

“Trust Me, I’m Okay”

***Written by
Jasmine Rutigliano and Louise Steinberg***

Completed 19/12/2018

Cast of Characters

LINDSAY. F. Student who is in a prolonged state of mental breakdown. Her parents aren't accepting of her sexuality which causes major conflict within her life. Dark humour is her favourite coping mechanism and she occasionally makes jokes that are too far. Somehow has managed to get top marks in all of her classes despite putting in minimal effort. It's a good thing she has people to regulate her, or else she would definitely fall apart.

ERIN. F. High school student on the brink of graduation and freedom. She's the girl who took BuzzFeed quizzes to figure out if she was queer. If she got out of bed every once in a while, she could be doing much better in life. She trusts the wrong people and doesn't trust the right ones, which often leads to her getting into emotional trouble.

SIDNEY (SID). F. She's both the new girl and the "token straight friend." Everyone assumes she's gay because of her friends and personality, but she swears she isn't. Kind-hearted and caring, she just wants to make new friends and enjoy her senior year in a brand new school.

CALVIN. M. High school student who just wants to find a boyfriend before he graduates high school. He can be problematic, and very clueless, but cares about his friends and is loveable. He has an infamously bad taste in both guys and fashion.

ANNALOUISE. F. She's the reliable "mom friend." Always has snacks and bandaids on hand. She seems sweet, but if someone messes with her friends or family, they had better move out of the country and change their name. She cares deeply about equality, thanks to being brought up by two fathers.

ANNA. F. Erin's girlfriend and Lindsay's friend. She's the obsessive type, to the point of stalker-like tendencies. Erin is her first love, and she doesn't know how to handle a relationship, but tries her best to be sweet.

MAYA. F. The "girl next door." She's Erin's first love, and worst heartbreak. She's kind of a flake and tends to jump out of relationships when things get too serious, but despite that she's still very sweet.

BRIDGET (BRENDON if M). F or M. High school student who happens to run in the same circles as "the gang." She's overly confident and has no right to be. The kind of person who thinks that pity is going to get her far. Shrill voice that leaves a person's ears ringing.

ALEXA (ALEX if M). F or M. Erin's best friend. She just wants to look out for her friends, but doesn't have the confidence to push through to get them help.

DOMINIC PETERSON. M. A science teacher at the school teaching Chemistry and Advanced Physics. He took Lindsay under his wing when she was a freshman and has basically become a surrogate father to her. A huge nerd and loves all things science. He's also gay, and has a bit of a dark past that allows him to relate to what Lindsay, and some of his other students are going through. When someone crosses him or those he cares about, he can be incredibly petty. The one teacher that values students opinions and genuinely cares about people.

MICHELLE. F. Lindsay's coworker and girlfriend. She recently graduated and works at a coffee shop in Downtown Calgary. She's very obsessive-compulsive, and is very organized and neat. She has her own array of issues going on, but doesn't feel the need to pile the stress onto her girlfriend. She's mature enough to understand that sometimes you have to let go of the people you truly love, if you want them to be happy.

COOPER. M or F. History teacher at school. He gets concerned about his student's well beings, but would prefer to keep his distance and pass it on to whoever is standing in a close enough proximity. He's friends with Dominic and thankful that one of the two of them is going to deal with student emergencies.

CALVIN'S MUM. F. A good mother to Calvin and his siblings, and a proud member of the PTA. She cares very much for her children and her greatest wish is for them to be comfortable enough to share every detail of their lives with her. So far, she hasn't done a bad job. A little clueless about pop culture references, but makes an effort.

CALVIN'S DAD. M. Your typical "macho man" father. The kind of guy to take his son fishing and play catch in the backyard with him. That said, he is the more socially cultured of him and his wife, but doesn't like to advertise that. He hopes that his kids can be open with him, but he isn't one to need to know the nitty gritty details - as long as they're healthy and happy, so is he.

Scene List:

“Coming Out is Not So Hard To Do”
“Firsts”
“Welcome to Canada, Motherf*cker”
“I Still Have Things That Make Me Happy”
“The Beginning of Something Beautiful”
“I Found Steel Dish Pads”
“Unrequited”
“An Interesting Introduction”
“Dominic and Depression”
“Intervention”
“Bridge-b*tch”
“You Incompetent F*ck”
“The Letter M”
“We Were On a Break”
“Go Deal with Your Sort-of Child”
“When a Rebound Becomes Too Real”
“It’s Not About Her”
“New Roots”
“It’s Worse to Fake a Fire than to Put Out a Spark”
“A New Type of First”
“That’s Enough”
“Behind the Spotlight”

Scene #1
“Coming Out is Not So Hard to Do”

Lights up on CALVIN, sitting alone in his living room. CALVIN isn't overly nervous, but admittedly a little on edge. Enter CALVIN'S MUM and CALVIN'S DAD in semi-formal dress, chatting to themselves.

CALVIN'S MUM: Calvin, sweetie, are you gonna be okay tonight? We'll be back by 12-12:30.

CALVIN: Yeah, Mum, I'll be fine.

CALVIN'S DAD: *(what's going on here...)* Are you sure? If you're not feeling well, we can cancel, *(to his wife)* I'm sure Amanda and Rob wouldn't mind.

CALVIN: No, no! I'm good. *(Beat)* But could you guys maybe sit down for a second?

CALVIN's parents share a look.

CALVIN'S MUM: Of course.

They sit on either side of CALVIN, looking increasingly concerned.

CALVIN: I'm gay.

No one moves. A pin could drop on stage and be heard. Finally, CALVIN'S DAD frowns and shifts away.

CALVIN'S DAD: Didn't we already do this?

CALVIN: What?

CALVIN'S MUM: James! *(smacks him)*

CALVIN'S DAD stands up.

CALVIN'S DAD: No, no no... We definitely have had this conversation before. Like six years ago.

CALVIN: When I was nine? I didn't even know I was gay when I was nine.

CALVIN'S DAD: But we did.

CALVIN: This is unbelievable. I've been worried about this for the past three years, and I finally come out only to be told that you "thought we already had this conversation."

CALVIN'S MUM: (*angered*) Calvin! You were worried?

CALVIN: Uh, yes?

CALVIN'S MUM: I'm hurt that you weren't sure you could tell us. I thought we've made it very clear that you can come to us with anything.

CALVIN: Well, I mean, I knew you guys would be okay with it, but you can never really be sure...

CALVIN'S DAD: Kid, you can always be sure that we're going to love you unconditionally. Okay?

CALVIN: Okay.

They all exchange quick hugs.

CALVIN'S DAD: (*sarcastically*) Well, we better not keep Amanda and her "banana carrot surprise" waiting.

CALVIN'S MUM: We'll see you later, honey. Hey! Maybe we can watch, uh... *Brokeback Mountain* together?

CALVIN is horrified by that thought.

CALVIN'S DAD: Nancy, that's ridiculous. We'll watch some *Queer Eye*, sound good?

CALVIN: (*in a state of disbelief*) Sounds good.

Scene #2 "Firsts"

ERIN stands alone.

ERIN: Maya was my first love. It's funny, because even though she hurt me, there are moments I replay in my head wondering where I went wrong - wondering how two people who love each other so much and so unconditionally can be so... unhappy. Sometimes I wish I could take it all back. She was my best friend before she was my first love, and I'd do anything to go back in time and fix my mistakes.

Enter ALEXA, holding a phone. ERIN pulls a phone out of her pocket and begins to type.

