MUSICAL NUMBERS

The Girl Who Drove Away................................. Sam
An Ordinary Senior Year..................................... Everybody
My Dad Is A Statistician................................. Dad & Sam
Top Ten .............................................. Kelly & Sam
Simple As That........................................ Sam & Adam
The Proposal............................................ Adam & Everybody
Freedom.................................................. Kelly & Sam
I Know My Girl........................................... Mom & Sam
Say The Word............................................. Sam
Moving On............................................. Sam, Kelly & Everybody
I Wouldn't Change Anything ............................ Mom & Dad
Run Away With Me...................................... Adam
Drive .................................................... Everybody
Moving On (Reprise) .................................... Kelly
Remember This........................................... Sam
Lights rise on an eighteen year old girl, driving a shiny car down the highway with determination. There's something fantastical about this drive, but only slightly.

She drives for a moment.

Maestoso, with joy
It starts as nothing, just a thought or a dream.

Then one day you're in the driver's seat. The key is in the ignition, and no one gave you permission. It's only you in the car.

Before you even know you're...
And your heart is racing.

All at once, something changes inside and you say I'm the girl who drove away.

SAM: My name is Samantha Brown and this is my autobiography.
SAM: It begins on a long stretch of highway with the radio blaring, and my best friend in the passenger seat, singing along.

KELLY: Oh, Let's go.

SAM: We have to seize the moment right now because who knows what tomorrow will bring or if you'll even make it that far?

SAM: You only ever have today to become who you want to be.

SAM: And there's no time for re-
gret. When the road is calling, and you have to respond.

KELLY:

Oh, Let's go.

There's no fear of flight or looking back. Straight ahead, things couldn't be go.

Things couldn't be clear.

Your life in the rear view mirror. You're reaching for the un

clear.

Your life's in the rear view mirror.

You're
known, The chance to find an open
here in the great unknown, an open
road of your own. With the past behind you, road of your own.

Right and wrong start to feel more like two shades of
Right and wrong start to feel more like two shades of

www.kerrigan-lowdermilk.com
8. THE GIRL WHO DROVE AWAY

(1/6/10)

THE Unauthorized Autobiography ...

55 gray to the girl who drove a way.

56 — gray

Take your chan-

Piu Mosso

SAM:

57 Or your life will pass you by.

58 - s. Take a diff 'rent road.

59 Seams... everyone

60 Don't dream. Don't reach. Don't ask why. But we're not hearing it.

Then I

www.kerrigan-lowdermilk.com
slam down the pedal and drive our T-bird off a cliff. We kill some cowboy and it's
diff'rent now. Yeah we're on the run. And you seduce Brad Pitt and we steal a gun. And
then I blow up a truck.

SAM: Kelly, that's the plot of Thelma and Louise.
SAM: That’s not even a lie - it’s plagiarism.

KELLY: Let's talk about

SAM: I’d rather not, thank you.

'Cause the last time I checked you were sitting in your

parents drive-way lying about having the balls to drive away. But what-ever.
At least I'm not reciting the plot of some pseudo-feminist movie that glamorizes Brad...

PITT and suicide.

KELLY:

No, instead you've conjured your best friend from thin air.

Like, I'm not here at all. I'm some fragment of your pathetic imagination but what...
Yeah, whatever.

At least I'm not some lame-ass high-school-loving day-dreamer who'll never be the girl who drove away.
Beat.

SAM
I don’t love high school.

KELLY
Could have fooled me.

SAM
In fact, that’s one the reasons I’m sitting here.

KELLY
Oh! Are the other reasons just as lame?

SAM
This is your fault.

KELLY
My fault?

SAM
Yeah. I was fine until you left.

KELLY
Excuse me for going to college, Sam.

SAM
That is so not what I meant.

KELLY
I know.

SAM
This is so much worse than you just going to college.

KELLY
I know!

Beat.

KELLY (cont’d)
Hey – remember when we told your dad that I was driving you to that science-whatever?

SAM
(interjecting)
Science fair.

KELLY
Whatever. And then we went to that concert like three hours away and we had to leave early to get back by your stupid curfew.
SAM
It’s not like you didn’t have a curfew.

KELLY
Yeah but some people are willing to sacrifice their curfew for a good cause like backstage passes and some people...

SAM
Do you have a point?
KELLY: Sometimes you have to do what you want, Sam. Even if you get grounded. Even if it’s wrong.
SAM: I don’t know what I want anymore.

Freely
DAD:
Keep your eye on the ball. Keep your feet off the plate.

SAM:
Every time I think about it...

Gentle groove = c. 84
ADAM:
Hey Sam I was wondering__ Would you be my date
SAM: I get so overwhelmed
to the junior prom?

MOM: Remember...

SAM: There's just too much.

ADAM: Hey
MOM:

Remem ber all the sum mer

DAD:

Keep your eye on the ball. Keep your feet off the plate. That's it.

That's all it is. Remem ber

...
laugh - ing all night long.

Hey Sam

swing and foll ow through.

Let go.

KELLY: Yo! Snap out of it.
KELLY
Yo! Snap out of it.

SAM
Sorry. I don’t know what happened.

KELLY
It’s just your cautious getting the better of you.

SAM
My conscience?

KELLY
No. Your cautious. Like when some dude tries to bareball it and you’re like maybe but then your cautious is all like no – that boy might be nasty and so you don’t.

SAM
Kelly. I don’t know what you’re trying to...

KELLY
What were you going to do with that set of keys?

SAM
I don’t know. I mean – it’s not like I have a map or anything.

KELLY
Well, maps are for braindeads. That’s no excuse.

SAM
What was I doing? Nothing – daydreaming. I know what I have to do. I have to go inside. I have to pack. I have freshman seminar reading – I have to go to college today.

KELLY
Great. Go inside.

SAM
I will.

KELLY
Great.

Beat.

SAM
I’ve been working for this my whole life.

KELLY
Oh I know.

SAM
So why am I still sitting here?
KELLY
I don’t know but eventually you’re going to have to snap out of it and make a decision. Or your parents will wake up. Or you’ll have to pee... That’d be embarrassing - you, like, wake up, pack your bags, ready to set off for the unknown. And your bladder stops you.

SAM
I seriously hate you.

KELLY
You love me.

SAM
Fine. I give up. What do I want?

KELLY
How the hell should I know? I’m not like your spiritual guider, Sam.

SAM
Well I don’t know. I just know that everything sucks.

KELLY
Jesus, Sam! It’s not like you’re running away from clown college. You’re the valedictorian. You’re running away from Columbia. Use all that reductive reasoning and figure it out.

SAM
Deductive.

KELLY
Yeah, well. Who’s talking to imaginary friends in the driveway?

SAM
Where do I even start?

KELLY
The beginning? Before it sucked. Oh - and here’s an idea - tell the truth.

Beat.

KELLY (cont'd)
My name is...
SAM: (overlapping) My name is Samantha Brown and this is my autobiography. It begins in my senior year of high school and it starts out pretty normal.

Freely

KELLY:

Just a whole lot of nothing special, And she's certainly not some kind of protege.

p
colla voce

SAM: Prodigy.

KELLY: Whatever.

KELLY:

Teen-age angst and a little drama, Nothing more than observing senior skip day. The oldest story in the book. Why
give it a second look? But it's the life that led me here.

That plain dull ordinary senior year.

MOM: There was nothing ordinary about Samantha. DAD: Sam knew her times tables before she was in kindergarten.

ADAM: She was hot. (off Mom's look) In, like, a really wholesome way.

The Unauthorized Autobiography...
per-fect daugh-ter,___ A moth-er's pride____ and joy.___

And we were so____ close.___

She told me ev-ry time____

she kissed___ a boy.___


MOM:
DAD:
DAD:

So smart and fo-cused.___
If only she____ could drive.___

www.kerrigan-lowdermilk.com
SAM: Dad.

KELLY: (in "character")

Her mind is repressing childhood memories from when

SAM: Kelly. What are you doing?

KELLY: I'm being that psychoanalyst who tried to put you on Ritalin.

SAM: I thought I wasn't supposed to lie.

KELLY: You're not. I can do whatever I want. (cue)

Sam didn't have any friends.

MOM: For the record, we would never let a drug parent our child.

SAM: It's an or-
5. AN ORDINARY SENIOR YEAR

(1/3/10)

The Unauthorized Autobiography ...

MOM & DAD:

- di- na ry se- nior year.

Say the

Sam was al- ways a per- fect an- gel,

par- ents who would n't leave my ass a- lone.

KELLY & ADAM:

Ner- di- er than a

Are the words they'll be writ- ing on my tomb- stone.

troupe of math- letes

www.kerrigan-lowdermilk.com
felt much bigger than it was. But I guess that it always does. It's just the

MOM & KELLY:

Oh

ADAM & DAD:

Oh

life that led me here. That plain dull ordinary senior year.

MOM, KELLY & SAM:

That plain dull ordinary senior year.

ADAM & DAD:

That plain dull ordinary senior year.
SAM: Mathletes, really?  KELLY: Like you weren't one.  SAM: Only as a freshman.  When

MOM, KELLY, ADAM:

Now Sam is eighteen, Her driving skills have proved_
to be sub-par.

