

# Are We Okay?

*By Jared Mallard*

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## **STORY OF THE PLAY**

Three teens. One final year. And the moments that change everything. This is not just a high school drama; it's a mirror held up to the digital age. In a world where likes mean love and silence means power, Noah, the forgotten "nice guy," spirals after a breakup and falls prey to an online echo chamber of toxic masculinity. What starts as self-help quickly curdles into rage, entitlement, and radicalization. Sadie, the confident, cutting queen bee, masks her grief with control and cruelty. And Madi, her anxious, self-effacing best friend, finds herself caught between loyalty, guilt, and the terrifying realization that she may be losing both her oldest friend, and herself. Just as Madi begins to rediscover her worth through a budding online connection, doubts creep in. Is it real? Or is she just another target in a world built on curated lies and emotional bait?

Blending fast-paced dialogue, raw monologues, and a hauntingly recognizable social media backdrop, this play explores the seductive rise of online misogyny and digital cult thinking; the collapse, and resilience, of female friendships; and the tangled web of anxiety, betrayal, blurred identities, and the desperate need to feel seen. This is a story you'll feel in your gut.

Perfect for senior high drama programs, one-act competitions, and youth theatres ready to tackle something that matters. It's gripping, emotional, funny in all the right places, and perfect for 2025 and beyond.

**CAST OF CHARACTERS**  
*(4 m, 5 w, 2 flexible, extras)*

**OFFICER BRADLEY:** (Flex) The "good" cop, lighthearted.  
**OFFICER TIMMINS:** (Flex) The "bad" cop, way too serious.  
**NOAH:** 17, the nicest kid, has heart broken by Emma. Clean-cut, handsome, confident kid so average he's almost invisible.  
**SADIE:** 17, social chameleon, best friend of Madi, can fit in anywhere, pretty, popular, has a temper.  
**MADI:** 17, shy, introverted, best friend to Sadie, crippling anxiety.  
**EMMA:** 17, girlfriend of Noah, carrying a secret. Nerdy, bookish, a bit timid.  
**LEXI:** 18, the maternal friend and peacekeeper. Alt-style, nose ring, always ready with a quip.  
**CAM:** 17, misogynist jerk. Short and wiry.  
**SHOPKEEPER:** Outspoken woman in her 50s.  
**JAXSON WITH AN X:** 17, nice and mannerly, the new guy in Emma's life.  
**TRENT:** 17, a mysterious boy who may or may not exist.  
**EXTRAS:** Various students, DJ.

**Scene 1**

*(AT RISE: An interrogation room. Stark. SFX: Fluorescent lights hum. Two plainclothes OFFICERS sit across from NOAH who sits stiff, on edge.)*

**OFFICER BRADLEY:** You messed that kid up, Noah.

**OFFICER TIMMINS:** Saying nothing will get you nothing, kid.

**OFFICER BRADLEY:** Speak up.

**NOAH:** What?

**OFFICER BRADLEY:** What happened at prom?

**OFFICER TIMMINS:** Those things we found in your backpack.

**OFFICER BRADLEY:** Our guys are going through the laptop now.

**OFFICER TIMMINS:** And this? *(Drops papers on the table.)*  
The writing you passed around?

**OFFICER BRADLEY:** Disturbing stuff.

**OFFICER TIMMINS:** What happened, Noah? The manifesto? The laptop? The backpack?

*(A beat. The room is deadly silent. Then...)*

**NOAH:** *(Exploding.)* I'm not soft! I'm not *(Stops himself. Breath ragged. Looks away, ashamed.)* I'm just... I'm tired of being nothing. Tired of being the "nice guy" everyone forgets.

**OFFICER TIMMINS:** This whole "nice guy snaps" story... we've seen it before.

**OFFICER BRADLEY:** Kid like you... always quiet, polite. Then boom. You wanna show the world you're not weak.

**NOAH:** *(HIS breath is ragged, eyes dart, fists clench and then with his voice breaking.)* I'm... I'm so sorry.

*(BLACKOUT)*

**Scene 2**

*(LIGHTS UP. A high school. STUDENTS are all around, frozen in tableau. SADIE stands CS. She owns the space. In fact, she owns any space she is in.)*

**SADIE:** *(SFX: Social media notification sound.)* That sound? Addicting. We love it. That little orange or blue number telling us someone liked our post, left a comment, snapped us. Every time, our brain gives us a tiny hit... dopamine or whatever. But what happens when we get too used to it? Like... are we messing ourselves up? *(SFX: Another notification.)* Wait, what was I saying? Never mind. I always post something right before bed—pics, a status, whatever. That way, when I wake up, it's like Christmas morning. Every. Single. Day.

