

Cast of Characters

HANNAH  
LINDSAY

Acknowledgments

*The Blueberry Hill Accord* was first staged by students during the final week of the Summer Teenage Conservatory Rehearsal and Performance Program at Stella Adler Studio, New York on August 12, 2005. The program was directed by Melissa Ross, and the cast was as follows:

HANNAH ..... Emma Fernberger  
LINDSAY ..... AJ Luca

# THE BLUEBERRY HILL ACCORD

by Daryl Watson

*(Lights up on the Blueberry Hill diner. High school students HANNAH and LINDSAY are sitting across from each other in a booth. HANNAH is reading a magazine while LINDSAY eats from a plate of fries and does homework.)*

HANNAH. ...and I'm like, "Just because I let you do it a year ago, doesn't mean I have to let you do it now!" And then Stephanie—and I can't believe she says this—she goes, "Okay, Ebenezer." And I'm like, "What?" And she goes, "Why don't you lighten up a little?" And I'm like, "Why don't you get herpes and die, you crack ho from *Long Beach!!!*" Unbelievable, right? Can I have a fry?  
LINDSAY. A small one.

*(A beat.)*

HANNAH. Excuse me?

LINDSAY. If it's a small one, yeah.

*(A beat.)*

HANNAH. Eeeew!

LINDSAY. I have clarinet rehearsal tonight until ten! There's no dinner break; this has got to hold me over.

HANNAH. *Forget it.* So anyways, Stephanie, she comes off like this total saint—

LINDSAY. Why do you do that?

*(A beat.)*

HANNAH. Do what?

LINDSAY. That!

HANNAH. What!?

LINDSAY. That!!! That whole passive aggressive/thing you're

HANNAH. Passive aggress...*what?*

LINDSAY. doing, that you always do, so that I end up feeling like a bitch.

HANNAH. I seriously have no idea what you—

LINDSAY. If you want a fry, take a fry.

*(A beat.)*

HANNAH. I don't want one.

HANNAH. You're breaking up with me over French fries???

LINDSAY. It's not about the French fries.

HANNAH. Then what is it?

LINDSAY. I don't know! A lot of things! God, we've been friends since the third grade. Aren't you ready to...

HANNAH. To what?

LINDSAY. To move on. Meet other people!

HANNAH. Meet other pe... *What are you talking about!?* If you want to meet people, go! Meet! That's the great thing about friends. You can have more than one.

LINDSAY. That doesn't work for me.

HANNAH. That's how it works for EVERYBODY!

LINDSAY. I'm very particular about who I hang out with! I can only deal with about five acquaintance friends and one really good friend. I don't have the energy for anything else. You know I'm like this. I don't know why you're surprised.

HANNAH. I thought I was your really good friend.

LINDSAY. You were, but... Honestly, lately, when we're together, I feel like...

HANNAH. What?

LINDSAY. Like we're two ships sailing past each other in the night.

(A beat.)

HANNAH. I don't know what that means.

LINDSAY. It means you and I are two ships. And it's night—

HANNAH. Yes, I got that part.

LINDSAY. And we keep sailing right past each other!

HANNAH. Isn't that better than crashing into each other?

LINDSAY. It's a metaphor—

HANNAH. I don't get it.

LINDSAY. That's my point! You don't get me. I don't get you. You talk about things that I don't really care about, and I definitely talk about things that you don't care about.

HANNAH. I care about the things you talk about.

LINDSAY. No, you don't.

LINDSAY. Do you not want one because you don't want one, or do you not want one because you want me to feel bad for not wanting you to have one?

HANNAH. I don't want one. Can I finish the story now please?

LINDSAY. Just take a fry.

(A beat.)

HANNAH. No.

LINDSAY. Take a fry.

HANNAH. You obviously don't want me to.

LINDSAY. It's fine if you take a small one.

HANNAH. Lindsay, I don't care—

LINDSAY. TAKE A FRY!

HANNAH. ALRIGHT! GOD!

(She grabs a fry and eats it.)

There! Are we done now???

(A beat.)

LINDSAY. I can't do this.

HANNAH. Share food? I agree.

LINDSAY. No, I mean...I don't think I can do this anymore.

HANNAH. Do what?

LINDSAY. This. Us. This whole us thing. I don't think it's working out. The friendship.

HANNAH. (Laughing.) What is this? A break-up?

(A very long beat.)

Are you breaking up with me?

(A beat.)

LINDSAY. I just think that we're in different places in our lives. We want different things—

HANNAH. This is the break-up speech! I know that speech when I hear it. You're giving me the speech!

LINDSAY. Hannah...

HANNAH. You're breaking up with me?

LINDSAY. Would you stop saying that? It's not—