



Proudly Presents

# **LITTLE SECRETS**

**WRITTEN BY CELESTE LEBEAUX**

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**ISBN 978-1-942109-28-0**

## **Characters**

**Deena Williams**, twenty-one years old.

**Cindy Williams**, Deena's sixteen-year-old sister.

**Time** The present.

**Place** Cindy's bedroom. A casino. A luxury hotel suite.

## **Scene One. Cindy's bedroom.**

*(Deena is standing outside Cindy's open door.)*

**Deena:** Knock knock.

**Cindy:** *(On the computer. She doesn't acknowledge Deena.)* The door's open. *(Deena says nothing. Cindy finally acknowledges her.)* What? What do you want?

**Deena:** Hi. I'm Deena. Deena Williams. I just wanted to introduce myself.

**Cindy:** I know who are.

**Deena:** I live just two doors down. You might have noticed my place. It has the big picture of Johnny Depp on the door.

**Cindy:** *(Cindy is slightly irritated. Irritated perhaps by the poster, perhaps by the presence of Deena standing in her doorway.)* I've seen it. *(Pause.)* Just like I saw the picture of Zac Efron *before* that one. And the picture of Justin Timberlake *before that* one. And the picture of Garth Brooks *before...* *(Cindy catches herself and realizes that the list is endless.)* The point is...yes! Yes, I've *noticed* it. It's very noticeable.

**Deena:** *(Sensing Cindy's irritability, but still trying to be friendly.)* Look, I just dropped by because...well...we're *neighbors*. I thought if you weren't doing anything...it might be fun to spend a little time together. You know, a get-to-know-each-other-kind-of-thing. *(Sarcastically makes a curled fist gesture.)* Quality girl time!

**Cindy:** Well, as a matter-of-fact, I'm not doing anything of utmost importance, but I am *curious...* *(Deena is it?)* I'm curious as to why you feel we *don't...* know each other. You've lived two doors down from me for *years!*

**Deena:** Yes. For years! I've known you since you were *born!* (*Big pause.*) We're *sisters*, for goodness sakes!

**Cindy:** Exactly! We're sisters. So why in the world do we need to get to *know* one another? (*Pause.*) You're my older *sister*. I know *you*. (*Surprised. Almost confused.*) We *know* each other...

**Deena:** (*Big pause.*) Do we *really*? (*beat*) Look. I just thought with Mom away for the week...we could...we *should*...use this time to *really* get to know each other. I mean, we may have been sisters for sixteen years, but we have to be honest. We've never really done the *sister* thing. (*Searching for reasons to justify her sudden interest in wanting to spend time with her sister.*) We've never shared a *bedroom*. We've never talked about *boys*. We've never *smoked* together...

**Cindy:** You *smoke*???

**Deena:** Are you *kidding*? Mom would *kill* me! (*Laughs.*) Which is...probably the *reason*...we've never smoked together! But still, it's perfect. No *curfew*. No one to tell us what to *do*... I'm of legal *age* now, so... (*Mischevious.*) No *telling* what we could do today... (*Almost as a dare.*) So, what do you say? Girl time. (*Pause.*) Are you game?

**Cindy:** Does a kitten purr?

**Deena:** I was hoping you'd say that. (*Laughs.*) Well, not exactly *that*...but I was hoping you'd say *yes*.

**Cindy:** Really?

**Deena:** Absolutely. I promise you a day...that we'll *always*...remember.

## Scene Two. A casino. The nickel slot machines.

(*Both girls are putting nickels into slot machines and pulling the levers.*)

**Cindy:** I can't believe you brought me to a casino!

**Deena:** (*Playful.*) Well, my little sister, if we play our cards right, we might just get lucky! (*Pause. She just now realizes she made a joke.*) That's funny.

**Cindy:** What's funny?