

Seven Fragments

By Rachel Kerry

Characters (in order of appearance):

The Narrator: A man or a woman. Androgynous. A dark poet, sometimes menacing and nihilistic, sometimes a tragic romantic, always a showman.

The New Girl: A teenage girl. Exotic, girlish, a bit of a pixie punk. She wears a gaudy high school uniform and she's not happy about it. She has on yellow nail polish and maybe a nose ring.

The Smart Girl: Same age as The New Girl, also wears a high school uniform. She's a straight-A student, class president, and in varsity sports. She hides her sad eyes with big smiles.

The stage: In the center is a classroom. A teacher's desk and worn-out computer chair sit by a window. Framing the classroom is wreckage. It looks like broken bloody glass. Included in the wreckage are a telephone, two chairs and a steering wheel.

A note on elsewhere: This is an abstraction. It can be represented by video, music, dance, or any combination thereof. Anything is possible as long as it is conducive to the production.

Prologue

Lights up on The Narrator. It is raining.

THE NARRATOR

(singing)

Seven Fragments of my nighttime heart. Dancing...
Through mountains of dried blood catastrophes...

The Narrator weaves in and out of the space.

THE NARRATOR

Quiet. A dull pain lingers in my stomach. Something clenches, grips onto my solar plexus. It is the incarnation of melancholy. It is lethargy searing pink tones around my neck. The nauseated nerve endings dance like twisted corpses on a moonlit, lavender lapse of sanity. Nightmares with whipped cream and acid on top. And when reality starts to waver around my waist, I wonder. I wonder who and what and why? This quiet curiosity forces time into a stand still. We are

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THE NARRATOR (cont'd)
unaware. We are trapped in a single, uneventful,
eternal moment. There is no release, relief, or even
the courtesy of some ending credits. Just this ever
spinning dream.

But I'm not making any sense, am I?

Fragment One: Microscopic Comets

THE NARRATOR
How curious it is, the way our hearts cement into one
another.

*Lights up on classroom. The New Girl lays on the
desk staring at the ceiling. The Smart Girl
enters.*

THE SMART GIRL
Hey, so you're the new girl.

THE NEW GIRL
Um, yeah. That's me. I guess.

Beat.

THE SMART GIRL
I like your nail polish.

THE NEW GIRL
Thanks. It's called "taxi cab crème."

THE SMART GIRL
Any particular reason for it?

THE NEW GIRL
For yellow?

THE SMART GIRL
"Taxi cab crème."

THE NEW GIRL
Yes, there's a reason.

THE SMART GIRL
And?

THE NEW GIRL
And why should I tell you?

THE SMART GIRL
Ok, be mysterious.

THE NEW GIRL

It's what I'm good at.

THE SMART GIRL

What're you doing in here?

THE NEW GIRL

I don't know. I thought I'd hang out for a while.

THE SMART GIRL

Mrs. Mitchell sent me to find you. To catch you up on all the work you missed.

THE NEW GIRL

Oh, so you're the smart girl.

THE SMART GIRL

Ha ha, yeah, I guess I am.

THE NEW GIRL

So are you going to help me get into college?

THE SMART GIRL

Maybe! Hey, Don't be too scared of us. I know we have a bad reputation. Intense... snobby... But we're not snobby at all!

THE NEW GIRL

There are a lot of BMWs outside.

THE SMART GIRL

Ok, we are pretty snobby. But it's not as bad as it used to be. This year the everyone just wants to get stoned and bond.

THE NEW GIRL

Everyone gets stoned?

THE SMART GIRL

Well, just the important people. But, like, don't tell anyone about that. We're "good kids." And it's a small school. If one soccer mom hears about a little weed, suddenly we're all crack heads.

THE NEW GIRL

I see.

THE SMART GIRL

Yeah. So everyone's curious about you. Why'd you miss the first three weeks?

THE NEW GIRL

I spent the summer overseas.

THE SMART GIRL

Really? Where were you?

THE NEW GIRL

I was visiting my grandparents in Fiji. They're like retired or whatever. But I could do whatever I wanted there.

THE SMART GIRL

That's so cool!

THE NEW GIRL

I know. One second I'm partying on a beach, the next second I'm back in stupid boring lame America. It's shitty but my mom made me come back. Until I turn 18, I'm stuck.

THE SMART GIRL

Well if you're looking for more excitement, then AP Statistics will definitely top Fiji.

THE NEW GIRL

(With sadness)
Great.

Beat.

THE SMART GIRL

Your bag matches your nails. That's pretty impressive.

THE NEW GIRL

Yellow is me and I am yellow.

THE SMART GIRL

You're being cryptic again.

THE NEW GIRL

Ok, it's like this: Yellow. It's bright, sunny, hurts to look at sometimes. It suggests caution. It catches attention and it can be mellow! Mellow yellow gives new meaning to the term "melodramatic!" There are so many depths to the color, you can't even begin to comprehend. Just like me, it's multifaceted.

THE SMART GIRL

So yellow is your favorite color.

THE NEW GIRL

It's more than a color! It's a philosophy! People write songs about yellow. Its flowers are most lovely. It can

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THE NEW GIRL (cont'd)

be soft and mellow or can be so bright it blinds you.
(*She starts singing*) They call me mellow yellow! Quite
rightly! They call me mellow yellow! Quite rightly!
Also, I do a lot of singing; we did musicals at my last
high school. I was the lead three years in a row. Do
you guys do that kind of stuff around here? Like,
singing and theatre stuff?

THE SMART GIRL

Sure. There's a musical every spring. It's always a
train wreck. Last year they did Oklahoma. Most boring
thing I've ever seen.

THE NEW GIRL

Well, I'll just have to change that. Traditional
musicals really suck. I bet I could convince the drama
teacher to do something more exciting. Cabaret maybe.
Or The Rocky Horror Show!

THE SMART GIRL

Isn't there a transvestite in that?

THE NEW GIRL

Yeah.

THE SMART GIRL

I don't think any of the boys will volunteer.

THE NEW GIRL

That's ok. I'd do it! I could pull off a transvestite,
no problem!

THE SMART GIRL

No wonder I found you in the "fag room."

THE NEW GIRL

Excuse me?

