

PERUSAL SCRIPT

In **V** **ersion**
in **ersion**
A play by
Eric Samuelson



Newport, Maine

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INVERSION

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The 10-minute version of *INVERSION* by Eric Samuelsen received its world premiere January 2, 2008 as part of the first annual *STUDENT SLAM*, a Plan-B Theatre/Theatre Arts Conservatory co-production. The following cast was directed by Daisy Blake: Moran Aldous, Courtney Bell, Shannon Cunningham, Angelina Hansen and Jordan Peeler. Designed by Jeff Gwilliam and Kyle Lewis. Original music by Joe Payne. Produced by Colleen Lewis.

Originally premiered as a Plan-B Theatre/Theatre Arts Conservatory co-production, Salt Lake, at the Rose Wagner Theatre in 2008. Theatre Arts Conservatory, working in partnership with Plan-B Theatre Company, is a Utah Nonprofit dedicated to inspiring young people through performing arts education. They believe that the study of the performing arts nurtures the development of essential life skills as well as creating a discriminating audience for the future.

Theatre Arts Conservatory has taught over 500 students since June of 2004 and taken touring productions to over 4,000 elementary students in Salt Lake and Summit counties. They have initiated outreach theatre programs in seven local elementary schools and received twenty awards, including fifteen first place and five sweeps, at the Utah Shakespearean Festivals Shakespeare Competition in the areas of dance and theatre. The original production of *INVERSION*, was produced by Colleen Lewis, directed by Eric Samuelsen. Special thanks were given to Kyle Lewis, Joe Payne, Brad Henry and Plan-B Theatre Company. The following was the cast:

LAUREN STANEK as Madison
ELIZABETH BUTLER as Taylor
AMARIS JACQUES as Darielle
TILLIE McINNIS as Hayley
JORDAN PEELER as Alyssa
TOPHER RASMUSSEN as Jake
MACK HAMILTON as Stewart
CHRIS RUKAVINA as A Boy
EMILY HARRIS as A Girl

CAST OF CHARACTERS

The Girls:

MADISON
TAYLOR
DARIELLE
HAYLEY
ALYSSA

The Guys:

JAKE
STEWART

A BOY — a walk-on

A GIRL — a walk-on

Place: A mountain cabin, secluded. Fog outside.

Time: Today, Yesterday and Tomorrow

If the language in this play exceeds local standards, it may be excised, or have other words substituted.

INVERSION a play by Eric Samuelsen. 6f 3m. About 60 minutes. One interior setting. Contemporary costumes. Seven young people find themselves desperately lost in an unexpected fog in the mountains. Taking refuge in a shelter house, they soon realize finding their way out may be more difficult than any of them could have imagined. When a couple of them try to leave, they come back beaten and bloody. When the kids look in the mirror, they go haywire. A horror story told onstage, “Inversion” will keep you on the edge of your seat. Horror? Mystery? Psycho-drama? That is for you and your audience to figure out! Premiered as a Plan-B Theatre/Theatre Arts Conservatory co-production in Salt Lake City at the Rose Wagner Theatre in 2008. Especially designed to be performed by teen actors, aged 14 and up. Some mild language. **Order #3208**

Eric Samuelsen taught at Wright State University in Dayton, Ohio before joining the faculty at Brigham Young University in 1992. He became head of the Playwriting program at BYU in 1999. He has also taught as an adjunct faculty member in the Religion department. He retired from BYU in 2012.

As a playwright, Samuelsen has had twenty-seven plays professionally produced in Utah, Indiana, Louisiana, New York, and California. Some of his plays include *Gadianton*, which has seen three professional productions across the country, *A Love Affair with Electrons*, *Family*, *The Plan*, and *The Way We're Wired*. He is resident playwright at Plan-B Theatre Company in Salt Lake City, who designated their 2013-14 season a 'Season of Eric, including productions of six of his plays.

He is a member of the Playwrights' Circle, and the Dramatists Guild. He is three-time winner of the Annual Award in Playwriting offered by the Association for Mormon Letters (AML) and he became president of AML in 2007. In 2013 the organization awarded him the Smith Pettit Award for his lifetime work as a playwright.