ERIN: Dude, I think I'm in love with Maya.

ALEXA: Aha, I knew it.

ERIN: What should I do?

ALEXA: Tell her.

ERIN: I don't know.

ALEXA: Just do it.

ERIN: Okay.

Enter MAYA, holding a phone. Lights down on ALEXA.

ERIN: I love you.

MAYA: I love you, too.

This is an average casual conversation between them.

ERIN: No, I mean like, I *love you*-love you.

MAYA: I *love you*-love you, too.

ERIN looks down at her phone in frustration.

ERIN: No, Maya, you don't get it. *(ERIN takes a deep breath)* I *Love you, Love you.*

MAYA: *You* don't get it, I *Love you, Love you,* too.

ERIN: Maya, I'm in love with you.

MAYA: I'm in love with you, too.

Lights down on MAYA.

ERIN: If I could go back I never would have told her... *(Beat)* *(Looks down and smiles)* But I can't say I regret that I did.

Lights up on MAYA and ERIN cuddling.

ERIN: I love you.

MAYA: I love you, too, you goof.

ERIN: I really love this song.

MAYA: I think it's our song.

ERIN: Oh? Really? We have a song. *(smirks)*

MAYA: *(playfully hits Erin)* Shut up, you goof.

They look at each other and smile. ERIN pulls MAYA into a big hug. Lights down.

ERIN stands alone, once again.

ERIN: Saying that I miss her would be an understatement. But then I realized something, she wasn't worth it. She wasn't worth the tears, the anxiety, the sleepless nights, my suicide attempt, or the scars on my body. *(Beat)* And from then on all she was to me was a happy memory.

Enter MAYA holding her phone.

MAYA: *(typing)* We need to talk.

ERIN: Are you breaking up with me?

MAYA: Just call me.

ERIN: Maya, are you breaking up with me?

ERIN's phone rings and she picks up.

ERIN: Maya?

MAYA: I can't do this anymore.

ERIN: Maya...

MAYA: We're both unhappy. *(Beat)* *(Her voice cracks)* You refuse to get help.

ERIN: I can get help, I can change.

MAYA: (*Sincere*) It's too late for that.

ERIN: What do you mean? I thought you loved me.

MAYA: (*Beat*) I do love you.

ERIN: (*Hope in her voice*) Then we can work through this. Please... (*Defeated. She realizes that it's over. For real, for real.*) Please, give me another chance.

MAYA: I've given you enough chances to get better, to change, but you won't and I'm- (*beat*) I'm not happy anymore.

ERIN: (*Pitiful*) Please-

MAYA: I can't.

ERIN: Do you love me?

MAYA: (*Beat*) Yes.

ERIN: Then stay.

MAYA: I- I can't. (*as if saying "I love you"*) Goodbye.

MAYA hangs up the phone and exits.

ERIN: I don't blame her for leaving me. I was a mess. I said things to her that I regret; I was battling with mental illness and refused to get help, and to put it simply: I was needy as fuck. But she taught me a lot about myself and about love. The breakup pushed me to reflect on myself and change for the better. It's ironic because I'm now the person she always wanted me to be. In the end, Time just wasn't on our side. Timing truly is a bitch, but whatever, I guess (*deep sigh*) I'm "happy" now.

Scene #3

"Welcome to Canada, Motherfucker"

SIDNEY is grimly standing in the hallway of her school.

SIDNEY: At the end of my sophomore year my parents decided to ruin my life and move to Canada. Fuck them. I was happy in Little Rock. I had friends, I had a life, I was getting *laid*. Then my Dad decides to move to Calgary for work and all of a sudden I'm getting on a plane

and flying to a place I'd now have to call my home? Maybe I should be used to it by now. I moved around a lot when I was younger but eventually we settled in Little Rock, Arkansas. I finally felt connected to one place and now I was being forcefully uprooted like a fucking tree. Fuck them. They don't get it. High school is scary enough *with* friends, but now I'd be the weird new girl from Arkansas who eats lunch alone. I could hear the fucking sister wife jokes already. *(takes a deep breath)* Being in a new city all summer with no friends sucks serious ass. I'm not the only newbie, there are tons of international students, but none of them have even made eye contact with me. So far, the first week of school has been terrible. Honestly, fuck Canadian Texas. I just wanna go home.

Scene #4

"I Still Have Things That Make Me Happy"

Enter LINDSAY, carrying an armful of textbooks and contemplating how many textbooks would be needed to break her neck and avoid going to her math class. Kids run around frantically looking for classes or chatting to each other. ERIN, CALVIN, and ANNALOUISE stand huddled together. LINDSAY stops, looks around at the chaos that makes up the high school hallway, and turns to the audience. As she does so, everyone else freezes.

LINDSAY: *(as if revealing a secret)* I'm one of the few individuals here who is actually *excited* about being back in this trash school in this trash city. My parents are sort of, well... assholes, and I can't stand to spend more than five minutes in the same room with either one of them. That, paired with the fact that I've never really had to put effort into any one of my classes means that this year will be great, if only I can stay out of the house and maximize my time with my friends.

LINDSAY crosses over to ERIN, ANNALOUISE, and CALVIN and gestures to them.

LINDSAY: We're a bit of an odd group, bonded mostly by our mutual participation in the school play every year, as well as the fact that we're all just a little bit gay. Some more than others *(gestures to CALVIN)*; some not queer, but "in touch with the gay experience" because of her two fathers *(gestures to ANNALOUISE)*.

Everyone unfreezes.

ANNALOUISE: *(points to LINDSAY's textbooks)* Sweetie, you're an idiot if you think you're actually going to be able to handle your courses this year.

LINDSAY: I'm sure I'll be fine.

CALVIN and ERIN burst out laughing. Enter DOMINIC, looking down at his phone and slowly walking.

ERIN: Why the fuck would you want to actually have to do work? I'm taking three classes this year, and one of them is *acting*.

ANNALOUISE: Well, some of us didn't finish our graduation requirements last year, so I'm stuck taking Earth Science with a bunch of 14-year-olds.

CALVIN: That's rough.

ERIN, CALVIN, and ANNALOUISE chat as LINDSAY says goodbye heads in DOMINIC's direction. DOMINIC looks up from his phone.

DOMINIC: Hey, Lindsay. How was your summer?

LINDSAY: Hi, Peterson. Umm, it was... *(She awkwardly trails off)*

DOMINIC: *(He fills in)* Interesting? *(Beat)* Wanna talk about it?

LINDSAY: Yeah... that might be good. Good thing is, I'm in your class again this year.

DOMINIC: I saw. Oh, how I missed your smartass remarks last year.

LINDSAY: It's not like you're any less of a smartass.

DOMINIC: That's fair. I'm excited for another year of science-y puns.

LINDSAY: You betcha *(finger guns)*

DOMINIC: Come see me later. I'll be in my office, doors-

LINDSAY: -always open. I'll find you at lunch.

DOMINIC: *(Feeling as though he's accomplished something, when really she probably would've come to see him anyway)* Okay. I'll see you then. *(He begins to walk away)* Nice to see you, Lindsay!

LINDSAY: You too! *(to audience)* Dominic Peterson. Teaches Honours Chemistry and Physics, and runs the engineering club, debate club, *and* the tennis team. Also, he happens to be pretty gay. He took me under his wing when I was a freshman and we've been close ever since. It's nice to have someone to talk to - someone who's been through it all: the coming out, the depression, the mental chaos. I can pretty much always rely on him. It's actually sort of terrifying how well he knows me. He'll look at me for five seconds and know to ask me how much I slept last night or if anything happened this morning. He's observant - in tune with that sort of thing.

