

High Places

by

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Cast of Characters

<u>TIFFANY</u> :	18
<u>HARRISON</u> :	18
<u>BRUCE</u> :	50's

Place
Diner

Time
The sun is setting.

2.

Setting: The play takes place inside the oldest worn out diner you've ever seen. It's even lucky to still be standing, let alone functional.

At Rise: The play opens with Harrison standing out in the freezing cold waiting for Tiffany to come outside and talk to him.

TIFFANY exits the diner.

HARRISON stands in front of the steps.

TIFFANY: Don't have much time. What is it Harrison?

HARRISON: ...I'm, I wanted to see you.

TIFFANY strikes a sarcastic pose and makes her way back into the diner.

Wait, wait, wait. Please. I traveled here to find you.

TIFFANY: And so you found me to see me and you saw me.

HARRISON: Did I do something wrong?

TIFFANY: Everything about you is wrong.

HARRISON: I thought you liked me.

TIFFANY: My customers are gonna get pissed off.

HARRISON: I like you and I want to see you again.

TIFFANY: And do what?

HARRISON: Stuff. Things. What people do.

TIFFANY: You're a real charmer.

HARRISON: The way you left my apartment, it wasn't exactly what I expected.

TIFFANY: What did you expect?

HARRISON: I thought we connected.

TIFFANY: Connected?

HARRISON: Don't we have things in common?

TIFFANY: *(laughs)*

HARRISON *(annoyed)*: I'm serious.

TIFFANY *(mocking his attitude)*: Is that supposed to impress me?

HARRISON: Why are you acting this way?

TIFFANY: You know what's serious? Being here, day in and day out after wakin' up and spending the mornings caring for my brain damaged mother. Being in this hot, sleazy, rat infested diner just to pay the bills. Watchin' everything I could be pass me by cause I'll never get the opportunity to go to a school like yours and do something worth doin'. Yeah, we met. So what? I lied to you. So what?? I needed to pretend. I wanted to imagine I was on campus, had friends in high places and we lived happily ever after. I got my night and now it's back to *this*, my reality.

HARRISON: I'm sorry.

TIFFANY: I don't need your sympathy.

HARRISON: You think you're missing out?

TIFFANY: I know I am.

HARRISON: Not everything is always what it seems, Tiffany. More than half my friends are suicidal, popping pills to get through the day, hating themselves because they're not given the time to discover who they wanna be. Everything's programmed before hand. Rules and procedures, etiquette and prestige. You, on the other hand, are free from all of that. Free to go out into this world on your own terms and be whoever you wish to be. I wish...I wish I could be you. The reason I came to find you is because you're different. I found myself being able to breathe around you. You're here and I'm there but who really cares? If I was some guy who was all part of your secret fantasy, then I'll walk away if that's all you ever wanted to find. But I'm here and I'm for real.

TIFFANY: There's nothing about you and me that will ever make any sense.

HARRISON: Let fate be the judge of that.

TIFFANY: Fate? You think we're fate? (*laughs*) I borrowed my friends best clothes to look good enough to get in that fancy club. Saving up enough money for a single night out in your neck of the woods was a one time deal.

HARRISON: You're not a one time deal.

TIFFANY: Do yourself a favor and scram before you freeze to death. You're in over your head, kid. If you'll excuse me, I have the best burgers in town to serve.

TIFFANY goes into the diner.

HARRISON remains standing. He doesn't leave.

The changing of time is revealed through the subtle shift in light as the sunset takes place.

A dim blue light engulfs HARRISON as he fights off the cold and begins to shiver.

Glances from TIFFANY at HARRISON from within the diner may also happen.

HARRISON is curled up against the building wall when TIFFANY comes out onto the diner steps holding a hot cup of coffee. She offers it up to HARRISON with a frown.

HARRISON takes the coffee and nods.

HARRISON: TTThank youuuu.

TIFFANY: You're gonna catch pneumonia.

HARRISON: Mmmyeahhh.

TIFFANY: ...I'll ruin your life.

HARRISON: Already havvve.

TIFFANY: Come inside, warm up. We're closed now anyway, so...

TIFFANY and HARRISON enter the diner together.

BRUCE stares hard at HARRISON. BRUCE is a beast of a man with a protruding large gut, crooked eye, unshaven face and serial killer look to him.

BRUCE: Fuck is this guy?! We're closed!!

TIFFANY: Shut up, Bruce, he's a friend of mine.

BRUCE: Friend, uh? (to Harrison) Aren't you too well dressed for a joint like this, preppie?

TIFFANY: Bruce! He's hungry. Make him a cheeseburger.

BRUCE: We're closed!

TIFFANY: Bruce? Do you want me to have one of my episodes?

BRUCE: (nervous) ...Okay, alright...(sighs)

HARRISON: MEDIUM...please. *(clears his throat)*

After eyeing HARRISON, BRUCE enters the kitchen like an angry savage.

TIFFANY: Sit your frozen tuchus down.

TIFFANY pours more coffee into HARRISON'S cup.

Don't mind Bruce, he's a lamb, all bark, no bite.

HARRISON: He's frightening.

TIFFANY: That's his outer shell, his inner shell is all yolk.

Pots and pans are heard slamming in the kitchen.