He has been a staff writer for the on-line satirical magazine *The Sugarbeet*. He was also featured in the book *Conversations with Mormon Authors*, edited by Chris Bigelow. He is a noted Ibsen translator, and has also published scholarly articles on 19th and 20th century Scandanavian Theatre, and more recently, on LDS drama and film. He blogged at Mormoniconoclast.com. Eric died in September of 2019 after a long battle with polymyositis. This has left a huge hole in the Theatre Community within, and outside of, The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

INVERSION

(A mountain cabin. Fog outside. A large mirror on the wall, upstage R. A door UL leads off. An oak table, old and battered, DR, covered with half finished projects: half built model airplane, crocheting, card games. Three old armchairs DL, arranged in a semi-circle.

Lights slowly up on MADISON, who crouches, rocking on her heels, hugging herself. After a moment, she hears someone coming.)

MADISON: *(Quietly.)* No.

(Pause.)

No, I'm not going to.

(Pause.)

I don't care, kill me, I don't care. I don't care. No.

(She shuts her eyes tight and speaks rapidly.)

Stay away stay away stay away stay away stay away stay away stay away stay away stay away.

(We hear a noise from outside. She crosses a little closer to the door.)

No! No more! No!

(TAYLOR pokes her head in the door.)

TAYLOR: Uh, hello?

MADISON: You're not allowed to be here.

TAYLOR: Excuse me?

MADISON: It's not safe.

TAYLOR: Okay . . .

(Looks around.)

Why? What's—

MADISON: You need to go.

TAYLOR: Okay, don't think so. This is a shelter house, right? So unless there's some official-type—

MADISON: It's not safe!

TAYLOR: *(Looks around, sees nothing.)* Right. Freak.

(MADISON shakes her head now, vigorously.)

This is like a public place? You don't live here?

(MADISON shakes her head again.)

Jake?

(She enters, dumps her backpack on the floor, looks around. JAKE enters, talking on his cell.)

JAKE: No, I just . . . fog, I told you, fog like you can't see your hand in front of. . . You're breaking up, I can hardly . . . no, I don't know where we. . . I told you . . . I told you, I don't have any idea.

TAYLOR: *(To MADISON)* These taken?

(Getting no reply. To herself.)

Could you be weirder?

(Plops down in one of the chairs.)

JAKE: Yeah, Brady? Brady? You're breaking up, I can't . . . shoot.

(Snaps the cell off.)

Lost him.

TAYLOR: What did he say?

JAKE: Nothing.

TAYLOR: You at least told him where we are, right?

JAKE: I don't know. All I got was 'I can't (static noises) you.' And 'you're all (static) up.'

TAYLOR: So is he coming to get us?

(JAKE gives a 'like I know' gesture.)

Great.

(To MADISON.)

Look. do you know where we are?

(No answer.)

Hello?

JAKE: Are you okay?

(MADISON looks at him mournfully, turns away.)

Are you sick or something?

TAYLOR: Hi, crazy girl.

(MADISON shakes her head.)

JAKE: Look, we're kind of lost here. If you are too, maybe we can, like, figure something out together.

MADISON: *(Very quietly.)* I'm not lost.

TAYLOR: Great. You're not lost. So where the freak are we?

(MADISON shakes her head vigorously. She sees TAYLOR's backpack, suddenly runs to it, starts

pawing through it.)

Hey hey hey! That's mine! Get your freakin' hands off my stuff!

(She finally snatches the backpack away from MADISON, who has taken a granola bar. MADISON runs with the granola bar to the other side of the table, ripping the package open as she does, but avoiding the mirror.)

Give me back my granola bar!

JAKE: Let her have it.

TAYLOR: She stole my frickin' granola bar!

JAKE: I think she's hungry.

(As MADISON desperately eats the granola bar.)

TAYLOR: It's my granola bar!

(JAKE reaches in his own backpack, pulls out a banana.)

What are you doing?

JAKE: You hungry?

(He holds it out. MADISON grabs it, devours it too.)

TAYLOR: Great, Jake, that's great. You ever been in a zoo? Don't feed the monkeys?!

(On 'monkeys' gestures towards MADISON.)

