

THE ARTISTS: A FULL LENGTH PLAY

by

Margaret Boschini

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THE ARTISTS: A FULL LENGTH PLAY

Project Approved:

Supervising Professor: Thomas Walsh, Ph.D, M.F.A

Department of Theatre

Harry Parker, Ph.D, M.A

Department of Theatre

Richard Allen

Department of Film, Television, and Digital Media

ABSTRACT

“The Artists” is a contemporary full length play that runs approximately 123 pages in length. The text is grouped into two acts, and contains six unique monologues. The show follows six college-aged artists as they grapple with their upcoming graduation, all while rehearsing an unfinished play. The show explores issues of finality, interpersonal relationships, and the nature of art itself through the lens of young adults without a clue. At its heart, “The Artists” is a modern comedy that presents a realistic look at the wacky, uncertain, and often hilarious reality of graduating with a degree in the arts.

“The Artists” was rehearsed and presented as a staged reading at Texas Christian University in the spring of 2018. It featured undergraduate student actors Brooke Arnold (as narrator), John Badar (as “JOHN”), Dalton Barlow (as “OLLIE”), Carroll Herring (as “JOHANNA”), Jacob Oderberg (as “EDDIE”), Paige Poe (as “BECCA”), and Camille Thompson (as “SALLY”). The show was written under the guidance and supervision of professors Thomas Walsh (Ph.D, M.F.A), Harry Parker (Ph.D, M.A), and Richard Allen.

The Artists
A play by Margaret Ellen Boschini

817.739.5113
m.e.boschini@tcu.edu
Version 4.

CHARACTERS

JOHN NEWSOME	(M, college aged) An acting student with a penchant for smoking weed and shaking up the status quo. Confident at first glance, but never after that.
EDWARD GLADSTONE (EDDIE)	(M, college aged) A bearded aesthetic who loves to paint and never makes a big deal about anything.
OLIVER LEVY (OLLIE)	(M, college aged) A writer whose cryptic behavior alienates those around him. Sweet, probably on the spectrum.
JOHANNA MARSH	(F, college aged) Confident young woman with a hot temper and strong presence. Not the nerdy type, but obviously intelligent.
REBECCA DANNON (BECCA)	(F, college aged) Bubbly type who wears emotions on her sleeve. A dreamer, a romantic, and a lover of theatre. It takes a smart person to see that she isn't stupid.
SALLY FORD	(F, college aged) A hardworking student with a sharp wit. Hard working, honest to a fault, and realistic.

Time: Present day

Place: A small college town, a small college apartment

The Set: The living room and kitchen of a university apartment. There is a sofa and a table in the central area, and a kitchen counter off left. Off right, a door to a “bathroom” leads offstage. Behind the living space there is a large back window, a back door, and several hanging paintings of various quality. The room should be intricately messy, the clutter morphing slightly with every scene. Two broad wooden boards stand on opposite edges of the proscenium. They have been painted with stars and planets. They aren't part of the apartment, they exist in a different realm.

ACT I
SCENE I

(Lights come up on the foreground of the stage. A young man (EDDIE, 22) stands in the light near one of the painted wooden boards. As he speaks, he paints some finishing touches on the panels. For the most part, he doesn't really concern himself with looking at the audience. The apartment set is present behind him, but not clearly visible.)

EDDIE

I don't know much about the configuration of the universe. But I've got Ollie's down pretty well. Gorgle next to Desa, three rings on the former, two on the latter. Tons and tons of stars but not too many meteors— don't ask why. Red for the hot planets, blue for the cold. I've got this all down pretty nicely. (beat) I'm aware that this is all wasted space in my brain. Like, after this play, I truly hope I can forget everything. Make room for more important stuff. I want to forget it all. Forget this theater even existed. Move on to something new.

(EDDIE leans back to see his work clearly)

EDDIE (CONT.)

Pretty awesome though, huh? Like you could reach right through it. Like you could just jump into it and stay there forever. Not that I would want to. I'm not an escapist. But it sounds pretty good, doesn't it? (beat) Sometimes my teachers say that to paint something good you need to know your subject inside and out. I think I disagree. You really only need to know the outside. That's the part you paint. (beat) And anyway...

(EDDIE knocks on the solid wood.)

EDDIE (CONT.)

There's no inside of a painting.

(BLACKOUT, EDDIE exits.)

ACT I
SCENE II

(Lights come up on the full stage to reveal the living room of a sloppy college apartment. No one appears to be home, but the muffled sounds of a two people fighting can be heard offstage. After a moment, a scruffy young man named JOHN (22) walks into view. He is seen through the back window as he walks towards the door with his clean cut girlfriend, SALLY (22). They continue to argue as they enter the house.)

SALLY

You're a bad person. Did you know that? You're a real shit person!

JOHN

Sally-

SALLY

You're a trash person! A pile of trash that just morphed into a human man!

JOHN

Sally-!! Listen to me!

(SALLY finally snaps and looks at JOHN)

SALLY

What?!

(He pauses to think of what can possibly be said before speaking out tentatively.)

JOHN

I love you?

(SALLY takes an incredulous beat.)

SALLY

Oh, fuck you!

JOHN

What?!

SALLY

I said, "Oh fuck you!"

JOHN
Yeah, I heard that.

SALLY
You're an animal.

JOHN
I thought I was a trash person.

(SALLY glares at him.)

SALLY
I'm leaving.

JOHN
Wait Sally, don't. Come on. I love you?

SALLY
Stop saying that.

JOHN
Stop saying what?

SALLY
"I love you?"

JOHN
See, I love you too!

SALLY
Shut up.

JOHN
Why can't I tell you I love you?

SALLY
Because.. Because...Because you're an emotional terrorist!

(John chuckles, amused at her comment)

JOHN
I'm sorry, what did you just call me?

SALLY

You heard me! You're a terrorist. And you're holding me hostage.

JOHN

How am I holding you hostage?

SALLY

You can't keep telling me you love me if you're leaving.

JOHN

Sally stop—

SALLY

I feel like one of those women that men just chain up in their basement for years.

JOHN

What women are those?

SALLY

They exist, John. It happens. And right now, I honestly feel emotionally chained in your basement.

JOHN

Lord Jesus.

SALLY

You think you can go out and do whatever you want, and I'll just sit here waiting around. Well that's not true! I have my own life and I'm not just giving it up to come with you!

JOHN

I'm not asking you to come with me.

SALLY

Exactly! See?

JOHN

See what exactly?

SALLY

It just kind of hurts. It's just kind of shitty. That you don't even want me to come.

JOHN

I'm sorry, did you not just yell at me for three hours about you *don't* want to follow me?

SALLY

I didn't yell. I'm not yelling.

JOHN

Not yelling.

SALLY

I just want you...to *want* me, John. I want you to want me with you.

JOHN

But you don't *want* to go!

SALLY

I know! ..but it wouldn't hurt to know that you at least wanted me to.

JOHN

So you're mad at me because you don't wanna come. But you're *also* mad at me because I'm not asking you to?

SALLY

It isn't like that! I mean it is, sort of, but you— ugh! You always do this!