THE SMART GIRL

All the seniors call this the "fag room." But, like how
cigarettes in England are called "fags," not like the
bad word for gay people. It's because you could smoke
10 packs of "fags" in here and no one would ever know.

THE NEW GIRL

Cigarettes?

THE SMART GIRL

Yeah. Go smell that chair. Seriously.

THE NEW GIRL
Ok...

The New Girl sits in the worn out arm chair behind the desk. She smells it

THE NEW GIRL
Pew.

THE SMART GIRL
Mr. Smith smokes, like, two packs a day. And he reeks. He'll even leave in the middle of class to go smoke. *(She starts speaking in a bad mumbling British accent)*
"Gotta go smoke 'em fags, kids. I'll be back."

THE NEW GIRL
Teachers can't do that at public school.

THE SMART GIRL
Well, he's British. So they let him get away with it. But it's really cool because if you ever really need to smoke a cigarette, it's here.

THE NEW GIRL
I don't smoke. Bad for my throat.

THE SMART GIRL
Oh right, with all the singing. I'm not much of a singer. I don't really smoke, either. Well I do sometimes. When it gets really, really stressful, you need something to stay sane. Like, I must've smoked a whole pack in here before I took the SATs.

THE NEW GIRL
Ugh, learning and stuff.

THE SMART GIRL
Yes, this is a school. With learning and stuff.

The Smart Girl starts to take text books out of her backpack.

THE NEW GIRL
So many fucking text books...

The Narrator enters classroom, takes a textbook from #1's pile, reenters the wreckage and starts reading it.

THE NARRATOR
The Heart. There are four chambers and equally muscular. Of course, only one chamber provides propulsion for the entire circulatory system. Aorta.

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THE NARRATOR (cont'd)

Aortic Valve. Mitral Valve. Pulmonary Valve. Auricle prophesies and the Superior Vena Cava caves of Pericardial reflections reflecting mirrors of Superior Coronary collapse. Atrium; left, right. Ventricle; left, right. Right? Wrong. Four chambers? Wrong, wrong, wrong. No one knows what they're talking about. But I do. I had a devastating pain once, right in here. I almost died.

Contrary to popular belief, a heart is formed through a very complex crystallization process. It starts with a single grain; a tiny little star lights up in your cornea and shoots down your spine. It's a microscopic comet landing in your rib cage, streaking sparkles through your nervous system. You form a proto-crystal in your chest. Unassisted nucleation, baby! Two solute molecules meet: It's a chance encounter. It's that glint in someone's eye when you first meet them. It's a message:

You've just met your long lost best friend.

I have just met my long lost best friend? Oh god, I can't do this again... oh God, God... God?

Classroom.

THE NEW GIRL

What?

THE SMART GIRL

You have to help me prove that god exists.

THE NEW GIRL

Hitting the pot a little early?

THE SMART GIRL

No, but Mrs. Mitchell apparently did. All the Seniors have to try to prove God using a modern medium.

THE NEW GIRL

Medium like a psychic?

THE SMART GIRL

No, a medium like a form of communication.

THE NEW GIRL

Oh like, we could write a song?

THE SMART GIRL

I was thinking of more like a skit format. Some kind of tv show. Like, maybe a cooking show? I think that would

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THE SMART GIRL (cont'd)

be really good because it's an excuse to eat food. And everyone loves food, right?

THE NEW GIRL

Cooking Show? That's kinda snooze patrol.

THE SMART GIRL

Well, what modern medium would get everyone really excited?

THE NEW GIRL

Porn.

Beat.

THE SMART GIRL

Oh my god, that's good!

THE NEW GIRL

Um, I wasn't being serious.

THE SMART GIRL

That's ok. It's still a good idea!

THE NEW GIRL

But is it as feasible as a cooking show? Hello, high school?

THE SMART GIRL

I like your idea though...And really wouldn't everyone? Like, all the guys love sex. But they do love food...

THE NEW GIRL

Cooking show...

THE SMART GIRL

Or Porn.

THE NEW GIRL

OK, compromise! How about a cooking show that becomes a porn?

THE SMART GIRL

Yes! We can work on it after school or something. As long as we have a really solid thesis, we'll be fine. But how does sex prove God?

THE NEW GIRL

Awww, you're a virgin.

THE SMART GIRL

...what? ...how did you... ?

THE NEW GIRL

See, if you had had sex -well, good sex, I guess- you wouldn't have asked that.

THE SMART GIRL

Plenty of atheists have sex.

THE NEW GIRL

Yeah, but it's not spiritually satisfying sex.

THE SMART GIRL

You are such a weird person.

THE NEW GIRL

I know.

THE SMART GIRL

So enlighten me sex goddess, what is so great about sex?

THE NEW GIRL

Oh I wouldn't know, I'm a virgin, too.

THE SMART GIRL

Ha ha ha. Yeah right.

THE NEW GIRL

No really, I am.

THE SMART GIRL

Are you sure? You don't really seem the type.

THE NEW GIRL

What does that mean?

THE SMART GIRL

Nothing!

THE NEW GIRL

Do I seem like a slut?

THE SMART GIRL

No. No. No. It's not that you seem like a slut. You just seem... I don't know. Mature. Like you would know what sex is like.

THE NEW GIRL

Good. Because I do know. I was just fucking with you.

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THE SMART GIRL

Ha ha. Psh. I figured. You're always good for breaking up the tedium around here.

THE NEW GIRL

What's tedium?

THE SMART GIRL

It, like, means boring. It's an SAT word.

THE NEW GIRL

Oh. Cool. Tedium... Don't tell anyone about that, though. That I'm not a virgin.

THE SMART GIRL

Why would you care? There are already a bunch of crazy rumors about you cuz you're so, like, artsy and stuff.

THE NEW GIRL

There were just a lot of issues at my last school. I wouldn't want people finding out about me and my boyfriend.

THE SMART GIRL

Your boyfriend? ...you're going out with a guy?

THE NEW GIRL

No, we're not together anymore. Zack was a lot older and it just wasn't going to work out. There was a lot of bad stuff that happened.

THE SMART GIRL

Like what?

THE NEW GIRL

Just fucking trust me, ok. It was really bad shit.