JAKE: This doesn't worry you? We're lost, we find a shelter, and the one person here looks like she's starving?

TAYLOR: She's just some weirdo freak.

JAKE: We've got more food back in the car.

TAYLOR: For the party!

(Crosses to look out a window.)

Frickin' fog. I hate this, we're not supposed to even be here, we're supposed to be up at Brady's parents' cabin.

JAKE: We don't even know where 'here' is.

(To MADISON.)

Do you know where we are?

(MADISON looks at him warily. Gives a quick nod.)

TAYLOR: So how do we get back to town?

JAKE: Yeah. Good. Is there a trail, or . . . you know, some kind of path? A road?

(MADISON looks at them both. Suddenly starts laughing uncontrollably. TAYLOR and JAKE look at each other.)

TAYLOR: I told you she was wack.

JAKE: *(Looks at MADISON, very disturbed.)* I don't know.

(MADISON suddenly catches a glimpse of herself in the mirror. She panics, sprints to the other side of the stage, hides behind one of the chairs.)

TAYLOR: What the hell?

JAKE: Did you see that?

TAYLOR: Duh. Something sure freaked her out.

JAKE: Something about the mirror.

(TAYLOR goes over to the mirror.)

Be careful.

TAYLOR: What? It's a mirror.

JAKE: *(Looks at MADISON, who looks at him cautiously.)* Maybe you shouldn't.

TAYLOR: Ohmygosh!

JAKE: What?

(TAYLOR screams.)

Taylor!

TAYLOR: My hair.

(Checks out her appearance.)

JAKE: Not funny.

(MADISON laughs, a little. JAKE, to her.)

It wasn't.

TAYLOR: I'll say.

(Pulls a brush out of the backpack.)

I can't be seen in public like this.

JAKE: *(Back to MADISON.)* What's your name?

MADISON: (*Wary.*) Madison.

TAYLOR: Wo, it has a name.

JAKE: I'm Jake, and my friend here is Taylor.

TAYLOR: We're not together.

JAKE: No, just friends.

TAYLOR: Hardly even that, he's my ride, that's it.

JAKE: Madison, why were you so hungry? How long have you been up here?

MADISON: (*Tries to speak, swallows. Finally.*) A long time.

JAKE: You need some water?

(She nods. He hands her a water bottle—she drains it.)

Okay. . . . So what happened?

(MADISON shakes her head impatiently.)

TAYLOR: (*Finishing.*) You finding out anything?

JAKE: Not so far.

TAYLOR: Well, fine. The sign said shelter house, we found the shelter house. Meanwhile your useless car's down the hill on some road in the middle of nowhere. So now what?

JAKE: We need somewhere to wait out the fog.

TAYLOR: We could do that in the car.

JAKE: I told you, I don't think that's safe.

TAYLOR: It's just an inversion. We get 'em a lot this time of year.

JAKE: So we sit there, some truck comes barreling down the road, can't see us, wham.

TAYLOR: Well, we can't stay here.

JAKE: Why not? It's off the road, it's shelter. It's got to be safer than the road.

(MADISON laughs at this, can't quite hide it.)

TAYLOR: You think this is funny?

(MADISON quiets, but is still amused.)

That fog won't lift until morning. Meanwhile, our friends are all, like, partying away, and here we sit...

JAKE: The car blinkers are flashing, we left a note, anyone reads it knows where we are. I think we're better off here.

TAYLOR: Look, Jake-o, we both know what this is. This shelter. Overnight. You and me. You think I can't see through this?

JAKE: No, this isn't--

TAYLOR: Too bad freak girl is here to wreck your plans.

JAKE: I'm just trying to--

TAYLOR: I knew you were into me. I didn't think you'd sabotage your own car, but--

JAKE: That's not . . . no.

TAYLOR: But you are into me?

JAKE: No.

(She looks at him skeptically.)

Maybe a little, once.

TAYLOR: I knew it.

(MADISON looks back and forth at them, amused.)

What's so frickin' funny

(Voices outside.)

Help, great. We're in here!

(Knock on the door, and STEWART opens it cautiously.)

A rescue party!

STEWART: Excuse me?

TAYLOR: You saw our car, you read our note. I mean, right?

