

**SURFER GIRL.** She's this new girl. I think she's maybe like an exchange student or something.

**SKATER.** Wow. *(Beat.)* You know, I think the statue, it came to life cause the guy took one look at her, and he was like blown away, cause she was like no other girl he ever knew, and he wanted her worse than anything.

**SURFER GIRL.** It's just a story.

**SKATER.** What if it's not? I mean like, what if it's not just a story? What if it's like bigger? What if it means something?

**SURFER GIRL.** I don't know. Don't get all philosophical on me. It's way too early in the morning.

## Scene 2

*(The sound of a whistle. The high school swimming pool. Morning swim practice is finished. SWIMMER is getting out of the pool. ROCKER BOY is waiting for him.)*

**ROCKER BOY.** Nice Speedos.

**SWIMMER.** These are for speed not style, Band Boy.

**ROCKER BOY.** I'm bringing the cut-off jean shorts back.

**SWIMMER.** Nice Capri pants.

**ROCKER BOY.** Capri pants aren't all frayed at the bottom.

**SWIMMER.** At least they're not Daisy Dukes.

**ROCKER BOY.** Daisy what?

**SWIMMER.** That hot chick on Dukes of Hazard? She like wore these short shorts? Never mind.

**ROCKER BOY.** These aren't short.

**SWIMMER.** They're Capri pants.

**ROCKER BOY.** You'll be sporting them in six months.

○ SWIMMER. You know, you could wear like a burlap sack and the chicks would still be into you. You just keep playing that guitar and it doesn't matter what you wear.

ROCKER BOY. Whatever. You used to play the guitar.

SWIMMER. I had to quit. My hands like outgrew the guitar. I couldn't play.

*(We hear a splash.)*

SWIMMER. Oh my God.

ROCKER BOY. What?

SWIMMER. Check it out.

ROCKER BOY. What?

SWIMMER. That girl. She's like, like...

ROCKER BOY. Naked.

○ *(SWIMMER and ROCKER BOY watch the NEW GIRL swim back and forth the length of the pool underwater. She's naked.)*

SWIMMER. Are my eyes like deceiving me?

ROCKER BOY. I see it, too.

SWIMMER. That's like...crazy.

ROCKER BOY. I would say so.

SWIMMER. She looks kinda familiar.

ROCKER BOY. Yeah. I think she's in my third period bio class. I think she's from like Estonia.

SWIMMER. That's cool.

ROCKER BOY. Yeah.

SWIMMER. Maybe they swim naked in Estonia.

ROCKER BOY. Yeah.

○ SWIMMER. That's hot. She's hot.

ROCKER BOY. Sorta. She's kinda thick.

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.