THE SMART GIRL

Oh. So... How are we going to say that cooking plus sex proves God? We can't just eat and fuck in front of thirty people.

THE NEW GIRL

...well, that would really wake up all the stuck up bitches in the room.

THE SMART GIRL

No, crazy new girl. NO.

THE NEW GIRL

Jeez, I'm just joking.

THE SMART GIRL

100 students go to this school. Every single one of their parents know me and my mom and dad. You do the math.

THE NEW GIRL

I don't like math...

THE SMART GIRL

If we're going to pull this off, it has to be perfect.

THE NEW GIRL

Fine. No crazy lesbian sex.

THE SMART GIRL

Not in public, anyway. And only if it proves God.

THE NEW GIRL

Actually, I bet The Liberated Women of Christ's website has a lot of good arguments. I could print out some material. And I might have some pamphlets at home.

THE SMART GIRL

Liberated Women of Christ?

THE NEW GIRL

Yeah, my mom used to be part of their organization. They believe sex is a form of prayer or something. But then my mom got pregnant from all the prayer. And that's how I got my brother. So then my mom became an Episcopalian. That's why she wanted me to come here so badly.

THE SMART GIRL

Jeez my life is boring.

THE NEW GIRL

I'd kill to be boring.

THE SMART GIRL

Don't. My parents have been together for 20 years. Dad owns all the paint stores in town and Mom is home full time. I've only been out of state once.

THE NEW GIRL

Is that why everyone says you're the "good one" around here?

THE SMART GIRL

Ha. I've never really seen or done anything. I've never been to Fiji or had family craziness. Although I do have a couple Mormon cousins.

THE NEW GIRL

Believe me, you're better off. I just get really sick of people. And places. And life.

THE SMART GIRL

With me as your spiritual sex partner? What's to be sick of?

THE NEW GIRL

Oh! I got our thesis! Whipped cream!

THE SMART GIRL

What?

As The Narrator talks, The New Girl and and The Smart Girl play and dance with whipped cream.

THE NARRATOR

Before you know it, the star churns encounter after encounter. It's thrilling really. You have just become a toddler and oh what a child's time it is when you finally have a companion in your playpen! Babbling and dribbling and giggling. It's the easiest thing in the world.

Classroom. The girls are chanting "A+" and giggling.

THE NEW GIRL

Oh my god! That was insane! And you with the fucking whipped cream! Way to go, reputation girl!

THE SMART GIRL

I thought Mrs. Mitchell was gonna lose it. I've never seen her more mortified.

THE NEW GIRL

And when she said, "I always knew the day would come when a student would get me fired!" I CAN'T BELIEVE WE GOT AN A PLUS! I'VE NEVER GOTTEN AN A PLUS!

Small beat.

THE NEW GIRL

You know, when I got here I was ready to tell everyone to fuck off. But you're my official first friend here, and I really appreciate that.

The New Girl innocently kisses The Smart Girl on the cheek.

THE NEW GIRL

(Blushes, pulls out a flask)
But now, let's celebrate!

Black out.

Fragment Two: Smoke Clouds Climb

THE NARRATOR

Oh God. I can't do this again I can't be dragged down again. It's... awful. It's...

It's the same ancient pattern, you know. And it goes as follows:

Darkness. Or perhaps dark, dim light. It is depression and it suffocates you. It surrounds you in misery. You can't breathe. You can't think. In fact, the terror of oblivion is making you as helpless as a baby. You are going to die alone. Not only that, but you've spent the majority of your life alone too. You are just an isolated experience in a vacuum.

No one else knows that soft place behind your ear, under your lip, beneath your breast. No one else knows the precise combination of attributes that make you wonderful and horrible and real. Not even you. Sorry cupcake.

And now it is really black. Death black. Everything is cold and lost. Go ahead, hide behind your philosophers, your Bibles, your game shows, your cats. Hide behind your kindness. Hide behind your anger. Go ahead, hyperventilate. Hyperventilate. HYPERVENTILATE.

Classroom. The Smart Girl is hyperventilating. The New Girl discovers her, concerned.

THE NEW GIRL

...are you ok?

THE SMART GIRL

I'm sort of freaking out. I mean, my hands won't stop shaking. What does that mean? What does it mean when your hands won't stop shaking? (*The Smart Girl holds out her shaking hands then quickly holds them to her chest*) I can't control my hands. I... I... I have these attacks sometimes... I get, like, really, like, scared for, like, no reason and and and and and....

The New Girl holds out her hands and starts shaking them.

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THE NEW GIRL

That's a neat trick. I wish I could make my hands shake like that. (*Looks at her own hands*) Did you know I'm kind of an old soul? They say the more wrinkles on your hands, the older your soul is. Let me see your hands. (*She does*) Oh wow. I think you might just have an older soul than me. I have to hate you now. Although, I bet my fake ID says I'm older than you. (*The Smart Girl smiles*) There, calm down. Good.

THE SMART GIRL

Why am I even freaking out?

THE NEW GIRL

How much sleep did you get last night?

THE SMART GIRL

Like, an hour.

THE NEW GIRL

Well there you go.

THE SMART GIRL

I'm so sorry. I'm really, really sorry. I don't like it when people see me like this. It's just--midterms are--and AP Government is like-- I'm so, so, so...

The New Girl holds her hands and they stop shaking.

THE NEW GIRL

Shut up. Go to the library and take a nap. And eat something too for God's sake.

THE NARRATOR

Everything that had been wrong is now, quite to your relief, correct. Your heart is finally beating, isn't it?

You must realize, however, that the world is not nearly as coordinated as you presume. Yes, life is suddenly very bright. Because you've just lit yourself on fire.

You will never be three years old again. Think about that.

Black out.

Fragment Three: Fires Burn Bright

Classroom. The girls are eating lunch. They have juice boxes and oranges.

THE NEW GIRL

Oh, I have the marine science notes.

THE NEW GIRL

What? Thanks. You didn't have to do that.

THE SMART GIRL

Um, yeah, I kinda did, Ms. Skipper. And besides, I wanted to.

THE NEW GIRL

I love you so much! Marry me?

THE SMART GIRL

Heh, not without a ring.

THE NEW GIRL

Ok! Oh, Speaking of which, is Alex gay?

THE SMART GIRL

Why do you ask?

