

JAYCEE. Jesus. Shoot me now.

SHARLENE. I love all those old people. And I think they love me. And as long as they can give and receive love ...

JAYCEE. What? They're "God's children"?

SHARLENE. Yes.

(Small beat.)

JAYCEE. You're wrong about that stupid show. It wouldn't scare me.

SHARLENE. Are you sure?

JAYCEE. Yeah, 'cause I'm already scared shitless.

(She tries a laugh. SHARLENE regards her.)

SHARLENE. I'm going to pray for you, Jaycee.

JAYCEE. Please don't.

SHARLENE. I'm still going to do it.

JAYCEE. But I don't want you to.

SHARLENE. OK.

But I still am.

Scene 2

(The Friday after Thanksgiving. Afternoon. MADDY is at the bar. Her coat hangs over the back of the bar stool, and it has some sort of patch on the shoulder that lets you know it's very expensive. MADDY is smoking pot with a weed pen, almost hungrily. The sounds of a bowling game in progress come from the bowling alley, but it is oddly dark in there.

BRIELLE enters from the bowling alley, wearing a blue polo shirt with the Twilight Bowl logo on it. She is carrying

a tray with empty bottles on it. As soon as MADDY sees her, she puts the pipe in her purse and picks up her phone like she was looking at it.

BRIELLE knows exactly what was going on. She goes behind the bar. During this, BRIELLE rinses out the empties before putting them in the recycling bin.)

BRIELLE. You can't smoke in here.

MADDY. I wasn't.

BRIELLE. Or vape.

MADDY. I wasn't. But OK. (*She looks at her phone.*) What carrier do you use around here?

BRIELLE. U.S. Cellular.

MADDY. No wonder. (*Holds up her iPhone.*) Data roaming.

BRIELLE. I can turn on the TV if you want.

MADDY. Oh, I still have a signal. I just have to pay for it.

BRIELLE. You can bowl if you want.

MADDY. I suck.

BRIELLE. How can you suck?

MADDY. I just do.

BRIELLE. Then—how did you get on the team?

MADDY. What team?

BRIELLE. I thought you were on the team with Sam—

MADDY. We're just friends.

BRIELLE. Oh.

MADDY. Could at least—like could I get a shot, at least?

BRIELLE. Aren't you underage?

MADDY. I have a fake ID.

BRIELLE. If the owners found out they'd fire me. It's a family business.

MADDY. What can I have then? If I can't have a shot.

BRIELLE. Soda? Water?

MADDY. Do you have anything to eat?

BRIELLE. Chips. Cheese and sausage plate. Pizza—

MADDY. Pizza please!

BRIELLE. They're frozen.

MADDY. I don't care.

BRIELLE (*points to two cardboard circles over the bar*).

It's five ninety-five for a ten inch or seven ninety-five for a twelve.

MADDY. Twelve please. You take plastic, right?

BRIELLE. Yeah. (*She opens a freezer under the bar*.) We have sausage, pepperoni, or cheese.

MADDY. Pepperoni please.

(*BRIELLE takes a pizza out from the freezer*.)

MADDY (*cont'd*). Will it take long?

BRIELLE. Fourteen minutes.

(*BRIELLE unwraps the pizza and puts it in the oven. As she does this, MADDY sneaks a hit on her weed pen. She's bad at sneaking*.)

BRIELLE (*cont'd*). Dude. You can not smoke that in here.

MADDY. It's an e-cigarette.

BRIELLE. No, it's not.

MADDY (*starts to put it away, stops*). Do you want some?

BRIELLE. No.

MADDY. Do you not smoke?

BRIELLE. Not at work. Where I can get fired.

MADDY. Well let me know if you change your mind, 'cause this shit is good.

BRIELLE. I don't care how good it is.

(The sound of laughter from the bowling alley. MADDY stands up on the bar rail and looks through the window.)

MADDY. What are they doing in there?

BRIELLE. Bowling.

MADDY. But it's all dark.

BRIELLE. It's black light bowling.

MADDY. Everybody's teeth are glowing. *(Corrects herself.)*

Is glowing. (Corrects herself.) Are glowing.

BRIELLE *(kinda had it).* What time did those guys say they'd meet you here?

MADDY. Sam said she'd call when they were close.

BRIELLE. When did she call?

MADDY. She didn't. I just could not stand being in her house one more second. No offense.

BRIELLE. It's not my house.

MADDY. Her parents kept getting me snacks and asking if I was cold? Did I want a blanket? And telling me to watch whatever I wanted on Netflix. I was about to lose my mind.

BRIELLE. Sounds awful.

MADDY. They were scrutinizing me. I don't want to be scrutinized.

BRIELLE. Or maybe they're nice?

MADDY. But to what end?

BRIELLE. To the end of being nice?

MADDY. Who does that though?

BRIELLE. Why didn't you just spend Thanksgiving with your own family?