JOHN

Oh god.

SALLY

What?!

JOHN

You *always* say that.

SALLY

What?!

JOHN

You always say, "you always do this", just like that. "You always do this".

SALLY

Well maybe if you weren't always doing so many stupid things!

Calm down. JOHN

No you calm down! I'm calm as fuck. SALLY

Calm as fuck? JOHN

Calm as absolute fuck. SALLY

(JOHN smiles.)

What? SALLY

Nothing. JOHN

What? SALLY

Nothing. It's just... you're so cute when you get angry sometimes. JOHN

Don't infantilize me. SALLY

Oh my god, Sally! Why do I always have to be *doing* things? I'm just saying that you're cute. That's all. That's it. JOHN

You shouldn't have told me to calm down. Now I'm all riled up. SALLY

You want a drink? Coke? Dr. Pepsi? JOHN

It isn't called a Dr. Pepsi. SALLY

What? JOHN

There's no such thing as Dr. Pepsi. SALLY

So what? JOHN

So what it matters! You're wrong!! SALLY

I'm just trying to get you a drink ok? I don't care if its Mrs. Pepsi or Mr. Pepsi or Lieutenant fucking General Pepsi, ok? (beat) I'm trying Sally, I really am. But you have to let me win sometimes. JOHN

You already won. SALLY

What? JOHN

I said you already won. SALLY

(SALLY looks at her hands in her lap. She takes a deep breath and stands)

Listen, I got stuff to do. SALLY

Stuff? JOHN

Homework. You know. SALLY

Sally...Look at me. Please. JOHN

SALLY

Homework.

JOHN

I'm gonna to miss you. More than anything.

SALLY

Yeah.

JOHN

I mean it. I was on the freeway today, earlier, just thinking about it, being alone without you, and it made me so upset. I just sat there driving, and I closed my eyes,

SALLY

You what?

JOHN

I just closed my eyes. And I thought Universe, God, whatever's up there, please, just show me what do do.

(After a beat, SALLY gathers herself to leave.)

SALLY

You closed your eyes on the fucking freeway.

JOHN

Yeah

SALLY

You closed your eyes on the fucking freeway. You know, that's exactly your problem, John. You think you're the only fucking guy on the freeway.

JOHN

Sally—

SALLY

That's not romantic, John. That's just fucked up.

(SALLY leaves in a huff. JOHN slumps onto the couch. He puts his head in his hands. Suddenly, a tennis ball rolls out from the kitchen area.)

JOHN

The fuck?

A loud clatter comes from the kitchen area as a young man named OLIVER (22) pops out from behind the counter, startling JOHN. OLIVER is holding a box of cereal, a slingshot, and another tennis ball.)

OLIVER

You think we have a mixer back here?

(JOHN looks at OLLIE, stunned for a moment by his sudden presence)

JOHN

What the fuck are you doing here?

OLIVER

Um, I'm looking for a mixer?

(JOHN stares at him, slack jawed. OLLIE explains.)

OLIVER (CONT.)

I was back here looking for a mixer and when I heard you two outside. So I ducked.

JOHN

You were eavesdropping.

OLIVER

No.

JOHN

You were.

OLIVER

No! I swear. I wasn't even listening!

JOHN

You had to be.

OLIVER

I wasn't! I was hearing but I wasn't listening—I promise.

JOHN
Then what the fuck are you doing?

OLIVER
(A Beat) I'm trying to make a Rube Goldberg machine.

JOHN
...A what?

OLIVER
A Rube-

JOHN
Is this a Jew thing?

OLIVER
No, it's a machine.

JOHN
A Jewish machine?

OLIVER
(Genuinely)
Well no, I don't think so...

JOHN
Then what is it?

OLIVER
It's... It's like a series of devices that are all lined up to create a big chain reaction. Like falling dominos.

JOHN
Ok...

OLIVER
And in the end they all kinda...link up, and complete some sort of task.

JOHN
A task?

OLIVER

Yeah. It usually ends in doing something simple. Like...feeding some fish, or taking a picture...
(*Beat, off JOHN's unimpressed face*) It's more about the process.

(*JOHN considers the idea for a moment.*)

JOHN

Sounds stupid.

OLIVER

You just don't get it.

JOHN

Oh, I get it. I just think it's stupid.

OLIVER

Well it isn't.

OLIVER

My slingshot. (*A Beat*) I'm trying to make a Rube Goldberg machine.

EDDIE

...A what?

OLIVER

A Rube-

JOHN

Is this a Jew thing?

OLIVER

No, it's a machine.

JOHN

A *Jewish* machine?

OLIVER
(*Genuinely*)

Well no, I don't think so...

EDDIE

Then what is it?

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A task?

OLIVER

Yeah. It usually ends in doing something simple. Like...feeding some fish, or taking a picture...
(Beat, off their unimpressed faces) It's more about the process.

(JOHN considers the idea for a moment.)

JOHN

Sounds stupid.

OLIVER

You just don't get it.

JOHN

Oh, I get it. I just think it's stupid.

OLIVER

It isn't stupid! It's-It's—

JOHN

Out.

OLIVER

What?

JOHN

Get out! And leave that fucking cereal, that's mine.

OLIVER

Can I take the mixer?

JOHN

OUT!

(OLIVER sets the box of cereal down and runs straight out the back door. JOHN sits on the couch and mocks him out loud.)

JOHN (CONT.)

“Um, I’m looking for a mixer.”

(Just then, a young woman (BECCA, 22) ENTERS from her room. She speaks, surprising JOHN once again.)

BECCA

We don’t have one.

JOHN

What?

BECCA

We don’t have a mixer. You broke it.

JOHN

Thanks.

BECCA

You ok?

JOHN

Yeah, why? Do I not look ok?

BECCA

I just thought maybe...

JOHN

You heard us.

(ENTER JOHANNA, 22)

JOHANNA

Don’t worry. We hear you having sex too. We just pretend it’s tennis.

(BECCA giggles and wrinkles her nose.)

BECCA

Ew.

JOHN

My Lord...

(JOHN raises his voice.)

JOHN (CONT.)

Is there no privacy in this goddamn house?!

(A voice from offstage is heard. It's EDDIE)

EDDIE (O.S)

Shut up and stop whining!

JOHN

Why don't you shut up!

(A slight pause)

EDDIE (O.S)

Okay.

BECCA

Eddie's painting me.

JOHN

Maybe you should get in there.

BECCA

He knows what I look like.

JOHANNA

I bet.

BECCA

It's sweet.

JOHN

Are we still gonna do that thing later?

What thing? BECCA

You know. With the... JOHN

Oh, yeah. Six thirty five. JOHANNA

Why then? BECCA

Ollie leaves for night class at exactly six thirty five every Wednesday. That way he can be ten minutes early, fifteen if he takes the bus. Clockwork. JOHANNA

Sweet. BECCA

But keep it down. You know. JOHANNA

Oh wait, he left. JOHN

What? BECCA

He already left. Like seven seconds ago. JOHN

Why? BECCA

I told him to fuck off. JOHN

And so he *left*? JOHANNA

Just bolted out the door. JOHN

JOHANNA

(beat) Okay. Well I guess we could get started then. Might take awhile.