She's a really bad driver. Oo

DAD:

She bumped a Subaru.

She hit the mailbox.

ADAM & DAD:

She bumped a Subaru.

KELLY: ("in character")

She denied up my patrol car door. It's un-American.

MOM:

bumped a Subaru.

bumped a Subaru.
SAM: Ah, Kelly?
KELLY: Oh - now I'm that cop you hit with your car. Remember?
SAM: (to the audience) So I'm not the best driver. Sue me.
DAD: He did.

KELLY: I can if I don't sue. Let's just make one thing clear. I passed my first driving test. And

Sam failed one, two, three, four In her ordinary senior year.
SAM: Driving's harder with senioritis.

MOM & DAD: And there's still A. P. Physics and the S A Ts.

SAM: Right.

SAM: I spent all of my time with Adam. But the word is that Sam is just a cock-tease. Yeah,

KELLY: She and Adam necked for like three years.

ADAM: It was like three years....
And it's embarrassingly clear—It was a
before we did it.

It was a
plain dull ordinary senior year.

SAM: I can't believe you announced it like that.
KELLY: What do you care?

plain dull ordinary senior year.

SAM: You too, Adam. ADAM: Yeah, we broke up. (Kelly gives him a high five.) Just an ordinary senior year.

MOM:
Hey

Keep your eye on the ball.

Keep your head in the play.

R e l a x. Just one more game.

Plain, dull.

Stay-ing warm by the fire, roasting almonds on Christ - mas Eve. You fell a-sleep.

So f o c u s on the here and now.

Int Script/Score (1-6-10)

www.kerrigan-lowdermilk.com
Oh.

Remember sleeping in the glow? Remember week.

Hey Sam. Do you wanna go?

Take a shot at the goal. Watch your back on the kick. Just take it.

Get your ass in the car. Get a grip and then get a life.

Samanthan, remember? slow.

Remember easy does it.
It's time to go.  

long ago?

'Cause I'd wanna go.

Let it go.

But an ordinary senior year

Spare

would end with college and a tearful good-bye With my chee-sy pa-rents
Goad ing me——with match ing col le ge sweat ers

With pledg ing to three greek

letters.

Am I——that girl——a ny——

Lush, building \( \frac{3}{2} = 96 \)

more, That or di na ry girl——that I was——be fore——

15. AN ORDINARY SENIOR YEAR

(1/3/10)
Or is that the difference? Wanting, hoping, and praying that I'll disappoint.

From an ordinary senior year.

Just a whole lot of nothing special and she's certainly not some kind of a

www.kerrigan-lowdermilk.com
17. AN ORDINARY SENIOR YEAR
(1/3/10)
I have to go back and look.

It's just the book.

It's just the book.

There's something in this year that wasn't life that led her here.

Life that led her here.
19. AN ORDINARY SENIOR YEAR

(1/3/10)

The Unauthorized Autobiography ...

or di na ry. In the dreams and the con vers at ions, the

Her plain,

Her plain,

lies or the facts or the rum in at ions. It's
dull, ty pi

dull, ty pi

www.kerrigan-lowdermilk.com
hid·den in the at·mo·sphere

cal

or·di·cal

or·di·cal

of an ord·in·ary sen·ior

na·ry

na·ry

na·ry

in ar·y sen·ior!
During the applause, KELLY, DAD, MOM and ADAM scatter.

SAM
At the beginning of my senior year, I had everything - good grades, overbearingly supportive parents, a perfect boyfriend... But something was off about it. I’d like to say it was intuition - a sense of my childhood ending, watching my best friend leave for college, my own imminent departure. But if I’m completely honest, it was the realization that I might never learn how to drive. Because as it turns out, being book smart does not make you good at life...

MOM
(interrupting, on a mission)
Hold on, hold on! Wait. I almost have everything all set.

SAM
Mom. What are you doing?

MOM
I prepared something special.

SAM
Mom.

MOM
Well, you don’t want to talk about your senior year in isolation, do you?
(to the audience)
Samantha is a very special young woman. And I have it all documented.
MOM presses a button on her remote and the lights go to black.

SAM: Mom.

MOM: Remember.

SAM: I don't have time to... oh...

Here's your junior prom. And the middle school play. Mother/daughter massages. And your
first ballet. Oh my god, do you remember when you ate the neighbor's grass? And the

accel.

cutest ever little widdle naked baby... Remember!

mf very fast
SAM
Did I mention that my mother is a gadget freak?

MOM
I got this whole audio visual system as a plug-in for my laptop. It’s great at family gatherings.

SAM
Great.

MOM
(SLIDE: SAM and MOM on an austere college campus)
Ah. This is a lovely picture: our first visit to Dartmouth – my alma mater. Sam wanted to start visiting schools early so that she had an opportunity to find the perfect fit.

SAM
Then my parents quickly narrowed it down to their alma maters. Some choice.

MOM
I knew we should have sent you to private school.

SAM
Dad!

DAD
(entering)
Yes, honey?

SAM
Approximately how many college students commit suicide every year?

DAD
Eleven hundred.

Jared!

MOM
Why?

SAM
They’re depressed.

DAD
Except Harvard. No one’s depressed at Harvard.
MOM and SAM shoot a look at DAD.

DAD (cont'd)

What?

MOM

This conversation is not over.

MOM exits.

SAM

Statistics: one of the many benefits of your dad working at the National Safety Council.

DAD

Another benefit is the great deal on car insurance.

SAM

Who wouldn’t want to insure a safety expert?

DAD

Until his 17-year-old daughter hits a police officer.

SAM

Since a student is really just a reflection of her teacher...

DAD

Well I don’t...

SAM

...What better teacher could a girl ask for than the guy who wrote the book on driving safety?

DAD

(proud)


SAM

If a car is traveling down a road at a constant velocity of 45 miles per hour and a pedestrian is crossing the road at 2.5 miles per hour; if the driver sees the pedestrian from a distance of 200 feet and brakes, decelerating at a rate of 11.5 miles per hour, will the car hit the pedestrian? If so, when? The answer, obviously, is yes. In just 2 seconds. Physics is easy – it’s plugging hypothetical numbers into well-known equations. Driving is real.
DAD: Are you ready to drive?
SAM: Are you ready for me to drive?
DAD: Sure. I've had a good life.

SAM and DAD get into the car.

DAD: Six to one you'll run a red light.

To him it's all a high-pressure game, Gambling with a fancy name.

Fifty to one you run for mayor.

My dad is a statistician. And he sees statistics everywhere.
SAM: It would only make sense that someone like my dad would be really uptight about driving, what with all the statistics he knew about traffic accidents, et cetera. But not my dad. He was cool and collected. He even imparted some sage advice along the way.

**Moderate Folk Ballad** $\frac{\text{d}}{\text{m}} = 96$

DAD: Slow _____ down, Sam. _____ You're growing up too fast. _____ When it's

www.kerrigan-lowdermilk.com
time to go, I will let you know. I'll tell you when, Sam. Until then, Sam, Let's just take things... slow...

(as the car lurches) DAD: Slow down, Sam! Jesus. SAM: He might have appeared a little uptight sometimes. Agitato $\frac{1}{4} = 76$

DAD: You
al-most took that bik-er out. Did you see the other car?

Yes I did. Dad!

No. Eyes a-head. Al-ways on the road. Pay at-

I know. ten-tion. Be de-fen-sive. Do you know how ma-ny peo-ple
Yes, I do. I do. Forty thousand people die here every year? You don't. Forty thousand people die every year. I know. Dad. Shut up. Every time you buckle up, you bet your life. It's important that you understand. You're
underneath the knife. You could die. You could always die, so you
must be careful.

Eyes on the road. Full speed ahead. Do not...

SAM: But underneath his intense exterior, what he meant was:
SAM: See? He was the kind of dad who always loved you, no matter what. And it’s that nurturing, that unconditional, unwavering belief in you that...

DAD: Mother of God! Do you think this is Grand Theft Highway?

SAM: What?

DAD: What the hell was that? I don't know but have you ever heard of brakes?
But I did. Dad, I used my brakes.

Use your brakes. No.

Sam, if

That was... Braking. Woman.

that was... Braking... You're a dead man.

Children under twenty shouldn't be allowed to drive. Sam, you have to pay attention if you
want to stay alive. You will learn to drive today. Listen to everything I say. Or you will die tomorrow. In the middle of the night. You'll crash and skid into a ditch. And no one will be.
SAM: Okay. So both my parents are freaks.

SAM: But at least my dad had a good reason. My dad may have been uptight, but he really pulled it together for me when it mattered. Sometimes, when I felt like I'd never learn, he would say exactly the right thing.
DAD: (emotional, fumbling for the words) You know, your mom and I, we... you know. And this is... right?

DAD: So. Yeah, you're getting older. And... So when you, uh, take that test, there's not much you can do so...

DAD: You follow your instinct... and, uh, well? You should just wing it.  

SAM: Wing it?  

DAD: Yeah. Wing it.

