

CAST

Zoey:

One of two Main Characters.

The American girl next door; since five years prior to the story. About the same age as Dougie. Stands at about 5'5". Her straightened dark hair reaches a little past her shoulders; with fringe bangs that lay flat in the front of her face, over her left eye. Her green eyes are usually surrounded by eyeliner. Typically wears dark denim jeans and nicely fitted band t-shirts. Converse shoes are her chosen footwear. Her only accessories are 'kandi' bracelets. All in all, if one was to stereotype her, one might say she's a bit of a punk.

She's been best friends with Dougie Wheeler since making the move to England. Personality wise: she mothers the majority of her guy friends, though is still considered one of the guys. She's just as fun and sarcastic and can be quite blunt. She tries her best to be supportive of Dougie but fears losing him. If something's bothering her, the problem will probably linger inside her, rather than being vocal about it.

Dougie Wheeler:

One of two Main Characters.

A young lad from Essex, about seventeen or so. He stands at only 5'8". His hair is light and falls straight and to the side, over his blue eyes. He has a lip ring on the right side of his bottom lip. Normally wears skater clothing lines: Hurley, Adio, Etnies, and Vans. Personality wise: Dougie's quite childish. He's a bit of a pervert and sarcastic at times. Jokes about being the next Hugh Hefner, but really dreams about being the next Mark Hoppus. Though, he can be quiet and come off as shy if there's a new face in town or if he's around a girl he fancies. Doesn't normally care to go into details. Soon to be the bassist for a new British band.

Mentioned Characters

Mum: Mother of Dougie Wheeler.

Jazzie: Younger sister of Dougie Wheeler.

Harry James: Soon to be drummer of British band; friend of Main Characters; dating Jess

Raven: American friend of Main Characters; sister to Katherine

Katherine: American friend of Main Characters; sister to Raven

The Blond Guitarist: Guitar/Vocalist for British band

The Bolton Boy: Guitar/Vocalist for British band

Jess: Friend of Main Characters; dating Harry James

PLACE: England. Dougie's bedroom. Walls covered in Blink-182 & Green Day posters. Clothes and porn magazines strewn all over the floor. There are a few moving boxes, some packed and sealed, others still being used to pack things away. One or two may read: Dougs Porn. A bass guitar is set in one corner, along with a skateboard. A full-size bed sits in the middle of the wall across from the bedroom door; amp beside the bed, used as a nightstand. Two terrariums with a lizard in each on a bookcase facing the bed, against another wall. There's a window in the room. Always kept unlocked.

TIME: Early summer 2007. Quarter past midnight.

Dougie is dressed in comfortable pajamas & sleeping comfortably — face down — on a disheveled bed. Music plays softly in the background – helping him snooze the night away; mainly Blink-182. Zooey stealthily enters through window. Dougie stirs, but doesn't face the window. Zooey's still in public apparel: jeans, fitted band t-shirt, and Converse; her brown hair is straightened and worn down, her fringe is strategically placed over one eye.

ZOOEY

(Whispers towards bed) Hey, you up still? (Silently waits response, observes messy heap on bed)

DOUGIE

(Stirs in sleep, finally rolls around on his back) Errr...no. I'm sleeping. Dreaming about being on the red carpet of some award show, where I am winning Best Pop Mop. And all the girls are swooning at the sight of me and want me to sign their knickers. Oh, one of them is a hot surfer babe! Gawr.

Zooey rolls eyes; softly chuckles. Dougie smirks before opening one eye after another.

DOUGIE (cont.)

Oh. Oh, no. Well. Now I'm awake. (Wipes sleep from eyes) I suppose. (Looks at Zooey) What's up?

ZOOEY

(Smile fades slightly; approaches the side of bed) Well, I uh...I just wanted to apologize for earlier. (Fidgets with fingers, realizes, and drops hands to sides. Dougie sits up and leans against pillow/headboard) I shouldn't have snapped at you.

DOUGIE

(Arches brow in disbelief) You're losin' sleep over that?

ZOOEY

(Snaps) Shut up! (Slouches) Dougs, you're my best friend and it's just... (sighs, not knowing where to go with argument) I should have been more supportive.

