

Frenemy

By Pete Malicki

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Contact:

petemalicki@gmail.com

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Cast – a schoolgirl.

Note: the character is being interviewed and pauses occasionally while the interviewer asks an unheard question.

Do I know her? Sure. We were BFF for years before she went all catatonic. She was my partner in crime, hey.

PAUSE

Ask her therapist. I've gone through shit too but I can still say things like "thank you" and "hello mother dearest."

PAUSE

In school. She was new and she comes into Geography. Miss Parker thinks she's cool and does the whole Donnie Darko thing: "Sit next to the boy you think is the cutest." Chloe looks at the boys one by one, not moving, bag over one shoulder, then sits down next to me and says, "sorry babe. It's not you, it's them."

She says she came here to avoid suspension. At her old school she stapled some sleeping mole's hair to the desk in music class then blew a trumpet in her face. Chloe's cool, hey, so I take her to meet the gang and she's one of the bitches from day one.

PAUSE

I told you, she was my bestie. Sometimes she just rubbed me up the wrong way. After a few weeks she catches on that no one likes Stephie, so she plays her. Tells her that Daniel Abercrombie – who's one of the few guys who isn't like hideously ugly – has a crush on her and Stephie totally humiliates herself by asking him out. The gang thinks Chloe's crazy funny but Stephie's always good to us even if she's a lame-arse mole. You don't mess with your own nest, hey. Anyway, she's new and she's already getting a bit too chubby for her uggies so I have to bring her down a few sizes.

So Cam-Cam has a party at her dad's third biggest mansion and we have ciders and vodka cruisers and a bunch of the least lame guys are there. I slip a little something into Chloe's Rekorderlig and everyone gets to see her get to second base with Spaz. I tell Spaz to piss off back to his mummy's trailer and we take Chloe home before she does something dumb. So now everyone thinks she's a trash bag and start called her Hoey.

PAUSE

I realised what she was made of after that. Sarah Pembroke called her a slut and she's like, "So what, virgin? If I want some at least I don't have to go running to daddy." Chloe was deadly, hey. You messed with her, you messed with fire. That fat Goth bitch Ness and all her emo idiot whores started laughing at her. One day she's sitting with me in bio

Facebooking on her iPhone. I see she's on some hot guy's profile. "You shagging that guy?" I say. "Nah, he's Ness's new boy," she says. "Serious?" I say. Then I see she's writing *from* his profile. A hot and heavy message to Ness. Wow – I'm impressed. Chloe strings her along for three weeks then gets her guy to tell her she's dumb and fat and dumps her. On Monday Ness comes in with twice the number of fresh cuts on her arm than usual.

We are besties now and I'm the only person who can call her Hoey Chloe and get away with it. We pull pranks on all the moles and skanks and Asians. Ming Yu goes to the bathroom halfway through a maths exam and I take her paper when Mr Brady isn't looking and ditch it. She has a total spac attack when she gets back and Brady – who is super Christian and totally unqualified for this kind of thing – takes her outside where she wails like a Geisha for the rest of the test. Chlo "accidentally" pours Red Bull all over May's laptop and it's screwed as. We end up pranking all the lamest people in school and loving it. I get her to leave Stephie off and they even become friends. Some of Chloe's cool rubs off on her. Yeah, everyone's pretty chilled, hey.

PAUSE

No, I never *hated* her. It's just, she stepped on my turf. You were at our school – we all know Goz was the only guy in our grade hot enough for someone like me to hook up with. Chlo bumps into him during summer hols and they end up shagging for a week before word gets to me. I'm pissed at her, but she didn't know he was mine. But she *did*. I drive her to school one day and she says, "You like Goz, don't you?" "Whatevs," I say. "You're cool with it then?" she says. "Whatevs, mole. He's so thick even the teachers give him shit. Who cares how hot he is, hey." Then she says, "Cool. Stephie told me you fancied him so I'm glad you're cool with it."

The bitch, hey. If it was an accident it'd be cool but she did it to mess with me. I corner Stephie and I say, "What the hell?! Why'd you tell Ho-bag I liked Goz?" Stephie says she didn't think it was a biggee. "Well she's shagging him now, so yeah, it kinda is." Then Stephie says, "babe, she's doing it because you spiked her drink at Cam-Cam's."

The *bitch*. If she wants to be nice to my face then screw with me to my back, I'll show her how hot fire can burn. She wants a frenemy, I'll be the best one she ever had. School starts again and I have a real good one in the bag. Actually, it was Chloe's idea and we were going to do it to this total mole from Kings. I write this letter: "My darling John. It's been the best month of my life. I already miss feeling your hands on my naked body. Blah blah blah, I love you always, Chloe." I skip school and drive round to Small Street and put the note in Mr Brady's letterbox. He stays back to tutor the nerds and retards on Mondays so his wife will defo get it. Brady *always* talks about his fat mole wife and they have like eight kids. You know what we called them? The Brady Ugly Bible Retards. Anyways, this is totally going to get Chloe for hooking up with Goz.

Brady isn't at school the rest of that week. I tell no one, not even Jules, who's totally good for anything. Chlo doesn't say anything; she has no idea. I ask Miss Parker, who is way too much of a try hard to have any discretion, "Where's Brady, Miss?" Miss Parker's like, "he's off sick." I say, "come on, he's never sick." She leans in and whispers, "marital problems." Lady Gaga can't read my poker face when she says this.

I'd been thinking of telling Chlo so maybe we could go snoop on Brady and see what was going on. Sunday at 3pm, speak of the devil, she texts me. "OMG I," is all it says. I text back to see if she's okay. Nothing. I try again. Still nothing. Then she writes, "Apologies. I mistakenly contacted you." Like, WTF?

I wonder who has her phone as I drive round to her place. I pull up and there's a car in her drive. Shit! I know whose it is. I run to her front door and I can hear muffled noises, a man's angry voice and slapping and banging sounds. I'm terrified but I have to do something so I kick the door three times and yell in my deepest, meanest voice, "Police!" Nothing. Then five seconds later there's an enormous bang and I feel like a thunderclap has bitch-slapped me. As much as I want to bail, my girl is in some serious trouble and I open the door. Chloe's in the living room wearing nothing but a bra and a skirt and covered in blood. I scream. She looks up at me and I see she's okay. Then I see Brady. I'm so stunned I just stare and stare and stare and before I know it there are cops everywhere and I'm being hauled away in an ambulance.

PAUSE

Nah, she never told *anyone* what happened. She hasn't said a word since. Brady's wife – or like, widow now – told the police about their "affair" and they believed her even though she destroyed the letter which "Chloe" wrote. Apparently that gives her motive. But if she really was shagging Brady, how's that make her want to kill him? It makes no sense at all. All the note does is give *him* motive for being there, which was clearly to do whatever horrific shit he was in the middle of when I knocked on the door.

PAUSE

No one "talks" to her any more you retard, but no, I don't any more. I tried for weeks but it got me nowhere.

PAUSE

She tries to mask any guilt she might feel for her part in what happened by moving the blame onto Chloe.

Tell the cops about the letter? Why should I? Far as I'm concerned, the bitch owes me a "thank you" for saving her life. She's not getting anything out of me until she says it.