BECCA

I'll get Eddie!

JOHANNA

He's not even in it.

BECCA

He's *involved*. We need his help.

(BECCA exits to retrieve EDDIE. JOHANNA places a light hand on JOHN's back.)

JOHANNA

Yikes.

JOHN

How bad?

JOHANNA

...

JOHN

Yeah, ok.

JOHANNA

You're lucky though. You have a... somebody.

JOHN

So do you.

(JOHANNA sadly shakes her head.)

JOHANNA

I wish.

JOHN

Sorry.

JOHANNA

I'm gonna miss you all so much. But with her, it's like... I dunno. It's like losing a part of me. Sorry, is that gay?

JOHN

I mean technically, yes.

(They chuckle)

JOHN (CONT.)

You're gonna find somebody great out there. I know it.

JOHANNA

I've got somebody great.

JOHN

Me too.

JOHANNA

Then why are we both getting out of here?

JOHN

I just don't have the balls to talk to Sally about—

JOHANNA

You don't need your balls to talk to her. You need your heart.

JOHN

Shit, could I sew that on a pillow?

JOHANNA

Oh fuck you!

JOHN

I'm serious!

JOHANNA

Real talk though, you have to break things off with Sally. Sooner than later. It's not fair to keep her hanging on like this.

JOHN

I know. She called me a terrorist.

JOHANNA

Oh yeah. That was great.

JOHN

Uhuh. (beat) But what if we just stayed together and—

JOHANNA

You really think you're ready for an adult relationship?

JOHN

Absolutely.

JOHANNA

You've been wearing that shirt this whole week.

JOHN

It's breathable.

JOHANNA

Listen, your air mask goes on first. Then you go help others.

JOHN

So my relationship's a plane crash?

JOHANNA

I wouldn't say that. But there is a lot of screaming.

JOHN

And needless loss of life.

JOHANNA

Ha.

JOHN

.I hate that you're right about this.

JOHANNA

I'm sorry, can I get that back on tape?

JOHN

You wish. (beat) You know, being with Sally is a lot like having a fish.

JOHANNA

Oh yeah?

JOHN

Yeah. Like when somebody gives you a goldfish for your birthday. And at first it seems like a really cool gift, but soon enough you realize it's just a living time bomb.

JOHANNA

Time bomb?

JOHN

Yeah. Because after you name it and put it in the tank, there's only so long you're gonna wanna watch it swim around before you're bored of it.

JOHANNA

So?

JOHN

So then you're stuck feeding a fish that you never asked for. And cleaning its nasty tank. Because a fish doesn't die when you get bored of it. And you realize that it was a shitty shitty gift, and that really, it wasn't a gift at all. It was more like, "Here, take these chores! Take this life in your hands, John!"

JOHANNA

Jesus.

JOHN

And you don't wanna kill the fish, because you aren't some kind of psycho, but the fish is becoming a problem. You love the fish, you know? But you still start having dreams about a flushing toilet...

JOHANNA

...And that's what Sally's like?

JOHN

That's what love is like, Johanna.

JOHANNA

Remind me to buy you a large box of condoms.

JOHN

Loudly, next time we go to target.

JOHANNA

So...your relationship is like a plane or a fish tank? This is dangerous metaphor territory...

JOHN

It's like a combination of both. Like a sea plane. An aquarium plane.

JOHANNA

An aquarium plane?

JOHN

Yeah like, for flying water animals around. Like fish.

(JOHANNA gives him a look.)

JOHN (CONT.)

They can't swim in the sky, Johanna.

(BECCA enters with EDDIE in tow. EDDIE is covered in paint stains. They both carry packets of paper.)

JOHN (CONT)

Aw shoot, let me go find my thing.

(JOHN exits toward his room.)

JOHANNA

So how's it going?

EDDIE

Good.

JOHANNA

I mean the painting.

EDDIE

Oh. Good.

BECCA

Eddie, Eddie. Tell her what you told me about my coloring.

EDDIE

Oh um, yeah, uh... It's good.

(BECCA leans in, expecting more.)

EDDIE (CONT.)

It's...very good.

(She leans back, smiling.)

BECCA

You hear that?? It's *very* good. I'm a winter.

(JOHN reenters. He holds up some coffee stained papers.)

JOHN

Got it.

JOHANNA

Great...

BECCA

Are we sure that we can do this? I mean... I don't want it to be mean or anything.

JOHANNA

It's not mean. It's helping.

BECCA

He still has time.

JOHANNA

Three weeks.

BECCA

But you think he'll get mad?

JOHN

Who cares?

EDDIE

He's right, Beccs.

JOHANNA

You aren't even in it.

EDDIE

Oh please. I hand painted every single inch of this show. I'm just as invested in this happening as you. If we never open, I'll have nothing for my portfolio.

JOHANNA

So I guess we all agree it's worth it then. .. Becca?

BECCA

Yeah, okay.

JOHANNA

Great. So where do we start?

BECCA

The beginning, I guess?

JOHANNA

Well we already have that.

EDDIE

We should start at the beginning, just to kind of feel it out. For the writing style.

JOHANNA

So you're a writer all the sudden?

EDDIE

It's common sense. If the style doesn't match it won't work. It'll be too obvious.

BECCA

He's right.

JOHN

This is bullshit.

JOHANNA

What?

JOHN

It isn't that hard to write.

JOHANNA

It isn't?

JOHN
No. You just...make something up. Right?

JOHANNA
Oh yeah?

JOHN
Yeah. All the greats did it. Shakespeare.

JOHANNA
Shakespeare?

JOHN
Shakespeare.

BECCA
When?

JOHN
The end of Hamlet!

JOHANNA
The end of Hamlet.

JOHN
The end of Hamlet.

BECCA
How so?

JOHN
Well, everybody just dies.

EDDIE
That's true I guess...

JOHN
So basically he just ran out of ideas, and made something up.

BECCA
So we just kill everybody off?

JOHN

No, of course not.

BECCA

Why not?

JOHN

Well for one, it's definitely been done. Read Hamlet.

JOHANNA

If I'm being honest, it isn't necessarily a great play to begin with.

BECCA

I think it's interesting. And...imaginative! You know?

EDDIE

It was risky. Space-age.

JOHANNA

It's okay, but like...It's just so nerdy. We could change that a little bit.

JOHN

Oh please. What could possibly be nerdy about "The marvelous adventures of Captain Katten: a Space Opera in three acts".

EDDIE

Well we definitely can't change the title. Or shorten it.

BECCA

Maybe it's supposed to be long. Like a stylistic thing?

JOHANNA

You mean intentionally confusing?

JOHN

That's the gist of the play, Jo. "Intentionally confusing" by Oliver Levy.

JOHANNA

I guess let's start at the beginning.

BECCA

No. We can't change the beginning. You said we would only add on.

JOHANNA

I just don't want our add on to be awkward is all. Like Eddie was saying.

BECCA

Well... I guess as long as we're looking at the beginning... I do have an idea to contribute.

JOHANNA

Shoot.