DOUGIE

(Slowly nods) Hmm, yes. Ya should've been. (Shrugs) Eh, I'm over it.

Zooey continues frowning, Dougie sighs mockingly, slides over, throwing blankets aside; patting a place on bed beside him.

DOUGIE (cont.)

Come on. Get in...Just keep ya hands ta ya'self.

Zooey rolls eyes as she approaches and takes a place in the bed.

DOUGIE (cont.)

No, I'm serious. I don't want any funny business from down und'ah! Any sudden movement shall lead to severe punishment.

ZOOEY

(Scoffs; mutters to self) Severe punishment? *(Turns to him; throws arms over top of the comforter)* What, so I can't breathe?

DOUGIE

(Shakes head childishly) Nope. *(articulates)* You must hold your breath or at least come out from under the sheets if you insist on breathing. *(snobbishly raises nose)*

Zoey scoffs, rolling her eyes playfully. Room goes still as the two sit in bed, not looking at the other. Zoey tilts head to side, as if thinking about something distantly. Still doesn't look at Dougie.

ZOOEY

Dougs?

DOUGIE

(mimicking tone; still not looking at her) Zoes?

ZOOEY

(bluntly) My parents want to move back to the States.

DOUGIE

(confused stare) States? What are those?

Zoey frowns, gives Dougie a disapproving glance. Dougie shrugs, looks away, thinking.

DOUGIE (cont.)

Well, that's jus' too bad, isn't it?

ZOOEY

(chastising) Dougie.

DOUGIE

(as if laying the cards out on the table) Listen, there's only room for one of us ta walk out on this town. An' I don't really think the world can handle both of us goin' off, doin' our thing all at once. *(shrugs)* It wouldn't know what ta do with itself. *(looks at Zoey)* Which one of us will it follow? Seriously. It's like... *(ponders)* It's like askin' Mum to part with both children. Jus' isn't done. Jus'...not cool.

ZOOEY

(shakes head; scoffs) You're such a loser. *(long pause; takes a deep breath, frowns)* I seriously don't want to go back to America.

DOUGIE

(small frown) I seriously don't wan'ch'ya to, either.

ZOOEY

(looks at space in front of her, shrugs) Not like it should matter to you. Not if you're planning to move in with the band. We won't see each other anyways...

DOUGIE

(taken aback) I'm moving a half hour away. You're talking 'bout placin' a whole ocean between us. And of course, we'll see each other!

ZOOEY

We've had an ocean between us before.

DOUGIE

Yeah, but tha' was before I knew ya!

Short silence between them.

ZOOEY

(looks away) Okay. *(shakes head, glances at him)* I still don't see what's changed. Other than we know each other now. We talk to Raven and Kathrine loads on the internet. It's not like we'll stop talking. And maybe I'll come back for Uni.

DOUGIE

(shakes head stubbornly) Not the same.

ZOOEY

(rolls eyes) I don't see how not.

DOUGIE

(ponders, suggests plainly) Maybe...you should just move in here.

ZOOEY

(stunned) Quoi?

DOUGIE

(rationalizing) Well, it's not exactly like I'll be occupyin' the room. It's just Mum an' Jazzie here. *(pauses)* And someone's gotta take care of Lewis an' Sukie. *(points over to terrariums; each contains a lizard)*

ZOOEY

(scoffs) Oh, so now you're turning me into your housemaid?

DOUGIE

(defensively snaps) No! *(shakes head, wittily replies)* Not a housemaid...just my room...maid. *(shakes head at stupidity of statement and carries on)* Couldn't care less about the rest of the house. Can't really expect anyone livin' here ta feed 'em. *(starts to list things off with fingers)* Change their water bowls. Clean their tanks. Make sure they get out for a walk. Make sure they grow up with the finest education. Listen to 'em when they have problems.

ZOOEY

(softly spoken to self) Education? *(shakes head; to Dougie)* Dougie, they're lizards. *(he just blinks at her; she continues)* In a tank...with everything they could possibly need to survive in a house...as domestic reptiles. I don't think they'll have many woes, so long as they continue to be taken care of.

DOUGIE

(mock outrage) Well, how would ya know? *(scoffs)* Have you ever tried listenin' to 'em? Hear what **they've** got ta say?

