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contact tmeddaugh@gmail.com.

EXCERPT FROM
HOLDING GINGER
By Tara Meddaugh

AT RISE:

JENNA, a girl of about 14 stands in a hall near her sister,
LIVVY, who is about 17. There is broken glass on the
floor. It is the summer.

Did you just—

LIVVY

I know it looks like—

JENNA

It doesn't look like. It is. I can see it.

LIVVY

I—

JENNA

Very clearly.

LIVVY

Livvy...

JENNA

Jenna!

LIVVY

I'm sorry.

JENNA

Of course you are!

LIVVY

I am!

JENNA

You were running, weren't you?

LIVVY

Ginger was running down the hall so—

JENNA

Ginger's a cat. She can run down the hall.

LIVVY

I was trying to—

JENNA

What?

LIVVY

I was trying to—

JENNA

LIVVY

What was so important you were trying to do, Jenna? Really? That you had to chase a cat down a hall, acting like an imbecile, running right where—

JENNA

I'm sorry. I'm sorry!

LIVVY

So what did you just have to do?

JENNA

I was just gonna...you'll think it's...I'm not gonna tell you now.

LIVVY

No, you'll tell me.

JENNA

You're being mean. I don't want to talk to you when you're like this.

LIVVY

Well I don't want to clean up this broken glass, but I don't have a choice in that, do I?

JENNA

I'm gonna clean it up.

LIVVY

You are?

JENNA

Yes, look! I'm starting right now.
(bends down on her hands and knees)

LIVVY

Watch your knees! You can't just kneel down on the broken glass! What's wrong with you?

JENNA

I—

LIVVY

Just squat. Pick up the big pieces first. Put them—here.
(picks up a trash basket at the other end of the room)

JENNA

I don't wanna fall over.

LIVVY

You're acting like a baby, Jenna. Move over.

(squats down with her)

Mom would kill me if she found you cleaning this up by yourself anyway.

JENNA

I can do it.

LIVVY

And I'll, what, just watch you?

JENNA

You could. That's ok. Or—I mean, you don't have to watch. You can go do something else. Watch tv. Or call Danny or something.

LIVVY

Why would I call Danny?

JENNA

I don't know.

LIVVY

Danny from, like, 5 years ago?

JENNA

I guess. Danny, who...you know.

LIVVY

What?

JENNA

Gave you the flowers.

(pause)

LIVVY

I'm surprised you remember his name.

JENNA

They were your first flowers.

LIVVY

It was a long time ago.

JENNA

Mom made you come down so you could have the delivery guy hand them right to you at the door. You squealed when he gave them to you. You said it was because Josh pinched you—

He did. LIVVY

But he wasn't close enough to you. You were just happy. JENNA

Shut up. LIVVY

I'd be happy too. They were roses, right? Josh said they were carnations, but you said if they were carnations, could you stab him with a thorn? JENNA

That's right. LIVVY

They were red. JENNA

Pinkish red. LIVVY

Oh. Right. JENNA

(pause)
Am I the same age now that you were when you got the flowers?

You're older. One or...two years older than I was then. LIVVY

Right. JENNA

(pause)

You'll get flowers some day. LIVVY

I know. I mean. Maybe. Maybe I won't also. JENNA

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