SAM: What he meant - my dad isn't very good with words -

Red light! Jesus that's a red light!
SAM: Is that when you're in a high pressure situation, like a driving test, you have to clear your head, breathe, and trust your heart to drive.

DAD: (breaking in) Actually, I meant that you really should try to wing it. Since the odds against you were so bad, your best chance of passing the test was to close your eyes and pray.

SAM: Thanks, Dad.

DAD: Gotta know when to wing it.

SAM: Yeah...

My dad is a statistician. And he sees statistics every where.

DAD: Two to one you'll hit a red light. Fifty to one you hit a bear.
him it's all a high-press-ure game,  
Gam-bling with a fan-cy name.  
Try-ing to cheat death and stay a-

live.  
This is the man who taught be how to

Do  

not drink and drive. Don't drive at all. Don't drink.

Drive.
SAM (cont’d)
Let’s give the statistician a little pop quiz before he goes. Dad, quick: Over the course of your life time, please approximate the odds of dating a supermodel.

DAD
88,000 to 1.

SAM
The odds that a celebrity marriage will last a lifetime?

DAD
3 to 1.

SAM
The odds of striking it rich on Antiques Roadshow?

DAD
60,000 to 1.

SAM
The odds of becoming president?

DAD
10,000,000 to 1.

SAM
Struck by lightning?

DAD
580,000 to 1.

SAM
Fatally?

DAD
2,000,000 to 1.

KELLY appears.

KELLY
What are the odds of dying in a car crash over the course of one year?

DAD
Ah... 18,000 to 1.

SAM
And over the course of a lifetime?

DAD
228 to 1.
SAM

That will be all.

DAD

You know the odds of surviving a car crash are a lot higher than...

SAM

I know.

DAD exits.

KELLY

Don’t you love those moments when there’s nothing to say except the truth?

SAM

(to audience)

The daughter of a statistician quickly learns that the only even odds are that you’ll die. It’s just a matter of when.

KELLY

Really?

SAM

Certain behaviors are considered safe or risky but people take calculated risks and win all the time. And others play it safe only to lose.

KELLY

Are you going to say it or should I?

SAM

Statistically speaking, children are most likely to die in bodies of water but people still go to the beach every summer.

KELLY

Spit it out, Brown.

SAM

If you’re a teenager, odds are high... it only makes sense that...

KELLY

Just say it already! I’m dead.

SAM

Kelly!

KELLY

What? Band aid’s ripped off. Now! Let’s have the ceremony.
SAM
What ceremony?

KELLY
The one where you honor me?

SAM
You want a ceremony?

KELLY
I want a monument but I’ll settle for a ceremony.

SAM
Why are you doing this?

KELLY
You’re ignoring me.
The Unauthorized Autobiography...

TOP TEN
(1/6/10)

SAM: I’m not! It’s not even fall break! You’re screwing up the whole chronology. Right now, you’re off at college, throwing keg parties - whatever.
KELLY: Honor me! (music cue)
SAM: With what?

Game show \( \frac{\text{d}}{\text{b}} = 148 \)

KELLY:

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{The top ten ways} & \text{ for Kelly Manning to die.} \\
\text{SAM: No. Absolutely not.} & \\
\text{KELLY: Come on! Top 10. You love this game.}
\end{align*}
\]
SAM: You're misappropriating it.

KELLY: You're sucking.

KELLY: I go skydiving without a parachute.

SAM: Old age.  KELLY: Boring and unrealistic.
Ad
ducted by aliens with enormous genitalia. Se-

SAM: Kelly eats mentos with Diet Coke and explodes.

KELLY:

ven.

Now that's a
darn fine way for Kelly Manning to die. Six!
SAM:
She eats a burger that's infected with E. Coli. Five!

KELLY:
I go to Mecca and pretend that I am Holi. Four!

SAM:
Caught in a gang war. Two!

Hit by a meteor. Three!
Kel-ly likes caff-feine and loves a rand-om fling. So
one time at a Star-bucks, she makes out with Sting. And
Sting is all like Kel-ly I think you should come on tour. And
Kel-ly's all like I don't know, is that Ar-ma-ni? Sure.
KELLY: But then Sting gets really clingy and when I say I have to go back to college, he's like:
SAM: “I can’t let you go.”
KELLY: And I’m like, “Ew, you’re my dad’s age.” And then, he makes me listen to his new age CD “Sacred whatever it is” and it literally bores me to death.
SAM: It was scandalous, (cue) but not compared to:

KELLY: A car crash on the way back from the library.

The number one way:

The number one way:
SAM

Kelly!

KELLY

(rimshot)
If only I’d never cracked a book.

SAM

You can’t just do that. You can’t just change the rules and...

KELLY

What. Tell the truth?

SAM

Kelly, when I got that phone call, I...

KELLY

Not yet. Not in the story. Right? That’s months away. You haven’t even come to visit yet. Remember?

No.

KELLY

Yeah you do. Right now it’s early fall and you’re hanging out at Adam’s every Friday night, acting like an old married couple.

ADAM starts setting up his apartment.

SAM

We do not.

ADAM

Hey, Sam – do you know where I put my...

SAM

Top drawer of your dresser.

KELLY

I rest my case. Now back to your regularly scheduled programming.
SAM: Everything was about to change. And my ordinary senior year was about to become a lot less ordinary but I had no idea. All I knew was that I was in love. (cue)

SAM: On Fridays, after Adam finished work at his dad’s tire shop, he’d pick me up and we’d hang out in his room over his parent’s garage.

ADAM: It wasn’t a room so much as a bachelor pad.
SAM: Furnished with Adam’s childhood bed and fetid lawn chairs.

ADAM: They’re still good.
SAM: They’re disgusting.
ADAM: I febreezed them!
SAM: So what if we did act like an old married couple? We were happy.
SAM:
A dam likes tacos and playing board games. Sam kicks my ass at X_

ADAM:

SAM:
Box. Call it wasting time. Call it immature.

ADAM:

SAM:

You're just jealous cuz it rocks. For sure. He's the perfect guy for a

ADAM:

girl like me. How much perfecter could a girlfriend be?
23 SAM:
Play a game, eat some food, Then make out when we're
24 Play a game, eat some food, Then make out when we're
25
26 SAM:
in the mood. It's as simple as
27 in the mood.____
28
29 ADAM:
Peas in a pea-pod. We fit like le-gos. We like our can-dy deep-
30
31 BOTH:

3. SIMPLE AS THAT (1/3/10)
The Unauthorized Autobiography ...
fried. We're like Bill and... Ted... Beavis and... Butt-head.

I'm the Bonnie to his... Who? Clyde. She's the

perfect girl for a guy like me. How much more perfect could a

www.kerrigan-lowdermilk.com
5. SIMPLE AS THAT
(1/3/10)

BOTH:

play a game, eat some food, boy friend be?

D     G     A     D

Then make out when we're in the mood.

G     A     D     A     G/B

It's as simple as that.

ADAM: Not perfecter?

A7sus4

SAM:

ADAM: Huh.

It's as simple as Jen-ga? Jen-ga.

accel.
SAM: My Everest. A simple board game with 54 wooden blocks. Remove one from the bottom of the tower and place it on top.

Game on! \( \bullet = 160 \)

SAM: It's a game of mounting tension and, regrettably, hand-eye coordination.

SAM: Apart from driving, this was the one thing that stood in my way of senior glory.

ADAM: You think you can take me?

ADAM: Huh, Brown? Wanna little of this action?

SAM: Incidentally, Jenga also turned Adam into a different person.
SAM: Take that!

ADAM: You think I can't take it? I can take it on the bottom...

ADAM: ...and on the top. Booya!

SAM: It, like, brought out this other somewhat Freudian layer of his personality.

ADAM: Yeah, baby! I know how to pull it out.

SAM: And I started thinking - what if Adam had pent up all of his sexual frustration into this mounting tower of blocks? ADAM: Do it! Do it! Do it!

SAM: And the tower can only go up so high, you know? Like eventually, there's nothing left on the bottom and the blocks are just going to spill out all over the place.

(She puts a block on the tower and it all falls.)

ADAM: Should we raise the stakes?
SAM: What do you have in mind?
ADAM: Well - if you win, I'll pay for some taco delivery.
SAM: And if you win?

SAM: Damn it!
ADAM: Wanna do it again?
SAM: Okay.

segue to "The Proposal"
THE PROPOSAL
(9/26/09)

CUE: SAM: And if you win?

Epic pop

ADAM:

Have sex with me.

mp colla voce

In my room, I have ___ a pack of condoms.

I have scented candles and I have a bed. Have sex with me_

Copyright 2006 by Kait Kerrigan and Brian Lowdermilk. All rights reserved.
And I'll give you your own key.

Do I stay or go?

Please sleep with me.

I will make you panic.

I don't know.

Can't you hear it whisper________

I can hear it blowing.

I can hear it whisper________

MOM, KELLY, DAD: (DAD on the bottom part, 8va)

Ah________

f expansive________

in your hair?________

everywhere________

Ah________
All the gales and gods understood: Sex is good.

The

Ah

So good!