BECCA

I think I ought to have a taser.

JOHN

A what!?

BECCA

You know, a taser. Like a..zzzzzz.

EDDIE

Yeah, we know what a taser is. We just don't know why you need one.

BECCA

Well for one I think my character would...

JOHANNA

A taser?

BECCA

I dunno. Yeah. She just seems like a taser sort of girl.

JOHANNA

And what exactly is a taser sort of girl?

BECCA

Oh, you know, like a..zzzzzz. Like that kind of girl.

JOHANNA

Uhuh...

EDDIE

I guess it could be cool?

JOHN

Fuck it! Just add “carrying a taser”.

BECCA

No no.

(All eyes go to BECCA, who pitches her big change.)

BECCA (CONT.)

“*Brandishing* a taser”

(They all vocally regard this as an impressive comment. JOHANNA grabs a pen and marks her hard copy. Then, she switches over to her computer.)

JOHANNA

This is gonna blow em out of the water.

BECCA

Even Ollie?

JOHANNA

Even Ollie. He’ll be so proud that we finished it.

BECCA

I hope he’s okay.

EDDIE

What’s up with that kid lately?

JOHN

Lately?

JOHANNA

It’s graduation.

BECCA

He’s stressed.

EDDIE

Yeah, but who gets an opportunity like this and just throws it all away?

JOHN

Oliver Josiah Levy.

EDDIE

What a fuck up...

BECCA

Hey!

EDDIE

I'm sorry but it's like...if you wanna make it as an artist, like really make it...You can't just throw out bullshit like that. You have to work your ass off. You have to work your ass off *and* be lucky.

JOHANNA

That's true.

BECCA

Well then, I guess he's lucky that he's...lucky.

JOHN

Excuse me, *lucky??* Kid's the most unlucky guy on the planet.

JOHANNA

On his birth certificate, they spelled his name like O-L-E-V-I-R

(BECCA giggles.)

BECCA

"Olevir"

EDDIE

One time he bought box of Lucky Charms, and there wasn't a single marshmallow in it.

JOHN

Liar!

JOHANNA

Okay, I've got one. Have you looked at the bottom of his shoes?

EDDIE

Can't say I have...

JOHANNA

Covered in gum. Like he steps in it on purpose.

JOHN

Wouldn't be surprised.

BECCA

Okay, but how about that time he won in penny slots?

JOHANNA

Oh my gosh that was amazing.

(JOHN goes off laughing far longer than the others and reenacts the event.)

JOHN

His face. Dear god his stupid face. He was like.... And then... And then all the sudden the coins start coming out and he's all wahhhhhht! (beat) Sorry. Just his stupid face.

BECCA

Okay well maybe I didn't mean lucky. Maybe I just meant *sticky*.

JOHN

Sticky?

BECCA

Yeah. I don't know. It's weird.

JOHANNA

Sticky...

BECCA

Okay... Well you have your lucky people and your unlucky people, right? And if you're lucky, good things happen to you. If you're unlucky, bad things. But Ollie just gets...things. Good and bad. Stuff just...sticks onto him. There's not a word for that I think.

EDDIE

Well if there was, it probably wouldn't be sticky.

BECCA

Come on, You know what I mean. It's that "it" factor that makes you the kind of person things just...happen to.

JOHANNA

But things happen to everyone..

BECCA

Not exciting things.

JOHANNA

That's true.

EDDIE

Can we keep on?

BECCA

Oh sure. I'm sorry. But I can tie it in! Our hero should be someone that things happen to.

JOHN

You want your Oscar now, or later?

JOHANNA

No, she's right. The plot could use a little more action.

BECCA

Really?

JOHANNA

Well yeah. I mean, my character is cool and all but she's just a little...boring. She's too...good.

EDDIE

But isn't that the point?

JOHANNA

Characters should be dynamic.

JOHN

Like Hamlet.

JOHANNA

Why am I getting a feeling that's the only play you've ever read.

JOHN

I read a lot of articles.

JOHANNA

Uhuh.

BECCA

Come on.

JOHANNA

Okay Okay, let's focus. So right now the play ends with me sitting in my spaceship, and staring at the end of the universe.

EDDIE

So what's next?

JOHANNA

I guess we just have to tie up all the loose ends.

BECCA

That's the hard part.

JOHANNA

Right.

JOHN

I've got a question.

JOHANNA

Shoot.

JOHN

If Becca gets a taser, can I get like... a lightsaber or something?

JOHANNA

You want...a lightsaber?

BECCA

No, absolutely not. It's too close to a taser. People get confused.

JOHANNA

Between a taser and a lightsaber?

BECCA

Yes.

JOHN

I bet my cousin could get us a lightsaber to use. He works at a shooting range in out in Florida.

BECCA

You can't *shoot* a lightsaber, dummy.

JOHANNA

...You guys know that lightsabers aren't real...right?

BECCA

Oh... yeah duh of course.

JOHANNA

Also, that's a crap idea. We can't just make it Star Wars.

JOHN

Why not? It was pretty damn successful.

JOHANNA

Yeah, but it's already a movie.

EDDIE

Three movies, actually.

JOHANNA

Six.

JOHN

Nine.

JOHANNA

Who cares. Come on, let's get going. No more messing around. (beat) What if break up for a second, and all try to churn out like three good ideas?

EDDIE

Sounds good. Back in an hour?

BECCA

I'll go with Eddie.

(EXIT EDDIE and BECCA)

JOHANNA

Not really the point, but ok.

JOHN

I'm gonna go light up.

JOHANNA

Ugh. Please just—

JOHN

Close the door and open the window. I know.

JOHANNA

Right.

(EXIT JOHN. JOHANNA sits down on the couch. She thinks for a little bit. Types some things down on her computer. After a moment she goes to the kitchen. She pulls out a bowl, a spoon, and some milk, which she brings out to the living room table. Next, she grabs the cereal box that OLLIE put down earlier on the counter. She sits down, opens the box and starts to pour cereal into the bowl. Suddenly, a large ring box thumps out of the box into her bowl. She picks it up. It's unmistakable. She looks around and quickly stuffs it back into the box, which she then shoves under the couch. She is obviously in distress. She calls out towards JOHN's room.)

JOHANNA

Hey John?

JOHN (O.S)

Yeah?

JOHANNA

Can I um... Can I have some marijuana maybe?

(JOHN pokes his head out and smiles at her.)

JOHN

You sure you're not a cop?

(BLACKOUT END SCENE)

ACT 1 SCENE 3

(LIGHTS UP on EDDIE and BECCA, sitting in the living room. He's painting her.)

BECCA

So I thought that after graduation I'd go to New York, and try to book some shows out there. But what I'm really hoping is that I impress somebody important who comes to see the play.

EDDIE

Like who?

BECCA

Oh, plenty of people. With jobs.

EDDIE

Jobs, eh?

BECCA

Yup!

EDDIE

Stop moving.

BECCA

Sorry. (beat) I kind of wanted to play Johanna's character at first, you know? But now I'm happy I'm not the lead. Too much pressure. (beat) I probably could have done it though, right?