THE NEW GIRL

Well, he's pretty hot. But in a male-model kind of way. Which, of course, is, like, ding-ding-ding: gay.

THE SMART GIRL

Ok.

THE NEW GIRL

But, like, the other guys don't really treat him like he's gay.

THE SMART GIRL

That's because they don't know that he's gay.

THE NEW GIRL

So he is gay?

THE SMART GIRL

Well... yeah. But no one else knows that except for me, so if it gets around I'll be forced to kill you.

THE NEW GIRL

But doesn't he seem gay? I mean, it's not a huge jump. Cute boy, well-manicured nails, ding.

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THE SMART GIRL

Well, at the end of sophomore year, people started to wonder. We were like best friends back then, and a couple of guys even came up to me being like, "So is Alex a fuckin' faggot?" It wouldn't have been a huge deal until the blackmail started.

THE NEW GIRL

Blackmail?

THE SMART GIRL

Yeah. Alex was kind of going out with this guy from JFK. He wasn't very good looking, but he got Alex discounts at a beauty spa. When Alex tried to break-up with him, the guy threatened to tell everyone here he was gay.

THE NEW GIRL

Oh shit.

THE SMART GIRL

Yeah, but that's where I came in. We did this whole thing where we went to the Winter Formal together and I started this rumor about how he totally tried to have sex with me, and I wouldn't let him... "I thought he was different, but he just turned out to be one of the other over-sexed, macho assholes who just happened to have good taste in clothes." But in the end, despite everything, we decided to stay "good friends."

THE NEW GIRL

You sneaky bitch.

THE SMART GIRL

Yeah, I know. But he was a friend and needed help. God, he was so scared of having the school find out.

THE NEW GIRL

Why was he scared? Queer stuff is like totally hot. Who cares if he's gay?

THE SMART GIRL

I don't really know. I mean, no one needs any more shit in their life. I don't think any of the guys would beat him up or anything, he probably just didn't want to lose his popularity.

THE NEW GIRL

Well, I'm not surprised. I knew he had a secret. I'm really good at this sort of stuff. I can read people really well. And I always know when someone is into me.

(CONTINUED)

THE SMART GIRL
Oh?

THE NEW GIRL
Oh yeah, completely. And if they aren't, then I just get really charming and seduce them. Unless they're like Alex.

THE SMART GIRL
Hah. You seduce people?

THE NEW GIRL
Oh yeah. I'm really good at it. You haven't even seen me in action.

THE SMART GIRL
No?

THE NEW GIRL
Trust me, I'm a master.

THE SMART GIRL
You'll have to show--

THE NEW GIRL
OMG! I think I seduced Toby! He's so weird!

THE SMART GIRL
Ha, what'd he do?

THE NEW GIRL
He was helping me with a problem set, and he leans in and is like, "you have such a beautiful smile." And I was like, "whatever." And he was like, "I'd do anything for you." And I was like, "Whatever." And he was like, "Really. I'd do anything for you!" So I said, "Really? Anything? Would you kill babies or eat dog poo? No. What the fuck, bro? You've talked to me, like, once. Don't try and get into my pants now." God.

THE SMART GIRL
Did you think he was maybe trying to be romantic?

THE NEW GIRL
Fuck romance! ...I guess I'm just used to assholes. People suck.

THE SMART GIRL
Thanks a lot.

THE NEW GIRL
Oh, not you. You don't count.

THE SMART GIRL

I'm not people?

THE NEW GIRL

Shut up.

THE SMART GIRL

...are you still sad about what happened with Zack?

THE NEW GIRL

Fuck no. Sad? I don't understand sad. I don't get it. I understand angry, and fuck you, and numb. I really get numb. Sad? What the fuck is that? A waste of time. Stupid drama...

THE SMART GIRL

(searching to change the mood)

Drama! Did you talk to Mr. Villanueva about doing the Rocky Horror Show?

THE NEW GIRL

Yeah. He said no. He's got a rod up his ass the size of Kentucky. Christ! I hate this place.

THE SMART GIRL

That's kind of how everyone else feels.

The New Girl throws her books on the ground.

THE NEW GIRL

FUCK.

THE SMART GIRL

What?

THE NEW GIRL

Just fuck, fuck, fuck. I hate life. I hate all this bullshit. I don't want to be here anymore.

THE SMART GIRL

What the fuck is wrong?

THE NEW GIRL

I don't know. You know those moments when you just feel miserable? Like, it just hits you? I just want to tell everyone to leave me alone, and it's no wonder I'm so fucked up. Sometimes I seriously wanna start crying, but there's like this emotional blockage thing I do. Plus, my tonsils are majorly swollen. I swear to God, life is too complicated. I'm super cursed. I'm not supposed be here. I should be somewhere else. Somewhere wonderful and exciting!

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THE SMART GIRL

What? There's somewhere more exciting than here? I had no idea!

THE NEW GIRL

If I was in Suva, I'd be sitting on a couch with my buddy Vinay. We'd be watching Bollywood films until 4AM. I can belt the theme to Chori Chori Chupke Chupke so loudly that the next door neighbor's dog will howl with me... (she frowns) Fuck, if I could be at an airport. I don't even have to be going anywhere. If I could just be in an airport. I really like airports. You just listen to music and stare at the sky all day long. How cool would that be?

THE SMART GIRL

Really cool. Hey, so the Winter Formal is next month and--

THE NEW GIRL

UGH, don't mention that fucking formal! This really gross guy I don't even know asked me to it. Guys suck so much. But I guess I could go with him. I'm not sure. I don't really like him, you know? He seems like a total pussy, which isn't very hot, but at the same time I really like to boss my guys around. At my last school, I used to be called "The Siren" because I sang through the halls all the time. But I see it more for what sirens were: Creatures incapable of love who lured men to death with their songs. Isn't that cool?

THE SMART GIRL

You don't really like anyone, do you?

THE NEW GIRL

What?

THE SMART GIRL

You just like the idea of them. "Oh, a guy I can boss around." But that's bullshit and it's really shallow. You should only date people because you like them. One day you're going to fucking wake up and realize... realize... that you can't always treat people like shit. People carry that stuff with them for lifetimes. It's majorly fucked up and you're majorly fucked up.