Sex is good.

midnight poets know

We love by choosing what

Poets know.

Oh poets know.

ff a tempo

decresc.

www.kerrigan-lowdermilk.com
it is we see. Have sex with me

MOM, KELLY, DAD:

What should I do?

Have sex

SAM:

May-be not to-day,

Should I have sex with you?

D. M.

K.

Have sex

Oo

Have sex.
MOM, KELLY, DAD:

May - be to - mor - row.

May - be not to - mor - row.

Have sex to - mor - row.

- - row, may - be in a week. Have sex with me.

add SAM:

May - be in a week. Have sex
Yea. And your dinner will be free.

Have sex with me. Oh

SAM: Have sex with me. Oh

Ah.

ff a tempo

rit.
SAM waits a long second before she turns out to the audience.

SAM
(to audience)
Okay. So maybe that’s not what really happened, exactly. I mean – maybe that was the subtext rather than the text. The text might have been a little more like:
(in scene)
What did you have in mind?

ADAM
If you win, I’ll pay for some taco delivery.

SAM
And if you win?

ADAM
(ah, snap)
You pay.

SAM
(to audience)
And maybe that’s where I went off the handle – just a little.
(to ADAM)
What do you mean you pay?

ADAM
For dinner?

SAM
Why don’t you just come out and say what you really want?

I want tacos.

SAM
You want sex.

ADAM
I said tacos but – do you want...

SAM
See?

ADAM
What?

SAM
That’s all it’s ever about with you, isn’t it?

ADAM
Is this something where you, like, want pizza and I said the wrong kind of food and...
SAM
Maybe I’m just good with how things are. Maybe I’m totally satisfied and I don’t need anything else.

ADAM
So you’re not hungry.

SAM
Not everyone has an insatiable appetite, Adam. Some people can actually go, like, two minutes without thinking about satisfying some base primal need.

ADAM
(tentative)
Is it, like, that time of the month?

SAM
No, Adam. I’m not having my period.

ADAM
Jesus! You don’t have to say it.

SAM
It’s just a word.

ADAM
Yeah. But it’s an idea too.

Beat.

SAM
You’re really talking about tacos.

ADAM
We can eat whatever you want.

SAM
I’m an idiot.

ADAM
I’m just, like, hungry.

SAM
Yeah.

ADAM
So I’m gonna go order, okay?

(He kisses her.)

(MORE)
ADAM: And then we’re gonna do it.
SAM: What?
ADAM: Jenga.

**Moderately** \( \frac{1}{4} = 126 \)

SAM: Maybe I’ve had enough Jenga for one night

with a light swing

SAM:

A dam likes ta-cos and play-ing board games. Sam's al-ways been an ass

SAM:

- pain. Call it wast-ing time, call it im-ma-ture. But

ADAM:

Copyright 2008 by Kait Kerrigan and Brian Lowdermilk. All rights reserved.
They kiss.

kiss her and she can't complain.

SAM: (to audience) My paranoia about Adam's sexual fantasies would normally have sent me running to confide in Kelly but she was away at college and I was starting to notice the miles between us.

SAM: (to ADAM) That's natural, right?

ADAM: (on the phone) Yeah. What's Mexican for tacos? (music out)
SAM

Tacos.

ADAM talks into the phone and wanders off.

MOM

Samantha, I want you to feel like you can confide in me.

SAM

So... I couldn’t talk to my mom. I tried my dad but that wasn’t so good either.

DAD

(smiling)

Sex is for married people.

SAM

Right.

(She waits for them to exit.)

I got Kelly’s voicemail a lot.

KELLY

(a la voicemail message)

“Word of the day. Riskanky: adjective, feminine, used to describe the female who allows the strap of her bra to show, especially when the bra is white and the shirt is black. Leave a messy.”

(BEEP.)

(to SAM)

It’s not like you ever left a message.

SAM

It’s not like you would have called me back.

KELLY

I always called you back.

SAM

Yeah – at 2 a.m. with the entire football team screaming in the background.

KELLY

(ignoring SAM, to the audience)

In addition to field hockey and an almost full class load –

SAM

She talked her way out of freshman seminar.

KELLY

Anyone with a brain talks their way out of freshman seminar. As I was saying – I was also the youngest member of the University-wide party-planning committee.

(MORE)
You see in college, they actually give you money to “create community” and I was in charge of “refreshments.” So yeah, you could say that the football team and I spent some quality time in the “stacks.”

Something happened to Kelly when she got to college. She liked it.

College is to high school as Ibiza is to Milwaukee.

She even went to class.

No one can ever prove that.

It weirded me out - all the school spirit and optimism. When she’d left for college, I’d promised that I’d visit on her on my fall break. But I didn’t really want to go anymore.

You swore you’d come!

I know but I’ve got a ton of work to do and...

Do not even start that with me, Samantha Brown. You have a five-point-sixty and your SAT score is higher than my Platinum limit.

It’s just...

You’re getting your ass on a bus and coming here! I even became friends with nerds for you!

hangs up, she gets into the car (which somehow changes and becomes Kelly’s car - brighter, more vibrant, maybe the hood comes off?).

When I stepped off the bus, Kelly was waiting, fixing her bangs in the rear view mirror, totally clueless that our friendship was hanging by a thread.
KELLY
(warning)
You’re stalling, Brown.

SAM
It was the last time I’d see her.

KELLY
Are you getting in the car or not?

SAM
I can’t.

KELLY
Sam! Are you going to make me remind you where this all started? In a parked car, talking to yourself like some kind of lunatic? This is part of the story.

SAM
I know...
KELLY: Do you want to wind up some repressed 35-year-old woman sitting in a suburban kitchen, sucking down cigarettes?
SAM: No but...

Freely (♩ = c. 120)

Let's go. The high-way's calling. The sun is shining.

Let's get in the car and just re-mem-ber. Let's go.

Country Driving (♩ = 152)

KELLY: (KELLY lays on the horn.) Get in, loser!
(SAM gets into the passenger seat.)

SAM:

Kel-ly drove on all of our road trips. She be-lieved in list-’ning to the high-way.

You start driv-ing, And keep driv-ing. There's no stop-ping 'til_ Kel-ly says you've ar-rived.

KELLY: You're not doing it right.
SAM: Doing what?

KELLY: You're not in it.
SAM: What are you talking about?

KELLY: You're not in the moment, Sam.
Talk about what it felt like.

SAM: What did it feel like?
KELLY: You remember.
KELLY: Feeling the wind blowing your hair.

KELLY: Remember the biker bar?
SAM: Oh god.

KELLY: And the biker.

KELLY: You're not even trying.
SAM: I am. KELLY: Try harder.

KELLY: Pick a road and going anywhere.

KELLY: Anywhere.

KELLY: We're heading south. Or maybe west. We don't know much. We're making up the rest.

The Unauthorized Autobiography ...
www.kerrigan-lowdermilk.com
Tear up the atlas. Don't read the road signs.

Driving for the sake of driving anywhere. That's freedom.

KELLY: What bug do you have up your ass?

SAM: I don't have a bug up my ass! KELLY: Do you even realize how epic this weekend is going to be?
KELLY: There’s like six parties and I’m taking this lecture called Sex and you have to come.

SAM: I’m on break. I don’t really feel like going to class.

KELLY: Well what do you want to do?

SAM: I don’t know.

KELLY: Samantha Brown. Do you see that fork in the road up ahead?

SAM: Yeah.

KELLY: Well, one way leads to my school and the other leads somewhere else. Which way do you want to turn?

SAM: I don’t know.

KELLY: If you don’t choose, we’re gonna hit that house. Left or right?

SAM: Hold on, I’m looking at the map.

KELLY: Maps are for brain deads. Left or right!
SAM: Ah... Left!
KELLY turns the car fast. A horn honks. She flips the guy off.

KELLY: Very slow, Brown.
SAM: So where are we going?

KELLY: I have no idea. Not University Road, that’s for sure.

KELLY: Counting the miles as we go passed.

SAM: The tank is full. The sun is high.

Knowing that every mile could be our last.

Just watching the day go by.
We won't look back. We never will.

We won't look back. We never will. We've come too far.

We'll drive 'til we hit Nashville. Freedom.

Freedom.

Freedom.

Freedom.
KELLY: So what do you want to do now?  SAM: Make a right?

KELLY: In life, Sam. Think big. What do you want?  SAM: Uh I don’t know - I want to get my license.  KELLY: Bigger.
SAM: *(chrord)* I want the deafening sound of driving fast with the windows down.

KELLY: More!

SAM: *(chrord)* I want to break rules and do something completely unexpected.

KELLY: Good. I want to go sky-diving.

SAM: I want to hold on to this moment right now.

KELLY: I want to go skinny-dipping in the ocean.

SAM: I want to drive forever.

SAM: "And I'm almost starting to feel it. How she took a day ___ and made it special."
The long highways.
The cheap rest stops.
The last minute get in the car and let's go.

New Tempo: Hip-Hop \( \frac{7}{8} = 96 \)

(Kelly:)
Oh, let's go.
Let's_

\( f \) with a strong backbeat

Sim.

Any road is going my way.

