

*Excerpt from AMONG FRIENDS ACT 1 Scene 5*

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*(Jenna answers phone.)*

Jenna: Hey. Thank you for calling me back. I have left you like eight messages over the past two days. Yea. I did. I've told them I lost the baby. I feel completely awful. Not only am I hiding something from them, but I'm covering it up with a lie. I don't know what to do. Can you please just come home for a while? No, I don't want...Okay. I know. I just wish you would be there for me. What? *(Barbara opens door to hear the rest of the conversation.)* This is not all my fault. You begged me to have sex. I did. I got pregnant. You persuaded me to get rid of it. No. You did persuade me. I hadn't even considered it. Jeremy, stop it. I know I should have told them the whole thing, but I couldn't handle it. You haven't even said anything to your parents. You don't know what it's like. Jeremy? *(Realizes he hung up. Puts phone down. Barbara enters and closes door behind her.)*

Barbara: Who the hell do you think you are?

Jenna: Mom?

Barbara: You have your father brokenhearted because he thinks our family has just lost another child. You weren't even carrying it anymore. I guess I shouldn't be surprised. Any girl who spreads her legs for two boys can't be too keen on morality.

Jenna: Excuse me? What the hell are you talking about?

Barbara: Don't you dare talk to me like that. You. Don't think I don't know that this whole time you've been sleeping around with Jeremy and Stephen. Of course, Jeremy doesn't know about Stephen, I'm sure.

Jenna: No he doesn't know about Stephen because Stephen and I are not like that.

Barbara: Yea, right. Even if that were true it doesn't excuse the fact that your father and I have been at your service in order to help you with this child. You've been lying to us. Not to mention- you have taken a life, Jenna. I raised you better than that.

Jenna: The apple doesn't fall far from the tree, Mom. (*Barbara slaps Jenna.*)

Barbara: I'm sorry, but you need some sense knocked into you. I did what I thought I had to do, and I regret it every day. I raised you to feel comfortable owning your mistakes and moving forward. I did not bring you up to toss aside the blessing of a child. This is not okay, Jenna. I cannot allow this in my house. I think I have to ask you to leave.

Jenna: What a bitch. You and your double standards.

(*William enters.*)

William: What's going on up here?

Barbara: Tell him, Jenna.

(*Jenna stares at her mother.*)

Jenna: Mom never had a miscarriage.

William: What?

Jenna: Mom wasn't ready to have a baby, so she had it taken care of.

William: Taken care of? No... (*Looks at Barbara*) You didn't.

Barbara: We were young, William. I was scared.

William: So you didn't talk to me or ask me what we could do together. You just went behind my back?

Barbara: You would have wanted to keep the baby, and I wasn't ready for that.

William: You're damn right we would have kept it.

Barbara: It was my decision, William.

William: But it was my baby too, Barbara.

*(Heavy pause.)*

William: *(looks at Jenna)* Let me guess. You have something similar to tell me.

Jenna: *(shocked. Looks to Barbara)* No. I don't.

William: Well, I'm glad to see that someone in this house values life.

Barbara: I'm sorry, William. Maybe I should go for a walk.

William: It might be best if you find somewhere else to stay tonight.

Barbara: Okay.

*(Barbara leaves)*

Jenna: Dad...she was young. She made a mistake.

William: A mistake that cost me my first child, Jenna.

Jenna: I guess. Dad, are you going to be okay?

William: I don't know. This is rough. I'm going to go downstairs.

Jenna: Okay. I love you.

William: I love you, too.

*(Starts to leave. Stops.)*

William: You know, if you have anything to tell me, now is the time to say it.

Jenna: I know, but I don't. William: Okay. *(Turns)*

Jenna: God damnit. Dad, I'm just like Mom. I got scared. I couldn't handle the idea of ...

William: No need to explain. Now I know. Now I know that I am the only one in this house that doesn't take for granted all the important things. I could argue that you are both murderers, but it's not just that. It's that you have done something that affects our family. And you didn't even ask what I thought, or how it would affect us. Worse than that, I feel very sorry for you because now you both have to live with the knowledge of what you've done.

Jenna: I know.

William: I'm going to bed.

*(William is gone by the time she can say "goodnight..." She picks up the phone and dials.)*