

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.)*

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?

START
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★ "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. 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-

ting back together when I get out.

CB. Oh, so now you wanna get out of here, huh?

VAN'S SISTER. Fuck yeah! I didn't realize what I was missing!
(*Beat.*) Oh, by the way. My brother told me about your dog. I'm really sorry. (*He had forgotten all about that.*)

CB. Oh. Yeah. Thanks.

VAN'S SISTER. It's a shame I'm locked up in here. We could've cremated him. (*He stares at her unimpressed.*) Sorry. Bad joke. (*A silence.*)

CB. Hey, why'd you do it?

VAN'S SISTER. What? Burn the bitch's hair off? Torch her tresses? Light her locks?

CB. Tell me.

VAN'S SISTER. Her hair is a symbol of innocence and my lighter is a symbol of corruption. God told me to do it. The devil made me do it. Charles Manson is just so damn persuasive. She is Joan of Arc and I am the townspeople of Salem. I did it for Jodie Foster! Boredom — plain and simple. It was a political statement! Allegorical! Metaphorical! A cry for help. A plea of insanity. (*Flexing her forefinger.*) Redrum! Redrum!

CB. Be serious!

VAN'S SISTER. Can't we just blame the government or the educational system? Puberty? P.M.S.? My parents?

CB. No.

VAN'S SISTER. Fine then. I did it because I felt like it.

CB. That's no excuse.

VAN'S SISTER. Really? You used it no less than five minutes ago.

CB. Public displays of affection and random acts of violence are two different things.

VAN'S SISTER. Are they? (*Beat.*) They say that love and hate are the closest two emotions.

CB. I'll bite. Why do you hate the little redheaded girl?

VAN'S SISTER. Because you used to love her.

CB. You did it because of me?

VAN'S SISTER. Yes. I just love you so intensely that it borderlines psychotic. You're all I ever think of.

CB. Seriously?

VAN'S SISTER. Nah, I'm just fucking with you. It's the lithium talking.

CB. (*Starting to stand.*) I'm gonna go now.

VAN'S SISTER. Wait! Don't! I was pregnant.

CB. Why can't you be honest with me like I've been with you?

VAN'S SISTER. I am. I was pregnant. (*Beat.*) Don't worry. It wasn't yours. I had just gotten an abortion the day before and the next day in Biology, we were ironically learning about reproduction. I'm listening to Miss Rainey talking about fallopian tubes, the uterus, eggs and I'm feeling sick to my stomach already. Trying to zone out on anything I can. So I start reading a note over Miss Puritanical Princess' shoulder and she's telling her friend (*Aping perfection.*) "how happy she is that she's a virgin and that she's going to stay that way until she gets married and how repulsed she is by all of the whores at our school." Without thinking, I reached into my pocket for my cute, little red Bic lighter and lit her cute, little red hair on fire. And every day in therapy, they ask me if I'm sorry yet and I just can't be. No matter how hard I try. Bitches like that make me sick. They've made me sick. I am officially sick, psychotic, unrepentant and unremorseful. I've been branded a sociopath and I have no choice but to believe it. (*CB smiles at her.*)

CB. Pregnant?

VAN'S SISTER. Pregnant.

CB. You're fucking with me again? (*She smiles. She pushes a button on her wrists and the cuffs fall off. She tosses the toy handcuffs aside. A buzz is heard.*) I gotta go. Visiting time is over.

VAN'S SISTER. I'm glad you came.

CB. Yeah, me too.

VAN'S SISTER. Before you go — I guess I don't have to ask how everyone reacted.

CB. To your incarceration?

VAN'S SISTER. I meant the kiss.

CB. Are you kidding? We hightailed it out of there so fast, I didn't even have time to look.

VAN'S SISTER. Smart kid.

CB. Although, I think my sister mouthed "I hope you die" at me across the breakfast table this morning. But the clock is ticking and I guess I'll find out how everybody else votes tomorrow at school.

VAN'S SISTER. Good luck.

CB. Thanks.

VAN'S SISTER. CB, I'm so proud of you for breaking through. For setting one foot outside the norm and giving no apologies. Promise me that you won't apologize.


CB. I won't.

VAN'S SISTER. I have faith in you. (*They embrace.*) And next

time when you come, if you could just maybe stick a book of matches up your ass, I'd be your best friend forever. *(CB gets up and leaves, but not before saying —)*

CB. *(Smiling.)* You already are. *(Lights out. In darkness —)*

VAN'S SISTER. Hey, Blockhead! You forgot your scarf! *(The sound of a cell door closing.)*


Lights up on CB's sister, who is crying. Van walks in and sees her. He sits down beside her.

VAN. What's wrong?

CB'S SISTER. I hate him.

VAN. Who?

CB'S SISTER. My brother, you moron!

VAN. Because he's gay?

CB'S SISTER. I can't believe this! Everybody's treating me like a leper because I'm forced to share the same house as him. We share the same bathroom! What if I get some ... some ... gay disease?

VAN. That would suck. But come on. You're smarter than that. What is this really about?

CB'S SISTER. He knows how I feel about Beethoven!

VAN. Have you voiced your concerns to him?

CB'S SISTER. I don't want to talk to him!

VAN. You wanna smoke? *(He pulls out a pipe.)*

CB'S SISTER. I guess. I've never done it before. How do I do it? *(He shows her the pipe.)*

VAN. Here. I'll teach you. This is the carb. Put your finger over it. Just hold, suck, let go of the carb and continue sucking. *(She does this as he lights it for her. She breathes in and keeps it in like a pro.)*

CB'S SISTER. I've never smoked pot before. *(She exhales with ease.)*

VAN. I smoked my blanket.

CB'S SISTER. *(Ignoring that comment.)* It's not fair! Why does he have to be my brother?

VAN. Maybe it's because you have the same parents. Or something.

CB'S SISTER. Do you think I should tell my parents? Maybe if I

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