

THE FOG

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Characters

MILLIE A 14-year-old girl.
FJ Her 12-year-old brother.
SHANE 14-year-old neighbor boy.

Setting

A tent in the backyard of a non-coastal home, during a freaky, foggy, storm.

THE FOG

*The three kids sit in a tent.
FJ plays with a flashlight under his chin.*

FJ

OK. So Dustin and me rode our bikes out past the river, and there's a clearing there next to this big rock. He stole two cigarettes from his dad –

MILLIE

You don't smoke!

SHANE

Not cool, little man.

FJ

Like you guys never smoked.

SHANE

Nope. Never.

MILLIE

...

FJ

Looks like your girlfriend has a secret, Shane.

MILLIE

FJ stop teasing. You've never even had a girlfriend.

SHANE

What happened in the clearing, little man?

FJ

Who you calling little? With your spindly legs.

MILLIE

Shane has nice legs. He runs track.

FJ

Whatever. We went there to smoke and throw bang snaps. Only when we got there, there was this circle of rocks, with this black, burnt wood, and ash. Like someone had a huge fire. But in the middle was this giant, blue toad.

MILLIE

Ew.

SHANE

Cool!

FJ

No, it was awesome!

SHANE
Did you kill it?

FJ
No, it was dead already.

MILLIE
Double ew.

FJ
You're ew.

MILLIE
No guys, this is gross. I hate this dead frog thing. Let's just play cards.

FJ
I don't wanna play cards, Millicent.

SHANE
Come on, little man, you love Spit.

MILLIE
Go grab the cards from the house.

FJ
But - the storm.

MILLIE
The house is RIGHT THERE.

SHANE
It's just a little rain.

MILLIE
And a little fog. Little man.

FJ
OK. Fine.

SHANE
Grab snacks while you're at it. Look, we'll clear space. It's gonna be great!

MILLIE
Hope the storm doesn't get you...not.
(FJ sticks his tongue out at Millie and leave the tent.)

MILLIE

And stay out of Dad's cigarettes!

*(Outside the tent, FJ tries to go to the house.
But in this storm - this thick fog - he can't seem to find it.
He looks around, but can't see far. And feels his way in the muck.
MILLIE watches him leave and when she sure he's gone:)*

MILLIE

-I thought he would never leave. Tonight was supposed to be just me and you, you know.

SHANE

Oh! Really?

MILLIE

Yeah. No kids hanging around. Now we can bring out the good stuff.
(MILLIE produces a beer.)

SHANE

And you're scolding FJ about cigarettes.

MILLIE

It's a special night!

SHANE

Oh yeah, what?

MILLIE

The end of summer! The beginning of high school! It's a whole new era.

SHANE

I hadn't thought of it that way.

MILLIE

Oh, come on, you don't remember ... our plans?

SHANE *(he does remember)*

What plans?

MILLIE

Relax. Have a sip.

SHANE

Okay.

(SHANE sips the beer.)

MILLIE

I got another letter from Kayla; she says Abby is off the rails.

SHANE

What? Oh no!

MILLIE

Yeah like it was bad, but now, because of – you know – the breakup?

SHANE

Oh yeah that's rough.

MILLIE

Not so rough for you now that she's single!

SHANE

What?

MILLIE

Don't play dumb, you totally like her. But I hope you like piercings.

SHANE

No – I don't – I don't like her. That was a long time ago. Piercings?

MILLIE

She got like 4 piercings and cut all her hair off and every night she, like, makes out with the counselors or something.

SHANE

Wow.

MILLIE

They probably have beer.

SHANE

You think?

MILLIE

Yeah. That's what you do at camp. And... here we are... camping...

SHANE

Millie, what are you getting at?

MILLIE

Here, drink. It's just we always said we would be each other's first kiss – if we didn't get one somewhere else. Everyone else has been making out at camp all summer. And –

SHANE

Oh. You didn't... you didn't kiss someone else?