(EDDIE takes an actual, hard look at her. BECCA seems a little surprised that his answer was not automatic.)

EDDIE

Sure.

BECCA

Because I think we're equal actors, really. Do you?

EDDIE

Sure.

BECCA

Sorry that I'm talking so much. I guess I'm nervous is all. I've always wanted to be in somebody's painting. Well, not really actually, but now that I think about it it's pretty cool. What color is that?

EDDIE

It's blue.

BECCA

But I'm not wearing any blue!

(He shrugs)

EDDIE

You use it anyway.

BECCA

You do?

EDDIE

Uhuh. Stop moving.

BECCA

Sorry Eddie. (beat) Hey Eddie?

EDDIE

Uhuh.

BECCA

Do you think I'm stupid?

(His answer to this is immediate)

EDDIE

Nope.

BECCA

Really?

EDDIE

Really.

BECCA

Wow. I mean thanks. (beat) I wish I was quiet though, like you are. It makes you seem so smart.

EDDIE

Seem?

(She smiles flirtatiously.)

BECCA

Seem!

(He chuckles and shakes his head.)

BECCA (CONT.)

I just wish I could come up with something awesome for the play, you know? I wish I had some great idea.... Or Ollie's brain maybe.

EDDIE

Oh no you don't.

BECCA

He's a genius, Eddie. A little wacky, but still a genius.

EDDIE

It doesn't matter that he's a genius. He doesn't finish anything. And that's the hardest part.

BECCA

You could also say that starting is the hardest part.

EDDIE

You have to start to finish.

BECCA

Hmm... I guess so.

EDDIE

You can't win the race if you never finish.

BECCA

Like turtle and the hare.

Sure. Stop moving.

EDDIE

Sorry, sorry! I'm thinking.

BECCA

You don't have to move to think.

EDDIE

Oh, you're right. Sorry.

BECCA

It's fine. You're doing good.

EDDIE

(BECCA finally cracks, giggling and smiling at him again.)

Good? What was that?

BECCA

I was trying to say great and then I was trying to say good...(beat) I'm not a words guy. I'm a picture guy, remember?

EDDIE

Hmm...I'm not a words guy either. I think I'm more of like a...a...a show you person!

BECCA

(Eddie cracks up a bit)

A "show you person"?

EDDIE

Yes! Like, "let me show you".

BECCA

Okay... So where I would draw things, and Ollie would write things, you would just...

EDDIE

Show things!

BECCA

Like a show person.

EDDIE

BECCA

Oh my god... I just invented a word that already existed....Show people.

EDDIE

Maybe you're a words guy after all.

BECCA

Huh. Maybe I am. (beat) No, I don't think that I am.

EDDIE

You're pretty.

BECCA

I also used to—what?

EDDIE

I said you're pretty. I'm glad you're a show me person.

BECCA

...I'm sitting really still right now.

EDDIE

Thanks.

(EDDIE gets up and walks towards her.)

BECCA

What??

EDDIE

I'm just trying to fix something.

(EDDIE goes to BECCA and adjusts a bit of her collar and her hair. BECCA basks in the romantic moment. As he steps back to look at her she glances at him seductively.)

EDDIE (CONT.)

There.

(EDDIE starts to walk back to his easel)

BECCA

Wait...

EDDIE

What?

BECCA

Well...that was kinda the part where you were supposed to kiss me, wasn't it?

(EDDIE sits back down.)

EDDIE

What?

BECCA

Oh. Sorry. Never mind.

(BECCA sits quietly for a moment while EDDIE paints her. He notices her silence and realizes she's upset. He suddenly stands up, crosses the room quickly, and sweeps her into a romantic kiss, paint and all.)

ACT 1 SCENE 4

(Lights up on OLLIE as he stands in an aisle or on a cleared part of the stage. He is not in the apartment, but rather in a sort of limbo, "nowhere space".)

OLLIE

Captain Katten uh, started as a cat you know. My cat. His name was Captain. I got him after my mom died, but my then my second mom was allergic to cats. I got to keep him though, she let me keep him, but only in the back house after that. So naturally I spent a lot of time in the back house after that. The back house was scary, but I didn't mind like other kids my age. I wasn't scared of darkness, just maybe of death and people dying. Like that my dad would die, or my teachers, stuff like that. I used to think that cats could live forever because I'd never heard of a cat dying before. And I thought that that was awesome. Cuz cats are so tiny, and the world is so big, so they have all the time in the world to explore this giant, crazy universe. Then this one day, I don't know how, but somebody told me about DNA splicing, or something like that. And I got it into my head somehow that someday I would be able to take genes from the cat and put them in me, so I'd never die either. I think I thought that this was possible because I never really asked anyone to find out if it wasn't. Anyway, I also learned about space travel in school. Which I really liked a lot too, obviously. I never knew how big the universe could be before then, which was exciting to me. And so I guess that that's when I started Captain Katten. My mom's name was Katherine, but I couldn't say Katherine right until after she died. That's where Katten comes

from. In my stories she was brave and strong and immortal, with an entire cosmos to explore. And she looked just like my mom, but that's beside the point I guess. Well anyway, my cat Captain died when I was fourteen. By then I knew he would, but it still sucked anyway. A lot. But the idea of Captain Katten never died within me. Something about it, it was like a religion to me. Something I hung onto for hope when stuff got bad. Because I figured that even if she wasn't real, the thought of her was real, and that could be enough for me. That she was up there somewhere. I wanted to write my play about the Captain and her crew because to me they represent humanity. I know that sounds funny, because I just told you that they're immortal, but bear with me. Because technically, if you were immortal and you had all the time in the world, you'd just do everything a million times and get bored of it all. So I guess the play represents the limits of... well...everything. And I wrote it to send a clear message. Not to the audience really, but to myself. Nothing lasts forever. You're either gonna run out of time, or run out of space. I'm still grappling with that.

SCENE

OLLIE

I've never had a girlfriend.

BECCA

You've *never* had a girlfriend?

(OLLIE shakes his head "no")

OLLIE

I think I'm self absorbed.

(BECCA laughs a little.)

BECCA

But your play... It's so...romantic. I mean, it's really sweet, Ols.

OLLIE

You know don't tell anybody but—it's also all made up.

(BECCA laughs)

BECCA

Well some of it had to come from the heart.

OLLIE

The brain. The “heart” is in the brain.

BECCA

You don't have to be so literal about it.

OLLIE

(A beat) You know Becca, I think that you are easily the nicest person in the house.

BECCA

No way.

OLLIE

Yes way. Easily.

BECCA

You think?

OLLIE

You just have less to lose you know?

BECCA

Well that went from nice to... interesting.

OLLIE

I mean it's just... You've got stuff going for you, you know? You have real talent.

BECCA

We all have talent!

(OLLIE stops working and focuses on his words.)

OLLIE

We all have feelings. I don't know about the talent.

BECCA

Your writing's beautiful!

OLLIE

Please. I write about fake people having fake experiences based off of real experiences I haven't even had.

(She thinks this through.)

BECCA

I follow. (A beat) But it's not so much the process as it is the artistic product, no? It's *all* just illusion, but people fall for it anyway. Sometimes it's enough just to look from the outside.