THE NEW GIRL

What went up your ass?

THE SMART GIRL

Ok I need to not talk to you right now.

A storm approaches elsewhere.

THE NARRATOR

The moment the heart grows, things become muddy, foggy, unclear. Trust me. Do not give into that feeling of perfection. It is simply the feeling of blood pumping through your body. Your heart has become a swollen, blushing mess. And you have to do something about it. You have to do something, force it out. It's a malignant tumor crying out for expression. Don't listen to it! I don't care how well intentioned things are because things go wrong. Trust me. Trust me. Trust me. Don't do it. Please, please, please don't do it.

THE SMART GIRL

So, um, hey.

THE NEW GIRL

Hey. What's up?

THE SMART GIRL

Nothing.

THE NEW GIRL

Oh. Ok. That's cool. Hey, sorry about last week. I think our cycles synced up or something.

THE SMART GIRL

Yeah. I'm sorry too. Oh. Um, actually. I should probably explain something.

THE NEW GIRL

Hm?

THE SMART GIRL

Yeah. Um. Yeah... Remember that joke we were making earlier?

THE NEW GIRL

Which joke?

THE SMART GIRL

The one in marine science?

THE NEW GIRL

The one in marine science... The one about how we should date?

THE SMART GIRL

Yeah.

THE NEW GIRL

What do you mean, "yeah"?

(CONTINUED)

THE SMART GIRL

I mean, yeah. It was actually kind of true. I mean. I meant it.

A beat.

THE NEW GIRL

What? You... like me? Like, like-like me?

THE SMART GIRL

Um... kinda?

The New Girl takes five nervous steps back and there is a long pause.

THE NEW GIRL

Really?

THE SMART GIRL

Um... yeah. I'm really sorry. I mean, I didn't know if I should tell you or not. I mean because, like, I couldn't tell if maybe you were sort of -

THE SMART GIRL

You know I'm straight right? I mean, you know I'm straight, right? Right?

THE NEW GIRL

Well, yeah, of course! I mean, I wasn't a hundred percent. And I didn't know if... I mean, some of the stuff you say is kind of -

THE NEW GIRL

No, I'm totally straight. One hundred percent straight. I mean, I've had boyfriends. I mean... really? You're not saying this as like, some kind of joke?

Beat.

THE SMART GIRL

You're not going to tell anyone, are you? I mean, this is a really small school. You're not going to tell anyone right? I mean, if anyone found out, I'd be so fucking screwed. So, like, you're not going to tell anyone right?

THE NEW GIRL

I need to leave.

THE SMART GIRL

Wait! No! I mean, this was all a mistake. I knew this was all a mistake. It doesn't mean anything. It's just, like, a stupid crush. So we don't need to make this

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

THE SMART GIRL (cont'd)

into a big deal ok? I mean, is that ok? Because, I think I'm maybe more freaked out about this than you probably are. And I don't know what to do. And I can't have people finding out. But I wanted to tell you, because, I don't know. We were fighting a lot last week, and it's because, like, I guess there was some tension. Or I thought there was tension, but I guess there wasn't. But, I wanted to be honest with you, because isn't that what friends do? And, I'm not like some crazy dyke or anything. I mean, I'm not a lesbian. Like, completely not a lesbian. I think this is just some weird hormonal crush, and why the fuck aren't you saying anything because I am COMPLETELY freaking myself out here.

THE NEW GIRL

I need to leave.

The New Girl leaves.

THE SMART GIRL

Fuck.

The Smart Girl dreams.

THE SMART GIRL

I can't say anything that is in my head. There are all these thoughts swimming around and I can't catch them and I think I just did something very wrong. And I didn't say what was in my head. This is not what I had in my head. Oh fuck. Oh fuck. Oh fuck. This is all wrong.

THE NARRATOR

Guess what, little girl? Things go wrong. And you have nowhere to go. Now you get to sit there and feel it.

THE NARRATOR

(To The Smart Girl)

Do you ever wake up from a dream and wonder why? The dream is so convincing, so tactile, it may as well have been reality.

Do you ever regret waking up?

The Smart Girl wakes up in her dream.

THE SMART GIRL

Who are you?

Black Out.

Fragment Four: The Night Sky Swirls

The night sky swirls around The Narrator. She/He does not wear the mask, but his/her face is obscured still.

THE NARRATOR

I am sitting in a frantic mess. Again. From the bottom of my heart... This air is stale. Airplane, airplane, airplane-stale air. These sorts of things never actually heal. People carry them around for lifetimes. Like shrines. Shrines of entrails and glowing mercury misery. I can't keep doing this. Over and over and over again. I'm drained. I don't want to dance this dance all over again. Please don't suck me in. Please don't drag me down with you. Because I won't say no. I can't say no to you. With your lovely brown eyes. Those eyes that make me want to swim in warm, brown ink. Kind marbles that talk about the most wonderful-I can't do this again. I can't... This is just too weird...

The dawn sky swirls elsewhere.

For you, I would give the sky and all its fluffy clouds. Its little planes, its child blues. Its comforting embrace. Its orange sherbet sunsets. The most beautiful thing in the world; I would give it to you. If you wanted it. If only to see you smile. To see you smile with your shining teeth. Enamel stars in the darkened sky. Smile for me, give me the word, and we will be very happy.

An overcast sky grows elsewhere.

Sometimes, I imagine you fifty years from now. I strain my mind to figure out exactly what you'll look like. Wrinkled. A knowing old-person smile. Glasses that make your eyes huge. And you'll be bald! I would love to see you bald.

We won't ever have grandchildren, will we?

The Smart Girl wakes up in her dream. Again. The Narrator is wearing his/her mask again.

THE SMART GIRL

Who are you?

THE NARRATOR

Who am I?

THE SMART GIRL

I think I know you.

(CONTINUED)

THE NARRATOR

No you don't. Not yet.

THE SMART GIRL

Haven't I seen you before? Who are you?

THE NARRATOR

I'm the Ghost of Christmas Past.

THE SMART GIRL

Be serious.

THE NARRATOR

Serious? Like your imaginary girlfriend?

THE SMART GIRL

She's not my girlfriend. I don't think she is... Why is this happening?

THE NARRATOR

Don't ask me.