No. Who? MILLIE

I don't know. SHANE

And I know you wanted to kiss Abby – MILLIE

That was a long time ago. Like...seventh grade. SHANE

But since you didn't. I thought. Well. MILLIE

I don't think this beer is working.
(FJ comes back into the tent.) SHANE

What beer. You stole a beer? I'm telling. FJ

Okay Marlboro Man. MILLIE

Okay Lovebirds. Should I call dad to make sure you leave the tent flap open 3 inches? FJ

Where's the snacks, FJ? SHANE

Did you see the way she looked at you? Gross! FJ

FJ! Snacks?! MILLIE

I couldn't find them. FJ

They're in the kitchen, doofus. MILLIE

I know they're in the kitchen. I mean: I didn't make it to the house. FJ

MILLIE

It's like, twenty feet away.

FJ

Have you looked out there? I can't see my hand in front of my face.

SHANE

It's just rain, bud.

FJ

It's not just rain. It's like the air is mud and ash.
This is what I was trying to tell you about the toad.

MILLIE

I don't want to hear about your gross toad!

FJ

It's not just a toad though. It's important.

SHANE

More important than snacks? Really?

FJ

We see the toad, in the ashes. And Dustin says "get twigs." So, we pick up all this kindling, fill the thing. And he goes "you brought the matches: you do it." So: I lit it up.

SHANE

You set the toad on fire? Whoa.

FJ

Smoking and spitting like a sausage.

MILLIE

Disgusting.

FJ

And it smelled like your breath. And it made this sound: like another world. And he didn't burn really. Just smoked. Yellow and brown smoke spitting to the sky. And it's what brought the fog. It's a Toad Fog.

SHANE

Did he drink this beer?

MILLIE

FJ?! You're so weird. It's just a storm.

FJ

Fine then you go to the stupid house and get the stupid snacks in the stupid toad fog.

SHANE

Maybe that's not... um... such a bad idea. I'll go with you?

MILLIE

Fine. We'll go, since the little man is scawed of da stowm.

FJ

I'm not scared!

MILLIE

Come on Shane.

(Leaning to FJ.)

RIBBIT.

(MILLIE and SHANE leave the tent. It is indeed a Toad Fog.)

MILLIE

Ugh, it's disgusting out here.

SHANE

Like being in a mouth. Um.

MILLIE

Where is the house? Um. Over there? Or ...

SHANE

So. Um. You were saying?

MILLIE

Do you think the beer's working yet?

SHANE

I don't think it needs to.

MILLIE

What?

SHANE

I mean, I don't think I'd have to be drunk to want to kiss you. I mean.

MILLIE

Yeah, I know right? Okay! I'm glad we're on the same page.

SHANE

Yeah.

MILLIE

Because I just feel so comfortable with you. It's not even a thing. Like it doesn't even matter if we like each other, you're like my brother--

SHANE

Like FJ?

MILLIE

No, not like in a gross way. I'm just saying I think this is an experience we could both enjoy.

SHANE

I don't really know what to say to that. I guess at least you treat me better than your real brother. Do you have to be so mean to him?

MILLIE

Um, does he have to ruin our camp out? No, but he did.
(FJ has discovered the Beer.)

SHANE

Why did you even want to have this camp out anyway? Just to keep up with the Abby's?

MILLIE

We always do an end-of-summer camp.

SHANE

Yeah, and FJ was really looking forward to it.
*(FJ drinks the beer.
Over the next few lines, he finishes it.)*

MILLIE

I'm sorry? I thought... Why else did you lead me out into this disgusting toad storm?

SHANE

I thought it might be romantic.

MILLIE

That's what I'm saying.

SHANE

But not - not if you only do it because you're supposed to. I thought - I mean, we said we'd do this if we didn't kiss someone else. But wouldn't it be nicer if we both really wanted to?

MILLIE

Well sure, but Patrick doesn't like me and Abby doesn't like you so.....

SHANE

Seriously, Mil? You're a real jerk sometimes, you know?

MILLIE

What's your problem? I'm just trying to have some fun.

SHANE

Kissing someone you don't like isn't fun.

MILLIE

Then why'd you agree to-- oh.

SHANE

Yeah.

(FJ wobbles out of the tent. MILLIE and SHANE look at him.)

FJ *(belching, that sounds like:)*

RIBBIT.

(They all look up. The storm has cleared.)

SHANE

The fog. It's clearing up.

FJ

I can breathe! Oh! There's the house.

MILLIE

All hail the toad king.

(End of Play.)