*(MADI enters and they meet CS. They do their secret handshake. An elaborate series of quick, precise movements.)*

**SADIE:** Graduation soon, Mads! We're almost free!

**MADI:** Yeah.

**SADIE:** You sound thrilled...

**MADI:** Not the diploma part. The *ceremony*. Families and students packed into folding chairs, sweating. Balloons tied to chairs. Floral arrangements in school colors, barely masking the B.O. seeping through polyester gowns. Tassels turning everyone into Christmas ornaments. I'm not going.

**SADIE:** You are so depressing.

**MADI:** Depressed, not depressing.

**SADIE:** Same thing. Everyone's depressed. Have you *seen* the world? Viruses. Wars. Humans.

*(SFX: MADI's phone buzzes. She checks it. Her face changes.)*

**SADIE:** *(Cont'd.)* What? Show me!

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**MADI:** Probably some scam. Or creep.

**SADIE:** Creep or not, spill it.

*(MADI hesitates. SADIE snatches the phone.)*

**SADIE:** *(Cont'd. Reading.)* No way. "When I think of you..."  
This is a thing! I'm your best friend. Do you trust me?

**MADI:** Absolutely not.

**SADIE:** Yes, you do. Let me reply for you.

**MADI:** Nope. Last time you "helped," you texted my crush's  
name to the entire grade.

**SADIE:** Middle school me was chaotic. I've evolved.

**MADI:** Thomas, Tyler, Timothy...

**SADIE:** Okay, you've made your point. Still. This is major.  
You're glowing.

**MADI:** No offense, but you're acting like this is some once-  
in-a-lifetime event for me.

**SADIE:** Not offense, just truth. I mean, when was the last  
time you got *this* kind of attention?

*(MADI glares. SADIE softens.)*

**SADIE:** *(Cont'd.)* Okay, yeah. That was a messed-up thing  
to say. Sorry. A lifetime on social media may have broken  
my brain.

*(Enter LEXI.)*

**LEXI:** *(Approaching.)* Can we also not measure a woman's  
worth based on how much attention she gets? You sound  
like Cam.

**SADIE:** Ouch, noted.

*(Enter NOAH and EMMA.)*

**NOAH:** What up, squad?

**SADIE:** Don't call us that.

**LEXI:** Just let us speak Gen Z in peace.

**SADIE:** It's not peace. It's linguistic warfare.

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**LEXI:** Still gonna live "rent free" in my head.

**SADIE:** Madi, read it.

**NOAH:** Wait. Read what?

**EMMA:** Yeah, what's going on?

**LEXI:** Spill the tea.

*(MADI takes her phone back and SADIE shoots her a death glare.)*

**MADI:** You're all the worst! "When I think of you, my heart skips a beat, and a silly smile takes over my face. Maybe someday, I'll get the nerve to talk to you... and maybe you'll feel the same way. I truly want to know you. Your secret admirer — T."

**NOAH:** Come on! This is not real.

**EMMA:** NOAH!

**SADIE:** I was saying, she should let me text him back.

**LEXI:** Nope.

**EMMA:** Uh-uh.

**NOAH:** Terrible idea.

**SADIE:** Doesn't even matter. We're moving to New York. She'd just have to break up with him anyway.

**LEXI:** Text him a smiley face.

**EMMA:** But not right away. Wait like two days.

**NOAH:** Do girls really do that?

*(As the argument swirls around MADI, voices blending and hands waving, she quietly looks to her phone. FX: The screen glows on her face as the world fades away. The LIGHTS shift. SFX: The noise disappears. A distant city hum. Then— TIRES SCREECH. Madi freezes. Breath held. The sound echoes. Her thumb hovers, then clicks. She hits send.)*

**MADI:** It's wild really... How one moment. One choice. Can reroute everything.

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*(The world slams back into place. SFX: The sounds of her friends arguing flood in again. The LIGHTING shifts back to normal.)*

