

# Three Months

By Jordan Oakley

Characters:

GIRL- 17, a driven young woman with strong academic drive

YOUNG GIRL- 8, a nervous child who has experienced sexual advances for the first time

MIDDLE SCHOOL GIRL- 14, a studious girl who has never been called into the office before

HIGH SCHOOL GIRL- 16, a girl very much in love who doesn't know what happened the night before

MOM- A trusting mother who believes in her daughter

COACH- An apathetic, cynical, underpaid man

ADMINISTRATOR- An overworked school administrator who can't be bothered

BOYFRIEND- 16, an athletic, all american golden boy type

[News recording: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=4c2yvEPyL8g>]

*[Stage is set with a desk in center stage. On the desk are a laptop, high school textbooks, several Red Bull cans, power bar wrappers and college essays. On the back of the laptop is a sticker that says 'REAGAN HIGH HONORS STUDENT' and a news story is playing quietly. A Stanford jacket is draped down the table so the name is visible. Beneath it is a grey sweatshirt crumpled on the ground, identical to the one that shows up later in the play. Girl is sitting at the desk and is writing her college essays while listening to the news on her laptop.]*

**MOM:**

*[Offstage]*

Honey? Are you working on your essays?

**GIRL**

Yeah, mom!

**MOM**

You've been working for hours. Have you eaten today?

**GIRL**

*[Exasperated]*

Yes, mom.

**MOM**

Red Bull and protein bars do not count as a meal.

*[Girl's eyes shift to her ever growing pile of Red Bull cans and power bar wrappers. Busted.]*

**GIRL**

I'll get something in a bit.

*[Girl finishes the essay she was just working on and sets it aside in a folder labeled 'YALE'. She pulls out another folder labeled 'STANFORD'. She is obviously excited.]*

**GIRL**

*[Quietly]*

Okay, okay... Stanford... "What was your greatest struggle and how did you overcome it?"

**NEWSCASTER**

A former Stanford swimmer convicted of three felonies after attacking an unconscious young woman. But it was his six month sentence that provoked national outrage. Now after serving only half of his jail term, he's free...

*[Girl hears this and turns to the laptop, her pen hovering over the essay. Lights change and light up on the other side of the stage where you see a younger Girl, elementary school age, with a gym teacher.]*

**COACH**

Young lady, why aren't you in your swimsuit?

**YOUNG GIRL**

*[Obviously nervous and confused]*

I don't wanna. Please, Coach, I don't wanna.

**COACH**

Sweetheart, the rest of the class is already in the pool. You better put that on right now or I'm going to have to call your parents.

**YOUNG GIRL**

Please, Coach! I don't wanna look like that!

**COACH**

What in God's name do you mean? If this is about being chubby, it isn't that noticeable. If the boys make fun of you, you can just put on a t-shirt over the suit.

**YOUNG GIRL**

*[Crosses her arms over her stomach]*

No, Coach, it's not about that.

**COACH**

Well, all girls your age look a little chunky, anyway. None of the boys will be looking at that. Does that make you feel better?

**YOUNG GIRL**

He said I shouldn't-

**COACH**

What? He who? If it was that Eddie kid I'll just write him up. Won't be the first time.

**YOUNG GIRL**

He said he wouldn't be able to stop himself. I didn't like the way he looked at me. He was a lot bigger than me. He said it was okay for him to-

**COACH**

Where did you meet this man?

**GIRL**

At the pool on my friend's street.

**COACH**

Have you seen him since?

**GIRL**

...No.

**COACH**

What were you wearing? Was it one of those bikini's you kids are wearing lately?

**GIRL**

Umm, I was wearing the swimsuit I have here. The one with the flowers and bees on it.

**COACH**

*[Obviously uncomfortable]*

Well, what do you expect? You're a growing girl- growing a little faster than the other girls, actually. Sometimes men do dumb things and it's not an excuse to hold up the rest of your class.

**GIRL**

But-

**COACH**

He's not here. You're fine. Now go get changed.

*[Lights shift again to the other side of the stage. When it goes dark on Young Girl's side, the actors leave the stage. Girl is older now, middle school age wearing a pair of jeans and a regular tank top. She is standing with a school administrator.]*

**ADMINISTRATOR**

Sweetheart, I'm very sorry you had to be sent in, but Mr. Norman said you were dressed, well, inappropriately.