STEWART: Car, note . . . ?

TAYLOR: I don't even care what you're driving, get me out of here.

STEWART: I do have a car, back at the parking lot. If you could help us find it, I suppose we'd be happy to give you a ride.

TAYLOR: You're lost too.

STEWART: I'm sorry, this cabin, it's some kind of shelter house, right?

JAKE: Yes, sorry. We seem to have crossed signals. Come on in.

STEWART: *(Calls outside.)* It's okay...

(STEWART enters with DARIELLE and HAYLEY. All wear backpacks, and all look exhausted.)

Hi, there. I'm Stewart, Stewart Nielson.

JAKE: Jake. And this is Taylor. And Madison.

DARIELLE: Darielle.

HAYLEY: Uh, I'm uh, Hayley.

DARIELLE: Look, do either of you have, like, Tylenol.

JAKE: Taylor, didn't I see. . . ?

TAYLOR: *(Rolls her eyes.)* I might.

DARIELLE: You would totally save my life.

(TAYLOR looks through her backpack.)

STEWART: Boy, it's great to find this place. I don't mind saying, I was starting to get just a little bit concerned. Darielle and I—we're brother and sister, by the way—were just taking a little stroll up the canyon when, pow, this whole inversion socked in.

JAKE: Same with us.

TAYLOR: Except for the brother and sister part. Sorry, I don't have anything. Tylenol, or midol or. . .

DARIELLE: Great.

(Sits in one of the chairs, her hand on her forehead.)

STEWART: Just really socked in, you know?

JAKE: Yeah. Came on pretty fast.

STEWART: You can say that again. And we also met Hayley on the trail.

HAYLEY: I, um, hi.

STEWART: Feels like we've been hiking for hours.

DARIELLE: Uphill. The whole way.

STEWART: Well, not entirely, D. Initially, you'll recall, the trail led downhill from the parking lot. Plus, you know, we turned back, so it can hardly have been uphill both--

DARIELLE: Whatever.

JAKE: So you said something about a car?

STEWART: Well, we obviously do have a car, at the other end of the trail. Wherever the other end might be.

DARIELLE: We turn back, we hike like twice as far. . . .

STEWART: We did. The idea was, after all, a nice scenic stroll. When the fog started rolling in, there didn't seem to be much point. So we turned back. And somehow ended up here.

JAKE: Okay, that's weird.

DARIELLE: We took a cross trail.

STEWART: We didn't though.

DARIELLE: Look, we hike forty five minutes, fog sets in, we turn back, hike for three hours and end up here. We got off the trail. Had to.

STEWART: But we didn't. There were no other trails.

DARIELLE: Why is this so hard for you? We're on a trail. Ooo, fog. We turn back. We hike a lot longer. We end up somewhere else. .

STEWART: I watched very carefully, and I'm absolutely certain—

(DARIELLE gives an exasperated sound. He shuts up.)

HAYLEY: I might have.

JAKE: What do you mean?

HAYLEY: I don't really know where I went.

TAYLOR: You got lost too, right? I mean, we're here, duh, we got lost.

HAYLEY: Not lost, really.

TAYLOR: What?

HAYLEY: I was just thinking. About stuff.

JAKE: What do you mean?

HAYLEY: I, um, wanted to go for a little walk. Just a a a, you know, walk. To, um, clear my thoughts. My head. And, um. I started off on this path. Like, I knew where I was. Familiar. And I know these trails. My dad anyway, and then I was somewhere else. I'd never been. So I turned back in the fog. And then I saw you guys.

STEWART: But you started at Yellowpine, right? Yellowpine Creek trail? By Mirror Lake?

HAYLEY: *(Shakes her head vigorously.)* No.

JAKE: Listen, Stewart is it?

STEWART: That's right.

JAKE: How long did you and your sister hike?

DARIELLE: Days.

STEWART: Now, come on, D. Three hours and change.

JAKE: You must have seen my car, though.

STEWART: Sorry.

JAKE: But you had to have. I know it's foggy, but it's right by where the trail meets the highway.

STEWART: We didn't cross a highway.

JAKE: I'm sorry, man, there's no way. You had to.

STEWART: What do you mean?