**MADI:** *(Cont'd. Holds up her phone, exhales like she just broke the universe.)* There!

**SADIE:** Wait? Why didn't you let me do it?! What did you say?!

*(MADI hides her phone.)*

**SADIE:** *(Cont'd.)* Really? *Seriously?!* Geez! You never trust me with anything, Madi! *(Storms off, toddler like.)*

**EMMA:** Oh, boy. That's the first storm off this week. Not bad.

**LEXI:** Go easy. The anniversary is coming up.

**EMMA:** Izzy's been gone two years.

**LEXI:** Still hits like it just happened.

**EMMA:** *(To MADI.)* She ever talk to you about it? Since you were the one who—

**LEXI:** Emma!

**MADI:** *(Defeated.)* No. *(Paces, panicked, breath quickening, fists clenching, searching for escape.)* Oh!

**LEXI:** You okay?

*(MADI sinks into a chair, clutching the edge. She presses a hand to her chest, as if she's trying to hold herself together.)*

**MADI:** Yeah. Classic chest-fire, limb-tingle situation. Give me a sec.

**LEXI:** You handled that like a girlboss.

**MADI:** Years of practice.

**LEXI:** I've never had one myself.

**MADI:** Wow, look at you, singlehandedly ruining our generation's streak of anxiety.

*(THEY chuckle, tension easing. Madi's smile fades. Her fingers twitch on her phone as unease returns.)*



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**LEXI:** Hey, listen... What happened to Izzy? It wasn't your fault.

*(MADI's breath hitches. The weight crashes back onto her. Her mind races, thoughts overlap, tangled and choking.)*

**MADI:** If I hadn't texted her... *(HER grip tightens around her phone. Then, her gaze lifts, voice edged with fear.)* ...and now, this? Am I being catfished, Lex?

**LEXI:** Madi?

**MADI:** I mean this is textbook catfishing, right? Do you think I'm being catfished? Do you think this person is real? Do you think? *(Puts her head between her hands.)*

**LEXI:** You good?

**MADI:** I will be.

**LEXI:** That's like a superpower.

**MADI:** Not a superpower. Just a lot of hard work. Thoughts are just thoughts. Feelings are just feelings. Sensations are just sensations. None of it can actually hurt you. I can't help when they come on, but I can actively just live my life with it.

**LEXI:** It's a superpower. Listen, you have to trust your gut, right? What does your gut tell you?

**MADI:** Right now? I'm still on the tail end of this little episode so my gut just wants to kinda come out of my mouth.

*(SFX: A notification.)*

**LEXI:** Is that him?

**MADI:** Too afraid to check. I'm going to make a pros and cons list, watch some catfishing docs, then overthink it for a week.

**LEXI:** I don't really love that journey for you. Why don't you...

*(Exit MADI.)*

**LEXI:** *(Cont'd.)* Poor Madi.

**EMMA:** I know. This couldn't have happened to a worse person.

*(THEY look at HER strangely.)*

**EMMA:** *(Cont'd.)* That's not what I meant. It's just, this is not good for someone who's a nervous wreck like her.

**LEXI:** You know that she has an actual anxiety disorder. Not just some butterflies and nerves. Like, she takes pills and goes to weekly therapy and everything, but despite everything she's actually doing better. Remember the Taylor Swift concert porta potty incident?

**NOAH:** Locked herself in a porta potty for six hours with a hundred thousand Swifties banging on the door needing to pee. Yup, that's my version of hell. She has definitely improved since then.

**EMMA:** She still thinks she is responsible for Izzy getting in that accident.

**LEXI:** It wasn't her fault.

*(NOAH and EMMA look at each other. Emma shrugs.)*

**LEXI:** *(Cont'd.)* What, it wasn't?

**EMMA:** She did send the text that you know caused the accident.

**NOAH:** All I know is Sadie and Madi are moving to New York together and if they don't figure this stuff out, it's going to be messy.

**EMMA:** I can't imagine living with her.

**LEXI:** Which one?

**NOAH:** Both, I guess.

**LEXI:** Are you two moving in together?

**EMMA:** Probably not.

**NOAH:** Yeah, makes sense... *(Seems defeated.)* Yeah, yeah, no, I totally understand.

*(NOAH lowers his head, tries to play it cool and exits. As soon as he's gone, EMMA snaps at LEXI.)*

**EMMA:** What was that, Lexi?! You know I'm not moving in with him.

## **End of Freeview**

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