Last year, my shitty peers started calling me “Mini Dominic” because they’re assholes, but I mean, if I had to be compared to someone, I’m certainly not mad it’s him.

LINDSAY: Yeah, I’m a *bit* of a mess, but I’m fine, really. I’ll be fine. I still have things that make me happy... my friends, most of the time; my teachers, most of the time; theatre, most of the time... (*tentative pause*) Michelle. (*While the change in tone is interesting for the audience, we decide not to let it sink in too long, as LINDSAY quickly exits*)

Scene #5
“The Beginning of Something Beautiful”

SIDNEY storms into class and sits down next to ANNALOUISE.

ANNALOUISE: Hey, are you okay?

SIDNEY: (*snapping*) What? Do I not look okay? I’m fucking okay, just leave me alone.

ANNALOUISE: Hey, I was just asking if you were good. No need to go off.

SIDNEY: Sorry, It’s just been a rough couple of days.

ANNALOUISE: Rough... (*looking for an explanation*) As in.... (*random hand gestures*)

SIDNEY: (*unamused*) Rough as in my parents decided that my life didn’t matter.

ANNALOUISE: (*okay...*) What do you mean?

SIDNEY: They made me move here.

ANNALOUISE: You’re new?

SIDNEY: Yeah.

ANNALOUISE: Cool. I’m Annalouise, don’t try giving me a nickname. Believe me, it makes everything more confusing.

SIDNEY: (*shocked at her kindness*) I’m Sidney. You know, you’re the only person that’s even said hi to me today.

ANNALOUISE: (*sighs*) People suck, don’t they?

SIDNEY: Amen.

They look at each other and begin to laugh.

Blackout.

Scene #6
“I Found Steel Dish Pads”

Set at a coffee shop. Milk’s being frothed, people are chatting, and MICHELLE is wiping down counters. LINDSAY enters, and picks up her apron from behind the counter.

LINDSAY: Hey, Michelle, sorry, I’m late. I just -

MICHELLE: Oh no, you’re not late.

LINDSAY: *(slightly confused)* Aren’t we working the same shift? *(realization)* You’re early.

MICHELLE: I like getting here early.

LINDSAY: Punctuality is supposed to be my thing.

MICHELLE: Suck it. *(They grin at each other.)* I’m sorry. Just tell me to shut up, if I’m being annoying.

LINDSAY: I don’t think you’re annoying. *(They stare somewhat awkwardly at each other before breaking eye contact.)*

MICHELLE: I don’t think you’re annoying either.

LINDSAY: *(half-joking)* That might be the nicest thing anyone’s ever said to me. *(Semi-awkward pause.)* So, when do you go back to school?

MICHELLE: Next week. Hey, I was thinking maybe we could grab a coffee or something before I leave.

LINDSAY: *(in literal shock)* Seriously?

MICHELLE: Seriously. I’m gonna go scrub the sinks. *(genuinely fucking excited)* I found steel dish pads!

LINDSAY: That’s - awesome. That’s really awesome.

LINDSAY picks up MICHELLE’s cloth and enthusiastically wipes down the counters.

Scene #7
"Unrequited"

CALVIN and ERIN sit on a bench together.

CALVIN: I'm having a crisis.

ERIN: Aren't we all? *(Beat)* Sorry, what's up?

CALVIN: I really like this guy, but I know he's straight.

ERIN: Yeah...

CALVIN: I don't know what I'm supposed to do, do I tell him?

ERIN: Don't tell him, that'll just make everything messier, believe me.

CALVIN: It's not like we're great friends. I have nothing to lose.

ERIN: I don't want you to get your heart broken over some random straight jackass.

CALVIN: Okay, but what if he likes me back?

ERIN: You said he's straight.

CALVIN: *(very much wishful thinking)* I mean I think he's straight, but I don't know for sure.

ERIN: Do you want him to be gay?

CALVIN: I like him... So, obviously, yeah.

ERIN: Look, sometimes you think that you and another person would be perfect together but that's just your imagination being stupid.

CALVIN: I guess.

ERIN: Listen, Calvin, we've all been there. It's not worth it. Please try to get over him. I know it's hard. I've been there too. You make things up in your head because you don't want to face your reality, but eventually you have to. I don't want you to get hurt.

CALVIN: Okay, I'll try to get over him. Thanks, Erin.

ERIN: No problem.

They hug.

ERIN: Come on, let's go, everyone else is waiting for us.

They exit.

Scene #8
"An Interesting Introduction"

SIDNEY sits at a cafeteria table alone studying. She has her earphones in and is clearly not being productive. Enter ANNALOUISE. She sits down next to SIDNEY and pulls the earbud out of her ear.

SIDNEY: *(annoyed)* What? *(realizing it's Annalouise)* Oh! Sorry! Hi!

ANNALOUISE: *(rolling her eyes and laughing)* Not the greeting I was expecting but I guess I'll take it.

SIDNEY: *(taking it seriously)* I'm sorry I-

ANNALOUISE: *(laughing harder)* I was kidding.

SIDNEY: Oh. *(She smiles and starts to laugh too)* What's up?

ANNALOUISE: *(Drawing it out)* Well..... You said you wanted to meet my friends....

SIDNEY: Yeah I-

ANNALOUISE: So I asked them if they wanted to meet you and-

SIDNEY: And?

ANNALOUISE: And they're gonna be here in a sec.

SIDNEY: Oh boy.

ANNALOUISE: Don't worry, they're *(struggling to find a positive word)* an interesting bunch.

Enter CALVIN, LINDSAY, and ERIN. LINDSAY looks like a mess and stands there awkwardly with CALVIN. ERIN sits down next to ANNALOUISE.

ERIN: Hey I'm Erin, (*pointing to them*) that gay looking one is Calvin, and the one that looks like she's been run over by a bus is Lindsay (*ANNALOUISE wacks ERIN*) OW!

LINDSAY: Serves you right.

LINDSAY and ANNALOUISE laugh together. SIDNEY watches in confusion

ANNALOUISE: Sorry, I forgot to tell you that they're all *dumbasses*.

CALVIN: (*offended*) Hey! What did I do?

ERIN: Come on, Calvin.

LINDSAY: We all know she's right, let's not pretend she's not. (*Clearly, she's not actually talking to him about "science-y things"*) I have to go talk to Mr Peterson. About science-y things. Yay, science! Love chemistry, love it. Okay, I'm going to go now.

CALVIN: Have fun with your dad!

LINDSAY: He's not my bloody father-

CALVIN: Could've fooled me.

LINDSAY: Oh, shut up. See you guys at lunch?

ERIN: Yeah. (*LINDSAY exits, and ERIN turns to SIDNEY*) Do you wanna eat lunch with us?

SIDNEY: Umm... Sure?

ERIN: Cool. See you later, then.

Exit ERIN.

CALVIN: (*Awkwardly*) I should probably get to class. See y'all at lunch. (*He awkwardly waves and exits*)

SIDNEY: You're right. They are an... (*little beat*) interesting bunch.

ANNALOUISE: Ha!

SIDNEY: Thanks for introducing them to me.

ANNALOUISE: Don't worry about it. (*She gets up*) I'll see you at lunch, right?

SIDNEY: Yeah, for sure.

