

SIDE 1: JACK & ABBY

A: Hi

J: Hey, sorry.

A: Why are you apologizing?

J: I don't know. Sorry.

A: Okay... (*sits, and sighs*)

J: What's wrong?

Abby?

A: I just don't understand why she had to be so rude when it came down to it. I mean, it's not like she's any good, you know?

J: Who?

A: Hannah!

J: Oh.

A: I don't know why I deal with her, she's a terrible writer.

J: (*quietly, nervously*) I think she writes well.

A: Oh, please. It's contrived and unrealistic. I have to pull her back to planet Earth with each paragraph she sends me

J: Well, maybe she was trying to be honest. Trying to be real, write what she knew.

A: But it came off so assured and arrogant, you know? Like she was better than me. It came off so snotty.

J: I'm sure that wasn't it.

A: Well you weren't there.

(silence. J flinches.)

J: You're right, I wasn't.

A: I mean, all I'm saying is how can I be productive and write this chapter when all I'm getting is her hot breath on my back and criticizing every letter I put on the page?

J: Yeah.

A: It's not like she's any good! The only reason we're both in this is because of her father's connections to Harper.

J: Harper?

A: Collins. I needed some way to get this thing published, and I thought maybe if I let her on board to do a couple write-ups and a foreword, I would be on my way to being a published novelist.

J: ...that's a little devious, don't you think?

A: The way I see it, she makes out in the end, too.

J: Whatever you say.

A: I just didn't plan for her to be such a pain.

J: I'm sure she just wants the best out of you. Tough love, you know?

A: Yeah, well what would you know about love?

I'm getting coffee.

SIDE 2: JACK AND MAX

J: And she just sat there with this smirk on her face, like she was so much better than me! Like she knew everything and I was some...toddler without the first clue about the world.

M: (sweeping) Mhm.

J: And it's not like I wasn't gonna eventually break up with her! I mean she was rude and dominating and condescending and she had little to no appeal. But the fact that she dumped me?! In a coffee shop! Like how condescending can you get before you dump someone in a hipster café with the excuse of your "novel" taking up too much of your time?

M: Yeah, you're right.

J: And not to mention how ridiculous it is that she's writing a book at eighteen?! And her whole psychotic plan to get it published just shows how self-centered and crazy she is.

M: Mhm.

J: Can you listen to me for one second?

M: I'm sorry! I have never had a house party before, I want the house clean.

J: Max, no one's going to judge you if you're silverware isn't polished, they're here for beer.

M: Whatever. I told you not to come over anyway!

J: And I told you I'd help set up!

M: But I don't need your help.

J: Well I need yours!

M: Jack...I told you I don't want to do that anymore.

J: No! Not that. I mean with Abby, man!

Seriously! I'm serious...we don't have to—I know we don't do that anymore. We're done with that.

So who is even coming tonight?

M: People. Haley and that crowd. Jenna, Dean...Drew's bringing some of her theatre friends.

J: A mixed-clique party? Should be interesting.

M: Cam's bringing beer and I think Ali has some of the harder stuff with her.

(beat)

J: When were you gonna invite me?

(beat)

M: I didn't think you needed a formal invitation.

J: Why are you being like this?

M: Like what!

SIDE 3: JACK & JUNE

JA: June?

JU: Jack! Jack Matthews. How the hell are you?!

JA: I'm, I'm great! How are you?

JU: I'm fine. I'm doing really good. Sit down!

How are you? What have you been doing? How's school without me?

JA: It's good. I'm good. I've been...I don't know, doing my thing. I...it's so nice to see you!

JU: That's great. I'm sure Pine Lake was lost without me.

JA: Yeah, we all miss you at school, June.

So...are you back? For good?

JU: What do you mean?

JA: Well..my Mom never told me that you're back, and our parents are close and I know that you, um, got, uh, sent away, at least, uh—that's what I heard from Johnny and then I heard it was a youth prison or something. I don't know. And then Kelly says she saw you over break and then everyone was talking again but you had been gone for a few months at a time...

(pause)

...and...I was told that you had snuck out too many times or something when you were here and your parents got mad...or something...I don't know if that's—

JU: Okay, first of all, don't believe a word that Kelly Anderson says. She's a gossip and an Adderall addict and we both should know that by now. Second let me get this straight: I am not the kind of girl who gets sent to reform school for "sneaking out too many times."

JA: Oh...what's with the—? (*he points to her clothes*)

JU: Oh, right. My mom thinks a job would be good for me and wanted me to look half-presentable. And let's be real, I'd never get a real job if anyone recognized me.

JA: Oh. Okay. I was gonn assay, you looked completely different than—

JU: Yeah. But it's different now. Or I hope, at least.

(silence)

Well, I should skidaddle. I've got people to see and things to do and minds to blow.