JAKE: Okay, look. We were heading up to a party, a friend's cabin.

TAYLOR: Which we're now late for.

JAKE: It's up by Ruth Lake. That's where we were heading. East on 150.

STEWART: Well, you must have gotten lost.

TAYLOR: Duh.

JAKE: We did. We took a wrong turn somewhere. And then the car stopped. Just stopped.

TAYLOR: Out of gas.

(Conspiratorially, to DARIELLE, who ignores her.)

The old out-of-gas trick, is that lame?

JAKE: I had a full tank. I filled up this morning.

TAYLOR: Yeah, don't think so. Unless you found some other way to sabotage your–

JAKE: I didn't sabotage–

TAYLOR: *(To DARIELLE.)* He's so into me.

JAKE: It just died, that's all.

HAYLEY: So, um, what did you, um. . .?

JAKE: Well, that's my point. We got out. Couldn't see a thing. Then the fog cleared a little, and we saw this trail. With a sign that said 'shelter house.' I figured maybe there'd be a phone or something.

DARIELLE: Your cell didn't work either, huh.

JAKE: It's funny, 9-1-1 didn't work, but I did get through to my friend, the one whose cabin we were heading for. Just barely—it kept breaking up, but I did get through briefly. Then nothing. How about you guys?

DARIELLE: *(Holds up her cell.)* Useless.

STEWART: Nothing.

JAKE: Anyway. Put on the blinkers and came up here. But we didn't walk even close to a mile, couple hundred yards, tops. Well marked trail, no cross trails, straight from the road to here. And we were nowhere near Mirror lake, or Yellowpine Creek. Not even close.

STEWART: Well, I'm sorry, but that's just absurd.

HAYLEY: I wasn't, um, by Mirror lake either.

STEWART: What?

HAYLEY: I-I-I know this area. I'm from Kamas, I live up here.

STEWART: Well, where did you start your hike?

HAYLEY: My, um, house.

JAKE: You live in Kamas?

(She nods.)

Seriously?

HAYLEY: My dad owns a a a sporting goods, um. Hiking gear and, um.

STEWART: Well, this is ridiculous. We're all experienced hikers.

TAYLOR: Not me.

JAKE: I am.

STEWART: Well, yes. Of course you are. As am I. And you can't possibly have been driving anywhere near Ruth Lake. Or you, leaving from a home in Kamas? Preposterous. I tell you, we were parked at the

head of the Yellowpine Creek trail. We hiked no more than forty five minutes before we turned around. We can't possibly have ended up . . .

(Looks around uneasily.)

Anywhere but at that same parking lot.

DARIELLE: We got lost. We got on another trail.

STEWART: That's not what happened!

(MADISON suddenly laughs again, a harsh, barking laugh.)

TAYLOR: Oh, and don't mind her. She's a total freak.

DARIELLE: Look, could you stop that, please? I've got a headache like someone took an axe to it.

(MADISON laughs, but looks at them all intently, scared but also pleased.)

JAKE: Well, look, it's good to see other people at least. Strength in numbers.

STEWART: True enough.

JAKE: As for this shelter house, if that's what it is, at least offers us some protection.

(MADISON stifles a laugh.)

STEWART: I don't see a phone. Does it have any supplies? Water, or, you know. Facilities.

JAKE: I haven't had a chance to look around much. It looks pretty bare, though.

STEWART: Well, maybe that's the first order of business.

(DARIELLE moans loudly.)

DARIELLE: My head!

JAKE: Look, your sister looks like she's in pretty bad shape. I know where my car is from here. I've got an emergency kit in there, water, flares, medkit. I know I've got aspirin.

DARIELLE: Please.

STEWART: That's really awfully generous.

TAYLOR: Jake?

JAKE: Really, it's just down the hill. Twenty minutes, tops.

TAYLOR: You're not leaving me with these people.

JAKE: I won't be long. I'll bring up the food too.

TAYLOR: That's for the party!

JAKE: It'll be fine.

(To the others.)

Just some pop, chips, some onion dip. But we should share whatever supplies we have.

STEWART: Good idea.

JAKE: And I'll keep trying my cell phone. You never know.

(He starts to leave.)

