

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?

LIPSTICK LESBIAN. People like things for all kinds of reasons. Sometimes people are just like, lonely.

SECRET SLUT. I'm not lonely.

LIPSTICK LESBIAN. OK.

SECRET SLUT. I'm not.

LIPSTICK LESBIAN. I didn't say you were. *(Beat.)* Look, like, I know all about you. I mean, you don't have to pretend that you're all goody-goody miss squeaks when she walks. I don't care that you've slept with half the school.

SECRET SLUT. I have not—

LIPSTICK LESBIAN. Yeah. Yeah you have.

(The sound of the toilet flushing.)

LIPSTICK LESBIAN. So did you do the reading?

SECRET SLUT. This weeks and next weeks. What do you want to know?

LIPSTICK LESBIAN. I want like the Cliff Notes version.

SECRET SLUT. What are you gonna give me?

LIPSTICK LESBIAN. Love.

SECRET SLUT. I don't want your love.

LIPSTICK LESBIAN. Are you sure about that?

SECRET SLUT. Yes I'm sure.

LIPSTICK LESBIAN. You're sure?

SECRET SLUT. Positive.

LIPSTICK LESBIAN. So what do you want?

SECRET SLUT. What do you have in your purse?

LIPSTICK LESBIAN. I don't have a purse. My mother has a purse. I have a really nice unisex bag.

SECRET SLUT. Fine. What do you have in your really nice unisex bag?

LIPSTICK LESBIAN. Three dollars, some change, a Bic pen, a comb, and some Listerine breath strips.

SECRET SLUT. Give me the breath strips.

(The LIPSTICK LESBIAN gives the SECRET SLUT her Listerine Breath Strips. The SECRET SLUT places a breath strip on her tongue.)

LIPSTICK LESBIAN. All right, I'm waiting. I don't have all day.

SECRET SLUT. A very lonely man sculpts a statue of a woman, she comes alive, and they live happily ever after.

LIPSTICK LESBIAN. That's it?

SECRET SLUT. That's it.

LIPSTICK LESBIAN. So what kinda story is that?

SECRET SLUT. It's a story about a really lonely person.

LIPSTICK LESBIAN. We're all lonely.

SECRET SLUT. Yeah, but he's like very very lonely.

LIPSTICK LESBIAN. How would you describe his loneliness?

SECRET SLUT. I don't know.

LIPSTICK LESBIAN. Is it like he feels like a freak and like nobody will ever get who he is?

SECRET SLUT. I don't know. Maybe, yeah.

LIPSTICK LESBIAN. Or is it like he wants this thing, but if he tells people what it is, if he's like honest, people will be like totally repulsed.

SECRET SLUT. Yeah. Yeah, I think so.

LIPSTICK LESBIAN. What about the girl?

SECRET SLUT. What girl?

LIPSTICK LESBIAN. The fake girl. The statue.

SECRET SLUT. I don't know. The story doesn't really address her inner life or anything like that.

LIPSTICK LESBIAN. But she must be like totally freaking out. I mean, think about it: one minute, you're like this inanimate object, and the next minute, you're like human. And you have all these thoughts and feelings that you've never had, and it's like too much. And maybe the guy, the sculptor guy, maybe he's not what she thought he'd be. Maybe he's kind of a geek. Or maybe he's kinda cold and distant, and acting all weird.

SECRET SLUT. Maybe he just wants like one thing.

LIPSTICK LESBIAN. Or maybe he wants something else, but he doesn't even know how to say what it is, because he's scared and freaked out himself and kinda socially retarded.

SECRET SLUT. Because most guys are socially retarded.

LIPSTICK LESBIAN. You know, I don't think you can generalize. I mean, like if you're gonna hook up with some guy you don't even really know, of course he's going to be socially retarded because the whole situation is socially retarded.

SECRET SLUT. Are you like imparting some kinda life lesson? Am I like in an after school special?

LIPSTICK LESBIAN. I just personally think maybe you should get to know people before you hook up. That's all. That's me.

(The sound of the toilet flushing.)

SECRET SLUT. What is going on?

LIPSTICK LESBIAN. I'm not sure.

(The LIPSTICK LESBIAN starts knocking on the door of the handicapped stall.)

LIPSTICK LESBIAN. Hey. Hey. Are you OK in there? Hey.

(The NEW GIRL bursts out of the handicapped stall. She's been crying.)

NEW GIRL. Not OK. Not OK. I'm a freak. That's what he sees when he looks at me, except he doesn't look at me. He won't look at

me. He pretends I don't exist. I try to catch his eye, but he looks the other way. And all I want to say, I just want to say: "Look at me, talk to me, touch me."

(The NEW GIRL runs out of the bathroom.)

Scene 5

(An empty classroom. STRAIGHT A GIRL and SUPER ACHIEVER BOY work on their college applications together.)

STRAIGHT A GIRL. Do you think we'll get in?

SUPER ACHIEVER BOY. I don't know.

STRAIGHT A GIRL. I sense doubt. Doubt will kill you.

SUPER ACHIEVER BOY. Harvard is a long shot. Even with a 4.0, stellar recs, and a million extracurriculars, it's still a long shot. We're competing against Olympic athletes and child celebrities and people who were like home-schooled in like...Utah. You know. Interesting people.

STRAIGHT A GIRL. We're fascinating.

SUPER ACHIEVER BOY. Not really.

STRAIGHT A GIRL. All we need is like a special skill.

SUPER ACHIEVER BOY. I know that. You think I don't know that?

STRAIGHT A GIRL. In my spare time, I'm an amateur archeologist. My favorite city is Pompeii.

SUPER ACHIEVER BOY. No.

STRAIGHT A GIRL. Pastry chef. I like to bake cakes and pies and cinnamon buns.

SUPER ACHIEVER BOY. No.

STRAIGHT A GIRL. I sing. I write my own songs and sing them. Like Fiona Apple.

SUPER ACHIEVER BOY. Give me a break.