

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?