Go.
Let's go. Live it up with no complicated philosophies. No college, no career, No screaming kids, no mortgage. Driving anywhere. Just driving straight into the dawn. That's freedom.
Kel-ly driv-ing, me rid-ing shot-gun. Just a cou-ple girls out on the high-way.

With no road-map And no curfew. Just two girls with no-
a tempo sim. poco accel.

A tempo \( \frac{1}{132} \)

Freedom

- where we have to be. Now she's laugh-ing. And I start laugh-ing.

\( \text{mp \ a tempo \ sim.} \)
It's so real and so____ like a me-mo-ry. And the sun____

cresc. poco a poco

___ is so bright that I'm squint-ing. And it feels____ like I found____ free-
Piu Mosso \( \Rightarrow 144 \)

14. FREEDOM
(1/3/10)

The Unauthorized Autobiography ...
SAM
After our impromptu road trip, we did go to Kelly’s sex class and her parties. It was amazing. I’d visited 42 colleges, but none had ever felt like home. As we party-hopped around Kelly’s campus, I started to wonder if it mattered what college you went to. College is about exploration of who you are and who you’re with. And I always did that best with Kelly. And then it hit me – I wanted to go to school with Kelly. I wanted to go to Playboy Magazine’s No. 3 party school with my best friend Kelly.

KELLY
Yeah you did.

They high five.

SAM
Of course, I couldn’t tell my parents that.

The guidance counselor’s office sets up behind her.

SAM (cont’d)
And it wasn’t long before I had to face the school guidance counselor. She was this hippy-dippy chick who forced every senior to have a session with her parents.

SAM joins her family in scene, waiting for the guidance counselor.

DAD
Why don’t you explain why Adam was there?

SAM
My session happened to be scheduled for the day I broke the second of my parents’ cars.

Crashed.

DAD
My dad was just about ready to give up on me.

SAM
I did give up on you. Someone else can teach you to drive.

MOM
Adam drove us from the tire shop to the meeting. And stayed.

SAM
The guidance counselor was late, as usual.
(Beat.)
KELLY

What?

SAM

The guidance counselor.

KELLY

I have to do everything around here. Hold on.

KELLY prepares herself.

KELLY (cont'd)

(as Ms. Sipko)

Wow! Finally! I get to meet the proud parents of our first potential female valedictorian. She is – wow. Right?

(to ADAM)

And you are?

ADAM

Adam. I was a student here.

Oh! Did you drop out?

KELLY

No.

KELLY

Well, Samantha! What are we envisioning for next year?

MOM

Samantha is going to go to Dartmouth.

DAD

(overlapping)

To Harvard.

KELLY

Samantha, look at you! Your options are limitless. Sure – you could fulfill your parents’ dreams! But you could also choose to create your own destiny.

MOM

Sam wants to go to an Ivy.

KELLY

Why doesn’t Samantha tell us what she wants?

SAM

What do I want? I...

KELLY

Let’s all say something we want. How ‘bout it? Mr. Brown.
I want my car fixed.


I want the best possible life for my daughter.

Uh-huh.

(to ADAM)

And what did you say your name was?

Adam. You were my guidance counselor.

Okay. If that’s what you want. I want world peace! And what does Samantha want?

I could hear my parents’ brains whirring – the constant din of fight songs they sang when Harvard and Dartmouth materials arrived.

I want...
KELLY: Yes?
SAM: I want to, uh, go to an Ivy.
(MOM and DAD suddenly don college paraphernalia.)

KELLY: (not hiding her distain) Really.
SAM: Yeah. I really think an Ivy League education is right for me.
(KELLY throws off her costume. The scene breaks down behind SAM.)
SAM: (to audience) I’d already broken both their cars that day. I couldn’t shatter their life-long dream of my being a legacy child.

MOM: (at KELLY) In your face!

SAM: And as soon as I said it, I could see the growing rift between my mother and me. Even a year earlier, I wouldn’t have hesitated to talk to her about this - but lately, there was something hungry in her eyes.

MOM: Sam, do you remember when we used to do Girl Scouts?

SAM: No.

MOM: Sure you do. (music cue)

Military March  \( \frac{\text{d}}{\text{s}} = 160 \)

sold those cookies to Aunt Mau reen. It was all so whole some and girlie and clean. The troop went camping and ate canned beans And we
sewed those little patches with cute little scenes.

MOM: Remember?

MOM: Eighteen years have come and gone. I watch her like a hawk.

Eighteen years she's my whole life, and now we barely talk.

MOM: (to audience) My mom had always been pretty hands on - But this was pathological. She was, like, recreating some mother-daughter bond that we never had.

SAM: (to audience) Mom, we didn't do girl scouts. What's going on?

MOM: But don't you wish we did?

SAM: (to audience) My mom had always been pretty hands on - But this was pathological. She was, like, recreating some mother-daughter bond that we never had.

Rock groove $\frac{3}{4} = 168$

Eighteen years have come and gone. I watch her like a hawk.

Eighteen years she's my whole life, and now we barely talk.

I
know my girl and I know her eyes And she nev-er runs and she nev-er lies

There’s some-thing wrong it’s plain to see. 'Cause her

head’s a mess and her heart’s a whirl. I know those eyes I know

my girl. And she’s gon-na talk to me.
SAM: I had plenty on my mind without my mother skulking around every corner.
And it was getting weirder. She started pulling June Cleavers on me.

MOM enters in an apron, bearing a plate of freshly baked cookies.

SAM: I have a test to study for. SAM exits. MOM, unfazed, turns to ADAM.

Light $\frac{1}{4}$ = 140

SAM: I made cookies. Have a cookie.
Adam: cookies.
I like cookies. Have a cookie, have a

MOM: few and then you'll sit and talk. We'll sit

Più mosso

and talk. You'll tell me
WHO she's hanging out with and who she's in a fight with and why she isn't telling me?

Has she started gambling and are you having sex yet, and is she doing L S D?

SAM: (off stage) Adam!
ADAM: I dunno. Maybe she has her... y'know. He exits.
I won't be discouraged. I refuse to be outdone. The game is far from over. Hell, it's only just begun.

I know my girl and I know her eyes. And she never runs and she never lies.

I know she's dyin' to let me in.
But her head’s a mess and her heart’s a whirl. I know those eyes, I know my girl. So let the game be gin.

MOM exits as SAM enters with shopping bags. SAM: And she kept trying to take me shopping. She seemed to want to buy specific items for me but I never knew what they were. SAM: She asked a lot of leading questions. MOM: Do you
Bouncy, Swing 8s $\text{\texttt{=148}}$

SAM: No, why?

You might need to go into the CVS for something?

Sam: Do you think I need to go into CVS?

And if you need to go into the CVS for something?

Straight 8s

I can come along. I'll help you need to go into the CVS for something I can come along. I'll help you.

Teach you to use the something.

buy the something. Teach you to use the something.

Page 122
Int Script/Score (1-6-10)
Do you need to go into the CVS for something?

SAM: I guess I could use some pens?

Anything? Help me?

MOM storms off. DAD and ADAM appear. DAD supervises as ADAM works on the car.

SAM enters their scene. DAD: Oh. Hey, kiddo.
What the hell's her issue? And how is it my problem? And why won't she give me a clue?

ADAM: You got a leak.

ADAM: I dunno...
DAD: Maybe she's having her... y'know.

MOM: I made...
DAD: Oh, nice.

ADAM: Dude. It's a trap. (ADAM and DAD exit hastily.)

MOM: Oh wait!

Just one cookie.

(MOM throws the cookie offstage)

Anthemic, building

No more cookies. You waited too long. Now the cookies are gone. Sam, you have to eat cookies. While I'm still alive to make you
cookies. My mother made me cookies. We would talk through the night, she made

every thing right. I'm so happy I ate cookies With my devoted

mother, my guide. Before she died.
SAM: (to the audience) I was trapped.
MOM: (to audience) She was trapped.
SAM: (to MOM) Okay. Everything's good. I'm getting my applications ready. School's fine. Adam's fine...
MOM: Samantha! Open up to me. There is nothing you could tell me that I wouldn't understand.
SAM: I seriously doubt that.
MOM: Try me.

SAM: Okay. There is one thing...
MOM: Uh-huh.

SAM: The thing I'm really thinking about is what I want - or what I don't want...
MOM: Uh-huh.

SAM: And - through, like, really deep and thoughtful analysis - I realized that...

SAM: I might not want to go to Harvard.
MOM: Uh-huh.

SAM: Or Dartmouth...
MOM: (frozen) Uh-huh.

SAM: Yeah, I mean. Maybe I should consider other options. Kelly’s school’s good and I could probably go for free. And if we’re saving all that money, I could even travel, take some time, figure things out. I mean - I don’t know what I want to do. Should I really waste money on some elitist Ivy-league education? Should I do something just because everyone else says I should? Or should I really examine what I want? Take my life into my own hands?

MOM: What? Like Suicide? (cue)
SAM: Mom. MOM: No. How dare you? Do you know what sacrifices we’ve made so that you could have opportunities...