ANNALOUISE: Great! See you then! Now get back to “studying.”

They both laugh. ANNALOUISE exits and waves goodbye.

Blackout.

Scene #9
“Dominic and Depression”

Lights up on DOMINIC, holding his laptop in one hand, as he writes notes - while facing the audience - on the “board” with the other. ERIN, CALVIN, ANNALOUISE, and SIDNEY are frozen in tableau, eating lunch. There’s a timid knock on the doorframe, the door of which is open. Dominic looks up and gives a small smile, turning to face the mess at his door.

DOMINIC: Hey... what’s up? (*This is a regular occurrence. He has a very good idea “what is up.”*)

LINDSAY: Could I - uh, talk to you for a minute?

DOMINIC: Of course. (*He motions for her to continue.*)

LINDSAY: (*rushed*) Everything in my life is a mess, I-I can’t focus, I’m practically flunking all of my classes, my parents and I are constantly battling over everything. I just - can’t deal.

DOMINIC privately smiles to himself.

DOMINIC: It’s quite typical to be unable to deal when you’re depressed.

LINDSAY is distraught. She hadn’t said that word. DOMINIC puts down and closes his laptop.

DOMINIC: As you know I- (*he takes a deep breath*) I’ve been in your shoes before. And it sucks. Somedays, it feels like you’re drowning, and it’s easier to just swim down. (*He looks at her pointedly*) Have you been sleeping?

Well, shit. She shakes her head, it’s not like she can lie to him, anyway.

DOMINIC: I wasn’t either. It got really bad, I’d barely slept for months and I was completely incapacitated. I would snap at everyone, I couldn’t think rationally, I couldn’t teach. I wasn’t sure if I was gonna be able to finish the year. When I finally came out, it got... easier. Not right away, it still sucked, but eventually I was able to become a fully-functioning human again. I remember the night I came out to my brother. I wasn’t instantly better, but it was the first time I actually

slept a full night in what felt like forever.... It does get better, Lindsay. I'm not a fan of sentimental bullshit, but it really does. I think, right now, I can offer you a dozen temporary solutions, but the thing that's gonna at least stop all of your anxiety about the uncertainty of everything is coming out to your parents. Because, once it's out... it's out. And it's kind of just like "well.. *what the fuck*". (*shrugs*) Okay?

They over-enthusiastically nod at each other.

DOMINIC: C'mere. (*he holds his arms out*) I'm going to hug you now.

They hug.

LINDSAY: Thank you.

As they part, LINDSAY notices the notes on the board.

LINDSAY: Hey, (*gesturing to board*) I'd tell you a joke about chemistry, but I don't think I'd like the reaction I'd get.

DOMINIC laughs way too hard for a joke that stupid.

DOMINIC: I like that one. I'm stealing it, it's mine now.

LINDSAY heads for the door.

DOMINIC: Check in with me tomorrow, okay?

LINDSAY: I will. Don't worry. (*He's worried.*)

LINDSAY exits through the door, as she exits ERIN, SIDNEY, CALVIN, and ANNALOUISE unfreeze from their tableau. LINDSAY walks over to meet them and DOMINIC returns to writing notes on his board.

Scene #10
"Intervention"

LINDSAY, ERIN, SIDNEY, CALVIN, and ANNALOUISE sit on the floor and boxes or benches.

ANNALOUISE: Lindsay, are you okay?

LINDSAY: Yeah. I'm fine.

ERIN: Bullshit!

ANNALOUISE: Erin! We were gonna ease into it.

ERIN: Whoops.

CALVIN: Lindsay (*looks at her with concern*) if you weren't okay you'd tell us, right?

LINDSAY: For sure, my dude. (*finger guns*)

There's a very awkward moment where no one believes this, but no one is going to call her out on it.

SIDNEY: So...

LINDSAY: Wow, it's suddenly very awkward.

ERIN: Just (*sighs in annoyance*) don't die please.

ANNALOUISE: Lindsay, you know we're here for you, right?

LINDSAY: Of course.

LINDSAY gets up and begins to hurry off stage. Exit Lindsay.

ANNALOUISE: Wait! *Lindsay!* (*to group*) Where the fuck is she going?

CALVIN: We'll see you later at rehearsal, right?

LINDSAY: (*yelling back*) Wouldn't miss it for the world.

ANNALOUISE glares at ERIN who responds with a shrug.

Exit ANNALOUISE and ERIN.

CALVIN and SIDNEY awkwardly stand next to each other.

CALVIN: So..... Do you know any polygamists??

SIDNEY rolls her eyes, grabs her bag, and walks off stage. Calvin looks down at his phone and beams at the message he has gotten. He hurriedly runs off stage, typing furiously.

Blackout.

Scene #11
"Bridge-bitch"

CALVIN, ERIN, ANNALOUISE, SIDNEY, and LINDSAY are all sitting together eating sushi.

LINDSAY: I'm just saying, whether or not you like him, Winston Churchill won World War Two for the Allies and-

ERIN: Trash!

ANNALOUISE: You fucking Brit.

LINDSAY: See but he funded Alan Turing's (SIDNEY: King!) work which resulted in the Enigma Machine, therefore: won the war.

CALVIN: Alan Turing is truly a gay legend.

They all vocally agree with that.

Enter Bridget.

BRIDGET: *(squeals)* Oh my god! Hi, guys!

CALVIN and ERIN look at each other and roll their eyes.

CALVIN: *(fakely sweet)* Oh, hi, Bridget.

BRIDGET: Oh my God, are you guys eating sushi? I love sushi so much! One time when I was 11, I ate so much sushi that they kicked me out of a buffet.

ANNALOUISE: Riveting.

ERIN chokes from laughing and scoffs. LINDSAY grabs her drink and takes a big sip to avoid outright laughing and/or saying something she'll regret.

ERIN: Didn't you say last week that you were allergic to sushi and *rice*?

BRIDGET: Uhhhh no... I said I was allergic to miso soup, silly.

ERIN: Yeah, okay, Bridget.

BRIDGET: Oh my god, guys, can I join y'all?

LINDSAY: Sorry Bridget, but I think they ran out of everything... except for, you know, miso soup. (*ANNALOUISE kicks LINDSAY under the table. Hard.*) Ow!

BRIDGET: Oh, that's fine, I can just watch you guys eat. We can chit-chat (*CALVIN snorts.*)

SIDNEY: Yeah, sure... but there's no room to add another chair. We can get sushi together another time.

BRIDGET: Oh my god, really? I'm SO excited! That would be *amaze!* Okay, bye, guys!!

Exit Bridget. Erin waves sarcastically.

LINDSAY: Good riddance.

ANNALOUISE: (*hits Erin on the head with her binder, she's sitting the closest to ANNALOUISE out of her annoying friends.*) Be nice.

ERIN: Why? She's so fake.

CALVIN: Truth.

LINDSAY: Say it louder for the people in the back.

SIDNEY: Guys, we should at least try to be nice to her.

LINDSAY: I *strongly* disagree. She's fake, she lies about everything; her voice makes me want to rip off my ears and shove them down her overused throat and-

SIDNEY: Okay, okay, okay. Too graphic.

ERIN: I agree with Lindsay. Bridget makes me want to jump off a cliff.

CALVIN: Doesn't everything though?

ERIN: (*laughing*) Shut up. (*Whacks him with a chopstick.*)

ANNALOUISE: I still think we should try to be nice.

ERIN: Being nice is for pushov-

LINDSAY: (*interjects*) Like Bridget.

