

# Serendipity

## Characters:

**Arya** - College student, suitemates with Gloria, Amy, and Mia, who are also members of the same friend group. She's closest to Gloria, a chipper personality that gets easily anxious or frazzled.

**Gloria** - A pretty cool and collected girl who intends to go into business or law, and also a college senior in the friend group.

**Amy** - The third member of the group, a pessimist and cynic, and secretly bi, she was the closest to Mia. In the last scene which takes place in the future, she is a mother.

**Mia** - A bright and cheerful girl, the final member of the friend group who is, at the time of this story, dead. However, she appears several times as a ghost.

**Emma** - Amy's adopted daughter, blunt and talkative, she should be played by the same actress as Mia.

**Erik** - Amy's ex-boyfriend and Gloria's friend who is semi in the friend group. Erik is a pretty level-headed guy.

## Note:

1. The actress for Mia and Emma should be the same person, but there should be clothing or the way they speak or something else differentiating them since they are two separate people.
2. Scenes 1 and 10 take place in the mid 2030s. As of now, there's nothing firmly futuristic in the scene. But the director is free to use their artistic sense to add or design the scene in a more futuristic sense or change any language or props, especially to be more futuristic.

Scene 1:

*The stage is set as somewhere on a college campus in the mid 2030's. Erik wanders onto the stage, as if seeing the campus for the first time in years, examining what has changed and what remains the same. He pauses at a certain point, examining a statue and muttering to himself.*

ERIK:

Huh, I'm surprised they never changed this old thing. Still ugly as ever.

*After a few moments of bending down to examine it he stands straight and looks around at the buildings.*

ERIK:

They added more to the business school. Other than that...a few things here and there. Not much else.

*All of a sudden, his musings are interrupted by the click, click, clicking of heels. Gloria walks on stage, fully clad in heels and a professional outfit as if she arrived straight from work. Erik looks towards her and grins.*

ERIK:

Gloria, I see you haven't changed much.

GLORIA:

What's that supposed to mean?

ERIK:

Oh not much, I can still hear you from a mile away.

GLORIA:

Excuse me?

ERIK:

Nothing, nothing...came straight from work?

GLORIA:

Yes, I had a few meetings this morning about a new project we started.

ERIK:

Of course, you did. And still managed to make the reunion early.

GLORIA:

Naturally. This is important. You are earlier than me though.

ERIK:

Eh, I was in the area. I wanted to scope out the territory, you know.

GLORIA:

Scope out what? Not much has changed.

ERIK:

Well...sometimes it's best to be prepared.

GLORIA:

You have a point there...how are things?

ERIK:

Good, I just recently got married.

*He holds up his finger to display a ring.*

GLORIA:

Congratulations!

ERIK:

Yeah, thanks. I'm pretty happy. We're thinking of adopting soon too.

GLORIA:

Adopting?

ERIK:

Yeah, you know since we're both...His name's Alex.

GLORIA:

Oh. When you were with Amy I assumed you were...

ERIK:

That's what I thought too, till I met him.

*There are a few seconds of awkward silence since the two don't have much to talk about. Finally, Erik breaks the silence.*

ERIK:

Do you have anyone?

GLORIA:

No, no I don't. I was dating someone but...well, it's over now. My current priority is work.

ERIK:

That's so like you. You've always been hardworking, probably the most driven person I know.

GLORIA:

Thank you.

*They have a couple more seconds of silence, then Erik speaks.*

ERIK:

I wonder when everyone else is coming.

GLORIA:

Arya should be here soon, something cropped up at work so she's running a bit late. As for Amy I haven't seen her since we graduated.

ERIK:

Is she coming?

GLORIA:

I hope so.

*Suddenly, Gloria notices someone offstage from behind Erik and frowns.*

GLORIA:

Erik, is that...?

ERIK:

What?

*He turns and his eyes widen in surprise.*

ERIK:

Isn't that Amy? But wait, who's with her? I'm not seeing things am I?

GLORIA:

No, I see it too. That looks exactly like—

*Blackout.*

## Scene 2:

*The lights come on and the stage is set to be a dorm common room in 2022. Arya sits with a notebook or laptop screen as if writing or typing in a journal. She starts out writing or typing, but through the course of the scene, she gets up and walks around the room, narrating her thoughts through a monologue.*

Arya:

A four-leaf clover. Rare, but when you do find it...precious beyond measure. Balanced, unlike three. Three is too many or too few, depending on how you look at it, the third wheel, unbalanced, can't be evenly split...unless you get into fractions, and that's a whole nother mess we don't need to address.

