

SWIMMER. You think?

ROCKER BOY. She's a large gal.

SWIMMER. I kinda like that.

ROCKER BOY. You would. Do you ever think like: what if you could wear the same thing all the time? Or like if your clothes were just glued to you with like permanent glue, like they were just fused to your body like skin?

SWIMMER. I don't think that, no. I can't even wear my own body hair.

ROCKER BOY. That sucks.

SWIMMER. Tell me about it.

Scene 3

(The bell rings. The hallway before first period class. ANGRY POET GIRL and ENVIRO BOY are conversing by their lockers.)

ANGRY POET GIRL. Where are my pills! Who took my pills!

ENVIRO BOY. Hey hey hey, relax.

ANGRY POET GIRL. Do not tell me to relax. I hate when people tell me to relax. It's not like I can just turn myself on and off, like some kinda robot. I mean, sometimes I wish I could. I wish I could like just switch myself on and off, like physiologically, so I wouldn't have to deal with all these morons. Which one of you morons took my pills! I hate you all!

ENVIRO BOY. If we were like back in the Sixties, things would be way better. No cell phones giving you brain cancer, no WiFi RF waves ripping through your body, or like alien hormones implanted in the corn so that we're all gonna be like children of the corn.

ANGRY POET GIRL. Did you take my pills?

ENVIRO BOY. I did not take your pills. I only steal from corporations.

ANGRY POET GIRL. Because if you took my pills, I'm gonna rip your heart out.

ENVIRO BOY. You're a very angry person, aren't you?

ANGRY POET GIRL. I'm not angry. I'm assertive. Look, how can I explain this in terms you'll understand? I know. What if someone stole your pot?

ENVIRO BOY. Pot's natural. It's like medicinal. And hemp is like the coolest plant in the world. Hemp will save the environment. Besides, I think you need your pills a little too much.

ANGRY POET GIRL. Yes, I need my damn pills. I know I need my pills. Do not judge me.

ENVIRO BOY. If you could just like do some yoga maybe, do some meditation, cut back on the caffeine and the processed sugar which I think—no offense—makes you kinda aggro.

ANGRY POET GIRL. Wake up! Wake up! You want me to be all like stinky hippie vegan girl. Well, that's a fantasy. You're living like a fantasy. You're all like: "Save the environment. Eat tofu. Live in the forest like some kinda hippie vegan elf. Wear shoes woven from hemp. Smoke your shoes."

ENVIRO BOY. Okay, "Reefer Madness." And, look who's talking. Your poems are total fantasy: "With the sky in my uterus, I bear the storm."

ANGRY POET GIRL. They're my musings. I'm like using my imagination. Like Sylvia Plath.

ENVIRO BOY. Sylvia Plath stuck her head in an oven.

ANGRY POET GIRL. She was really intense.

ENVIRO BOY. She was really messed up.

ANGRY POET GIRL. You're messed up. Stoner. I can't believe somebody stole my pills. WHICH ONE OF YOU LOW LIFE SCUM STOLE MY PILLS!

ENVIRO BOY. Dude, don't like yell. Just like calm down, breathe, take a deep breath and like center yourself before you chew your own tail off.

ANGRY POET GIRL. Shut up, hippie.

(Light on the NEW GIRL chewing her cuticle.)

ENVIRO BOY. Look, that chick is the only one that didn't look at you when you yelled. It's like she didn't even blink. And she looks high. She didn't even make eye contact. I think she's like guilty. I think she's the one.

ANGRY POET GIRL. Look at you. You're such a cop.

ENVIRO BOY. I'm not a cop.

ANGRY POET GIRL. You're right. You're not a cop. You're a judgemental hippie and that's even more lame. *(To NEW GIRL:)* Hey. You. Where are my pills?

(The NEW GIRL looks at ANGRY POET GIRL.)

ENVIRO BOY. Wait wait wait, you can't just ask her. You gotta like phrase your question just right so like no matter how she responds you get an answer from her like body language or like her word choice. You can't just like ask her a yes or no question.

ANGRY POET GIRL. You ask her then.

(ENVIRO BOY approaches NEW GIRL.)

ENVIRO BOY. Her pills are missing.

NEW GIRL. Sorry?

ENVIRO BOY. What are you sorry for?

NEW GIRL. Sorry?

ENVIRO BOY. I said, what are you sorry for?

NEW GIRL. I'm sorry.

ENVIRO BOY. Don't play dumb. What did you do with her pills? Answer me. You answer me right this minute.

(The NEW GIRL runs off.)

ANGRY POET GIRL. Nice work, detective.

ENVIRO BOY. Shut up! I can't believe I just did that. It's like I just turned into my parents.

ANGRY POET GIRL. It's the cop inside. You can't escape the cop inside.

ENVIRO BOY. What does that mean? What does that even mean?

ANGRY POET GIRL. It means I still don't have my pills and my life's going down the toilet!

Scene 4

(The sound of a toilet flushing. The Girls' Bathroom. The LIPSTICK LESBIAN and the SECRET SLUT are waiting for the handicapped stall. Someone is in the handicapped stall.)

LIPSTICK LESBIAN. There's other stalls.

SECRET SLUT. I'm waiting for this one.

LIPSTICK LESBIAN. It's the handicapped stall.

SECRET SLUT. Whatever.

LIPSTICK LESBIAN. Why do you need the handicapped stall?

SECRET SLUT. Like it's any of your business. Maybe I like the extra room. Maybe I like to spread out. Maybe I like the extra little table thingy so I can set my purse down.

LIPSTICK LESBIAN. Yeah, but you're not handicapped.

SECRET SLUT. Oh but you are, aren't you?

LIPSTICK LESBIAN. My girlfriend would call that, "special abilities."

SECRET SLUT. Gross.

LIPSTICK LESBIAN. I bet I could change your mind.

SECRET SLUT. Wouldn't that like undermine your whole like biological argument?