

Scene ii

(Annie and Stacey, both 17, sit at a lunch table at school. The lunch table is outside. Each has a sandwich and chips in front of them on a lunch tray.)

Stacey: I just don't know.

Annie: It's been hours.

Stacey: This might be the hardest decision I've ever had to make.

Annie: You're not making it easy.

Stacey: What am I supposed to do?

Annie: Make a decision!

Stacey: Can you decide for me?

Annie: No.

Stacey: But you always know what looks good.

Annie: YOU have to decide.

Stacey: I could do both.

Annie: No you couldn't. I mean you can, but you shouldn't.

Stacey: I could do neither.

Annie: No! You have to choose.

Stacey: I know I know I know. Okay, it's just like. Which one do I look better in?

(A projection shows up on the wall behind them. There are two different pictures of Stacey at the beach in a bathing suit)

Annie: I mean...

Stacey: I'm going for
"Oh-my-gosh-look-at-how-much-fun-she-had-or-may-still-be-having-at-the-beach-wow-I-want-to-be-her"

Annie: Reasonable expectations.

Stacey: Which one goes better with my feed?

Annie: I don't know.

Stacey: Oh please.

Annie: What?

Stacey: Yes you do.

Annie: You need to decide.

Stacey: Can you just tell me what I should do?

Annie: We are SO past that point.

Stacey: But which do I look better in?

Annie: I mean...your arms look kind of big in this one.

Stacey: But I feel like this one looks...stagey?

Annie: Yeah, but your collarbone looks great.

Stacey: Is that a thing?

Annie: It's the only thing in this world I know to be true.

Stacey: I can decide later.

Annie: No you can't.

Stacey: Why?

Annie: Because if you wait any longer it has to be an "Oh I miss the beach post", like, it's a memory.

Stacey: Why's that bad?

Annie: Because it's the difference between having a life and having had a life.

Stacey: Oh shit. Okay okay I'm going with...collarbone. Okay I'm doing it. *(typing)* "Fun in the sun -- sun emoji"

Annie: Is that the caption?

Stacey: What? Yeah. Why?

Annie: No no it's -- it's fine. Just go.

Stacey: Annnnd post. *(sigh of relief)* So glad that's over.

Annie: Seriously. Now put your phone down and don't look at it for at least five minutes.

Stacey: I swear you're like my literal life coach.

Annie: Oh I know *(Goes to take Stacey's chips. Stacey slaps her hand away)* Ow!

Stacey: Those are mine.

Annie: I'm aware.

Stacey: Eat your own.

Annie: But yours taste better.

Stacey: We literally got the same ones.

Annie: The heart wants what the heart wants.

Stacey: *(laughing)* Oh my gosh.

Annie: It's my payment for being your life coach.

Stacey: Ugh fine. Take SOME. For keeping my Insta aesthetic in order.

Annie: I do what I can. *(Stacey goes to check her phone)* I told you not to look yet.

Stacey: I'm sorry I'm sorry. I won't. *(pause)* But why not?

Annie: It will stress you out.

Stacey: No it won't.

Annie: Fine, then look.

Stacey: Okay, I will *(doesn't look)* Why will it stress me out?

Annie: Because by now you've MAYBE gotten, like, three likes

Stacey: Why'd you let me post it if people aren't going to like it?

Annie: I didn't say people aren't GOING to like it--

Stacey: You just said --

Annie: I said people won't have liked it yet. If you give it time, people will like it.

Stacey: I don't think --

Annie: And then if -- nay--WHEN it stresses you out, you'll keep checking back at the picture every thirty seconds to see if you got more likes, but you won't have because somehow, the people on the other side of the phone can feel you hovering. It's the 21st century's version of "a watched pot never boils". "A watched post never gets likes".

Stacey: Oh come on --

Annie: Okay check.

Stacey: I will.

Annie: Great.

Stacey: Great.

Annie: You're not checking.

Stacey: I'm gonna.

Annie: Then do it.

Stacey: I am

(checks phone...)

Annie: How many?

Stacey: ...Three. But it's fine. I don't care I was just curious. I really couldn't --

Annie: Gimme your phone.

Stacey: Thank you. *(Gives phone to Annie)* How are you always so right about this stuff?

Annie: I just know.

Stacey: How?

Annie: (*Eating Stacey's chips*) I'm a genius.

Stacey: HEY!

Annie: I'm feeding my genius.

Stacey: Feed it with *your* food.

Annie: Alright alright alright. (*new topic*) Did you see the event page?

Stacey: Umm...?

Annie: ...Jared's party?

Stacey: ???

Annie: The party...at the end of the month...At Jared's...That everyone is going to?

Stacey: I don't think I was invited.

Annie: People don't get "invited" to things anymore. We're passed that point in our lives. Now we're at the point where we just hear about it and show up.

Stacey: You literally just said there's an event page.

Annie: That's more of a...formality.

Stacey: A FORMALITY I very much enjoy.

Annie: You could literally add yourself to the page.

Stacey: I can't add myself! That's rude.

Annie: You are an ELDERLY WOMAN.

Stacey: I just don't feel comfortable inviting/myself.

Annie: It's literally: Hear about it. Show up.

Stacey: But hearing about it is like getting invited, and I didn't hear about it.

Annie: You're hearing about it from me right now.

Stacey: I don't know...

Annie: Don't you want to go?

Stacey: Not really.

Annie: *(not believing her)* Really? Not at all?

Stacey: No...

Annie: Why not?

Stacey: I don't know...

Annie: Why aren't you telling me?

Stacey: There's nothing to tell.

Annie: "Okay"

Stacey: There isn't.

Annie: Why don't you want to go?

Stacey: I don't know...for one thing...it's...like...risky.

Annie: *(seriously?)* Risky?