But four? Four is perfect. It can be split evenly in so many ways, a mother, a father, a sister, a brother, or with friends, they can go off in pairs of two and two. Like when you need to sit on a bus or roller coaster, and there are only rows of two. Or bathroom buddies like in elementary school. Four is perfect.

Or so I thought. But four also means death. Or, I guess it's associated with death since four and death are both the word "su" pronounced with different tones. In Chinese, Mandarin Chinese. Mina told me that before she...

We were four. Me, Mia, Amy, and Gloria. Whenever we split, it was me with Gloria, Mia with Amy. I mean, we could split other ways too. Regardless, it was *balanced*. But where's the balance now?

I don't know. Is it because Mia told us four means death? One of us had to die? But that's stupid. Just as stupid as me trying to find meaning in every little dumb thing now that she's gone. Even her succulent passed away, within a week despite our best efforts to water it.

Is that a sign? A sign of what, I don't know. But I can't help but wonder why? How many college students, heck, how many people face something like this in their early 20s? Why us?

And the worst part is, it doesn't hit you how often this kind of thing happens till it happens to you. Then you're in the *in-group*. You're the one everyone talks about. Oh, she's the girl whose suitemate passed away. Passed away. It sounds almost peaceful when you say that, but then you remember it was a violent car accident and—

And now I'm rambling. But they say rambling is good. Let it all out, they say. All of it? Even the dirty and the mucky. Even the frustration and the pain? I don't know. When I bring it up to others, they say, "Oh, I'm so sorry," and that's the end of it. If you bring it up again, you're the one being too much, making it too awkward.

It's over and done with for them. But they don't realize it's constantly on your mind. They don't realize it's in your dreams; it's *always* there. The reminder that you're no longer four, that you never will be...ever again.

Never again. The laughs, the jokes, the banter it's still there yet somehow changed. Irrevocably.

It hurts. But what's worse is that it doesn't make sense. It doesn't make sense that she's just...*gone*. It's painful. We're all trying to deal with it in our own way. If you ask me, we need an open discussion. It won't fix everything, but it's a start. Well, for those of us who'll cooperate.

*Arya turns to look towards Amy's door, then turns back to face the audience.*

Arya:

Anyway. We're here now. This is us, us three. And the sooner we come to terms with that, the better...I don't know. I really don't know. But what I do know is we need to talk.

*She turns back to Amy's door.*

Arya:

Whether we want to or not.

*Blackout.*

Scene 3:

*The lights slowly come on. It's still the dorm common room. Click. Click. Click. The stage fills with the sharp tap tap tapping of heels, brisk and short. Gloria walks on stage in short sharp steps, finally coming to a stop in the center of the stage. She's holding a phone or wearing a pair of AirPods, and her expression is clearly frustrated. As she speaks on the phone, she pauses after each sentence as if listening to the person on the other end.*

GLORIA:

I know.

*I know, Mom.*

Mom, you've been saying the same thing again and again!

No, I'm not trying to be disrespectful. No. No, I'm not undervaluing what you and Dad have done for me. I am not.

Mom, will you just listen to me?

Mom, for God's sake, I know, I know everything you're saying right now; you've said it a million times—no, I'm not being defensive. I just don't want to talk about this right now! ... Yes, I know she was a sweet girl! Yes, I know it was a tragedy, I *know*. I know more than anyone else! And I'm fine, I really am. Ok, Mom! Mom, I'm taking 21 credits; I'm exec for 3 clubs—I *seriously* don't have time for this...

No, no, I'm not changing the subject! *Seriously*.

I'm not raising my voice at you! Mom I—

*With a frustrated sigh, Gloria pauses for several seconds, listening to her mother lecture on the other end. She starts pacing impatiently, waiting to interrupt her mother's lengthy lecture. At this point, Arya comes into the room, peering in through the door. Seeing Gloria is on a phone call, she quietly slips into the room and sits down, taking out several pages of stats homework.*

GLORIA:

I know. No, I'm not just saying that. Seriously.

Yes...yes, I'll be fine. I'm busy enough with my schoolwork, I really don't have time to think of anything else...

What do you mean I sound perfunctory?

Mom, would you just quit it?!

*Arya flinches at Gloria's tone, burying herself deeper in her work. For a moment, Gloria is silent.*

GLORIA:

Mom...don't cry...

*With a sigh, she slides into the nearby chair.*

GLORIA:

Mmhmm...Ok...yes, love you...I'll talk to you later, yeah...