THE SMART GIRL

I feel like there's some piece of the puzzle missing. Something that doesn't make sense. It's like there's an answer waiting underneath the surface. Something makes me feel incomplete. I don't know what to do.

THE NARRATOR

Make arrangements.

THE SMART GIRL

She won't return my phone calls.

THE NARRATOR

Make arrangements.

THE SMART GIRL

None of this is right.

The Smart Girl moves back into the classroom and lights a cigarette.

THE NARRATOR

It's too late. Now you have to sit there and feel it. Desire grows painful and gives birth to a ferocious alien fetus. All it wants to do is slowly claw its way out. Scraping and seething and whispering evil. Its ugly thoughts climb your spine, one vertebrae at a time. It's going to reach your skull. It's going to climb in. It's going to climb in and rip your brain to shreds. You won't even die. You'll just sit there and feel it. Just listen to it seething. Listen...

(CONTINUED)

Classroom. The New Girl sits smoking.

THE SMART GIRL
Hey.

THE NEW GIRL
Hey. Um... We should talk.

THE SMART GIRL
Yeah...

Long, awkward silence.

THE SMART GIRL
Have a good Christmas?

THE NEW GIRL
Yeah. Um, Zack was in town.

THE SMART GIRL
I saw you at Toby's party.

THE NEW GIRL
We saw you... Who's your new boyfriend?

THE SMART GIRL
Oh, that was James.

THE NEW GIRL
How tall is he?

THE SMART GIRL
Six four.

THE NEW GIRL
Hot.

THE SMART GIRL
Yeah, he's GW's star tennis player or something.

THE NEW GIRL
That's like scoring a quarterback.

THE SMART GIRL
Do I look like a cheerleader?

Beat.

THE SMART GIRL
So how was Zack's visit?

THE NEW GIRL
Not amazing.

THE SMART GIRL
Oh.

THE NEW GIRL
So, like, do I seem bi?

THE SMART GIRL
Do we have to talk about this right now? The whole thing made me really uncomfortable.

THE NEW GIRL
Really, do I seem bi?

THE SMART GIRL
I wasn't really sure. But come on. Everyone was curious about you. Like, with your past and the rumors, it's not that big of a jump. And all that shit you said about seducing people. And kissing me on the cheek like, all the time because it made me uncomfortable. Why did you think it made me so uncomfortable?

THE NEW GIRL
I am so dumb.

THE SMART GIRL
And, I thought you might be straight. But I didn't think you'd avoid me for a month.

THE NEW GIRL
I was super busy... Ok, I admit I kinda freaked out. Which was odd because I thought I had seen everything. But I didn't see this coming at all. You caught me off guard. I mean, you're a girl. You're not that butch or anything... Although your shoes kind of scream lesbo.

THE SMART GIRL
Screw You.

THE NEW GIRL
Sorry, I'm straight.

They both giggle a little.

THE SMART GIRL
God... I can't believe I told you. It's so surreal.

THE NEW GIRL
Hey, don't worry about it. I honestly would've never guessed. You're just so... I don't know. Orderly. It's never the ones you expect. I'm glad you told me.

THE SMART GIRL
You are?

THE NEW GIRL
Yeah, it makes you more interesting than the other
dipshits around here. It breaks up the tedium.

THE SMART GIRL
It meant a lot for me to tell you. You just have such
beautiful eyes. I... I just want to stare into them all
day long.

THE NEW GIRL
Wow. Well you've got a boyfriend now, I guess you must
be pretty excited to have someone.

THE SMART GIRL
No. He begged me to go out with him. I needed a
distraction.

THE NEW GIRL
Do you like life in the closet?

THE SMART GIRL
I can fuck guys if I want. At least he isn't rejecting
me. Besides, my reputation stays in tact.

THE NEW GIRL
You remind me so much of myself... Sometimes, I think
my mom might secretly be a lesbian.

THE SMART GIRL
I'm not a lesbian.

THE NEW GIRL
Whatever.

THE SMART GIRL
I'm sorry, but I'm the smart one around here. I've
already made arrangements. I've got James. You were the
only person I wanted to tell this to. But, I wasn't
sure if you'd tell people or not.

THE NEW GIRL
You didn't trust me?

THE SMART GIRL
I wasn't sure.

THE NEW GIRL
Psycho, much?

THE SMART GIRL

I've been cultivating and protecting my reputation for my entire life.

THE NEW GIRL

How'd you like it if I gave into your sordid little attraction to me? Do I make you hot?

THE SMART GIRL

You make me nervous. No one ever makes me nervous.

THE NEW GIRL

Well... I guess I have that effect on people... You know I've kissed a girl before.

THE SMART GIRL

...you have?

THE NEW GIRL

Yeah, she was a total dyke. Had the hots for me too. I went to her high school graduation, and I totally kissed her.

The New Girl starts approaching The Smart Girl.

THE SMART GIRL

Actually, now you're making me feel uncomfortable.

THE NEW GIRL

Oh come on, you're a lonely girl. I mean, I'm no dyke, but I do get bored. Do you think you could fuck better than a guy? Do you think your cute guy could fuck me too? Like a threesome or something?

THE SMART GIRL

I don't know. I guess?

The New Girl leans towards The Smart Girl's face as if she will kiss her. She stops.

THE NEW GIRL

God, you must be so desperate for me. (she laughs) Bye.

Green blood splatters the walls elsewhere).

THE NARRATOR

(laughing)

It's amazing the way you two haunt me. I can't decide whether it's delicious or perverse. Sort of like... Bakak! Headless chickens spurting blood. Everywhere. These little chickens with no heads, but hearts pumping blood at the walls. It's very messy.

(CONTINUED)

THE SMART GIRL

I see her face everywhere. I can't eat. No, that's not true. I do eat. I eat regularly. But it's not real eating. It's empty, unfriendly food. (*she takes out her flask*) When I sleep, it's empty sleep filled with knots of spiders invading my body. I just twist and turn and turn and shake. And the sleep thoughts of 2AM are about how fucking angry I am that I can't swallow 50 pills and end. But I don't do wrong things. (*she sips her flask*) Even if I am a wrong person, my actions must be correct. Swallowing 50 pills is incorrect.

THE NARRATOR

How intense for you.