Rock groove

SAM: So much for talking.
MOM: Sex! I wanted you to talk to me about sex. I read an entire book on how to talk to my daughter about sex.

SAM: Oh god. MOM: Or we could talk about recreational drug use, Sam. I am so cool.

MOM: I did dope when I was your age. Hell, I did it when I was pregnant with you.
SAM: Are you kidding me?
MOM: I didn’t know. No one knew...

SAM: What? (cue)
MOM: That is not the point here? The point is, Samantha, that you are going to be the valedictorian for Christ sake!
SAM: So?          MOM: So?

MOM:

Broad, powerful

know my girl and she's not some fool. She won't

waste her time at some fourth rate school.
I know you better then you think.
Go on,

a tempo

rebel. Try to break my heart. I know my girl and she's

Dictated

not some uneducated, greeter at the local Walmart!
SAM
Is that what you think of Kelly? Of Adam?

MOM
Sam, you have very nice and loyal friends but...

SAM
No. You think they’re not good enough because they’re not intellectual?

MOM
I don’t think you’re challenging yourself with your friends, no.

SAM
Oh! I had no idea that I was being graded on my friendships. In that case – by all means! Why don’t I go delete Kelly from my phone?

MOM
Samantha.

SAM
Nevermind that she knows more about life than you ever will because she’s out there living it. What do you do? Organize your photos?

MOM
That’s enough.

SAM
You know what? If being an intellectual means becoming a snob like you? Maybe I won’t go to college at all.

She starts to exit.

MOM
Where do you think you’re going?

SAM
I’m going to go lose my virginity to my loser boyfriend!

MOM shuts her eyes as a door slams. When she opens them, she looks around. Only the audience is there.
MOM: We weren't always like this. We used to be really close.
(MOM picks up the remote control for her slide show. She presses a button.)
(music cue)

MOM: Oh. I love this one.

Simple  \( \frac{d}{4} = 72 \)

MOM: We weren't always like this. We used to be really close.
(MOM picks up the remote control for her slide show. She presses a button.)
(music cue)

Simple  \( \frac{d}{4} = 72 \)

MOM: Oh. I love this one.

This is Sam on her first vacation,

Even then she was well-behaved.

Here's a boy that she

liked. Here's the photograph of Kelly that she saved.

Flowing $\frac{j}{4} = 86$

Here we are laughing, building a maze, smiling,

always. Photos remind you of better days.
Gentle \( \text{\( j \)} = 102 \)

They say... "Remember..."

This is just a phase..."
MOM exits as ADAM’s apartment appears.

SAM enters, on a mission.

ADAM

Sam?

SAM

I want to have sex.

SAM begins to take off her pants.

ADAM

What?

SAM

Now. I want to have sex now.

ADAM

(to audience)
Can I just point out how hard it was to be responsible in that moment? I mean, three years.

(to SAM)
You want to have sex now?

SAM

Strip!

ADAM

But...

SAM

Shh. Don’t talk. Take your pants off.

SAM starts to undress him, kissing him but it’s all a little manic. ADAM is tempted, conflicted, and finally...

ADAM

No... No. There is something messed up here.

SAM

What, something has to be wrong for me to want to... (barely able to say it) ...make love to you?

ADAM

Yep. Yes.

SAM

Adam. I’m saying that I want to do it.

ADAM

Shut up. Put your pants on.
He waits for this to happen. SAM begrudgingly does.

ADAM (cont'd)

What’s going on?

SAM

Nothing.

(Beat.)

My mom and I got in a fight about college.

ADAM

That’s all?

SAM

Yeah... but while it was going on, she told me that she thought we were going to be talking about sex and she apparently thinks I’m already having sex and...

ADAM

You told her we weren’t.

SAM

I may have implied that I was coming here to lose my virginity right now maybe.

ADAM

So, the next time I walk into your house... your mom...

SAM

Yeah.

ADAM

Oh man.

SAM

(fast and flustered)

I’m sorry, Adam. I didn’t mean to tell her. She was so intense and we were fighting and then there were the cookies and CVS. I got disoriented and...

ADAM

For condoms?

SAM

What?

ADAM

Did she take you to CVS for condoms?

SAM

No! I don't know. Maybe. No!
ADAM
Sam - you know I want to - but we can’t have sex to get back
at your mom.

SAM
(to the audience, but almost to
herself)
That’s actually what he said. I threw myself at him and
that’s what he said.
(to ADAM)
You are such a gentleman.

What?

SAM
Why did I let you go?

Wait.

SAM
Why did we break up?

ADAM
Wait. Whoa - Sam, you’re really skipping ahead. Like months.

SAM
I don’t want to break up with you.

ADAM
Look - I don’t know what’s happening but you’re supposed to
say that I’m right and you have to go and I’m like yeah and
then we’re like kissing and that’s all very important
because, see, then, after that? We have sex.
SAM: Adam - listen to me. I'm looking at you right now and I don't know why this had to end.

ADAM: I don't know why it had to end either but it did.

SAM: Sometimes when I look at you, I don't know why you'd wait.

School girl in a little world who learns everything late.
I've always had all the answers, now I don't have a clue.

Some nights when the clouds are thick and the wind starts to blow.

I stare out the window wondering where I will go.
I turn the light out, Under the covers, all I think of is you.

Just you.

Say the word and I just might listen. Say the word and you might get your way.

Loving you should be easier, but say the word...
I might have to stay.

ADAM: I don't get you, Brown. I don't even know where we are in the story or what you want...

SAM: You. I want you. Meanwhile there's so many things that I don't understand.

I don't know why I tremble when you...
reach for my hand. _

I didn't know how to love _

un - til you swept me a - way._

Say the word _ and I just might listen._

Say the word _ and you might get your way._

www.kerrigan-lowdermilk.com
Loving you should be easier, but say the word

And I might have to

stay. I wanna love. I wanna ride.

I want to be the girl there by your side.
Just tell me when.  Just tell me how.  Tell me, I'm ready now.

To-day!
Say the word ... and I just might listen.

ADAM: Say the word. Say the word ...

Say the word ... and you might ... get your way ...

and I ... Whatever you say ...
Loving you should be easier, but say the word—
Say the word. Say the word—

And I might have to—

SAM and ADAM move towards the bed as the lights dim.

stay.
When the lights come back up, ADAM is asleep and SAM sits at the corner of the bed.

SAM (cont’d)
The night Adam and I first had sex, the night I first knew I really loved him, I had a dream about Kelly. I’d like to say it was prescient - that I sensed the phone call I was about to get, but it was probably just because I wanted to talk to her. And suddenly, there she was: in my dream, pulling me out of Adam’s bed.

KELLY appears.

KELLY
We have got to get out of here.

SAM
What?

KELLY
Let’s go, Brown. Up and at ‘em.

SAM
Where are we going?

KELLY
I don’t know. Canada?

SAM
Wait. Why?

KELLY
They’re nice and they say aboot.

SAM
Kelly.

KELLY
Sam. College has something called finals week? Only it’s, like, two weeks. And the boys are stupid.
(She sees ADAM for the first time.)
Speaking of - what’s he doing here?

SAM
Um.

KELLY
(looking around)
Wait - this isn’t your room.

SAM
No...
Beat. KELLY puts it all together.

KELLY
Samantha Brown. Did you have sexual intercourse?

SAM
How did you...

KELLY
You did!

SAM nods and gets embarrassed, giggles.

KELLY (cont'd)
Was it all you ever thought it would be?

SAM
It was good... it’s kind of weird?

KELLY
Give it time.

SAM
I missed you.

KELLY
Duh. Let’s find your clothes and get out of here.

SAM
I just had sex. I can’t run off. And my mom - we had a huge fight.

KELLY
So?

SAM
I have to go deal with her and...

KELLY
Call her from the road. You miss me, right?

SAM
Why don’t you stay here?

KELLY
At Adam’s house? It smells like boy.

SAM
No. Stay with me. We’ll go to my house, watch movies, make popcorn. It will be just like...
MOVING ON
(1/6/10)

SAM’s cell phone rings. SAM and KELLY freeze. It rings again.
KELLY: Aren’t you going to get that?
It rings again.
KELLY: Sam?

Freely (\( \frac{3}{4} \) c. 108)

KELLY: Don’t you think you should wake up and answer the phone?

SAM: No.

K: Sam. You have to.
What if I don’t?
K: What do you mean what if you don’t?

Copyright 2008 by Kait Kerrigan and Brian Lowdermilk. All rights reserved.
What if I don't? K: You did!

But if I

(Ring)

don't pick up the phone, it's sort of like it never happened.

K: What are you talking about?

Like the phone call... never happened, And
ev'ry thing is normal including... Right.

don't pick up the phone, it's totes like nothing ever happened.

Then...

(Ring)

Yeah. I'm a -
Heavy, with joy $\downarrow = 104$

SAM: You're a -

I'm a - live, I'm tak - ing names I'm tak - ing o - ver. I'm a - live!

- live!

Page 152
Int Script/Score (1-6-10)
Best friends joined at the hip. We're changing

And in one breath, we're changing

his- tor-y. And it will be the

per-fect year. (Ring)

One
Pink punk (d=104)

year.

