

Bad Girl

a short play by
Peter M. Floyd

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CAST OF CHARACTERS:

Mrs. Frick, middle-aged
Mr. Frick, middle-aged
Cheryl Frick, sixteen
Emily Frick, seventeen
Billy Frick, fifteen

SCENE: The living room of the Frick household, present day

The scene is the living room of the Fricks, a comfortably middle-class family. There is a couch and several armchairs, plus as much other furniture as the set designer chooses to include.

MR. FRICK sits in the largest armchair, his feet outstretched on an ottoman. He is reading a newspaper, and is perhaps completely invisible behind it. MRS. FRICK sits on the couch, reading some trendy novel. Her clothes are equally trendy.

When the lights come up, there is a short period of silence. Then, MRS. FRICK puts aside her book and speaks.

MRS. FRICK

We can't put off talking about it, you know.

MR. FRICK

Hmmm.

MRS. FRICK

I know you think it's just something Emily's going through, a what-- a stage?

MR. FRICK turns a page of the newspaper.

MRS. FRICK

A phase, that's the word. A phase she's going through. And maybe it is. I know what it's like, I was seventeen once, too, you know? I remember doing things just to shock my parents, to show how I didn't care what they thought. I dyed my hair green, you know? And this was before everyone was dying their hair all different colors. Nobody had green hair before I did. No one.

MR. FRICK

Yes, dear.

MRS. FRICK

So I understand teenage rebellion, I really do. But this is something beyond that. I mean, did you see what she was wearing today? Do you see it?

MR. FRICK

Yep.

MRS. FRICK

Exactly! I'm surprised that they even let her into the school. They wouldn't have when we were seventeen, I can tell you that. It's just indecent. That's the word: indecent. And I'm not a square, or whatever the word is they use nowadays. I'm hip. I'm a hip Mom. Sally McDonald-- you know her, don't you, she's in Cheryl's class and works over at the Stop and Shop--Sally McDonald said to me, "Mrs. Frick, you're a cool Mom." And then she said, "You're, like, badass." And she meant that as a compliment. "Badass" is a good thing to be these days. So you see where I'm coming from.

MR. FRICK

Yes, dear.

MRS. FRICK

But, I'm sorry, there have to be limits, and Emily seems intent on pushing every one of them. She just seems to be deliberately acting as outrageous as she possibly can. (*She shrugs.*) What with the way she dresses and, my God, the language that she uses, she is pushing things to extremes. I try to be fair, I try to be understanding, but I can only go so far. Sssh now; someone's coming.

Cheryl Frick enters. She is dressed as outrageously as is imaginable. The details are left to the director and costumer to decide, but suggestions include a sleeveless leather jacket, ripped fishnet stockings, bright pink hair, and extreme piercings and tattoos. The more over the top her look is, the better.

CHERYL

Yo, Mom. Dad.

MRS. FRICK

Oh, hello, dear.

MR. FRICK

Hmm.

CHERYL

What're you guys up to?

MRS. FRICK

Oh, nothing. We're just talking. That's all.

CHERYL

About what?

MRS. FRICK

Well... no, it's nothing.

CHERYL

You're not talking about Emily, are you?

MRS. FRICK

Well, that's not...

CHERYL

'Cause she's, like, really frickin' pissing me off these days.

MRS. FRICK

Cheryl! Don't talk about your sister that way.

CHERYL

Come on, she's gotta be creeping you guys out, too. Admit it.

MRS. FRICK

Well, your father and I do have some... concerns about her behavior.

CHERYL

"Concerns." (*Raspberry.*) Well, she's making my life a living hell at school. People come up to me, and they're like, "Hey, isn't that wacko Emily Frick your sister?" How do you think that makes me feel? And she doesn't care. She's like, proud to be such a total freak.

FOR FULL SCRIPT, CONTACT PMFLOYD01@GMAIL.COM