

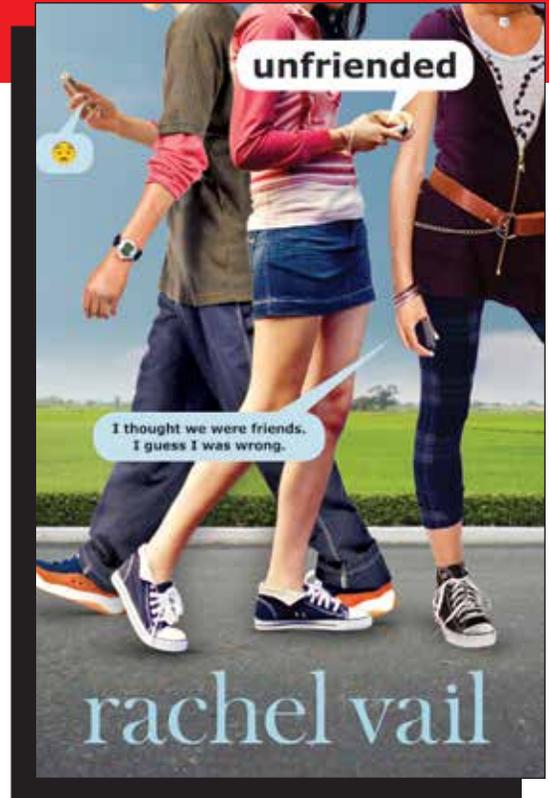
Booktalk!

Unfriended Script

For this Book Talk you will need:

- 3 actors (Truly, Hazel, Natasha)
- Hazel: black wig with tips died green, black boots, torn nylons and/or long black thigh-high socks, skirt, sloppy shirt, denim or fake leather jacket, toque, cell phone
- Natsha: jeans, shirt, fashion boots, cell phone
- Truly: jeans, shirt, casual shoes
- Additional props: copy of *Unfriended*

(scene opens with Truly standing at front of stage hugging unidentified book to her chest; Hazel is behind and to her right; Natasha is behind and to her left; Truly is just staring straight ahead)



Hazel: *(speaking to Truly, sounding hurt)* You didn't even look back, Truly. Just left me standing there like a lawn jockey with your lock dangling from my finger in place of a lantern. No *(mimicking Truly's voice)* "Come on, Hazel!" Not even a "Sorry, do you mind? I'll be right back." *(angrily spitting the words out)* Nothing. I might as well have fallen through a trapdoor. *(somewhat sadly)* Or never existed at all... *(pulling cell phone out of pocket & scrolling through screens)*

Natasha: *(speaking to the audience, sounding snarky)* The whole *(air quotes)* TRAGEDY with Truly's freak friend Hazel is soooo brain-crushingly dull! Nobody wants to hear it anymore — HELLO! But Truly just keeps playing it for all it's worth. Brooke is such a sucker for everybody else's problems, always listening, with her whole *(mimicking Brooke's voice)* oh I care so much attitude. *(crossing arms)* Well, I can do that, too *(tilting head back at appropriate time)* — tilt my head and act like Truly's trauma is so very fascinating. I was soooo sympathetic these past few days, I thought I was going to throw up! *(looking down at cell phone & pretending to scroll through messages)*

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- Hazel:** *(addressing Truly; sounding falsely upbeat)* Hey Truly, remember when you and I were best friends? Remember last month when we mocked how every year at school they go on and on about how we should keep all our passwords for social media & email private? *(expression changing; sounding colder/nastier)* Turns out, they have a good point. They should've probably told us NOT to use our locker combinations as our password – I mean, who does that? It's just too easy for somebody to guess. Because then it is way too easy for that person (hashtag bestfriend) with computer skills to hack into your accounts and, for example, send Brooke a copy of an email that Natasha sent you today. I knew Natasha was awful but I was unprepared for that level of despicableness. I knew in my heart that Brooke would want to know what Natasha wrote to you. And, since I was certain Natasha would feel worse about whatever Brooke decided to do to her, I realized the best course of action would be just to alert Brooke. *(smirking & looking down at cell phone; sending imaginary text)*
- Natasha:** *(looking up from cell phone; angrily)* They dumped me. Just like that. *(snapping finger)* No warning, no gradual growing apart. They were my best friends in the world, my sisters, my twins, my future bridesmaids at my wedding, the only people on earth I told my darkest secrets to... Or so I thought. But as of lunch today, that was all suddenly in the past. *(sounding incredulous)* What did I even do? Did I do one foul thing ever to Brooke? I mean... that she could possibly know about? Seriously – what? *(pausing & thinking)* But, wait a minute... *(mockingly)* sweet, precious Truly must have been behind whatever happened. She must have somehow turned Brooke against me. For revenge about something that happened when we were, what? Eleven? Are you kidding me?? *(defiantly)* Fine. That's what she wants? To take me on? Good. Bring it. *(going back to cell phone; sending imaginary text)*
- Hazel:** *(looking up)* Meanwhile, Truly, it turns out your Facebook and Instagram and Snapchat and all those kinds of accounts are just as easy to gain access to as your email. *(pausing)* Especially because you use the same password and user name for all of them...
- Truly:** *(sounding stunned/uncertain; speaking to audience)* What did I do? Okay, a lot. But not the stuff people were saying online that I did. I walked the halls between periods. Everybody just watched me until I passed, then turned to whisper behind their hands, behind my back... *(pausing & speaking slowly)* Just keep walking. Don't think. Don't feel. Don't decide anything. Just walk... *(looking in front of her, to the*

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left & right) I've never been this close to Big Pond before. *(looking straight down)* And when I look down, all I see is the bottomless murky water...

Hazel: *(to audience, arms crossed)* What's it like to be unfriended and caught in such a tangled web of lies?

Natasha: *(also to audience, arms also crossed)* Find out for yourself. Unfriended is at your Scholastic Book Fair.

Truly: *(holding up copy of Unfriended)*