CALVIN: How fake was that story about the buffet?

SIDNEY: I'll admit that seemed pretty fake.

ANNALOUISE: Okay... It was obviously fake, so?

ERIN: So?

CALVIN: *(slamming hands down on table)* She's a pathological LIAR.

LINDSAY: Tell me something I don't already know.

Erin looks down at her phone.

ERIN: I've gotta go, guys, I'm meeting Anna.

CALVIN: Speaking of pathological liars...

ERIN: Shut up. She's *(trying to find a word)* sweet.

ANNALOUISE: Oooooo, how is that going?

ERIN: It's.... fine... I don't know. *(beat)* Something doesn't feel right.

SIDNEY: Spill.

ERIN: Nah, it's nothing. She's just *(beat)* She's not Maya.

SIDNEY: Who's-

CALVIN: Mhmm, I wonder if it'll still be fine when she starts stalking you.

LINDSAY: Hey, she's my friend too. *(Whacks Calvin.)* Speaking of relationships -

ANNALOUISE: How's Michelle?

LINDSAY: Not what I was going to say, but she's wonderful, as always. I was going to say, how's the new boyfriend, Calvin?

The group had not known about this.

SIDNEY: New boyfriend?

ANNALOUISE: Tell us everything.

ERIN: I am shocked and appalled that you didn't tell me about this. Who is he?

CALVIN: I didn't think to tell you guys because I didn't think it was a big deal. (*Glares at LINDSAY*). His name is Michael, and before you guys ask, no, he doesn't go here. (*They're disappointed.*)

SIDNEY: Upsetting.

CALVIN: If he did go here, you guys would probably harass him.

ALL: Oh, definitely/100 percent/Obviously, etc.

CALVIN: See?

ERIN: I have to go. See y'all, later. Here. (*Hands CALVIN her sushi container.*)

CALVIN: Nice. (*opens container*) It's fucking empty, you whore.

LINDSAY: Oh shit, I have to go too. I need -

ANNALOUISE: (*cutting her off*) Need to talk to Mr. Peterson?

LINDSAY: Perhaps... Fuck off.

ERIN and LINDSAY both leave as everyone says their goodbyes, CALVIN is left alone, extra pissy.

Scene #12

"You Incompetent Fuck"

COOPER is alone in the staff room by the coffee machine when DOMINIC walks in.

DOMINIC: Hey... (*half awkward, half trying-to-be-funny*) Coops.

COOPER: Oh, hey.

DOMINIC: So, uh, have you finished the slides for the symposium?

COOPER: What?

DOMINIC: The slides?

COOPER: The what?

DOMINIC: The powerpoint that I asked you to have done for tomorrow.

COOPER: Right...

DOMINIC: I will take that as a no, they are not finished.

COOPER: (*awkward*) Nope... oops.

DOMINIC: (*under his breath*) Oh, for fuck's sake. Well, get them to me when you can please.

COOPER: Will do. So, have any exciting weekend plans?

DOMINIC: It's report card season. My "exciting weekend plans" consist of marking, marking, and if I'm lucky, sleep.

COOPER: Fuck, me too. Actually, I'm seeing the play on Friday night. Are you going to see the it this year?

DOMINIC: Yep, you?

COOPER: Yeah, I'm bringing the wife this year. I dabble in some Sondheim myself and she loves musicals, so she was pretty excited when I told her they were doing *Into the Woods*. Are you bringing your-

DOMINIC: Yep, he'll be there.

COOPER: Nice. (*beat*) School play always reminds me of high school. You know, I was always the only straight guy in the theatre department, which was great, because all the girls would flock to me.

DOMINIC: Sure, they did.

COOPER: (*ignoring him*) I was mostly ensemble, but it's not like I'm still upset about it or anything. Even though I was more capable than Jared Pickett, but whatever. (*beat*) I'm assuming *you* probably did theatre in high school.

DOMINIC: I didn't, as surprising as that may be to you. I do like theatre, but I was always too shy to try out and I would not consider myself to be an "actor."

COOPER: What did you do in high school then?

DOMINIC: I played tennis and I was the founder of the Astronomy Club.

COOPER: Very impressive.

DOMINIC: Oh, I know. *(beat)* I think high school is definitely more fun for me the second time round. I'm certainly not teaching to relive my "glory days." Plus, this time I'm being paid to be here.

COOPER: Well, I'll drink to that. *(He sips his coffee)* You know, I do feel sorta bad for the play kids this time of year, with exams and performances and everything. Especially Lindsay, that kid is a ball of nerves.

DOMINIC: No shit.

COOPER: You two are close, right?

DOMINIC: Yeah.

COOPER: Can you make sure she's like... good?

DOMINIC: She'll be fine, she's just having a tough year. *(beat)* Well, a tough few years.

COOPER: No shit.

The bell rings.

COOPER: I have class. Eighth grade social studies, otherwise known as *babysitting*.

DOMINIC: And there's main reason why I only teach senior courses.

COOPER: Fuck off.

COOPER turns to exit.

DOMINIC: See ya, Cooper. And hey, remember those slides!

Scene #13
"The Letter M"

ERIN, CALVIN, and LINDSAY exit through the stage door after the production of the school play. ANNA is waiting for them. ANNA is holding flowers.

ANNA: Wow, the play was so good, you guys! You all did great.

ANNA hugs ERIN then LINDSAY.

ERIN: Thanks.

LINDSAY: Thanks, comrade. *(points finger guns)*

CALVIN: Y'all are weird.

ERIN/LINDSAY: Yeah?/Says you.

LINDSAY: *(changing the subject)* Anyway, Calvin, why isn't Michael here?

CALVIN: He was busy. What about Michelle?

LINDSAY: She's with her mum.

CALVIN: You know what's funny?

LINDSAY & ERIN: What?

CALVIN: I just realized that the most important loves in our lives all have names that start with the letter "M".

ANNA looks down awkwardly. ERIN glares at CALVIN.

ANNA: *(awkwardly)* Here, babe, I got you flowers.

ERIN: Thanks, I've gotta leave now, my parents are waiting in the car.

ANNA: I'll see you soon, though?

ERIN: Yeah... Sure. Bye.

Exit ERIN.

ANNA: Bye. *(turning to Calvin and Lindsay)* I have to go too, guys, bye!

CALVIN: *(unenthusiastically)* Bye.

LINDSAY: Bye, see you on Wednesday.

Exit ANNA.

LINDSAY: *(turns towards Calvin)* You absolute dumbass.

CALVIN: What?

LINDSAY: Do you have *any* idea the mess you've created?

CALVIN: What?

LINDSAY: Anna doesn't know about Maya, you idiot. Now she's gonna text *me* asking a million fucking questions.

CALVIN: Sorry?

LINDSAY: *(Hits Calvin)* Time to go put Anna on mute.

LINDSAY walks away annoyed. Exit LINDSAY.

CALVIN: Ouch *(rubs his shoulder.)*

Scene #14
"We Were on a Break"

LINDSAY sits alone on a bench. She looks around, waiting for someone. She checks her watch for what is probably the hundredth time and is slumped over in defeat when MICHELLE rushes on stage.

MICHELLE: Hey, sorry, I'm late, I-

LINDSAY: You're not late. I'm early.

MICHELLE: Oh.

LINDSAY: You wanted to talk?

MICHELLE: Yeah... I just - I can't do this right now.

LINDSAY is confused, where was the warning for this?