*Ending the call, she slumps back in the chair with a gusty sigh. She starts zoning out, her mind still running through her conversation with her mother. Seeing her conversation is over, Arya tentatively calls out.*

Arya:

Gloria?

*Gloria doesn't respond, still absorbed in her thoughts.*

Arya:

Gloria?

GLORIA:

Huh? Arya?

Arya:

Hey, do you have time to answer a question? It's totally okay if you don't.

*Gloria glances towards the packet.*

GLORIA:

Stats?

Arya:

Yeah.

GLORIA:

Sure.

*Arya comes to sit by Gloria, and she shuffles through the paper till she finds what she's looking for. She points it out to Gloria.*

Arya:

Here, can you help me find the p-value?

GLORIA:

Yeah, sure...you just use the z table and like do the reverse of what you'd normally do.

Arya:

What?

GLORIA:

Like, instead of starting at this part of the table, do the opposite.

*Arya looks at her blankly. Gloria sighs and turns the paper towards herself.*

GLORIA:

See here? You use this instead so that the p-value would be...0.025.



Arya:

Why?

GLORIA:

Because...didn't you hear a word of what I just said?

Arya:

My ears did; my brain did not.

*For a moment, Gloria is speechless in exasperation. And suddenly, a loud noise comes from offstage. Both girls turn towards it.*

GLORIA:

Is she still...?

Arya:

Yeah.

*They're silent for a moment. Then Gloria signs exasperatedly.*

GLORIA:

Man, this is all so fucked up.

Arya:

Language!

GLORIA:

What? I'm not wrong. Besides, you're worse when you play Breath of the Wild.

Arya:

Fair...I mean, there's got to be something we can do...

GLORIA:

Like what?

Arya:

Well...we could...

GLORIA:

Yeah?

Arya:

We could talk!

GLORIA:

Great idea; let's all sit in a circle and talk about our feelings.

Arya:

That's what we should do.

GLORIA:

I was being sarcastic.

Arya:

I was being serious.

*There are several more moments of silence.*

Arya:

Mia would have agreed with me.

GLORIA:

Yeah? Well, she's not here.

*Arya looks hurt, and Gloria flinches, immediately regretting her words.*

GLORIA:

That's not...I didn't mean that.

Arya:

...I know.

*They're silent for several more seconds.*

GLORIA:

Alright, let's do it.

Arya:

What?

GLORIA:

Talk. Let's all sit down and talk about our feelings. Let's get it all out in the open.

Arya:

Seriously?

GLORIA:

Yeah. And I'll get Amy out of her room...or we can just go in hers.

*Both girls turn to look towards Amy's room. After a moment, Arya snaps out of it and starts collecting her papers.*

Arya: I may as well do this later. Night.

GLORIA: Night.

*Arya walks offstage leaving Gloria lost in thought.*

*Blackout.*

Scene 4:

*The stage has a single bench or two chairs to the side. There's a pile of snacks in the corner of the room. The lights come on, but not completely. It's either a different color, or more dim as it's a dream (up to the director's artistic decision). Laughter fills the stage as four girls come in: Gloria, Arya, Mia, and Amy. Gloria strides forward, and Arya keeps pace with her. Behind them, Amy trails behind as Mia accompanies her cheerfully with a bounce in her step. They're giggling as they come to the center of the stage.*

GLORIA:

Stupid rain.

Arya:

Who knew it'd just start pouring?

GLORIA:

The weather report...which we *should* have checked.

MIA:

Come on...don't you just love the adventure?

GLORIA:

No.

Arya:

Don't be grumpy...

GLORIA:

I'm not.

Arya:

Aww, look how cute your little pout is!

GLORIA:

I'm not pouting!

Arya:

Yeah, yeah...

*Arya and Gloria leave the stage, Gloria walking with quick sharp steps, Arya bouncing along, teasing her, and giggling. Amy and Mia remain on stage.*

MIA:

Hey...you ok?

*Amy goes over to sit on a nearby bench, and Mia comes over to her.*

MIA:

Hey...

AMY:

I'm fine.

MIA:

You sure?

*Amy doesn't respond, and for a moment, it's just silent.*

MIA:

Have you ever wished you could fly?

AMY:

What? No.

MIA:

Not even once? Wished you could just rise above everything, see everything.

AMY:

Never.

MIA:

I felt that way. In the theatre, when the guy's bald head blocked my view, I wanted to just fly above and see everything!

AMY:

That's because you're short.

MIA:

No, but it's not just there! There'll be times during the day when I just want to fly above, float more like...

AMY:

That's because you're too lazy to walk.

MIA:

Aw, come on, don't be such a grouch.

