

CHARACTERS

ZACH is gay.

PARKER is hopeless.

AARON is a nerd.

JASON is popular.

ELIA is loyal.

HANNAH is a good girl.

RACHEL is a mess.

TOMMY is a stoner.

HEATHER is outgoing.

OSCAR is immature.

AMY is a follower.

RANDY/NICK/ZACK is a jock/an innocent/a drag queen.

THE PLOT

The Millmeadow Trilogy is comprised of three plays. The first, *Maybe Not Right Now*, is a send-up of your typical John Hughes-style teen movies and revolves around 12 teenagers over the course of a year in their lives. *My Own Eyes*, the second installment in the trilogy, has those same 12 teenagers come to terms with life and love against the backdrop of a community dealing with the untimely death of a young student. *Another Stolen Hour*, the third installment, follows the teens over the course of several summer nights in the summer before their freshman year of college as they come to terms with leaving their old lives behind.

MONOLOGUE #1

A lot of my friends say I'm unlucky in love. I guess that's a good word for it. It didn't really matter much in junior high, but now that I'm in high school... I feel weird for having never dated anyone. It's not my own fault. I try my best. It's just that I'm not one of those guys that many girls find appealing. Now, don't get me wrong, I'm not one of those assholes who blames it all on them... 'Cause I mean, just look at me. I'm not particularly attractive. I'm not athletic. A lot of people are funnier or smarter or better at- I don't know, talking- than I am. I don't really have that much to offer. offer. All I can say for myself is that I care, that I can really care for a person... But you can't exactly tell that by how someone acts in public. You need to get close to a person, really get to know them... This going to sound pathetic, absolutely pathetic, but sometimes I write love notes, never to anyone in particular... I just picture someone in my head, someone really beautiful, and write these dumb little love notes... I never include any names. I wish I could, but I can't. But one day I'll have someone to share all these love notes with, to share every poetic feeling with. And won't that be nice.

MONOLOGUE #2

Well, I guess I should start at the beginning. For a little while now, probably since, I don't know, June of last year, I've started having these feelings. It started when me and some of the guys from the team went out camping, and one night we all decided to go skinny-dipping. I mean, you couldn't really see anything, we were all a bit drunk and it was dark, but I... Felt something. I don't know what it was, but I felt something. And I started thinking to myself... What if I'm gay? And I sort of brushed it off, ignored the signs. I mean, it would've made a lot of things from, like, my childhood make a whole lot of sense. Like in kindergarten, I distinctly remember making up this game that we'd always play up in my tree-house, which was sort of our hide-away then. It was this game where one person would be "It", and they'd have to go around trying to pull all the other boy's pants off, before he had his pulled off... I mean, none of us really knew what we were doing, but maybe that was the first sign. There were more, too, I just didn't know what they meant... Well, anyways, I don't know. I'm still not sure that I really am gay. I mean, I like Elia a lot, and at times I even thought I loved her, but I never really felt that physical attraction, you know? I don't know. Maybe it's just hormones. (beat) You're not gonna tell anyone, are you, Randy? Randy?

MONOLOGUE #3

They say that when you die, your life flashes before your eyes. Well, with me, it's more like a slow crawl. And most of what flashes before my eyes is before seventh grade. I play back each and every memory as if it actually meant something to me. Take for instance, this one that I just revisited, one of my favorites. It was the end of sixth grade, and me, Aaron, Parker, Oscar, and Zach had spent hours setting up our camp in the middle of the woods: Camp Stonewall. We made a fire pit in the center, set up a couple logs around it, and pitched one of my old tents from the basement off to the left side to keep all our comic books in. That night, we lay out under the stars in our sleeping bags, talking about nothing, nothing at all. Comic books and action figures and card games. Aaron beat me at Poker, but I swept them all at War. And none of it meant anything. It was just another night in the woods. We celebrated our newfound independence. And when the fire died down, when everyone started to fall asleep, Zach turned to me and said, "We should live our whole lives like this. You know what we should do? Open a comic book store. Run it ourselves. We'd make a fortune and we'd get to hang out and read comics all day. God, I wish I had a life like that". I wish I had had a life like that too.

MONOLOGUE #4

I dreamt of Nick once and only once. After that night, he left me alone. At least at night. During the day, he tormented me. He was around every corner, waiting for me to turn and stare him in the eyes, and for me to melt away into nothingness. Every memorial we had for him, every special assembly honoring him felt like they were made to torment me specifically. *(beat)* I guess I should start from the beginning. Our moms were friends, and when we were about ten, when he started getting really sick, my mom said that I should visit him, help him out. So every week, he'd give me a twenty dollars, most of it in change, and I'd go over to the comic book store and get him the newest comics. We didn't talk much. He always thanked me. I always said hello. That worked well enough for a year or so, but then middle school came, and I got more self-conscious. It sounds awful, I know, but I stopped coming around. I thought someone would see me. I thought some girl from school would see me and think that- Think that all those comics were meant for me! So I stopped coming. Little by little, I stopped coming, until one day I realized I hadn't seen him in years. And that was the day he died. And it kills me to know that he- That he- I mean, how was I supposed to know that he was gonna die?!

MONOLOGUE #5

This year, I want to better myself. I mean a complete, total reinvention. I'm going to smoke less- it'll be hard, but I think I can do it- And I'm going to get my grades up. It doesn't really matter much, anymore, and I didn't get into Harvard or Yale or any of those preppy Ivy League Schools... Not that I wanted to, anyways... But I'm enrolled in community college, for the fall semester. And I'm hoping that can be a start. Because my parents may see me as a failure, society may see me as a failure, but if I don't see myself as a failure, if I know that I tried my hardest, then who cares?