MADISON: I wouldn't go out there.

JAKE: What?

MADISON: Don't get on that trail.

JAKE: Why not?

MADISON: I c-c-can't tell you.

TAYLOR: Really? You just c-c-can't?

(TAYLOR snorts with laughter. MADISON stares at him, at the others. Finally shrugs.)

MADISON: Suit yourself.

JAKE: Look, if there's some hazard on the trail I should know about. . .

MADISON: I don't know. I don't know where it's safe.

JAKE: Fine. Be back soon.

TAYLOR: Jake?

(But he's gone.)

STEWART: All right then. Fine. Let's reconnoiter.

TAYLOR: Reconnoiter?

STEWART: See what's here, look for supplies.

MADISON: No.

STEWART: I'm sorry?

MADISON: Sometimes there are supplies. Food and water and . . . mostly not. Mostly there's nothing.

(Pause, they stare at her.)

TAYLOR: *(Under her breath.)* Freak.

STEWART: Okay . . . still, no harm in looking, then, is there?.

(They look around without enthusiasm, open cupboard doors. DARIELLE does nothing, sits and wallows in self-pity. At one point, TAYLOR starts to open the door. Thinks better of it. MADISON watches them all with intent interest.)

HAYLEY: *(Holding up crocheting.)* We can always, um, crochet.

TAYLOR: Hey, there you go. Make an afghan. Cozy.

HAYLEY: Not very much, um, yarn.

TAYLOR: A real little afghan.

STEWART: If we had some airplane glue, we could finish, what is this? A World War Two Spitfire.

DARIELLE: We could also get high.

STEWART: Very bad for a headache.

DARIELLE: I'm willing to risk it.

HAYLEY: What's the rest of this um? A puzzle. Uno, um, like, Uno? Is this yours?

(MADISON shakes her head.)

TAYLOR: I suppose it just showed up too. Right? Like this mysterious food?

HAYLEY: Anyone up for Uno?

STEWART: Later, I think. Good thought. You know, in Boy Scouts, they always used to suggest that you include a deck of cards in your emergency kit. The idea is, if you get lost, you shouldn't wander around aimlessly and risk getting lost further. Instead, we were told, sit down, and begin a game of solitaire. And the next thing you know, a rescue party will show up, and calmly greet you by saying 'put the red ten on the black jack.'

TAYLOR: Yeah well, I have solitaire on my cell phone.

STEWART: Well, there you go!

HAYLEY: I don't see, um, any supplies, though.

STEWART: *(Sits by her.)* Listen, it's Hayley, isn't it?

HAYLEY: Yes.

STEWART: Look, I don't mean to belabor the point. But you're from Kamas? That's where you live?

HAYLEY: Yeah.

STEWART: Where did you really start your hike?

HAYLEY: I told you. Um, my house.

STEWART: No. I mean, really.

HAYLEY: Really from my house.

STEWART: The point is, the Yellowpine Creek trailhead is at least ten miles from Kamas. At least. And I know how long I hiked, and I know it wasn't ten miles.

HAYLEY: In, um, three or four hours. . .

STEWART: We were heading west.

(Pulls out a device.)

A Magellan Triton 500 Handheld GPS Receiver. I told you, I'm not just an experienced hiker, I'm a fully prepared hiker.

TAYLOR: Is he serious?

DARIELLE: That's my brother, the ultimate hiking nerd.

STEWART: Kamas is ten miles east of Yellowpine Creek. We headed east for forty five minutes, then west for three hours, ten minutes. Wherever we are now, you cannot possibly have started from Kamas.

HAYLEY: You, um, you, you.

STEWART: I'm waiting for an answer.

HAYLEY: You, um, you have a GPS receiver?

STEWART: As you can see.

HAYLEY: *(Pause, then loudly.)* Where are we?

STEWART: Ah. Well, it seems to be experiencing a slight malfunction.

HAYLEY: Great. Well, um, I don't know what I, um. I came from Kamas.

STEWART: And my point is you can't possibly have.