**MIDDLE SCHOOL GIRL**

I'm sorry, ma'am, but may I ask what's wrong with my clothes?

**ADMINISTRATOR**

Well, there are just so many men in this building, and it wouldn't do well to distract them, would it?

**MIDDLE SCHOOL GIRL**

Umm, distract? I think the only thing anyone's really paying attention to is the lunch bell.

**ADMINISTRATOR**

*[Chuckles]*

I suppose you're right. Look, I know you're a good student, so I will be frank with you. That shirt you're wearing, it makes them *[gestures to Girl's chest]* look bigger. I mean, why buy the cow when you can get the milk for free, right? *[Laughs]* It's simply inappropriate and we can't be

having our male students or staff distracted by them. You know boys, they can't help themselves. They're like dogs with bones when girls dress the way you have today.

*[Administrator holds out a school sweatshirt. Middle School Girl gingerly takes it and puts it on.]*

**ADMINISTRATOR**

See? Won't it be so much easier to focus now?

*[Middle School Girl begins to leave]*

**ADMINISTRATOR**

*[Distractedly]*

Oh, and you can keep the sweatshirt.

**MIDDLE SCHOOL GIRL**

Thanks...

*[Lights shift again and the middle school actors leave the stage. Lights back up on the other side of the stage to show Girl in high school. This Girl is about the same age as Girl in the first moment, so the actresses must look similar. High School Girl is in her underwear with her makeup smudged and wrapped in a letterman jacket belonging to her boyfriend. Obviously angry and panicked, she's holding what appears to be a party dress and heels with her boyfriend in his boxers and a tee shirt trailing after her.]*

**BOYFRIEND**

Okay, seriously, calm down.

**HIGH SCHOOL GIRL**

Calm down? What the hell do you mean, calm down?

**BOYFRIEND**

Okay, I know for a fact you're not on your period, so what the hell is this freakout for?

**HIGH SCHOOL GIRL**

Why am I freaking out? I told you I wasn't in the mood and you kept-

**BOYFRIEND**

Hey, it isn't like we haven't done it before! And I was drunk. We both were. Whatever we did, it wasn't, you know, actually us. It was, like, drunk us.

**HIGH SCHOOL GIRL**

Drunk us? What the fuck?! What does that matter? I never said I wanted to do anything.

**BOYFRIEND**

We've done it before! And anyway, we didn't fuck! We just, you know, got kinda handsy. You know, it's really fucked up what you're implying-

**HIGH SCHOOL GIRL**

*[Sarcastically]*

Oh, I'm so sorry! Did I hurt your precious feelings? Do you need a fucking blankie after I hurt you so so bad?

**BOYFRIEND**

You seemed to be enjoying it, as far as I can remember.

**HIGH SCHOOL GIRL**

Exactly, as far as you can remember. We were too drunk- You were too drunk-

**BOYFRIEND**

You were drunk too. What? Are you saying I'm some sort of predator? That I fucked my own girlfriend without her permission?

**HIGH SCHOOL GIRL**

No, that's not what I'm saying. I'm saying-

**BOYFRIEND**

'Cause I remember you liking it. I'm pretty sure you were into it. That means yes!

**HIGH SCHOOL GIRL**

I don't remember-

**BOYFRIEND**

Exactly! You don't remember. We were drunk, we did some stupid shit. End of story.

*[High School Girl looks at him with confusion and a little bit of fear. She doesn't remember what happened, but she knows something isn't right. But her boyfriend loves her, so he could never have done what she thinks he did. It's over.]*

**BOYFRIEND:**

*[Gently]*

Look, I'm really sorry. We both made mistakes. I promise next time I'll ask, like, ten times before we do anything.

**HIGH SCHOOL GIRL**

Okay, yeah, it's fine. Next time...

*[Lights go down on the actors and they leave the stage. Lights go back up on Girl at her desk, the Brock Turner news still playing over her laptop. Her pen is still in hand, hovering over the essay. She looks from the news story to her essay. She sets down the pen and continues to look at the paper.]*

**NEWSCASTER**

Turner is now out of this jail cell. His time behind bars is ending. But for the survivor of the assault, a new fear is just beginning...

***End.***