THE SMART GIRL

I can suffer, but it's so minuscule, isn't it? Compared to the pain others feel? It reflects on her face. Everyone is everywhere but gone at once. I can't adjust to it. And I'm so tired. Opening my heart to the world means opening my heart to pain. And when the pain floods in, I can't think rationally. I sink. I lose myself. Physically I feel a cascade of tension and knots and I must have become an old woman last night, because it's the only way to explain this feeling. I think my back is trying to sprout wings.

THE NARRATOR

A very common problem for girls your age.

THE SMART GIRL

I'm not surprised... God, I just want her so badly.

THE NARRATOR

You could rape her.

THE SMART GIRL

Rape her?

THE NARRATOR

Come on, there's nothing wrong with a little forced sex. After all, it's not rape if they like it.

THE SMART GIRL

Rape?

THE NARRATOR

It doesn't have to be such a big deal. I've been raped.

THE SMART GIRL

You've been raped?

THE NARRATOR

Sure. Wanna see the scars?

THE SMART GIRL

No.

THE NARRATOR

It wasn't so bad. Kind of kinky really. I could see her going for it. She seems like the type. Just get her to study with you and slip her a Valium...

THE SMART GIRL

What if she wakes up?

THE NARRATOR

She won't wake up.

Beat.

THE SMART GIRL

Fuck you. You have to go now. You have to go now! I can make myself feel better.

The moon dances elsewhere.

THE SMART GIRL

I want the moon to whisper to me. I want it to tell me its secrets and make me beautiful promises. I want the moon to give me the sky! I want the sky to be mine. And we would be ok, the moon and me. (*The Smart Girl reaches into the wreckage and takes out a phone. She talks into it.*) I feel such overwhelming, electrifying waves of illuminating care and compassion when I imagine your body close to mine. I don't want to let you go. I want this warmth that makes me cry a mile of tears and shower stars on silent hills of soft sweet skin vibrating with nerve endings and stories and memories and hope and humanness. I want this. I want this. I want this. (*She puts the phone back*) I want this.

THE NARRATOR

I want a lot of things I'm never going to get. And it's driving me crazy.

The Smart Girl dances with her flask into the classroom.

Black out.

Fragment Five: Something Mean andUgly

THE NEW GIRL

You fucking called last night!

THE SMART GIRL

Did I?

THE NEW GIRL

First, you leave me a bunch of really drunken, really inappropriate voicemails. Then you call my home. I mean, really? My home phone? It wasn't enough?

THE SMART GIRL

I must've been drunk...

THE NEW GIRL

You're drunk now. I can smell it on you. Everyone can smell it on you. But no one cares! The teachers still treat you like you're their little darling. You're still a college admissions counselor's wet dream! God, I wish I could be you sometimes! And yet you act like this poor, tortured bitch.

(Beat)

THE SMART GIRL

James will never be as sexy as you.

The Smart Girl sips from her flask, smiling.

THE NEW GIRL

You and your fucking boyfriend! Every time you talk to him it's like watching a bad porno. And that bullshit thing you two did on Valentine's Day? You degrade yourself in front of everyone.

THE SMART GIRL

At least I'm not like some 24 hour shampoo commercial. "Look at me! I can seduce anyone I want! Even girls!"

THE NEW GIRL

Fuck you.

THE SMART GIRL

Fuck me? There you are leading me on again. Go ahead, fuck me.

THE NEW GIRL

Cunt.

(CONTINUED)

THE SMART GIRL
Whore.

THE NEW GIRL
Dyke.

Beat.

THE NEW GIRL
We both know what's really going on. You're bored and lonely. I don't blame you. But you can't cause drama because your life feels numb. You should've just accepted that ages ago. But you had to keep pushing and pushing and pushing. So now I'm pushing you back. Go back to your boring existence. It's the same existence that everyone else is in.

THE SMART GIRL
Do you still love yellow? Yellow... You were right, a lot of songs have been written about yellow. But I think, like, there must be a hundred million times more songs about the heart. And I really like heart imagery. I find it neat; in fact, I find it resplendent! How's that for an SAT word? Huh? The heart is resplendent! That means *pretty*. But I guess you wont need a big vocabulary at community college or wherever the fuck it is you're going to. I'm surprised they're letting you graduate! I heard Mrs. Johnson almost flunked you out of AP Government. I bet you missed me then! (She starts singing) "Take another little piece of my heart, now baby!"

THE NEW GIRL
I can't fucking believe you!

THE SMART GIRL
Wow, I can sing too! Who would have thought! "You know you got it, if it makes you feel good, yeah!"

THE NEW GIRL
I mean, you're the one with the fucking boyfriend! How do you think he would feel about all this? Are you fucking him?

THE SMART GIRL
Sure am!

THE NEW GIRL
I don't understand why you're even with him.

THE SMART GIRL
You said no.

(CONTINUED)

THE NEW GIRL

Well, I'm really fucking glad you two have found each other. You're better off without me. And I'm only telling you this because... Just forget about me, ok? Stop being depressed, ok?

THE SMART GIRL

I'm not... I mean... why couldn't you be a boy? Boys at least make sense to me.

THE NEW GIRL

I thought you'd want to be the boy.

THE SMART GIRL

Do I look like I want to be a fucking boy?

THE NEW GIRL

Well, no. I mean... Oh fuck it.

Beat. They smile a little.

THE SMART GIRL

We're both very confused, aren't we?

THE NEW GIRL

No shit.

THE SMART GIRL

Why do we have to be confused? I mean, it's not a really big deal, is it?

THE NEW GIRL

Hey, we're all leaving soon. College is around the corner. You'll find a nice... person.

THE SMART GIRL

You know there are people I'd rather be with.

THE NEW GIRL

You should just leave me alone. Find someone else to fixate on. I just really can't have this on top of everything else... Guess this really is the fag room.

THE SMART GIRL

Why are you acting so fucked up?

THE NEW GIRL

Because I am fucked up! You shouldn't be near me! I'm fucked up! I have issues! You don't understand how jealous I am of you. You whine and moan and bitch about all the pain you feel. But you don't understand how lucky you really are. And yeah, maybe I am a cold fucking bitch. But I need to worry about more important things than a sexually confused friend.

