

# Sam Snow's Strange Summer

By Harrison Farmer

## **Characters**

Jessica Carter- 18, recent high school graduate. She is confident in her thoughts and actions, charming without trying, interested primarily in people, and above all else she is herself.

Samuel Snow- 17, upcoming high school senior. He is unsure of himself, unfamiliar with his own body, unwillingly obsessed with aliens, and desperate for true connection.

Mrs. Snow- 40, not seen onstage

## **Time and Place**

The play takes place during summer break 2015 in Chesterfield, MO.

## **Notes**

It is suggested that activities are given to the performers in each of the scenes. For instance, feel free to draw out the cleaning of the basement in first scene. There might also be a dart board or lego sets or a puzzle for Sam and Jess to occupy themselves with while hanging out.

SCENE 1

Setting:

A basement in Chesterfield, MO. A Sofa, a lay-z-boy chair, and a countertop bar with three stools. There are graduation decorations and trash from the bar-b-que around the room.

At Rise:

SAMUEL is sitting on the sofa holding a plastic cup and a paper plate. Perhaps he is flipping through a photo album. JESSICA enters.

JESSICA

Hey! I didn't know anybody was still down here.

SAMUEL

Nope. *(chuckles)* Just me! Hey, congratulations, by the way.

JESSICA

*(smiles)* Thank you. *(curtsies)* I'm a regular Albert Einstein.

SAMUEL

*(chuckles again)* Yeah. Yeah! You really are, I guess.

JESSICA

You know, everybody else left. It's just my aunts and uncles up there now. I think all the Parkway people went to go see a movie or something.

SAMUEL

Oh, yeah. Well, I don't know. I don't really hang out with those guys. And I'm not really doing anything else today, so-

JESSICA

*(picking up a paper plates from the ground)* Well then, who do you hang out with? Who's your crew? *(grins)*

SAMUEL

*(helps her pick up the trash)* Oh, you know. Charlie Watson and those kinda guys.

JESSICA

Ooh! So you like amine?

SAMUEL

No, not really. I mean, as much as the next guy, I guess. It's just, that's the group that I sort of went toward Freshman year. You know?

JESSICA

Oh, yeah. I get that. *(throws the trash away and sits down next to him)* So, um, if not anime, what is it you like?

SAMUEL

Um. *(beat)*

JESSICA

Like, what are you into?

SAMUEL

Oh, I mean. Nothing really. Just, the normal 17 year old guy kind of stuff, I guess. Sex, drugs, rock and roll... video games.

JESSICA

No, come on, that's bull shit. What are you REALLY into? You're into some weird stuff, aren't you? Stuff your parents would be ashamed of you to find out about.

SAMUEL

*(uncomfortable chuckle)* No, what? I mean, I don't know. What do you mean "weird stuff"? Like, what does that mean?

JESSICA

You tell me what it means.

SAMUEL

*(after long thought, reluctantly states)* I've been clinically obsessed with extra terrestrials since I was in fifth grade...

JESSICA

*(beat)* See, that's what I'm talking about. That's pretty good. No need to be ashamed. *(gently lays hand on SAMUEL's knee, mocking a therapist)* This is a safe place.

SAMUEL

Ah, yes. Well, thank you. What are you into?

JESSICA

Oh, the normal the 18 year old girl stuff. Sex, drugs, rock and roll... Ryan Gosling.

*(SAMUEL rolls his eyes and blushes)*

JESSICA

Fifth grade's pretty specific, why then?

SAMUEL

Because that's when I was abducted.

JESSICA

*(beat)* No shit?

SAMUEL

No shit.

JESSICA

*(beat)* Well, shit. That's cool shit, dude. I mean, I guess. You know, I guess I don't know shit about it. God, I'm sorry. I mean, like, was it cool shit?

SAMUEL

No.

JESSICA

Fuck. I'm sorry.

SCENE 2

Setting:

The same basement, but  
cleaned up.

At Rise:

JESSICA and SAMUEL enter  
from door. JESSICA is holding  
X-Large movie theatre soda  
and SAMUEL is holding  
popcorn bucket. The room is  
dark.

JESSICA

Hold the phone. You had never heard *God Only Knows*? (*Flips light switch and room is illuminated*)  
Like, never? How are you alive?

SAMUEL

(*Embarrassed*) I mean, I don't think so. I guess it sounded familiar.

JESSICA

(*Clicks on lamp*) Well I'm glad you heard it. It's the *Beach Boys*' best song. Maybe the best love  
song of the 1960's. You know, I think that's now my favorite movie of the year thus far.

SAMUEL

Whoa. Better than *Age of Ultron*?

JESSICA

I don't know. I didn't see it.

SAMUEL

I'm sorry, what? You didn't see *Age of Ultron*?

JESSICA

Oh come on, don't you give me that shit. It's just a fucking movie. I hate it when people make such  
a big deal out of that stuff. It's like, what, I can't be a functional human being without seeing some  
cookie cutter action film?

SAMUEL

(*Uncomfortable*) Wait, but you just-

JESSICA

I know! What? You think I'm some bumbling hypocritical idiot or something?

SAMUEL

Well, I don't know about that, but... I'm sorry. I don't think you're an idiot.

JESSICA