OLLIE

You know, you're smart. You should be like that more.

BECCA

Not if it makes me like you...

(They both laugh a little. OLLIE turns back around to work on his machine, but he hesitates and turns away from it again.)

OLLIE

Hey Becca?

BECCA

Uhuh.

OLLIE

If I did something bad, I would probably tell you first.

BECCA

Uhuh.....

OLLIE

Okay.

(He turns back to the machine for a moment nervously.)

Hey Becca?

BECCA

Yeah Ollie?

OLLIE

I did something really, really bad.

BECCA

..You wanna talk about it?

OLLIE

No. But I have to. Cuz sooner or later everyone is just gonna figure it out anyway...

BECCA

Hey

OLLIE

What?

BECCA

Hey. Look at me.

OLLIE

No...

BECCA

No?

OLLIE

I can't.

BECCA

You can't?

(OLLIE, exasperated, turns to look at BECCA.)

OLLIE

It's not so much that I *can't*, it's just that I don't *want* to, you know?

(Off his look.)

BECCA

There you go.

(OLLIE awkwardly blurts it out.)

OLLIE

I didn't sign the lease release.

(BECCA laughs a little.)

BECCA

You what?

OLLIE

I didn't sign the- I didn't sign on to cancel the lease in time.

BECCA

(Realizing the gravity)

Wait...you what?

OLLIE

I *really* fucked up, Becca...I—

BECCA

We were 'sposed to sign that thing like three weeks ago...

OLLIE

I know, I know we were.

BECCA

Well what the hell happened, Ollie?!

OLLIE

I just totally forgot—

BECCA

You FORGOT?

OLLIE

No that's a lie, I'm sorry, I didn't forget, I just... I just got anxiety around it!

BECCA

You *what*?!

OLLIE

It just felt so official. Like all of us were leaving for forever. And I got anxious about it, Becca, I missed it.

BECCA

You know we ALL had to go and sign to get out of our lease. ALL of us.

OLLIE

I know...

BECCA

Johanna sent like seven emails!

OLLIE

I wasn't *checking* my emails, I was... I was... I was just like flagging them and saving for later.

BECCA

Why did you do that?! That's not what flagging's for!!

OLLIE

It kind of is!

BECCA

It isn't when you fuck it up that bad!

OLLIE

Oh God, I'm sorry okay? I'm so so sorry. (*Beat*) The guys are gonna kill me for this, ohmygod ohmygod ohmygod....

BECCA

Stop. Stop. Ollie- Stop! Listen to me. You HAVE to fix this. You have to call the leasing office and BEG.

OLLIE

I will. I will. I swear I will and I'm gonna fix it Becc. I just had to tell somebody cuz-

BECCA

You've got to.

OLLIE

But you have to PROMISE not to tell ANYONE until then, kay?

BECCA

Okay. I won't. As long as you go fix it.

OLLIE

Okay, Okay. I'll fix it.

BECCA

And work on your play while you're at it, because this thing really needs an end.

OLLIE

Okay. I'll do that too.

BECCA

We're counting on you for this, Ollie. *(beat)* And maybe quit with the machine too... It's just a-

OLLIE

Metaphor for my deep lack of direction?

BECCA

Distraction. I was gonna say distraction.

OLLIE

Oh. Yeah.

(BLACKOUT.)

ACT 1 SCENE 5

(Lights up on the apartment. BECCA, JOHN, JOHANNA and EDDIE are sitting on the couch again, looking over their scripts.)

JOHANNA

So you two got drunk...

EDDIE

And you two got high.

BECCA

What a break!!

JOHANNA

You've gotta start taking this seriously.

EDDIE

Us?! You guys got high!

JOHANNA

Hey, writers do that! It's helpful!

EDDIE

Is it?

(JOHN, who has been totally spaced out on the couch up to this point, immediately proves EDDIE's point by providing a foggy reply.)

JOHN

Umm..yeah!

JOHANNA

Alright whatever. Lets hear your ideas.

(BECCA giggles.)

BECCA

You're high!

JOHANNA

And you're drunk.

BECCA

Remember freshman year, when we went to Peter Thompson's?

JOHANNA

Yup.

BECCA

That was the funnest night... remember?

JOHANNA

Until you threw up.

BECCA

Until I threw up.

JOHANNA

Twice.

BECCA

Until I threw up twice. I love you.

JOHANNA

Can we just start now please?? Lets hear ideas. Eddie.

EDDIE

Alright, I really got one.

JOHANNA

Listening.

EDDIE

So right now it ends so far with the crew running up against the edge of space, right?

JOHANNA

Yeah.

EDDIE

Well I looked at some writing stuff online and what I basically ascertained is that all information has to be relevant.

BECCA

What do you mean?

EDDIE

I mean like... for example... If we write about your purple socks, its boring. Unless later, your socks being purple is an essential part of the story.

JOHANNA

Okay, so?

EDDIE

So the end of space thing has to be significant. If Ollie finished it himself, he would have used that fact to help wrap up the plot.

JOHN

The end of space...

JOHANNA

Okay, no, that's good. Keep going.

EDDIE

So maybe the main chick

Me JOHANNA

Can go off the edge of the universe! EDDIE

Wow. BECCA

Alright, let me get that down. JOHANNA

And have me use my taser! BECCA

I'm trying to write. JOHANNA

(BECCA whispers this time.)

Have me use my taser on them. BECCA

You're not helpful. JOHANNA

I'm sorry. (beat) I was just trying to incorporate ideas. Like maybe I could use my— BECCA

Sorry, can you just shut up for a second? JOHANNA

Geez, I was just talking. BECCA

Exactly. You're always "just talking". On and on and on, to anybody at all, anyone who will pay even the slightest bit of attention to you. JOHANNA

Jo I— BECCA

JOHANNA

Nothing you say means anything anymore because you talk so goddamn much.

EDDIE

Jo, stop.

JOHANNA

Oh, so you speak for her too now? She doesn't need another mouth.

EDDIE

You like her mouth.

JOHANNA

I like her ass too but that doesn't mean I have to deal with the shit that comes out of it.

BECCA

Stop! Oh my god, stop! I'm sitting right here!

(BECCA pauses, and runs off to her room.)

EDDIE

Well way to go.

JOHANNA

You think this was my fault?? Fuck you!

EDDIE

If you really loved her you'd be a little nicer.

JOHANNA

Don't tell me how to act. I've known her for years you know.

EDDIE

Oh, I've heard all about it.

JOHANNA

Don't think I don't know your shit too. It's been four months and you're already closing in on her.

EDDIE

You're wasting my time.

JOHANNA

You're wasting hers!

(EDDIE exits. JOHANNA rouses JOHN)

JOHANNA

Hey! Hey! Are you up?

JOHN

Sort of.

JOHANNA

Get up, and go to bed.

JOHN

Now?

JOHANNA

Now. No offense but you're useless to me like this. Get some sleep and then come edit with me in the morning. I'm pulling an all nighter.

JOHN

How come?

JOHANNA

I guess I just realized that I need this play to go over well more than ever now.

JOHN

Why?