MICHELLE: I love you. I really do. You're my favourite person in the world and it's breaking my heart to do this, but we need to take a break.

LINDSAY: A break? Like in fucking *Friends*?

MICHELLE: My parents are getting a divorce, Lindsay.

LINDSAY: What?

MICHELLE: And my aunt just died. And my brother is a mess and I don't know what the fuck I'm doing with my life.

This is all new to LINDSAY.

LINDSAY: Why didn't you tell me? We're supposed to be a team.

MICHELLE: How could I tell you when you're a fucking mess? I'm not going to burden you with my problems when your parents are on the verge of disowning you, which is also partially my fault.

LINDSAY: How is it your fault? It's not your fault.

MICHELLE: You probably wouldn't have come out if we weren't together. You didn't want to have to *hide* us anymore.

LINDSAY: (*getting defensive*) If you think I came out for you, you're wrong. I came out for me-

MICHELLE: You came out because *Dominic fucking Peterson* told you it would make you feel less like shit.

LINDSAY: He told me he thought it would help me, he was only looking out for me.

MICHELLE: I know!

LINDSAY: Why are we fighting? I don't want to fight with you, and I don't want to take a break.

MICHELLE: I don't want to either, okay? But I've been seeing this new therapist, and she thinks that if I focus on me for a while, it might give us both a chance to be less codependent - to figure out who we are outside of "Michelle and Lindsay."

LINDSAY: Okay...

MICHELLE: Let's meet up again when school gets out for summer. That's - what, a month and a half?

LINDSAY: Around that, yes.

MICHELLE: Can we do that?

LINDSAY: Yeah, I think we can.

MICHELLE: Thank you.

MICHELLE gives LINDSAY a short hug before standing up and hurrying off.

LINDSAY: *(quietly)* Love you.

Scene #15

“Go Deal with your Sort-of Child”

LINDSAY is lying on the floor. She’s a mess. We’re not even sure she’s alive. The bell rings. Ah, we’re at school. ANNALOUISE, ERIN and CALVIN enter and see the shell of person sniffling in the hallway.

CALVIN: *(laughing, he probably thinks it’s some sort of protest against going to class)* What are you doing?

LINDSAY doesn’t even seem to be aware anyone is around her.

CALVIN: C’mon, what’s going on?

ANNALOUISE: Well, her girlfriend just dumped her and her parents have basically disowned her. Keep the fuck up, Calvin. *(turning to LINDSAY)* Lindsay, you have to get off the floor.

LINDSAY: I’m fine.

ERIN: Right. Sure. Of course.

ANNALOUISE: Lindsay -

LINDSAY: I’m fine, okay, if I’m lucky, someone will step on my windpipe while I’m down here.

CALVIN: How can one person be so contradictory in one sentence?

ERIN elbows CALVIN in the ribs. CALVIN yelps.

ERIN: Look, you’re obviously not fine.

LINDSAY: Why don't you just mind your own business? I'm *fine* and even if I wasn't, it wouldn't be any of your concern.

ANNALOUISE: We need to get Mr. Peterson here, like now.

ERIN: Agreed.

LINDSAY: *No!* I don't wanna see him. I'm fine.

ANNALOUISE: (*deep sigh*) Okay. Erin, go grab him.

LINDSAY tries to protest, but is unsuccessful. The bell rings again.

ANNALOUISE: Fuck, that's second bell. I have a geography test. Erin, can you find him, please?

ERIN: Yeah, okay.

Exit ANNALOUISE and CALVIN. DOMINIC enters, carrying his briefcase.

ERIN: (*under her breath*) Oh, thank god.

ERIN walks up to DOMINIC and stops him in the hallway.

ERIN: (*probably couldn't be more awkward*) Hey! Mr. Peterson, I know I haven't had you since Science 8, but the child you're sort of responsible for is currently having a breakdown in the hallway, and I need you to go deal with her.

DOMINIC: Look, if Lindsay needed my help, she would come find me.

ERIN: But-

DOMINIC: It's very sweet that you care about her, but I'm positive she wouldn't want you to interfere. Like I said, she'll find me if it's urgent.

ERIN: Oh, I'm sure she doesn't want me to go find you, but she doesn't really get a say in this because she's blubbing on the floor like a mess. She needs you right now and she's not going to come tell you that. With all due respect, you need to listen to me and get her some help. I don't know what she's stupid enough to try.

DOMINIC: (*mostly to himself*) Shit. It's that bad?

ERIN: Yes. I have to get to class, can you please do something?

DOMINIC: (*nods*) Yeah, I will. (*ERIN turns to leave*) Wait! You would tell me if she started talking about doing anything... drastic? Right? You would tell me?

ERIN is silent. It's enough of an answer.

DOMINIC: Or maybe she already has... Jesus.

ERIN exits and DOMINIC walks over to LINDSAY; at the same time as COOPER walks past her and to him. DOMINIC is somewhere between emotional and annoyed.

COOPER: Uhhh, Dominic, is she okay? She's been lying here for like twenty minutes....

DOMINIC: She's fine, just ignore it.

COOPER: Kinda fucking hard to ignore it... Are you okay? You seem sort of...

DOMINIC: I'm just peachy, thank you.

COOPER hesitates, before nodding and walking away; DOMINIC is usually right.

DOMINIC: C'mon, get up. We're going to go for a walk.

LINDSAY gets up, defeated. Again, DOMINIC is usually right.

DOMINIC: So, what happened?

LINDSAY: (*shrugs*) I don't know.

DOMINIC looks at her, she obviously knows.

LINDSAY: My girlfriend decided that we need to take a break.

DOMINIC: Oh. Well, I'm sorry to hear that.

LINDSAY: Her therapist thinks we need to be less codependent and basically made her temporarily break up with me. I don't want to get my hopes up too high, but we're going to reevaluate at the end of June.

DOMINIC: If you don't get back together though, you have to learn how to be okay without her... I actually think it might be a good idea, to be more independent, and to not rely on her for support. I mean, while of course I hope I spend the rest of my life with the person I'm with, if I

don't, I know I could still function without him. Sure, I'd be sad, but it wouldn't be the end of the world.

LINDSAY: I mean, I'm fine.

DOMINIC bursts out laughing. LINDSAY shoots him a look.

DOMINIC: When your friends come up to me begging me to go talk to you, and then I walk up only to see you lying on the floor in the middle of the hallway, I would classify that as "not fine."
(Beat) You know, everyone is concerned about you.

LINDSAY snorts.

DOMINIC: I'm serious. I mean, if I had a dollar for every time one of your other teachers came up to me in the staff room and asked me if you were okay, I wouldn't be teaching.

LINDSAY is shocked. She hadn't thought any of her other teachers even noticed her... episode.

DOMINIC: Why do you look so surprised? You're not exactly subtle... For what a talented actor you are, you're pretty shit at hiding your nervous breakdown, for lack of a better term.

LINDSAY: I hadn't thought anyone noticed...

DOMINIC: Hey, listen. There are people who care about you, okay? *I care about you.* Your friends care about you. And if your... female companion thinks it's best for *both* of you to learn to function alone, then she really cares about you too.

LINDSAY: I know, it's just... well, she hid all these things that were happening to her from me, because she didn't want to burden me and I feel like such a-a-

DOMINIC: Shitty partner because you were telling her about all the shit in your life and she felt she couldn't do the same?

LINDSAY: Yeah... Exactly.