ZOOEY

No Dougie. **They're** lizards. They shouldn't be **saying** anything.

DOUGIE

(crosses arms) Well, with **that** attitude...I'm thinkin' I don't want ya livin' here an' takin' care of 'em now. *(climbs out of bed, stands in front of tanks. Feeds lizards; speaking to them)* Don't listen ta the mean girl. She's jus' a girl. She doesn't understand.

ZOOEY

(crosses arms, watching from bed) Honestly, how old are you?

DOUGIE

(faces her) You're jus' jealous. *(places food down)*

ZOOEY

Of what?

DOUGIE

(takes seat back on bed) Of me givin' my lizards more attention than I give you.

ZOOEY

(tosses hands in air, surrendering) Oh, you caught me! *(fails at trying not to laugh)*

DOUGIE

(sarcastic, smug tone) Damn straight I caught you. Know why?

ZOOEY

(feigns interest) Why's that?

DOUGIE

Because I'm Dougie Wheeler. (*proudly*) **Privates** Inspector.

ZOOEY

(*chokes on laughter; glances around the room and teases*) Business has been slow I see?

DOUGIE

(*shrugs*) I do okay.

ZOOEY

(*disbelief*) Okay. Ri-i-i-ight.

DOUGIE

(*frowns*) What? I do. (*pouts*)

ZOOEY

Right. Dougie? (*pauses*) Your porn... (*slowly shakes head*) ...doesn't count.

DOUGIE

(*mouth drops*) Hey! Sod off. I'm researchin' my field.

ZOOEY

Field?

DOUGIE

Yeah. (*smugly*) I'm the next Hugh Hefner, ya know?

ZOOEY

(*Matter-of-fact tone*) Oh, no...I didn't know!

DOUGIE

Yeah, and if ya behave I might make ya Play-Mate of the Month.

ZOOEY

(*scoffs*) Oh please.

DOUGIE

(*shrugs with slight approval*) Begging's a start. (*nods head pointedly*) Though, ya might want to try bribing; has more of a promising outcome.

ZOOEY

Dougie!

She playfully elbows him. The two laugh until they're submerged into silence yet again. Both look at anything but one another. Finally Zooey sighs and turns to Dougie.

ZOOEY (cont.)

What are you thinking about?

DOUGIE

(sighs) You.

ZOOEY

(surprised) Seriously?

DOUGIE

Yeah.

ZOOEY

(curious) What about me?

DOUGIE

(feigns pondering) I'm thinkin'...red polka dotted bikini, instead of yellow for you. It'll bring the color out in ya eyes. Whereas the yellow'd jus' drown 'em in gray.

ZOOEY

(hits him with pillow) Shut up!

DOUGIE

(laughs before choking back, stifling himself) Okay. Alright. *(serious)* Fine what are you thinkin' about, then? And don't say hookin' up with me, because that's nothin' new.

ZOOEY

Don't you wish? *(smug; Dougie glares. Ponders)* Hrm...well. I'm thinking: it's my last year of sixth form. Maybe my parents will just...hold off.

DOUGIE

(nods) That'd be cool.

ZOOEY

(scoffs) Oh, please.

DOUGIE

(honest confusion)

What?

ZOOEY

Dougie, it's just a thought. Not to mention, you really have no say in the matter. Remember, you're running away already. Some band. Trying to get noticed by loads of fan girls.

DOUGIE

(to self) Ooh, fan girls. Forgot about them. *(to Zoey)* And I'm not runnin' away! Thirty minutes. Maybe less – depending on speed. Ya don't listen very well. Seriously. *(scoffs)* Girls.

ZOOEY

(ignores him) It's not like you're graduating with me. Or going off to college. Or Uni.

DOUGIE

(arches eyebrow) With you?

ZOOEY

(slightly stunned) Well...yeah. *(pauses)* I mean...with the gang and me. But then again, Harry's running off with you and that's about it. I mean...it's just us. *(shrugs)* And a few others. But they don't matter. *(pauses)* Not really.

DOUGIE

(curiously) And...you do?

ZOOEY

(snaps) I better.

DOUGIE

(smirks; mutters) You do.

ZOOEY

(smiles) Good.

They look to one another for a long moment. Then, as if – for the first time – realizing just how close they are on the bed, Zoey blinks from her reverie and turns her face away.