JOHANNA

I'm gonna need a job in New York.

ACT 1 SCENE 5

(Lights up on JOHANNA in the same sort of "nowhere space" that OLLIE appeared in in scene 3. She still seems a little high.)

JOHANNA

Captain Katter was a dumb idea. It just was, let's throw that on the table to start. It was a second rate play that Ollie left because it stopped making *sense*. I don't think he ever had an ending in

mind at all. I mean, if the Captain is immortal, then what's the point of it anyway? She just goes on forever? I guess. So what are the stakes there, Ollie? And what kind of villain even chases an immortal super hero? Did they miss the memo or something? I think it bothers me the most because I really do love plays. I love to read a play. It's like a book you're meant to picture in your head. And it's predictable, even when it's not. Like, it'll have a beginning a middle and an end no matter what. And like Eddie said, nothing at all in a play is superfluous. In a good play, every sneeze can mean something, even something epic. The real world isn't like that. I don't have to tell you. The real world is a mess of loose ends and missed connections. The real world isn't castles and fairytales. It's not some brooding Russian drama or a series of clear cut parables. The real world is farting on a first date. It's...dirty laundry... Expired milk. Stuff like that. The real world is falling out of love, not all at once, but so slowly you never even notice. Drama, on the other hand, transcends all of this bullshit by cleaning up our lives. By giving all these senseless things meaning. I think it's because I'm an atheist that I'm super drawn to that. That sense of purpose. Cuz in the real world, there's just so much needless suffering. Bad things happen, people get hurt, and it's not *because* of anything. In some ways it feels like God is the playwright we invented for ourselves. Anyway, I'll go ahead and say it: I'm mad at Ollie. He created a world and he left it behind.

ACT 2 SCENE 6

(JOHANNA is once again in the apartment. It is still the same night. It seems late. She types furiously on her laptop until she hears a timid knock at the window. She goes to get the door. It's SALLY. She looks like she has been crying.)

SALLY

Hi Jo. Thanks. Is John here?

JOHANNA

I put him to bed. He's blazed.

SALLY

He wasn't answering his phone so I thought...

JOHANNA

You came all the way here?

SALLY

Yeah.

JOHANNA

You walked?!

SALLY

It's not bad.

JOHANNA

Let me get you a coffee.

SALLY

I'm fine—

JOHANNA

You look freezing.

SALLY

Thanks.

JOHANNA

Now close the door.

SALLY

Sorry.

JOHANNA

I'm not gonna pretend that I can't tell you've been crying.

SALLY

You don't look so hot yourself.

JOHANNA

Oh. I'm sort of high.

SALLY

Great...

JOHANNA

No it's fine I'm cool I'm...I honestly don't even feel anything if I'm being honest. (beat) You walked all the way here?

SALLY

Yeah.

It's like two AM.

JOHANNA

It's stupid.

SALLY

No shit.

JOHANNA

I mean at least I ran.

SALLY

You ran?

JOHANNA

For safety.

SALLY

That's stupid.

JOHANNA

Why?

SALLY

Someone sees you running they might just wanna chase you. You've already initiated half the chase.

JOHANNA

You're crazy.

SALLY

Nah, I'm just broken inside.

JOHANNA

Same.

SALLY

Cheers. (beat) I'm sorry John is such an ass.

JOHANNA

We kind of had a blowout...

SALLY

I know. You called him a “trash person”

JOHANNA

Pretty good one, right?

SALLY

Yeah.

JOHANNA

I think we’re gonna be ok though.

SALLY

Seriously?

JOHANNA

Seriously.

SALLY

Ok like together ok?

JOHANNA

What else?

SALLY

I guess I thought you wanted out.

JOHANNA

What’s that mean?

SALLY

You were “emotionally hostage”

JOHANNA

Jesus, don’t you guys have a TV or something?

SALLY

I guess I just... never mind. Oh shit.

JOHANNA

What?

SALLY

I'm so sorry Sally.

JOHANNA

Sorry why?

SALLY

I fucked you.

JOHANNA

Excuse me?

SALLY

I fucked you. I told John you two should break up.

JOHANNA

What?? Why?

SALLY

I was being an idiot and I just sort of tried to talk him into it. But I was doing it for you!

JOHANNA

For me?! I'm in love with him you idiot!

SALLY

Oh god..

JOHANNA

You think you're looking out for me by telling John to *dump* me? Really?

SALLY

I'll fix it, I promise!

JOHANNA

Stop freaking out.

SALLY

I ruin everything.

JOHANNA

No you don't.

SALLY

JOHANNA

I do though, I do. You and John, Beccs and Eddie... I tear people apart.

SALLY

Right now I only see you tearing yourself apart.

JOHANNA

They were gonna get married...

SALLY

Who?

JOHANNA

Becca and Ed.

SALLY

No way.

JOHANNA

He had a ring. I found it. I couldn't... Sally...I'm so in love with her.

SALLY

Oh honey...Can I take you to bed?

JOHANNA

Your drink.

SALLY

As kind as it is for you to offer me a coffee at two AM... I'm gonna have to pass. But thanks.

(SALLY leads JOHANNA into her room. Once they are offstage, BECCA enters and starts to sneak around. After a moment, SALLY returns from JOHANNA's room. Upon seeing her, BECCA jumps to attention.)

SALLY

Hey Becca.

BECCA

What's up? You staying here tonight?

SALLY

Don't think so. I was just about to leave. But hey, congratulations.

Why?
BECCA

The engagement.
SALLY

Huh?
BECCA

You know, with Ed.
SALLY

(BECCA's face lights up)

Is he...is he going to propose??
BECCA

Oh shit... did I ruin this...?
SALLY

Who cares?! Sally!! I'm getting married!!! Ahhh!
BECCA

Yaaay.
SALLY

I've been waiting for this day forever.
BECCA

I'm so sorry I—
SALLY

No, thank you!
BECCA

(BECCA wraps SALLY in a huge bear hug. SALLY is less than thrilled.)

Alright. Well. I gotta go.
SALLY

No, stay! We can celebrate! Champagne!
BECCA

SALLY
Maybe you should celebrate with Jo.

BECCA
She won't be happy about this.

SALLY
No. But Becca?

BECCA
What?

SALLY
Just...let her see how happy you are. It'll help. I promise.

BECCA
See you later.

SALLY
Later.

(SALLY exits. BECCA turns and SQUEALS. After a moment, she moves to pick up JOHANNA's computer. After a glance in all directions, she begins suspiciously typing. SCENE)

ACT 2 SCENE 2

(Lights up on the apartment. EDDIE is sitting in front of his easel staring at BECCA for reference.)

BECCA
...And I'm just saying it looked super tacky. Because you can't wear white to a wedding! Right?
(beat) Are you listening to me?

EDDIE
No.. I'm painting you.

BECCA
Ha Ha.

EDDIE

Be still.

BECCA

Sorry. You could've picked a better model.

EDDIE

No way.

BECCA

And why's that?

EDDIE

I want a picture of you. A nice one. I'll miss you when you go.

BECCA

When I go?

EDDIE

To New York, right?