KELLY: Now that I'm alive, I don't think this should be an autobiography.

SAM: What should it be? KELLY: Like one of those tell-all exposes. SAM: How about (music out) "The Unauthorized Autobiography of Samantha Brown"?
KELLY: As told by her best friend Kelly.
SAM: Right... (cue)

KELLY: Okay. But if we're gonna do this.
We're doing it my way - down and dirty.


KELLY: Oh, We're moving on. 'Cause nothing else is standing in our way.

We're moving on. The present. We're moving on.
fast. And if it's lame, we're blowing right past._

KELLY: So what happened first?
SAM: I woke up at Adam’s the next morning.

ADAM: (groggy) Sam, last night was...
KELLY: Blah blah blah. Kiss kiss kiss. (cue) Moving on.

BOTH: Oh yeah, we're inspiring. That's what you're admiring.
By the time he sees that we're gone.

We're moving on.

You're moving on.

Moving on.

I'm moving on.

Oh, we're moving on.

Oh, we're moving on.
MOM and DAD are lying in wait, arms crossed.

DAD: Samantha. Did you have sex?
SAM: Mom. Dad. I... um...

KELLY: (butting in) Did Sam tell you that she picked a college?
DAD: You did? SAM: I did?

SAM: Really?
KELLY: (duh) Sex in the City.
SAM: Genius.
MOM: Wouldn't you rather...

MOM: Dartmouth?
DAD: Harvard. KELLY: Columbia.

SAM: Really?
KELLY:
Co-lum-bi-a.

MOM:
Co-lum-bi-a.

DAD:
Co-lum-bi-a.

MOM:
Co-lum-bi-a!

DAD:
Co-lum-bi-a!

Roar, Li-ons, roar!

Roar, Li-ons, roar!
Oh, I'm moving on and senior prom is right around the bend. You'll need a strapless bra. Then to the spa!

Pedicures for the prom... on
mom.

My toes are getting ting-ling.

Dee-dee-dee-dee.

We're mov-ing on.
135

MOM:

Senior prom.

Only one senior prom.

It's your senior

Beautiful to -

Cheesy Over-Produced Prom Feel  \( \frac{j = 108}{j} \)
ADAM: Hey, Kelly.
KELLY: Hey, Adam. ADAM: Hey, Sting... "Ev 'ry Breath I Take" is a colla voce about how people want to make out, and Sting makes out until dawn. We're moving on.

A tempo (d=104)

DAD: (as STING)

SAM: You're grooving on.

DAD: Moving on. Moving on.

A tempo (d=104)

KELLY: We're grooving...

SAM & KELLY: Oh, we're moving on.
Tempo di "An Ordinary Senior Year" $d = 88$

SAM: Let's get out of here.

KELLY: Road trip!

SAM:

Kel-ly knows when to pay at-ten-tion, and she knows when to screw a-round and

KELLY: Arby's!

KELLY:

drive til dawn. Sen-i-or year could-n't be more per-fect. Did you
see how that num-chuck left his lights on? My senior year is almost done. But it feels like it's just begun. I'm gonna eat this. Can you steer? That plain... Oh my god this is amazing.

Watch out for that semi. Dull... Normal, good, simple, nothing much, beautiful,
SAM puts on a cap and gown.

SAM: This has been an ordinary senior year for most of us -

SAM: School dances, a lot of tests, a couple road trips, and a few of us even fell in love.

SAM: These ordinary years make us who we will become.

SAM: But the thing that has made my senior year extraordinary is that I've had my best friend Kelly to share it with.
MOM:

Ooh, we're celebrating...

Because they're graduating...

DAD & ADAM:

Ooh, we're celebrating...

Because they're graduating...

SAM: Let's give them a speech they'll never forget. Graduators, let's reach for the sky!
Rock out $\text{\textit{\texttt{\texttimes}}= 104}$

**SAM:**
Oh____________

**MOM:**
We say good-bye______ So say good-

**ADAM & DAD:**
Oh moving on.____________

**SAM & KELLY:**
We say good-bye to high school______

Oh moving on.____________

Oh moving on.____________

We say good-bye.__________

**KELLY:**
- bye____________
MOVING ON

(1/6/10)

www.kerrigan-lowdermilk.com

Page 170
Int Script/Score (1-6-10)
It's time to kick some ass. For all you lower classmen,

Oh

Moving

Oh

Moving

Sucks for you. Peace out to all our crew. The party's on.

on.

on.

The Unauthorized Autobiography...
SAM's cell phone rings.
Music stops abruptly.
Music stops abruptly.
The phone continues to ring.

SAM
Oh. Sorry. I guess that’s me...

She fumbles out of her graduation gown looking for her cell phone.

By the time she finds it, the set is cleared and she’s in ADAM’s room. The phone wakes him up.

SAM (cont’d)
Hello? Dad. Don’t say anything, I should have come home last night - I know, but...

(Long pause. ADAM tries to brush up against SAM. She doesn’t react.)
What? ... Well is she okay? ... Oh. ... Oh. Yeah. I’m fine. I’m... I gotta go, Dad. ... Yeah, I’ll be home soon.

She hangs up.

ADAM
Are you okay? Sam, whatever it is...

SAM
Don’t.

ADAM
Sam...

SAM
Please don’t say anything. 
(He goes to touch her but she bristles.)
Please.

He exits.
SAM: My name is Samantha Brown but this isn’t my autobiography. My autobiography wouldn’t fall apart just as I was starting to make it my own. And everything fell apart. I know what I want. I want my best friend back. If I could just go back, not answer the phone, not ever know... If I could just change that one thing.
I wouldn't change anything. No, not a day. When each day holds a memory, it won't go away. Your tears and your laughter, all tied to each other.
All so inextricable, all shimmering.

I wouldn't change anything. I can't somehow.

After all the mistakes I made. They don't matter now.

For
better or worse, through the good and the bad times.

Anything that led to you, I'd always do. Just so I'd have these memories. My Samantha memories. Sam at the

It all goes by way too fast, but the memories last.
I wouldn't change anything.
we'll get by.

I'll prob'ly cry. We'll

let you go.

I wouldn't change anything.

If there's

love it all.
I'd some-things I still re-gret, then I don't re-call. I'd poco cres.
do it all over again in a heart-beat
do it all over again in a heart-beat

All the fights and all the sleep-less nights they bring.

Some
day when you're looking back, from who knows where, you'll

MOM: I wouldn't change anything.

DAD: I wouldn't change anything.

I love you.

I love you.
They exit.
SAM
If a yellow SUV is traveling down University Road in a straight line at a constant velocity of 45 miles per hour and a pedestrian is crossing the road at a velocity of 2.5 miles per hour; if the frat boy driving the SUV sees the pedestrian from a distance of 200 feet and slams on the brake, decelerating at a rate of 11.5 miles per hour, will the SUV still hit the pedestrian? Yes. But only if she hears him coming. Only if she slows down just enough to look up. It only takes two seconds. I know that. I know that if she were listening to music or if she’d just sped up she wouldn’t have died. I didn’t know that time doesn’t stop – prom still has a theme, the valedictorian still gives a speech on a future she knows nothing about. I don’t remember any of it. Nothing woke me up – nothing moved me. Except one thing... It was one week ago.

ADAM appears in the DMV waiting room. He alternately eyes SAM and leafs through a girly magazine.

ADAM
Sam.

SAM
We were in the DMV. Adam had driven me to take my driver’s test.

ADAM
Earth to Sam.

SAM
It was my last ditch attempt before freshman orientation at Columbia.

ADAM
What number are you?

SAM
New York City: a place where it doesn’t matter if you can drive.

ADAM
34? You have a little while yet...

SAM
After Kelly died, I kept waiting for things to go back to normal.

ADAM
Look, Sam – I’ve been wanting to talk to you about something.
SAM
But I was starting to see that normal didn’t exist anymore. Or maybe this was normal now.

ADAM
I know it’s been a long couple months but I’ve been thinking about things.

SAM
A whole spring and summer had slipped by, but I was still seeing her everywhere.

ADAM
I’ve been thinking about things a lot, Sam.

SAM
Real life was the ghost.

ADAM
Sam?

SAM
Everything was different and the real question wasn’t what I wanted or what I was planning but what did I want now?

ADAM
Earth to Sam.
SAM: And I wanted to wake up. I wanted something to snap me out of this stupor, this nothingness.
ADAM: Sam! *(music cue)* I'm trying to say something here.
SAM: (snapped back to reality) Huh?
ADAM: I have something to say.

Steady, in one  $\frac{d}{d} = 64$

Let me catch my breath.

This is really hard.

Music by
Brian Lowdermilk

Lyrics by
Kait Kerrigan

Copyright 2006 by Kait Kerrigan and Brian Lowdermilk. All rights reserved.
If I start to look like I'm
sweating, well...
That's 'cause I am.

I'm not good with words.
But that's nothing new.

Still I have to try to ex-

plain what I want to do

With you.

With
4. RUN AWAY WITH ME
(1/3/10)

P/V

The Unauthorized Autobiography ...