ZOOEY (cont.)

So...enough of this rubbish. Tell me about this band of yours. Have you lot thought up a name?

Dougie closes eyes, breaking from his own reverie. Disappointed that the moment hadn't gone the way he'd hoped. He really wanted to kiss her.

DOUGIE

Yeah, that blond guitarist guy...he said somethin' 'bout Marty...or Delorian or somethin'. I dunno. *(to self)* Wasn't really paying attention.

ZOOEY

Well, did you suggest anything?

DOUGIE

(smug) Yeah...I was thinkin': Blink-183

ZOOEY

(sarcastic) Oh, how original.

She shifts, adjusts bed sheets, makes herself comfortable. Dougie shifts away, watching her.

DOUGIE

(shrugs; feigning smug attitude) I thought so. *(Zooey chuckles, he continues)* Better than Harry's suggestion anyways. *(mocks)* I mean, what kind of name is "Harry James & the Band". He's only a bloody drummer.

ZOOEY

(chuckles) Oh, is that all he is? Anyone tell Jess that?

DOUGIE

Oh! Do ya think she oughtta know?

ZOOEY

(shrugs) I think it's only fair. After all, they are dating!

DOUGIE

(scoffs) Oh, is that all?

ZOOEY

Yeah. And who'd want to date someone who's a **bloody** drummer?

DOUGIE

He may want to consider seeking medical attention for that. *(both snicker)*

ZOOEY

So, have you worked on any songs?

DOUGIE

Well, the two guitarists wrote a few songs already. I don't think Harry knows how to read, much less write. *(ponders)* Oh wait, that's me.

ZOOEY

But you write.

DOUGIE

Yeah, about the destruction of the world. And hoping people choke and die.

ZOOEY

(shrugs, offers a small pout) I like your Scary Silence song.

DOUGIE

(grumbles to self) 'Stillness Is A Daunting Sound'. *(shakes head)* Anyways, Harry's already moved in, ya know! They were settin' his kit up in the Bolton Boy's room.

ZOOEY

Why are they in his room and not Harry's?

DOUGIE

I dunno. He's got the master bedroom. More space, I suppose. Harry's got barely enough for his full in the room he's chosen. Oh, you've got ta see the room Harry's got. It's got these mirrors surroundin' a nook in the wall, where the head of his bed will go.

ZOOEY

(drowsy) Hrm...that's Harry. Vain as he likes. *(yawns)*

DOUGIE

Harry's not vain... *(ponders)* Okay, so maybe he is. A little...

ZOOEY

(even more drowsy than before, practically sleeping) Loser.

DOUGIE

And of course, I'm jus' down the hall from him. Next room, actually! It'll be jus' like this room, only a queen mattress instead of this lousy double. *(indicates bed)* And of course the lizards will have ta stay here until further notice. I'm wonderin' if we're allowed ta have people over. I mean, we'll be livin' there an' all. So, stands ta reason. Oh, that blond guitarist! He's got a balcony outside his room. Then again, it's on the third floor and well...that's jus' too much exercise.

Dougie turns, sees Zooey asleep; he watches a moment, admiring the scene. Sighing, he goes back to looking straight ahead at the emptiness.

DOUGIE (cont.)

Right. So ya know how ya've been goin' on about how my say doesn't count or some rubbish? *(pauses)* Right, well. I rather think it does, actually. *(shakes head)* Now, don't go arguin' with me – hear me out. *(calmly)* See, I believe ya shouldn't move because it'll be easier for me ta come an' visit ya on breaks. Not ta mention cheaper. Now, if ya're wonderin' why I'd come visit ya instead of goin' ta Australia or Barbados, the answer's quite simple. Ya see, I think I rather like ya. And I was really hopin' we could work on that a bit. Jus' sorta see where it takes us. *(looks down at Zooey, still sleeping)* Oh phew! I'm glad ya feel the same way. For a moment there I thought I was alone on this!

Zooey stirs a little but doesn't wake up. Positive she didn't hear anything he'd just said, Dougie sighs. After a beat, he reaches over her and turns the light off. Music fades in [Blink-182]. Dougie settles himself close to her and falls asleep. The end.