HAYLEY: Okay, you know? You, um, you're just like my boyfriend. You know? And um that's why we broke up. Um, just, um, you won't let go of some idea, and, um, you won't listen to, um, anyone. And, um, I mean, that's why I went on my walk. To, like, um, figure some things out. And now you're just exactly, I mean, you're exactly, um, um, the same. Sort of. You know. Sure of himself. Guy.

(In his face, very directly.)

I. Started. From Kamas.

(He backs down.)

STEWART: Well, it just struck me as sort of unlikely.

(Pause.)

MADISON: I had a boyfriend once. Just a couple weeks ago.

(Pause, they all stare at her.)

Does anyone have any food?

STEWART: Trail mix?

(Holds it out. MADISON devours it. DARIELLE goes to a window.)

TAYLOR: I can't believe this fog. It's like a Stephen King movie, like that one, actually I think it's called the Fog.

DARIELLE: There's a John Carpenter movie called The Fog, from like three years ago. Or a Stephen King movie called the Mist. There's not a Stephen King movie called The Fog.

TAYLOR: Is too. Stephen King's The Fog. Brand new, like last year. With, like, prehistoric like pterodactyls and stuff: eating people. I totally saw it.

DARIELLE: You either saw The Fog three years ago, or The Mist last year.

TAYLOR: I saw The Fog. Last year.. Lame story, awesome CGI. I saw it.

DARIELLE: You probably saw The Mist.

STEWART: I'm not sure we should really be–

TAYLOR: I saw. The Fog.

DARIELLE: Not last year you didn't. Unless you rented it.

TAYLOR: In a theater! Last year!

DARIELLE: Okay, my head's totally splitting in two, Stewart, tell this skank who she's dealing with.

TAYLOR: Nice, call me a skank! Listen, bitch, anytime you want to bring it–

STEWART: Girls, now, stop it.

TAYLOR: Your skank of a sister just called me a skank, and I don't have to—

STEWART: Taylor, please. My sister really does know quite a bit about movies, and—

TAYLOR: Well, I know a lot about what movies I've seen. And I also know a whore when I see one. And—

HAYLEY: Don't, um, fight.

TAYLOR: Okay, I'll, um, stop, when she apologizes. As for you, Miss I-wear-my-bangs-like-this-to-hide-my-forehead-zits, I don't think you even had a boyfriend. Even in a nowhere town like Kamas, guys can't be that desperate.

HAYLEY: Shut up! Shut up!

STEWART: That's completely uncalled for!

TAYLOR: Oh, yeah, and who died and made you king? Hey Schtewart? With your GPS and your trail mix, no wonder my gaydar went off the second you walked in

(Grabs at his I-pod)

What's on your I-pod, freak? Don't tell me, Josh Groban. Right? Check it out: Celine Dion. And Troy Gaikin. The fag and his fag-hag sister.

(MADISON again surpresses a laugh.)

And what about this freak show? Scared to death of mirrors—hey, and with that face, no surprises. Begging for food like this is like Bangladesh or something.

STEWART: You have no right to—

TAYLOR: What you guys don't seem to be getting is that I'm the victim here. Right? I mean, you're all about hiking in the mountains to soothe your broken heart or whatever, and me, I have a life, I have friends. I'm on my way to a party, and out of the kindness of my heart, I consent to ride up here with Jake, this loser guy who we barely even invited out of pity, who's been totally into me for like months. And he pulls the car-broken-down trick, right? Like I don't see through that lame act. And, oh, look, the road's not safe, I'll protect you, let's go to this shelter house. Little does he know that this shelter house will soon be host to: a major asswipe convention! Yea! And then your bowlegged granola whore sister tries to tell me I haven't seen some movie. I don't think so.

STEWART: We didn't plan this either.

TAYLOR: So whatever. Blame the fog. Blame Jake the flake and his stupid crush on me. Just leave me the freak alone.

(She sits in one of the chairs. MADISON stares at her, completely fascinated.)

MADISON: This is also what happens.

TAYLOR: Excuse me?

MADISON: We become more.

HAYLEY: What are you—?

MADISON: Whatever we were. What kind of person. It gets bigger. More.

TAYLOR: Will somebody shut her up?

MADISON: It's part of what they do.

TAYLOR: Okay, that's enough! Shut the hell up!

16 more pages of INVERSION