HARRISON: We could go somewhere else.

TIFFANY: No, we can't. It's dark enough for the zombies to come out. Around here they lust for new blood.

HARRISON: Zombies?

TIFFANY: Stick with me and you'll survive.

BRUCE: Hey Tiffany, I told you three million times not to keep the register open after closing out.

TIFFANY: Is your arm broken?

BRUCE slams register closed and walks away.

(to Harrison) I forget things, well, not important things, just stupid things. I don't like to put wasteful thinking in my mind. Closin' drawers ain't one of 'em. You should see my apartment, not that you're invited, but it's like a bomb went off. Even I get mad over it but then I remember I'm to blame and I'm fine. How 'bout you?

HARRISON: Me?

TIFFANY: Are you a slob?

HARRISON: Uh, you mean messy?

TIFFANY: Yeah, you ever toss shit around your apartment? I mean, it looked like you could eat off the floor or something.

HARRISON: I could get disorganized from time to time.

TIFFANY: Disorganized. Ha! Such a polite expression. Let me see your hands.

TIFFANY grabs hold of HARRISON'S hands.

Not a deliberate crevice anywhere. Hmm. Your hands are softer than mine. Ever do physical labor?

HARRISON: No, I mean, I'm not, you know, I've worked packing boxes.

TIFFANY: You've packed boxes?

HARRISON: You find that hard to believe?

TIFFANY: Sort of.

HARRISON: I wouldn't lie.

TIFFANY: I hope not.

BRUCE places burger in front of HARRISON giving him a dirty look and walks away.

HARRISON: Thank you.

TIFFANY: Eat it before it gets up and runs away.

HARRISON: You serious?

TIFFANY: *(laughing)* Are you that gullible? Eat your food.

HARRISON bites into his burger.

HARRISON: This is amazing!

TIFFANY: Yeah?

HARRISON: So tasty...best burger I've ever eaten.

TIFFANY: Ya hear that Bruce?

BRUCE: What now?

TIFFANY: Harry here says your burger is the best he's ever eaten in all his life.

BRUCE grunts and frowns...secretly pleased.

It's nice to give people compliments, you know. Bruce considers himself a chef. It's why everyone in town comes to eat here. He's been given offers from investors who try and steal him away to some

TIFFANY (*cont'd*): restaurant grand opening, but he always turns them down flat.

HARRISON: Why?

TIFFANY: Not exactly sure. Not like he can't use the money.

(*pause*)

Do you know how you're getting home?

HARRISON: I take the light rail?

TIFFANY: I can't invite you over.

HARRISON: No?

TIFFANY: It's complicated.

HARRISON: Is it because of your mother?

TIFFANY: Something like that...look, I like you but I keep tryin' to make room for you to fit in my life and I don't see it. I've tried every which way and it's useless. Besides, I know this story and how it all ends and I'm not willing to play my part. As much as I'd like things to work out, they won't and if we could be adults about it, it's best we part ways now and get on with things.

HARRISON: Bullshit.

TIFFANY: No, it's the truth.

HARRISON: Tell me about your Mom.

TIFFANY: No.

HARRISON: I want to know.

TIFFANY: She was in a car accident, it's a miracle she even survived, but she suffered severe brain injuries and won't ever make a full recovery...she's getting better though, there's days when I'll do something and I catch her smiling at me and I end up laughin' and...sorry, she's beautiful, ya know?

HARRISON: ...Can I ask you about your father?

TIFFANY: What father? (*she laughs*) More like NO father. Never met the man and don't want to. And you? Bet your family celebrates Christmas, singing carols by your enormous Christmas tree before tearing into your gifts for the season. Am I right?

HARRISON: My parents are divorced. I have a brother in rehab and a twin sister.

TIFFANY: Oh.

HARRISON: I'm the youngest, so I get away with more shit, but they've never paid attention to me since forever, only I still get demands on career, school and people I surround myself with.

TIFFANY (*mockingly*): Bet they'd love me.

HARRISON (*agreeing*): You'd be their favorite person.

THEY laugh.

What's wrong with a little more insanity in one's life?

TIFFANY: Speak for yourself.

HARRISON: Thank you for the burger.

TIFFANY: Don't mention it.

HARRISON: Can I invite you back to mine?

TIFFANY: You could but it won't get you anywhere. I have to follow a tight schedule, get back for my mother and stuff.

HARRISON: Can we make plans?

TIFFANY: I have your number.

HARRISON: So, will you call me then?

TIFFANY: If I'm bored.

HARRISON: Thanks.

TIFFANY: How the hell did you find me anyway?

HARRISON: Long story.

TIFFANY: Right. (*beat*) I'll walk you to the light rail. You'll need protection.

HARRISON: What about you?

TIFFANY: Everybody knows me here. I'm untouchable.

TIFFANY gets up from booth.

HARRISON follows.

BRUCE! We're leaving!

BRUCE: Yeah, yeah, get lost.

TIFFANY: Byyyye.

HARRISON: Thanks again.

BRUCE: Alright.

*TIFFANY grabs her coat and scarf and
exits the diner with HARRISON.*

LIGHTS dim.

*TIFFANY and HARRISON exit outside the diner
stage right.*

END OF PLAY