

DEPOSIT, NY

Written by

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## CHARACTERS

DAISY-A 15 year old with big dreams and big hair(for real it's so frizzy). She's loud and lost. She hails from Deposit, NY, a small town with nothing in it except some farms and a thrift store. She is wearing a long dress, an oversized sweater and combat boots. She has a huge backpack with everything she thinks she needs. She is in the middle of executing a very bad plan.

WYATT-A guy in his early 30s with big dreams and big arms(they are very long. He is a lanky man). He wears flannel pants and his hair is a big mess. He's smart and kind and at the moment, he's discouraged. He hails from Deposit, NY, a town with less farms than he remembers. He's headed back there from New York City. He has a big backpack, too.

DEPOSIT, NY-Not a physical character, but an important part of these characters and their story. Deposit is a small town, filled with farms, lakes and Trump supporters. There's not much to do there, unless you like farming, four wheeling, sports and bonfires in the middle of fields. The high school is small, about 30 kids were in the last graduating class. They started to cut art programs and never stopped. The football team is okay but the baseball team is shitty. Like I said, not a character, but I think in order to understand DAISY and WYATT we have to understand where they are from.

## SETTING

A bus station, late evening. It's about August, maybe early September. It's pretty empty. There's a few vending machines and lots of chairs. They are a deep, ugly shade of red. This room is clean, but only on the surface. If you look close, there's dust all over. This bus station is located somewhere between Deposit and NYC.

## ACT ONE SCENE ONE

DAISY is sitting in one of the ugly red chairs, reading an old, beat up copy of *Pride and Prejudice*.

WYATT enters. She looks up. He sits across from her. She stares.

DAISY  
I know you.

WYATT  
No, you don't.

DAISY  
Yes, I do.

WYATT

Okay...

DAISY

You're that writer. You're from Deposit. Same as me. Wyatt McGuire.

WYATT

Yeah, um... That's me.

She tries to go back to her book. He sits, tapping his foot.

DAISY

Hey, can you sign a copy of your book for me?

WYATT

I wrote a movie.

DAISY

I'm joking. You're famous in Deposit.

WYATT

So I've heard. So, uh-what's your name? Since you know mine.

DAISY

Daisy, like the flower.

She stares, expecting him to say something.

WYATT

Have you seen the movie?

DAISY

Yeah.

WYATT

Did you like it?

DAISY

Umm...not exactly.

WYATT

No surprise there.

DAISY

Sorry.

WYATT

That I'm a bad writer? Me too.

DAISY  
No. I'm sorry your movie didn't do  
so well.

WYATT  
Oh. Thanks.

Silence.

DAISY  
So what brings you to this bus  
station?

WYATT  
I'm headed back home for a bit.

DAISY  
I'm leaving home for a bit.

WYATT  
Cool. So you're from Deposit?

DAISY  
Unfortunately.

WYATT  
It's not that bad.

DAISY  
It is. It's pretty bad.

WYATT  
Where do you live?

DAISY  
By the cornfield.

WYATT  
Which one? Neale Road?

DAISY  
No. Kenyon Hill.

WYATT  
I used to live by the Dug Road one.

DAISY  
Is there such thing as too many  
cornfields?

WYATT  
Probably.

Silence.

WYATT (CONT'D)

So, uh. What do you kids do for fun  
in Deposit these days?

DAISY

I sit on my roof. I climb out there  
while my mom is at work or on a  
FarmersOnly date and just sit for  
hours. I usually listen to music or  
sing to myself. Eventually, the  
motherfucker with the four-wheeler  
will ride by. And then he'll ride  
by again. And again. And again. And  
he's all dressed in camo. Like, hey  
buddy, you're on the loudest four-  
wheeler in America on the smallest  
road in America and you sometimes  
yell "yee-haw". Camo is not going  
to help you blend in. And he never  
sees me. I'm on a fucking roof in  
broad daylight and he never sees.

WYATT

So not much.

DAISY

Well other kids might do things.  
Not me.

WYATT

Why?

He reaches into his bag and gets out a bottle of water. He  
takes a sip.

DAISY

Depression.

WYATT chokes a little.

DAISY (CONT'D)

What? I'm depressed. The doctor  
told me it wasn't the really bad  
kind and gave me some Zoloft.

WYATT

Do you take it?

DAISY

Yes.

WYATT

That's good.

Silence again. WYATT digs out some paper and pencils.

WYATT (CONT'D)

You wanna play tic-tac-toe?

DAISY

Noooo, I am so bad at tic-tac-toe.  
There are many things I am good at  
and this does not fall on the list.

WYATT

How can you be bad at tic-tac-toe?

DAISY

I just am.

WYATT

Aren't you bored?

DAISY

Yes.