AMY:

Why do you still hang out with me, then?

MIA:

Because we're friends, stupid, anyway, you've really never dreamed of flying?

AMY:

No.

MIA:

Oh.

AMY:

But I have dreamed of other stuff.

MIA:

Like what?

AMY:

Sometimes...I wish I could teleport. Whenever I'm feeling awkward or anxious or—or being such a miserable, crabby sourpuss that I'm bringing everyone down, I can just snap my fingers and bam! I'm in the comfort of my own room. I don't have to talk with anyone or deal with anything.

*Mia sniggers.*

AMY:

What?

MIA:

Sourpuss, haha; I've never heard someone use that word before.

AMY:

Wow, you completely ignored what I just said.

MIA:

No! No, I'm not ignoring it, just sourpuss, haha haha...

AMY:

You're being stupid.

*Mia laughs.*

AMY:

Stop; you're going to make me laugh too!

*The two start laughing and eventually find themselves sitting or lying on the ground together.*

MIA:

So you wish you could hide from the world in your room whenever you want to?

AMY:

Not hide exactly....well, yeah, hide, sometimes. Other times, I want to protect everyone...from *me*.

*For a moment, it's silent. Then Mia smacks her on the shoulder.*

MIA:

What do you mean by protect everyone from you? Stop being melodramatic! Do you think you're the vampire dude from Twilight?

AMY:

Of all references, you *had* to choose Edward? And what do you mean vampire dude? If you're going to use that reference get the name right.

MIA:

Sorry, my mind blanked out. But it's literally every cringy teenage romance movie or novel out there. "Oh I'm so powerful and mysterious, I need to protect you from me. Oh I'm dangerous...blah, blah, blah". God, just thinking about it makes me nauseous.

*Amy laughs.*

MIA:

Anyway, so what's your deal, vampire lady?

AMY:

Huh?

MIA:

Why do you want to "protect us"?

AMY:

I'm not...well, you saw. I'm such a pessimist. I feel like I'll bring you all down by just being here.

MIA:

Oh for crying out—do I look down to you? Does anyone look down to you—well, besides yourself?

AMY:

...No.

MIA:

Exactly! You're not bringing anyone down, but by thinking you're bringing everyone down, you start bringing yourself down. It's like a weird conundrum situation. Ya know?

AMY:

Hmm.

MIA:

Honestly, though, going back to your dream wish, I agree about the anxiety part. Like, sometimes it'd be nice just to escape everything and take a break.

*Mia looks out into the distance, her gaze caught by something somewhere.*

AMY:

Yeah.

*Mia does respond for several seconds and just as Amy gets ready to ask her what's wrong, she starts speaking, her voice dreamy sounding. The director can choose to add faint ghostly or melodious music to the background through the course of the following conversation and Mia continues gazing away from Amy lost in her imaginings.*

MIA:

Imagine if you were someone, anyone else in any other situation, who would you want to be?

AMY:

I don't know.

MIA:

You know where I'd want to be? There was one time my family and I went up to Canada. We were hiking, and we reached a certain point. My brother was like 6 at the time, and my parents were tired too, but there was still some way to go. So my dad dared me to go further.

AMY:

Did you do it?

MIA:

*Obviously.* I started walking, and it got to a point where there was a gap in the trees. I could see the sky and some of the surroundings. I didn't want to give up so I kept going for a while till I came by a cliff.

AMY:

*That's* where you wish you were? On a cliff?

MIA:

Well, it's not just any old cliff!

AMY:

Oh yeah?

MIA:

Yeah, totally.

AMY:

Then what made it so special?

MIA:



Hmm...I don't know how to express it...it's like in that singular finite moment, I felt...

AMY:

Dumb?

MIA:

No! Small. So, so small, yet at the same time, in all my smallness, *I* was the one standing there in that moment and everything I was experiencing, every glimmer of the sky, every tweet and twitter of the birds, the vast expanse of mountainous...*everything*...just laid out in front of me, at that singular moment, it was all...mine. And, at that moment, there was one word in my mind.

AMY:

What?

MIA:

Serendipity. Because sometimes life works out in mysterious ways. And in that moment, it felt like I was *meant* to be there. Like mysterious forces had conspired to put me in that spot at that exact moment.

AMY:

You're so sentimental.

*The background music/noise stops and Mia turns back to Amy with a smile.*

MIA:

You say that like it's a bad thing!

*Amy gives her a look, and Mia shrugs. She walks over to the center of the room and gives a twirl just for fun.*

AMY:

You're such a kid.

