispering*): I'm sorry about this.

RACHEL: About what?

*EMMA'S MOTHER ENTERS STAGE RIGHT. She doesn't notice them at first and starts CLEANING things angrily, still wearing her coat and boots.*

MOM (*muttering to herself*): House is never clean. Doesn't ever clean a thing around here.  
(*Angrily throws something toward the garbage can and notices EMMA and RACHEL.*

*RACHEL waves awkwardly. EMMA buries her face in her hands.*

MOM: Whose you? What's your name?

EMMA: Her name's Rachel.

MOM: I didn't ask you, did I? Asked her.

RACHEL: I - I'm Rachel. I'm Emma's friend.

*EMOTION starts getting scared..*

MOM (*turns to EMMA*): Friend, is it? So you've got time to hang out here with your friends but you ain't got time to clean this dump? Aren't you ashamed bringing someone here? Because I am. I'm ashamed to be out working all day and come back to see my son relaxing on the couch with her buddies with the place looking like this.

EMMA: But Mom. We were -

MOM: Don't "but" me! I'm your MOTHER!!!! I put food on the table. I put a roof over your head. And there is the thanks I get?! What'd I ever do to deserve you as a daughter?! Ungrateful little brat.

EMMA: Mom!

*MOM STORMS OUT and SLAMS door. EMOTION is very upset, is coming nearer. Lights getting lower. It LOOKS like EMMA is going to break.*

*EMMA wraps her arms around herself and curls up on the couch. She looks like she's about to cry.*

RACHEL: Hey...are you...are you okay?

*EMMA looks away from her, trying to hide the fact that she's crying.*

*EMOTION gets nearer to the back of the couch. Is about to put an arm on EMMA'S shoulder but RACHEL does so first. At the SAME TIME, RACHEL'S EMOTION ENTERS STAGE LEFT and hugs EMMA'S EMOTION.*

*We STAY on the scene for a beat or two and then fade to black..*

LIGHTS GO OUT