WYATT

I'll be X's.

DAISY rolls her eyes.

DAISY

Guess I'm O's.

He moves to sit next to her and hands her a pen. The paper rests on the armrest between them. He draws a grid and takes a turn. DAISY stares and thinks. She finally draws her O.

WYATT

Decent move. Not what I would have  
done, but decent.

DAISY

Just take your turn.

He does. She stares for a moment before taking her turn.

WYATT

Ooh, bad move.

He takes his turn and wins.

DAISY

How? How did I miss that?

WYATT

I won! I won! (He turns this into a  
little song)

DAISY  
Aren't you supposed to be the adult here?

WYATT  
Yes. But that doesn't mean I can't celebrate a tic tac toe win.

He continues to sing.

DAISY  
Don't you have a bus to catch?

WYATT  
Oh yeah. Well. It could be delayed.

DAISY  
How do you know? Have you even checked the schedule?

WYATT  
Yes. And it says the Deposit bus is delayed. Don't you have a bus to catch?

DAISY  
I don't know yet.

He blinks.

WYATT  
We are in a bus station.

DAISY  
I just don't know where I'm going yet.

WYATT  
So you packed up and came to the station but you don't know where you're going.

DAISY  
Well the original plan was to go to the city and work on getting my EGOT.

WYATT  
Your-your EGOT?

DAISY  
Yeah. Emmy, Grammy, Os/

WYATT

Yeah I know what EGOT is. I just didn't realize you were an actress.

DAISY

Well I'm not. Yet.

WYATT

But you think you can just go to the city and start?

DAISY

I don't know! That's why I'm here and not there!

She moves away from him and starts to read.

WYATT

Hey. Um. Sorry. I just don't want you to do anything stupid.

DAISY

Yeah. I get that.

WYATT

I just think this is/

DAISY

Not a good idea? I'm aware.

WYATT

Good.

DAISY

I might not do it. I mean I don't know yet but I'm leaning towards no.

WYATT

Good.

DAISY

But that doesn't mean I can't. I know I'm talented.

WYATT

I'm sure you are.

DAISY

So we'll see where I end up tomorrow morning.

WYATT

Can't wait.



She continues to read.

WYATT (CONT'D)  
What are you reading?

DAISY  
You don't need to know.

He leans over and looks at the cover.

WYATT  
Pride and Prejudice! You're a romantic!

DAISY  
A little. Hey are you hungry?

WYATT  
Actually, yeah.

DAISY  
Great. Why don't you head over to that vending machine and get us some snacks?

He smiles.

WYATT  
Only if you play me at Tic Tac Toe again.

DAISY  
Fine.

WYATT  
I'm X's.

DAISY  
Guess I'm O's.

He draws another grid.

WYATT  
You first.

She looks over the board carefully and takes her turn. She smiles a little. He takes his turn. Her face scrunches up and she makes her next move.

DAISY  
Beat that.

WYATT  
Okay.

He takes his next turn.

DAISY  
Oh, fuck you.

WYATT  
Good luck.

DAISY takes her turn, reluctantly. WYATT smiles and DAISY's face falls. He scrawls an X and wins.

DAISY  
Wow. I am a flop. I am a huge flop.

WYATT  
True.

DAISY  
You owe me a snack.

WYATT  
Okay. I'll be back.

He walks to the vending machines. When DAISY sees that he is far away enough she opens both their backpacks. She lays sweaters across the chairs and places the backpacks at the end of each row. She takes nail polish out of her bag and puts it on an armrest. She smiles at her handy work.

WYATT is coming back. He sees the new setup and stops, confused.

WYATT (CONT'D)  
Excuse my language, but what the fuck is this?

DAISY grins a grin that lights up her whole face.

DAISY  
A slumber party.

WYATT  
What?

DAISY  
We are going to have a slumber party?

WYATT  
Why, exactly?

DAISY  
Cause that's what I told my mom I would be doing tonight.

WYATT  
Jesus Christ.

DAISY  
Hey. This will be fun.

WYATT  
I don't know. Its weird.

DAISY juts out her bottom lip.

DAISY  
If you don't want to, you don't  
have to.

WYATT  
Daisy.

DAISY  
Its just that I've never had a  
sleepover before and-

WYATT  
Fine. Let's do this.

DAISY  
Wait, really?

WYATT  
Yeah. That's the most depressing  
shit I've ever had.

DAISY  
Really?

WYATT  
One hundred percent.

DAISY  
Okay, okay. I get it. I'm pathetic.

WYATT  
Not any more. We are about to have  
the best slumber party ever. You  
are going to have the full  
sleepover experience.

DAISY  
Okay. Let's play "Light as a  
feather stiff as a board".

WYATT  
What the hell is that?