

It's Special

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Clara (f) age 15, apprehensive and excited about starting high school
Susan (f) 40-ish, Clara's Mom, loving and protective

TIME: late August, summer evening

PLACE: Clara's bedroom

AT RISE, there are clothes strewn about and a new smartphone. And a bag with something special in it.

CLARA

Mom! Is this for real? I finally have a phone!

SUSAN

Dad and I thought it was about time. You're starting high school and next will be driver's ed and all that semi-adult stuff, so yeah – surprise! You have a phone.

CLARA

I want to play with it right away.

SUSAN

I figured as much. Now remember/

CLARA

/I won't text nude photos of myself, Mom!

SUSAN

Just – make smart choices with it. I want you to stay safe.

CLARA

And the jeans! You really splurged. I know money's tight.

SUSAN

High school can be – overwhelming.

CLARA

Tell me about it. I haven't started and I'm overwhelmed.

SUSAN

Change is hard. It's a bigger building, a lot more kids. And a lot more homework. I want you to feel as confident as possible. A new pair of jeans won't break the bank.

CLARA

But *these* jeans. Seriously cool.

SUSAN

And one more thing.

CLARA

This is better than Christmas!

SUSAN

Look! It's special.

(CLARA pulls a backpack out of the bag.)

CLARA

Whoa! Heavy. Did you already put books in it?

SUSAN

No. (Beat.) It's bulletproof.

CLARA

What?

SUSAN

It's bulletproof. I told you it was special.

BLACKOUT

END OF PLAY