DOMINIC: You've had a lot going on this year, okay? It's okay to be selfish, sometimes, and you need to focus on you right now. Speaking of which, how's the homefront?

LINDSAY: Volatile. Casualties include but aren't limited to: my grades, my mental wellbeing, and my sense of self-worth.

DOMINIC: You know you're pretty brave, soldier.

LINDSAY: I wouldn't say so, but thank you, anyway.

DOMINIC: Alright, c'mon. Time for me to grab a coffee and tell your English teacher that you're twenty-five minutes late to class because you were assisting me with something chem-related that she will pretend to believe for your sake. *(Beat)* I know some of the counsellors here have been... well, less than brilliant, but I think you should try a different one. You can always come to me, you know that, but it's also my job to make sure that you have support from someone who knows what they're doing, not just your chemistry teacher who knows a thing or two about depression and coming out of the closet. Will you do that for me?

LINDSAY: I guess so, yes.

DOMINIC: Are you actually going to or do I need to set up an appointment for you?

LINDSAY: You know me so well.

DOMINIC laughs and shakes his head in (somewhat) mock frustration.

Blackout.

Scene #16

"When a Rebound Becomes Too Real"

Scene takes place outside in a park. ANNA has flowers in her hand and is waiting for ERIN. ANNA checks her phone. ERIN enters.

ERIN: Hey.

ANNA: Hey, babe.

ANNA leans in for a kiss. ERIN dodges it and pulls her into a brief (platonic) hug.

ANNA: What's wrong?

ERIN: Nothing.

ANNA: Babe...

ERIN: *(Getting annoyed)* I said nothing.

ANNA: Well, I got you these. *(Hands ERIN the flowers.)*

ERIN: Thanks *(beat)* Flowers *(beat)* Again.

ERIN sits down on the park bench. ANNA follows and sits next to her putting her head on ERIN's shoulder.

ANNA: You know, sometimes I still can't believe we're together.

ERIN: Mhmmm...

ANNA: Like damn. I've liked you since freshman soccer, but I never thought you'd ask me out.

ERIN: (*Bored*) Yeah.

ANNA: I'm just amazed that this is real. I really, *really* like you.

ERIN: Wild.

ANNA tries to peck ERIN on the cheek, but ERIN moves away from her.

ANNA: Oh, come on, babe, let me kiss you.

ANNA moves towards ERIN; ERIN moves further down the bench. ANNA is now chasing ERIN off the bench.

ANNA: Come on, you know you love me.

ERIN falls off the bench.

ERIN: Excuse me?

ANNA: Do I have to say it again? (*amused*) You know you love me, babe.

ERIN stands up.

ERIN: That's, ummm - a pretty big word you used there.

ANNA walks towards ERIN and pulls her into an embrace.

ANNA: Shut up, you goof.

ANNA yet again leans in for the kiss; ERIN closes her eyes and leans in. She pulls away at the last second.

ERIN: I can't do this.

ANNA: Do what? Kiss me? You've done before.... (*smiles "seductively"*) A lot.

ERIN: No, I can't do (*gestures to the relationship*) this.

ANNA: Where is this coming from?

ERIN: (*quietly*) I don't know.

ANNA: (*pleading*) I love you.

ERIN: (*firm*) But I don't love you.

ANNA: That's fine; you can take your time, but we don't have to end this.

ERIN: You don't get it.

ANNA: Don't get what? You can still fall in love with me.

ERIN: (*raising her voice*) I can't love you.

ANNA: You don't know that.

ERIN: (*pained*) Yes, I do.

ANNA: Please, don't leave.

ERIN: I have to.

ANNA: We can make this work. I'll give you as much time as you need.... (*whispered*) Please, stay.

ERIN: I can't, it's not fair to you.

ANNA: I want to be with you. I don't care; I'll change; I'll make you fall in love with me.

ERIN: Stop.

ANNA: Stop what?

ERIN: Stop begging me to stay.

ANNA: I'm not.

ERIN: I'm not going to argue with you.

ANNA: I'm not asking you to.

ERIN: I'm done.

ANNA: But-

ERIN: (*cut off*) You were just a fucking rebound.

ANNA: You said you were over her.

ERIN: Yeah? Well I lied, and I used you. So just go.

ANNA: Okay.... Fuck you.

ANNA walks off stage in tears. ERIN sits down on the bench in defeat.

Blackout.

Scene #17
"It's Not About Her"

ERIN is alone. She stares at the phone in her hands. It looks like she is debating sending a very risky text. She sighs and puts down her phone in defeat. She looks around and picks her phone back up. She's going to finally do it, she hits send. Enter SIDNEY and ANNALOUISE.

ANNALOUISE: Hey!

ERIN: (*grinning*) Hi guys!

SIDNEY: Sorry, we're late, we were stuck in Mr. Cooper's class. Y'know, Classic Cooper.

ERIN: Oh, that's okay.

ANNALOUISE: (*somewhat concerned*) You good?

ERIN: Yeah it's just I-

LINDSAY: (*entering*) You broke up with Anna?

ERIN: Yes- I mean.. I guess? I'm sorry I know she's your friend and I-

LINDSAY: Well, *thank fuck*.

ERIN: What?

LINDSAY: Erin, she's crazy.

ANNALOUISE: Okay someone pay up (*she looks at SIDNEY and LINDSAY*) I win. I bet one and a half months, one of you better pay up (*she sticks out her hand*)

LINDSAY and SIDNEY both pull out money from their pockets and place it in ANNALOUISE's hand.

ERIN: (*mad, but not that mad*) Seriously, guys?

They shrug. Enter CALVIN.

CALVIN: Why does Annalouise look like she just robbed a grade 8? (*It dawns on him*) Damn! Did they break up? FUCK. One more week and I would have won! (*he grabs Erin's shoulders and shakes her*) Why couldn't you put up with her crazy for ONE MORE WEEK???

Erin is dumbfounded.

ANNALOUISE: Pay up, bitch. (*Beat*) My condolences, Erin, and thank you for making me a quick \$30.

ERIN: (*confused*) You're welcome?

SIDNEY: You really couldn't have stuck it out another month, could you?

ERIN: Are they really that mad that I dumped her? I thought they'd be happy.

ANNALOUISE: They aren't. They're just mad they lost the bet.

LINDSAY: For some reason, my dumbass betted on you guys lasting at least three months.

ANNALOUISE: Surprising considering you *know* Anna.

LINDSAY: Well... given the fact that she's pretending to be depressed to get people to pity her, yeah, I wouldn't say we're currently on the best terms.

CALVIN: Plus there's her weird-ass obsession with Mr. Peterson. (*to LINDSAY*) I mean, no one can blame you for being uncomfortable with someone flirting with your father.

LINDSAY: (*rolling her eyes*) Oh, fuck right off. Also: disgusting.

ERIN smiles a little. She's glad her friends aren't going to be weird about the break-up.

LINDSAY, CALVIN, and SIDNEY continue to chit-chat while ANNALOUISE pulls ERIN aside.

ANNALOUISE: Just wanted to make sure you're good. You're good, right?

ERIN: Yeah... I'm great, actually.

ANNALOUISE: Okay, I'm glad. I know you broke up with her, but it can still be sad and that's okay.

ERIN: I'm not upset about Anna, I can promise you that, but thanks for checking in.

ANNALOUISE: No problem.

Bell rings.

ANNALOUISE: Well, lads, I'm off to Earth Science.

SIDNEY: Oof, well have fun with that.