BECCA

But you're staying here.

EDDIE

Yeah, that's why I want it. To remember.

BECCA

Remember what?

EDDIE

Remember you, silly.

BECCA

Remember me?!

EDDIE

Yeah. When I stop seeing you.

(BECCA fumes. She gets up and knocks EDDIE's easel straight over.)

BECCA

Get a fucking Instagram, you twat.

(BECCA storms off. EDDIE, a bit bewildered, looks after her.)

ACT 2 SCENE

(JOHANNA is attempting to rub a stain out of the couch. BECCA enters wearing a messenger bag with her script in hand.)

BECCA

Hey.

JOHANNA

Hey.

(BECCA starts to leave the house.)

Where you going?

BECCA

Uh, rehearsal.

(BECCA continues towards the back door.)

JOHANNA

Early?

BECCA

Yeah, I thought I'd go practice my blocking real quick before everybody gets there.

JOHANNA

Oh. *(Beat)* Hey I'm really sorry about last night.

BECCA

It's okay.

JOHANNA

It isn't.

BECCA

It's fine. *(Beat)* What are you doing?

JOHANNA

I'm cleaning the couch. Well, I'm trying to at least. It's filthy and if they send someone around from leasing we're screwed.

BECCA

You're rubbing it in, you know.

JOHANNA

I know.

BECCA

Let me help.

(BECCA grabs a rag and starts to help JOHANNA.)

JOHANNA

We're always cleaning.

BECCA

And yet this house is a pig sty.

JOHANNA

Cuz we're also always making a mess.

BECCA

How are you? Transfer wise?

JOHANNA

I—

BECCA

I'm not trying to stir up shit I swear. I just want to know where you're gonna be.

JOHANNA

I had an audition yesterday. It was for that conservatory program we looked at.

BECCA

So how'd it go?

JOHANNA

Went well I guess. But terrible.

BECCA

Did you mess it up?

JOHANNA

I wouldn't say so, no. I mean no. I didn't mess it up at all. I picked the perfect song. And a killer monologue, too. I did that one about dating in New York that always gets me laughs. And I wore that flow-y yellow halter dress I wore to my sister's wedding. I spent about an hour on my makeup, too. I even curled my hair—which you know I'm really bad at— but it actually looked sort of good when it all came together. I looked good. I felt genuinely...pretty I guess. And when I got to the audition and I walked in the room, I don't think I've ever held my head so high. *(Beat)* I hit that note, too. The super high one. Nailed it. And the three guys at the casting table seemed really impressed with that, that note I hit. I just kept thinking how great it was that they were actually looking at me, and watching me. They seemed so genuinely interested in me. And when I got around to doing my monologue, they laughed at every part I wanted them to. On cue. Just everything. So by the time finished my audition I was practically beaming, you know? I was already thinking about how it could be, if I went there, if I got in. The friends I would make, the shows we would do. I think I put more effort and passion into that three minute audition than I have in the last three months of my life. I was *trying* again. Like actually trying. And then when I finished I said thank you, and the director looked at me, right in the eye. And he opened his mouth, and he said—

BECCA

What did he say!?

(A pause)

JOHANNA

.. “Nice tits.”

BECCA

No!

JOHANNA

Yes.

BECCA

No!!

JOHANNA

Uhuh.

And what did *you* say??

BECCA

I said, “thank you”.

JOHANNA

Thank you???

BECCA

“thank you”.

JOHANNA

You *thanked* him?!

BECCA

I *thanked* him.

JOHANNA

Why didn't you tell me about this?

BECCA

We weren't really talking ...

JOHANNA

Oh yeah. Sorry.

BECCA

It isn't your fault. I've been literally the worst.

JOHANNA

..You do have really nice tits though.

BECCA

Shut up!

JOHANNA
(*Jokingly*)

BECCA

No I'm serious, you do! Maybe your tits are SO nice, that even if you'd had a *perfect* audition they'd've been all those men could look at.

JOHANNA

“Nice tits.” Nice. Like my boobs were tiny philanthropists. “Nice tits”.

BECCA

“Kind tits”

JOHANNA

“Friendly tits”

BECCA

“Amenable tits”

(The two girls laugh.)

JOHANNA

Am I just asking to be treated this way if I wanna be an actor?

BECCA

That’s a sad thought to think.

JOHANNA

It’s like...part of casting is already judging someone by their body, and I feel those lines get crossed really easily. Maybe I’m over exaggerating this entire situation, I don’t know.

BECCA

I don't think you're asking for it Johanna.

JOHANNA

I'm not exactly protecting myself.

BECCA

Somebody once told me that you should only be an actor if you think you couldn't possibly be happy doing something else. Is that you?

JOHANNA

I guess I could see myself as a teacher maybe. Although one of my teachers did tell me once that you should only be a teacher if you think you couldn't possibly be happy doing something else.

(They laugh.)

BECCA

I'm sorry I ignored you, Jo. I didn't think...

JOHANNA

I know. I'm sorry I was rude. *(beat.)* Let's stop it with the sorries.

BECCA

I love you, Jo.

JOHANNA

I love you too. So much.

(They hug.)

I'm so sorry for being a bitch, I'm happy for you Becc, I really am. I guess it just would've been easier to end on a sour note, you know? I've been so...rude to everyone and I just feel myself pushing them away but there's nothing I can do about it. I'm trying to quit it, but it just seems so easy to storm out. It's easier to leave angry than sad.

BECCA

But wouldn't the sadness just come up later?

JOHANNA

What do you mean?

BECCA

Anger just seems so...temporary. Like it's really just a placeholder for sadness, right? You can't stay angry forever. It fades no matter what.

JOHANNA

Becca, I am awestruck by your emotional intelligence.

BECCA

(Jokingly)

Get off!

JOHANNA

It's gonna suck to leave you.

BECCA

We can text and call. And video chat!

JOHANNA

But what if you find a new best friend?

BECCA

But what if *you* do?

JOHANNA

I couldn't.

BECCA

Well neither could I. Besides, I can't imagine anyone else with nicer tits.

JOHANNA

I can't imagine anyone else who I'd actually want to *joke* about this with.

BECCA

We've never been great at taking serious things seriously, have we?

JOHANNA

But we're *really* great at taking stupid things seriously, huh?

BECCA

I think we've all gotten so stressed out that we forgot to just be friends with each other.

JOHANNA

I know. We should all be closer than ever now, not like this. It's just hard.

BECCA

Well hey, we might all be here 'til next July anyway.

JOHANNA

Not funny.

BECCA

He promised me he'd fix it.

JOHANNA

He'd promise you anything, Becca.

BECCA

I guess you're right.

That's Shakespeare
That's Tupac
That's irrelevant.

To Hamlet two.
To Hamlet two.

Shakespeare as a bad writer.

JOHANNA

Ending and not telling you where to go- don't you hate that? When things just end? And there's no one telling you where to go? Maybe that's why I like plays. Because even when it ends there's a purpose. It makes sense. But sometimes, things just end. And the lights come up. And you can't stay here anymore.

I wanna be pretty. Like, really pretty. Like the girls you see in magazines and billboards.