RUN AWAY WITH ME

Let me be your ride out of town.
Let me be the place that you hide.

We can make our lives on the go.
Run away with me.

Tex - as in the sum - mer is cool.
We'll be on the road like Jack

www.kerrigan-lowdermilk.com
Kerouac

Look'in' back. Sam, you're ready. Let's

An - y -

where.

Get the car

packed and throw me the key. Run away with me.
Sam, I know it's fast.

I'm in love with you.

Sam, it's crazier for you.

I'm in.
have these plans. Sam, I have these plans Of a house __

cresc. __

that we build on a bay __ When we run a __

Let me be your ride out of town __ Let me be the place that you hide __

We can make our lives on the go __ Run a __

- *www.kerrigan-lowdermilk.com*
Al-a-bam-a heat sign me up! We'll be on the road like some country song.

Won't be long Sam, you're ready. Let's go anywhere.

Get the car.
I'm just saying there might be a life here. A new one as soon as we run. Just as soon as we run. Run away.

Let me be your ride.
out of town.

Run away with me.

California dreams here we come!

Romeo is calling for

Juliet

Ready, set, Sam, you're ready. Let's

go

Any -
where.

Say the word _

and I'm already there!

Run away with me.

segue to "Drive"
KELLY: (o.s.) (as the DMV Lady) Number 34.
SAM: Adam.
KELLY: (louder) Number 34.
ADAM: That's you.
SAM: What?
ADAM: Number 34. That's you. Go take your test.
SAM tries to say something but can think of nothing.
She starts to leave.
ADAM: Hey Sam. Good luck.
SAM walks toward the car.

Steady, in one $ \frac{\text{q}}{\text{4}} = 64$

KELLY: Samantha Brown?
SAM: Yeah. (music cue)  
SAM starts to get into the passenger seat.
KELLY: I'm Carol Ann and I'll be administering your test.
You should probably get in the driver's seat.
SAM: Oh right.
(SAM gets in on the driver's side.)
KELLY: All-righty. Ease out on the road.

Lively $\frac{\text{c} = 86}{8}$

KELLY: (Vocal - Last X)

Watch for traffic.

SAM: Oops. Sorry.

Both hands on the wheel.

SAM: Oh. I normally do but I kind of forgot...

SAM: No really. I'm totally careful.
Drive.

(The car jolts and they come to an abrupt skidding stop.)

SAM: Oh my god. Did I just fail?
KELLY: What - that?! Happens all the time. (music cue)

KELLY: Just put your hands on ten and two, and start again.

Lively $\frac{3}{4} = 86$
SAM: Really?

KELLY: (Vocal - Last X)

Easy does it.
SAM: Got it.

(SAM takes a deep breath.)

Don't forget to breathe.

Just keep it steady.

O - kay. Relax. Drive.

Drive.

Eyes a head.
Focus and steer. Don't look in the rear-view mirror.

Don't think. Don't swerve. Don't stop.

Drive.

SAM:

Just keep it simple.
Drive.

Keep the speed fifty five.

Breathe and

watch the highway.

Focus and

Agitato

DAD: (entering frantically) Slow down, Sam! Jesus.
DAD:

Ev'ry time you buckle up, you bet your life. It's important that you understand You're underneath the knife. You could die.

SAM: Get out of the road!

You could die! Die!
Watch for traffic.

Both hands on the wheel.

Die.

KELLY: Quick, detached (♩= c. 192)

SAM: I don’t understand what’s going on.

KELLY: My name’s not Kelly. It’s Carol Ann.

SAM: Quit it, Kelly. This isn’t the test I took.

DAD: subito p

O-
Eighteen years have come and gone.

MOM: and gone.

KELLY: Now make that left.

SAM: Do I have to?

KELLY: Easy does it.

MOM: Don't forget to breathe.

Go on, rebel.

Page 207
Int Script/Score (1-6-10)
Just keep it steady.  Okay.  Relax.

member.  Something, anything, help me.

Drive.  Eyes a head.

Drive.  Eyes a -

I know my girl.

www.kerrigan-lowdermilk.com
Focus and steer. Don't look in the rear-view mirror.

head. Focus and steer. Don't look in the rear-view mirror.

And she's not some greeter at

BOTH:

Don't think. Don't swerve. Don't stop.

Walmart. I know.

DAD:

Drive.

KELLY:
SAM:
Don't think.

MOM:
Go on rebel.

DAD:
lum - bi - a.

DAD:
Co - lum - bi - a.

KELLY:
swerve.

MOM:
Don't stop.

DAD:
Greet - er at Wall - mart.

DAD:
Greet - er at
Greet - er at Roar

www.kerrigan-lowdermilk.com
Sam, you're ready. Let's

Drive

Wal-mart!

Li-ons roar!

L'istesso tempo \( \frac{\dot{\text{d}}}{\text{d}} \)

ADAM:

SAM:

MOM:

DAD:
May be not today._

KELLY, MOM: (KELLY takes top harmony)

Oh

DAD:

subito

May be tomorrow. Maybe it's as simple as_

Row.

www.kerrigan-lowdermilk.com
Ca- li- for- nia dreams, Ro- me-o and Ju- li-et.

It's as sim- ple as that: Run a- way with me.

Quick, detached (\( \textit{d} = \text{c. 192} \))

KELLY: It doesn't matter if anyone hates you.

KELLY: It doesn't matter if it's hard.

KELLY: Don't look at them.  
KELLY: Look ahead. 
KELLY: What do you want?

MOM: What if they won't ever speak to me again?

ADAM: It's as way with me.

DAD: Slow down, Sam.

KELLY: It doesn't matter if anyone hates you.
**KELLY:** Don't you get it?  **KELLY:** You have to do what you want.  **KELLY:** For me. Honor me!

---

**SAM:**

I never dreamed of running away.

---

**P** colla voce

---

I start driving and keep driving.

---
I can't stop 'til I feel alive again. Feel alive on my own.

And I wish I could say that you're with me,

But I know I'm alone.
Hey Sam

ADAM:

DAD:

(MOM, DAD and ADAM retreat.)

Eyes a head. Focus and steer. Don't look in the rear-view mirror.

KELLY: You passed.

Don't think. Don't swerve. Don't stop.
SAM

What?

KELLY

You’re ready to go now.

SAM

I didn’t even say goodbye.

KELLY

Sometimes you don’t get to say goodbye.

SAM

I really miss you.

KELLY

I know. It sucks, right?

SAM

Why can’t it just stay like this?

KELLY

You know it can’t.

SAM

Why not?
KELLY: Because this is a daydream, Sam. In a second you're going to have to snap out of it and make a decision.

SAM: You're the kind of person who does this, not me.

KELLY: Except that I went to college and you've got a set of keys in your hand.

SAM: I don't even know where I'm going.


Copyright 2008 by Kait Kerrigan and Brian Lowdermilk. All rights reserved.
SAM: Maps are for brain deads. KELLY: That's right. SAM: I can't do this alone. KELLY: Of course you can. You're Sam Brown. You can do anything.

SAM: I don't know how. KELLY: Don't say good-bye. Don't think about tomorrow. Just drive away. When-ever you look be-hind you, I'll always re-mind you. You're not alone.
Do what you want.

SAM: I want to stop stalling.

Go where you want.

KELLY:

SAM: I want to drive so far that I barely know who I am.

SAM: I want the deafening sound of driving fast with the windows down.

I live in

what you do, in what you want to do, now that I'm

(KELLY exits.)

I'm moving on.

segue to "Remember This"
(SAM is completely alone on stage.)

SAM: My name is Samantha Brown and this is my autobiography. It begins when everything in front of me is blank, in the one bright second when I know what I want but I still haven't turned the key. I have to savor this. I have to remember how it feels to want something so much that you'll risk regretting. Can you do that? Can you do something as simple as not know where you're going? (She takes a deep breath.) What does it feel like?
The sky is pale with morning light.

Your heart is beating at a faster rate.

Remember this.
The racing heart, the purple dawn. Remember this.

Be-

fore the moment's gone.

The street is qui-

Page 224
Int Script/Score (1-6-10)
et but the clouds race by and

who knows what those clouds will see?

Before you start

regretting.

Before you turn the key Remember this.

The way it feels inside the car, non legato

Pop groove
the still, cool air. Remember this, right now, before it slips away. Try to memorize the details of the day. Remember this. Remember...
ev'rything that led you here.

MOM & KELLY:

Each road trip, and ev'ry single tear.

Re -
7. REMEMBER THIS
(1/3/10)

Remember what you've learned and what

I

I

you still don't know. You

love you

love you
look back on your life,

MOM:

On the

I love

DAD:

I love

girl you were for eighteen years.

You

KELLY:

I love

ADAM:

I love
look back one more time. Then you let it go.

Maestoso, with joy

SAM:

Your hand might shake as the ignition
lights.

MOM & KELLY: You

Ah

ADAM & DAD:

Ah

might not know what road you'll take.

www.kerrigan-lowdermilk.com
But now the gear is shifting.

Ah

Your foot is lifting off the brake.
(SAM’s car, slowly, almost imperceptibly, begins to move forward.)

The end.