ANNALOUISE: I won't, thanks.

Exit CALVIN, ANNALOUISE, and SIDNEY. ERIN and LINDSAY stand together alone.

LINDSAY: So.... (*Beat*) This didn't have anything to do with Maya... did it?

ERIN sighs. Fuck LINDSAY for being so blunt.

ERIN: No? I mean... I don't know. (*Beat*)

LINDSAY: It's okay to not know. It's also okay if it was because of her, or if it wasn't.

ERIN: (*a tad harsh*) Yeah, I know that.

LINDSAY: (*ignoring ERIN's typical snappy-when-called-out attitude*) I'm not saying you should get your hopes up, and I'm not saying that you should call her, but you're not the same person you were one year ago. You've changed, no one can deny that.

ERIN: I know that, and it sucks because I know that I'm now the person she always wanted me to be, but I already fucked up when I had the chance and now I don't anymore.

LINDSAY: *(cynically reflecting on more than just ERIN's girl trouble)* Timing is a bitch. You think you've found something special with someone and you just want to hold onto it forever, but you're stupid and reckless and you hurt them. Then they leave, and you know that it was *good* for them, but it doesn't make it hurt any less. *(Beat)* Everyone deserves a second chance, Erin. Well, most people deserve a second chance, at least.

ERIN: I get what you're saying. *(Beat)* Thanks, Lindsay. I think I know what I have to do.

Scene #18
"New Roots"

SIDNEY, CALVIN, ANNALOUISE, and ERIN are onstage wearing party hats and holding champagne flutes.

CALVIN: Do we really have to wear these hats all night?

SIDNEY: Yes.

CALVIN groans.

ERIN: Where's Lindsay?

CALVIN: Probably overdosing on Tylenol or something. *(ANNALOUISE hits him.)* Am I incorrect?

ERIN: She has the champagne!

A knock at the door is heard. SIDNEY goes to open it. It is LINDSAY.

LINDSAY: Happy birthday! *(They hug. LINDSAY turns to the others.)* Who wants champagne?

ALL: Me!/Hell yeah, bitch/Of course, etc.

LINDSAY pops the cork and begins to pour for everyone

ANNALOUISE: I can't believe you're eighteen.

ERIN: *(putting her arms around both ANNALOUISE and SIDNEY)* She's old.

SIDNEY: *(laughing)* Shut the fuck up, you fetuses.

SIDNEY and ANNALOUISE sit down on the couch

LINDSAY: How about a toast?

CALVIN: To what?

LINDSAY: *(confused at CALVIN's lack of basic awareness)* To Sidney?

CALVIN: Oh yeah, that would make sense, wouldn't it?

ERIN: *(genuinely concerned about his mental capacity)* Calvin....

ANNALOUISE: *(getting up and interjecting)* I'll make the first toast.

SIDNEY: *(getting up)* No. I wanna make a toast *(they all stare in confusion)* What? It's my party, isn't it?

ERIN: Fair point.

ANNALOUISE: Okay, sure. Go ahead.

SIDNEY: When I moved here I thought that I'd be a loner, that I'd spend every lunch alone, and that I wouldn't have anyone to talk to that wasn't thousands of miles away. But you guys... *(tearing up)* You guys didn't let that happen. All of you became like family to me, and all of us, we're each other's family. So a toast to all of us, for sticking by each other's side through all the ups and downs, the laughing and the tears, and the shit life has thrown at us. I love you guys.

She raises her glass and the others raise up theirs. They all clink glasses and freeze.

Blackout.

Scene #19

"It's Worse to Fake a Fire than to Put Out a Spark"

CALVIN enters.

CALVIN: Throughout the past year, I've seen more people with broken hearts than I have in the first 16 years of my life combined. *(Beat)* One of those broken hearts is Michael. I guess I should feel guilty for breaking it off with him, but I just... don't. I know that if I had waited any longer it would've only gotten messier. At first, my friends were really confused; I mean, we seemed happy together. Which we were, I guess. But I could see that he was falling for me significantly faster than I was for him. He would tell me he loved me, after seeing each other in person *five* times. He constantly told me how great I am, and how much he cared about me. He was able to form a connection through texting each other and typing away at a keyboard, that I just couldn't.

The fact that he lived over two hours away didn't help either. I'm too busy of a person that I couldn't make time for another responsibility, and I was tired of feeling awful about not putting in the effort. *(Beat)* It's funny, really. My friends have all had their hearts broken in one way or another this year, and I'm on the other side of that. I'm the bad guy in Michael's recollections of our relationship. But because I've witnessed all of them be devastated by failed relationships, I know that I did the right thing. It's worse to fake a fire than to put out a spark.

Exit CALVIN.

Scene #20
"A New Type of First"

ERIN sits on a park bench. She is clearly nervous. She repeatedly looks down at her phone, her legs are bouncing, and she cannot stay still. She stands up and checks around the corner. She sits down in defeat and puts her head in her hands. She sighs heavily.

Enter MAYA.

The stare at each other, both showing no sign of expression. It is so quiet a pin could drop. Their eyes meet, it's awkward. MAYA breaks the silence.

MAYA: Are you serious about this?

ERIN: Yes.

MAYA studies ERIN. For a second it looks like she might walk away, but she doesn't. She smiles and so does Erin.

MAYA: Okay. I'm willing to give this a shot then.

They look at each other. Both in disbelief. It is not clear to them what will happen but they know that there is something here.

Blackout.

Scene #21
"That's Enough"

LINDSAY enters.

LINDSAY: Somedays, I wonder if I'll ever be okay; if I'll ever get to wake up and live a full day where everything is *wonderful*. I know it's possible, I've felt happiness before. But up until now, I've only ever felt it because of others. I've allowed other people to control my emotions for as

long as I can remember. I let my parents treat me like shit and walk all over me, and I can count the people I allow myself to feel any real joy around on my fingers. When Michelle and I first split up, I threw myself into everything I could, scheduling myself to millisecond, because I knew that if I had even one minute to think for myself I would break. *(Beat)* Obviously, that didn't work out so well. I was drowning in feeling and trying my best to keep my head above the water, but I couldn't. So, I had to learn how to ask for help, without someone else doing it for me. And I had to learn how to be independent, though independence doesn't equate to isolation... that's another lesson I had to learn. I have bad days, everyone does. Admittedly, yes, my bad days still outnumber the good... but there are good. And I know what to do now when the trenches start flooding. And, for now, that's enough.

Exit LINDSAY.

Scene #22
"Behind the Spotlight"

ANNALOUISE enters..

ANNALOUISE: People always ask me if I feel overshadowed by my friends but what they don't understand is that I don't mind it. I'm not one to enjoy the spotlight. I don't like being the center of attention which might surprise you, although why would it? I don't need to have the attention on me to feel like I matter. Knowing that I'm there for my friends, that they trust me, is all I need to make me feel like I have somewhat of a purpose. People generally assume that I'm the stable one in the group but that's just their perspective. I have my own issues, we all do. Not one person in the world is immune to a shitty day, or *personal crisis*. The thing is no matter what I go through I know that there will always be four smiling faces trying to cheer me up the second they sense anything wrong. Just because I'm the "mom" of the group doesn't mean they don't all look after me. If anything I'm the luckiest. When one of them gets themselves into a mess or doesn't feel like living anymore I'm the one to help them. But all of them are some of the kindest people I have ever met, even if they don't seem like it, and would do anything to make sure that I'm okay.

Blackout.

FIN.