MIA:

You ever wonder?

AMY:

About what?

MIA:

Just...within a few years, we'll all be separating, all going our separate ways. No promise we'll be in the same state, in the same country even. Considering that, it's amazing how close we, the four of us, have become in the span of one—scratch that, not even one year.

AMY:

Uh, sure.

*Amy looks away from Mia. She goes to pick up one of the snacks piled up in the corner.*

MIA:

Why only sure?

AMY:

Three years is a long way away.

MIA:

I suppose...but it'll be here before we know it.

AMY:

...I guess...

MIA:

And then...

AMY:

And then what?

*Amy continues staring into the distance, crunching away at her snacks. Mia doesn't answer her, frozen and staring off into the distance, the opposite side from Amy.*

AMY:

Mia?

*Amy turns back around to see Mia staring somewhere offstage. She gets up to try to see what's wrong with her, dropping the bag of chips/some sort of snack along the way.*

AMY:

Hey, Mia?

*Mia doesn't answer her. Suddenly, the lights go off, and Mia rushes offstage. The lights flicker on and off, then they turn on fully no longer dim or colored, leaving a confused Amy looking left and right.*

AMY:

Mia? Mia! Where are you?

*After a couple of second of searching frantically around the room, Amy slowly sinks to the floor and curls up into a ball. She starts rocking back and forth nervously, muttering Mia's name. After several seconds of this, she scrambles up.*

AMY:

MIA! I know you're here, I know you're right here!

*She's met by either silence or a faint howling sound, like the sound of the wind. Amy bends down and gasps as if undergoing a panic attack.*

AMY:

No no no no nonononono!

*Amy starts moaning, the sounds once again transforming into Mias name. She walks around the room dazedly, running into and knocking over something on either the bench or one of the two chairs. The objects (maybe binders) clatter to the ground. Offstage, Arya and Gloria call Amy's name.*

AMY:

...one, two, three...one, two, three...where's four? Where *is* she?!

Arya:

Amy?!

GLORIA:

Hey Amy!

AMY:

...nonononono...

Arya:

Amy!

GLORIA:

Shit! We have to go in.

Arya:

But how?!

GLORIA:

Give me a sec.

*After that, sounds the clatter of a pin being inserted roughly into a doorknob. Amy continues moaning and stumbling and finally crumples to the floor and starts whimpering or sobbing. After several rattles, Arya and Gloria force the room door open. They rush to either side of Amy, Arya whispering comforting words and hugging her while Gloria awkwardly pats her back from the side. Slowly, Amy becomes aware of their presence and starts speaking to them.*

AMY:

...as here.

Arya:

What?

AMY:

She was here.

Arya:

Who?

AMY:

Mia! She was here, just a few seconds ago, she was just—just—

Arya:

Amy...

AMY:

She was! I know you don't believe me, but—I...

GLORIA:

Mia's dead.

*It's silent for several seconds.*

Arya:

Amy...?

*Amy takes three breaths, each breath getting softer as she calms down.*

AMY:

I know.

Arya:

Are you...?

AMY:

I'm fine.

GLORIA:

You're obviously not.

AMY:

I'm *fine*. I just had a dream. We all have dreams. Gloria, remember that one time you dreamt there was a kumquat in your bed, and you were so sure there was until you woke up and there was nothing? Or Arya! When you dreamed that Gloria helped you with stats and even started dream singing!

Arya:

Amy...that's not the same.

AMY:

But see it is! You have a dream and you think it's true. You think it's true, and you truly believe that it is until you wake up and realize...realize...

GLORIA:

I don't moan, scream, and hit chairs in my dreams.

Arya:

Amy...

AMY:

I'm *fine*. Besides, don't you guys have class?

*Arya checks her phone.*

Arya:

Oh shit, it's 9:54, we have to run! I can't miss anymore classes, I've already exceeded my drops.

GLORIA:

But what about Amy?

*Arya glances toward Amy.*

AMY:

I'm fine.

GLORIA:

But—

AMY:

I'm seriously *fine*. Don't you dare skip class because of me.

Arya:

But if you're not okay...

AMY:

Did you not hear me? *Go*.

GLORIA:

You know what? I'll stay.

Arya:

You sure?

GLORIA:

Yeah, I still have a couple drops left, you can go.

AMY:

No, don't—

Arya:

Alright, call me if you need anything.

GLORIA:

Sure.

*Arya leaves.*

AMY:

No, just go to class! Don't stay here because of me—

GLORIA:

It's not because of you. I don't really want to go.

AMY:

You...I seriously want to be alone right now.