

MARCY. I was thinking maybe we could go see a movie tonight or something?

TRICIA. Does anyone have a cigarette?

MARCY. Do you remember how you told me you loved me last night? Did you mean it?

MATT. It doesn't make sense.

TRICIA. I want yogurt.

MARCY. Hey Matt! Why don't you and I go get in the hot tub while Tricia goes to the store and gets yogurt?!

MATT. What if he thinks about me when he jerks off?

TRICIA. I don't want to go anywhere.

MARCY. Sure you do! *(She stands up and starts to drag Tricia up.)*

TRICIA. Let go of me, freak!

MATT. This is all that little faggot's fault. I don't know what he did to CB, but I'm gonna fucking kill him. I'm gonna fucking —

MARCY. Are you crying?

MATT. No. The sun's in my eyes.

TRICIA. I don't feel good. *(Matt runs offstage and vomits. Marcy picks up the bottle of Malibu rum and downs it.)*

MARCY. Do you think he's into me?

TRICIA. Honestly?

MARCY. Since when are we honest with each other?

TRICIA. Oh. Yeah. Right. He's TOTALLY into you! *(Lights out.)*

## “FIRE IS BAD”

*Lights up on what looks like a booth. There is a chair facing it. Behind it sits Van's sister. There's a sign at the corner of the booth that says: THE DOCTOR IS IN. CB enters and Van's sister smiles.*

VAN'S SISTER. Well, it's about mutherfucking time!

CB. Well, if a certain someone would stop getting thrown into solitary, then another certain someone could come visit more often.

VAN'S SISTER. *(Warmly.)* Sit down! Sit down!

CB. *(Reading the sign.)* “The Doctor Is In.”

VAN'S SISTER. Boy, is she ever.

CB. Very funny.

VAN'S SISTER. I thought you might like it. How have you been?! How is everybody?!

CB. Everybody's pretty much the same. How are you?

VAN'S SISTER. I'm great. I'm doing really well. I've taken up knitting. I know that sounds cheesy, but it's been really good for me and I made you something! *(She holds up a scarf, but it's not nearly as interesting as the handcuffs that are restraining her hands.)*

CB. It's beautiful! Wow! Thanks. I'll wear it often. Don't the handcuffs seem a little unnecessary?

VAN'S SISTER. Are you kidding? I love them! They're kinky and you know me ...

CB. I do.

VAN'S SISTER. *(Mockingly authoritative.)* Besides, it's for your protection.

CB. I'm not scared.

VAN'S SISTER. *(Grinning.)* Maybe you should be.

CB. When are you getting out of here already?

VAN'S SISTER. As soon as I can say three simple words: "Fire is bad." But I'm not in any hurry to rush out of here. They've got me on great drugs! Can I just say: I LOVE LITHIUM! You've gotta try it!

CB. Don't say shit like that. There are people who miss you out there.

VAN'S SISTER. Those people out there are just as crazy as the ones in here. *(She thinks on this.)* Did that sound cliché?

CB. Maybe not as much as "I love lithium."

VAN'S SISTER. I miss you!!! I think you should burn something down and you can join me here! We would have so much fun!

CB. Ugh! Fire. Is. Bad!

VAN'S SISTER. Ha ha. So, what's going on in your life?

CB. *(Blasé.)* Not much. I'm failing like three classes. I kissed Beethoven. And my sister's decided she's Wiccan this week. But that's just this week, I mean, she's gone completely —

VAN'S SISTER. WHAT?

CB. Wiccan. It's some sort of spooky goth thing. I don't really get it.

VAN'S SISTER. You kissed WHO?

CB. It wasn't a big deal. I kissed him last night at a party. In front of everybody. Although, it wasn't the first time.

VAN'S SISTER. Waitwaitwait. Slow down. Beethoven?! Skinny, dorky Beethoven that we all make fun of?

CB. Yeah, the same one you were in love with.

VAN'S SISTER. When I was eight! This is a joke, right? My brother put you up to this, didn't he?

CB. Nope. True story.

VAN'S SISTER. Was it, like, a dare or something?

CB. No.

VAN'S SISTER. You just kissed him? Out of nowhere?

CB. Sort of.

VAN'S SISTER. And you're okay with this?

CB. I think so.

VAN'S SISTER. So?

CB. So?

VAN'S SISTER. So, what does this mean?

CB. I don't know.

VAN'S SISTER. Did you enjoy it?

CB. I wanted to do it.

VAN'S SISTER. Why?

CB. Because I felt like it.

VAN'S SISTER. Major parts of this story are missing, CB. What HAPPENED?

CB. Well, the first time we were in the music room.

VAN'S SISTER. At school?!

CB. Yeah, and we were talking. Actually we were fighting and then we were talking and I just kissed him.

VAN'S SISTER. And the second time?

CB. Party at Marcy's house.

VAN'S SISTER. And people saw?

CB. I wanted them to.

VAN'S SISTER. Oh my God. I don't believe this.

CB. Is it so hard to believe?

VAN'S SISTER. Yes!

CB. Why?

VAN'S SISTER. Because you did something different! You've always been so ... predictable.

CB. Oh great. Here we go.

VAN'S SISTER. It's true! You know it's true. Kissing Beethoven is something that's so completely out of character for you. I mean, for a straight guy to kiss a gay guy — that's, like, something. That's ... HOT!

CB. What if I'm not straight?

VAN'S SISTER. Are you coming out of the closet?

CB. I didn't say that.

VAN'S SISTER. But you didn't not say it either.

CB. Not not saying something isn't the same as saying something.

VAN'S SISTER. No offense, CB, but I don't think you're cool enough to be gay. Don't get me wrong, I love you to death, but if I had to imagine you giving a shit about home decoration or musical theatre, I just don't see it.

CB. Now you're using stereotypes.

VAN'S SISTER. Sorry, Miss Manners, but I'm in a bit of a shock right now.

CB. We had sex, too.

VAN'S SISTER. Ex-fucking-scuse me!?

CB. Yeah. After the party. We left and we had sex.

VAN'S SISTER. HOLY FUCKING SHIT!!! YOU'RE A HOMO, CB!!!

CB. Just because I did something that I wanted to do doesn't make me a homo. I've smoked pot. Doesn't mean I'm a pothead. I've drank plenty of beer. Doesn't make me a drunk. You set that little redheaded girl's hair on fire. Doesn't make you a pyromaniac.

VAN'S SISTER. (*Correcting him.*) Well, actually, technically it does.

CB. Okay. Bad example.

VAN'S SISTER. Are you going to do it again?

CB. I don't know. Maybe.

VAN'S SISTER. Do you have feelings for him?

CB. I don't know. I've grown up questioning everything I do. When we were kids, everybody — mostly YOU — told me what I was doing was wrong. It made me so self-conscious about everything. Good grief! It takes me an hour to get dressed every morning! I'm always thinking about what people are going to say or what they're going to think. And when I kissed him, I didn't care or wonder what anyone was going to think, I just did it.

VAN'S SISTER. That wasn't an answer. (*A silence passes.*)

CB. I can't stop thinking about him.

VAN'S SISTER. It sounds like love to me.

CB. What do I do?

VAN'S SISTER. You have to tell him.

CB. I can't.

VAN'S SISTER. Then resign yourself to being alone for eternity. That'll be five cents, please.

CB. I love it when we play doctor. (*She laughs.*)

VAN'S SISTER. (*Smiling.*) So, I guess this means we're not get-