(CONTINUED)

THE SMART GIRL

Am I that awful?

THE NEW GIRL

No. Look. I'm not like you, I can't feel extreme things. I just pretend to do outrageous things. I don't think I'm really a person.

THE SMART GIRL

Maybe you're a cat.

THE NEW GIRL

Maybe I am.

THE SMART GIRL

Why won't you give me a chance?

THE NEW GIRL

You're talking like a little girl.

THE SMART GIRL

I am a little girl.

THE NEW GIRL

What do you want?

THE SMART GIRL

I want you. I just want you! I just want you.

THE NEW GIRL

I'm not gay.

THE SMART GIRL

Why does that matter? I'm not gay, either... I miss you so much. Do you realize that this is the most we've talked in three months?

THE NEW GIRL

See! All we ever do is fight. I'm so tired. Don't you just want to stop fighting?

THE SMART GIRL

But if we stop fighting, we won't have anything to talk about anymore. And then you'll leave. It's not fair. You don't get to do that. Who's going to be nice to me and hold my hands when I'm having an anxiety attack? Who's going to tease me and make me giggle and think and cry and... Don't expect me to just sit and watch you leave. There are consequences. And you are just running away from them. Period. And I'm so scared of you leaving.

THE NEW GIRL

You know why you pushed me away. But I don't blame you.
You can't help who you like.

Long silence.

THE SMART GIRL

Please?

THE NARRATOR

I wish this made sense. But this isn't where things make sense. This is where your knuckles bleed from punching inanimate objects. Where you sit in the passenger seat of a car and suddenly remember that you aren't who you thought you were. Pain and hurt and sex and crying and just wait until the emptiness calls you on the phone and whispers your own insanity into your ears. Just wait until your spinal cord collapses underneath the weight of too much unspoken, unseen grief.

THE NEW GIRL

This is like some sort of sick joke. We're trapped in this tiny, incestuous little space. It's like being on an airplane. A fucking airplane.

THE SMART GIRL

From the bottom of my heart, I love you!

THE NEW GIRL

This is just too weird.

The New Girl Leaves.

THE SMART GIRL

The sky is beneath me, broken. Go to hell and leave me to my stomach acid. I am losing me. I am losing me in exchange for something mean and ugly.

Black out.

Fragment Six: The Sky is Shattered
like Broken Glass

*The New Girl holds a pen and dances with the moon.
The Smart Girl holds a high school yearbook.*

THE NEW GIRL

Life is about drama. Drama. Drama, right? Life is about drama. Life is about. Life is about. Drama. About drama. Drama. A hell of a lot of drama. A hell of a lot happened between us. A hell. A hell of a lot. Between us. A hell between us. Happened. Drama. Drama. It's in

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

THE NEW GIRL (cont'd)

the past now. It's in. It's over. It's over. It's in.
The past now. Drama. Life is about. Life is about to
change.

*The New Girl exits. The narrator creates a violent
nightmare.*

THE NARRATOR

Was that it? Was it over? Did you ever see her again?
Does she haunt you still? These sorts of things never
actually heal. People carry them around for lifetimes.
Like shrines.

Endings. They're all just doorways. We seem to be
staring at an archway, pillars, a new entrance. Are you
going to come in? It's filled with intestines and
seeds. I went in. So what? I had my intestines
obliterated. So what?! The leeches came and filled my
veins with sand. I saw. The fragments of broken heart
always rearrange themselves into an entertaining story.

I like to gaze out on the world: spinning and spinning
and spinning. Sing because my insides are gone! Sing
because you left me! Sing for my empty chest! Sing to
the rhythm of my missing heart! THIS IS MY LOVE SONG!

I had a devastating pain, once. Right in here. I almost
died. So I ripped it out. I ripped out my heart. It's
gone now.

It starts to rain.

No. That's wrong. It's all wrong. I can still feel it
inside of me. Beating. All of the pieces melting into
each other... But there's one piece missing. One
fragment left.

Where are you? I don't want to say good bye to you.

Fragment Seven: A Long Time Later

*The Narrator is driving The Smart Girl home. It is
raining. They are wearing normal clothing. The
Smart Girl looks older. The Narrator looks
younger, no longer wears a mask. The radio plays
softly.*

THE NARRATOR

We're the same person.

THE SMART GIRL

We are not the same person.

THE NARRATOR

There are all these things that happened to me. They're the same things that happened to you.

THE SMART GIRL

You weren't there.

THE NARRATOR

I was there. I was there with you all along.

THE SMART GIRL

It doesn't matter. It's time to let go of the past.

THE NARRATOR

It's raining pretty hard. We could keep driving for a while.

THE SMART GIRL

No, I don't think that's a good idea.

THE NARRATOR

No more late night trips together?

THE SMART GIRL

No... Listen, you need to stop calling me.

THE NARRATOR

God, I wish I could be you sometimes.

THE SMART GIRL

You know I... I need to leave.

THE NARRATOR

Please. Please don't leave me. One day you're going to wake up and realize that this is a mistake. That you shouldn't leave. That we could be really, really happy together.

THE SMART GIRL

You aren't making any sense.

THE NARRATOR

I can't stop dreaming about you. Every night it's the same single dream. And it's slowly killing me. There are all these moments. These moments that we shared. And they replay in my head over and over again. They won't go away. Nothing I do can make them go away. I don't eat. I don't sleep. I just think about you. It's... It's an ever-spinning dream. Of you.

There is a long, sad pause.

THE SMART GIRL

You need to talk to someone about this.

THE NARRATOR

I am talking to someone about this.

THE SMART GIRL

Someone who's not me.

THE NARRATOR

(stopping the car)

Here we are.

THE SMART GIRL

I need to leave now.

THE NARRATOR

I don't want to say good bye to you.

The Narrator suddenly kisses The Smart Girl. She pulls away, exits. The Narrator is alone.

THE NARRATOR

What happens when your heart is complete; expands to the size of the sky? What happens if you are embraced? If you are loved forever and ever and ever? Will the stars ever kiss your lips and make you smile? Could you love this dream, then? Is the nightmare finally over? What happens then?

The narrator sings softly to herself.

THE NARRATOR

Seven Fragments of my nighttime heart... dancing...

End.