Stacey: It's just...risky.

Annie: Risky.

Stacey: Yeah! I mean like, how is he even having this party?

Annie: His parents are gonna be out of town --

Stacey: Exactly!

Annie: Here we go.

Stacey: Like, how are everyone's parents so freakin' *cavalier* about leaving their kids at home for extended periods of time? I mean the movies make it look all easy, breezy, beautiful

Stacey: (*casual*) Covergirl Annie: (*casual*) Covergirl

Stacey: but there are serious consequences to throwing a party. Especially in high school. Like what if the cops show up?

Annie: So if--

Stacey: And I'll just be on edge all night and I really don't want to risk it so I should probably just not go.

Annie: So you don't want to go because of...?

Stacey: The law.

Annie: The law?

Stacey: yes.

Annie: And that's it?

Stacey: IT'S A GOOD REASON.

Annie: Whatever. You're sure?

Stacey: Yes! Why are you pushing me on this? Don't you believe me?

Annie: Not really, but it's okay.

(Both laughing)

Stacey: Fuck off.

Annie: You're just such a worrier! Stop being stupid and go to the party!

Stacey: I would but...I wouldn't. Yeah, I don't really see a scenario in which I go. Besides I --

Annie: I swear if you say you

Annie: Weren't invited Stacey: Wasn't invited

Annie: How do you expect to be invited to other things if you don't start going to things!

Stacey: So you admit I wasn't invited.

Annie: Oh my gosh.

Stacey: Can you just come over that night? And stay?...Like overnight?

Annie: *(dramatic exhale)* Fine.

Stacey: Well, don't be mad about it.

Annie: *(sighs)* I'm not mad--

Stacey: I am opening my home to you and/

Annie: *(sighs)*

Stacey: /you're sighing!

Annie: I just think you'll be upset if you don't go--

Stacey: I can't go--

Annie: --But I guess I can come over

Stacey: I mean you can go.

Annie: I can't go alone, are you kidding me?

Stacey: But you were invited--

Annie: I'm going to hit you.

Stacey: Don't make me feel bad about not going --

Annie: THEN GO.

Stacey: I CAN'T.

Annie: Fine, I'll come to your house.

Stacey: You don't have to if you don't want to.

Annie: Well, I mean it's not like I'm doing anything else.

Stacey: *(deadpan)* Wow. I feel so truly valued as a friend.

(pause. Stacey looks mad.)

Annie: Stacey. Staccceeeeey.

(Annie starts throwing her chips at Stacey one at a time)

Stacey: Can you stop?

Annie: Not till you talk to me.

Stacey: You're getting chips in my hair!

Annie: YOU CAN'T IGNORE ME!

Stacey: *(Throwing her chips at Annie)* You should be eating your chips!

Annie: Then I'd have nothing to throw at you!

(The two are having a full blown mini food fight. A school bell rings in the distance which clearly means they should stop. The two stop and then burst out laughing again)

Stacey: Sleepover?

Annie: Oh, I would be honored!

(phone bings)

Stacey: Was that my phone?

Annie: Yes it was.

Stacey: Can I? *(Annie hands Stacey her phone. Stacey checks)* Hm?

Annie: What?

Stacey: Nothing, it's fine.

Annie: What is?

Stacey: It's not bad just...weird?

Annie: *(grabbing the phone)* Let me see. *(checks phone)* Ouf.

Stacey: What?

Annie: Just don't let it get to you. Jenny's a bitch anyway.

Stacey: Let what get to me? What are you talking about?

Annie: Honestly, you should just delete the comment.

Stacey: Why?

Annie: Can you delete comments from Instagram? I actually don't think so...

Stacey: Why are you freaking out?

Annie: I just don't want you to get offended --

Stacey: Can you tell me why I SHOULD be offended?

Annie: Dude, she called you brave.

Stacey: ...annnnd?

Annie: That's such a horrible thing to say, areyoukiddingme?

Stacey: Wait, what...when did? But brave is a good thing?

Annie: Not when you're commenting on a picture of someone in a bathing suit.

Stacey: I get it's out of context, but --

Annie: Nononono...You see, when people who are, like, in-perfect-shape-body-builders post pictures of themselves, you ever see anyone comment "you're so brave"?

Stacey: I don't look at that many pictures/ of body builders...

Annie: Exactly! It's because society has decided that those bodies are bodies to be proud of, to, like, look up to.

Stacey: Okay...

Annie: So, if you don't have that perfect body, but still decide to post it that means, by 2018 standards you're "brave".

Stacey:...so "brave"...really just means "fat".

Annie: Well, like...yeah, I guess so. (*eating Stacey's chips*) It's supposed to be a female empowerment, body positive thing, but it mostly just makes everyone feel like shit.

Stacey: So she's calling me fat?!

Annie: I told you she's a bitch.

Stacey: Am I fat?

Annie: Don't think about it. Jenny's the worst.

Stacey: WELL I'M GONNA THINK ABOUT IT. WHY DID YOU EXPLAIN IT TO ME IF I SHOULDN'T BE THINKING ABOUT IT?

Annie: YOU ASKED!

Stacey: DO I LOOK FAT HERE?

Annie: No...

Stacey: ANNIE!

Annie: I mean...you don't have a six pack, but you knew that.

Stacey: THEN WHY WOULD YOU LET ME POST IT!

Annie: You don't look bad in it! You look like...you?

Stacey: I look fat all the time?

Annie: That's not what I said!

Stacey: Oh my gosh

Annie: Calm down. You're collarbones look great and Jenny's the worst.

Stacey: Okay...

Annie: You're the biggest coward I know.

(both laugh)

Stacey: Thanks.

(Annie takes more of Stacey's chips and eats them. Stacey says nothing)