

Characters

STRAIGHT A GIRL

SUPER ACHIEVER

Scene

Straight A Girl sees admission to Harvard as the golden ticket to a successful future, but Super Achiever Boy is preoccupied by a morally ambiguous act he may or may not have already committed.

(An empty classroom. STRAIGHT A GIRL and SUPER ACHIEVER BOY work on their college applications together.)

STRAIGHT A GIRL. Do you think we'll get in?

SUPER ACHIEVER BOY. I don't know.

STRAIGHT A GIRL. I sense doubt. Doubt will kill you.

SUPER ACHIEVER BOY. Harvard is a long shot. Even with a 4.0, stellar recs, and a million extracurriculars, it's still a long shot. We're competing against Olympic athletes and child celebrities and people who were like home-schooled in like...Utah. You know. Interesting people.

STRAIGHT A GIRL. We're fascinating.

SUPER ACHIEVER BOY. Not really.

STRAIGHT A GIRL. All we need is like a special skill.

SUPER ACHIEVER BOY. I know that. You think I don't know that?

STRAIGHT A GIRL. In my spare time, I'm an amateur archeologist. My favorite city is Pompeii.

SUPER ACHIEVER BOY. No.

STRAIGHT A GIRL. Pastry chef. I like to bake cakes and pies and cinnamon buns.

SUPER ACHIEVER BOY. No.

STRAIGHT A GIRL. I sing. I write my own songs and sing them. Like Fiona Apple.

SUPER ACHIEVER BOY. Give me a break.

STRAIGHT A GIRL. I really love kayaking. Or maybe archery. Or I know, I know: ceramics.

SUPER ACHIEVER BOY. What is this? Things I did at summer camp?

STRAIGHT A GIRL. Fine. If you're so smart, what's your special skill?

SUPER ACHIEVER BOY. I don't know. It's gotta be something original, something nobody else has ever done before, something totally unique.

STRAIGHT A GIRL. Like what?

SUPER ACHIEVER BOY. I don't know. Like maybe if you invented something.

STRAIGHT A GIRL. Like a cure for cancer?

SUPER ACHIEVER BOY. Well, yeah, that would be pretty amazing, but it doesn't have to be that.

STRAIGHT A GIRL. Well what then?

SUPER ACHIEVER BOY. Like a sentient artificial life form.

STRAIGHT A GIRL. Like R2D2?

SUPER ACHIEVER BOY. No.

STRAIGHT A GIRL. Or like I know, I know: like the androids in *Blade Runner*. Did you ever see that movie?

SUPER ACHIEVER BOY. No.

STRAIGHT A GIRL. Oh my God, I can't believe you haven't seen that movie. You *have* to see that movie. It's like the best movie ever. It's about these androids, and they're like on the run, because Harrison Ford is hunting them down, and they look like totally real, but they're not, they're fake, and the only way you can tell they're not really human, is that they don't have real memories. They're all fake memories that were like implanted in their brains by this guy who made them, this weird, nerdy inventor guy who eventually gets murdered by one of the androids because what he did, when you stop to think about it, was really kinda messed up. I mean who creates like another human being? I mean what kinda nut job invents like another human being?

(Beat.)

What? You look like you're going to be sick.

SUPER ACHIEVER BOY. What if I did actually invent something?

STRAIGHT A GIRL. Then I'd steal it and kill you and write about it in my college application.

SUPER ACHIEVER BOY. Don't say that.

STRAIGHT A GIRL. Then I would get into Harvard and you would be like dead.

SUPER ACHIEVER BOY. Don't say that.

STRAIGHT A GIRL. I'm kidding. Jeez. Don't be so sensitive.

SUPER ACHIEVER BOY. What if I invented something? What if I invented like this girl?

STRAIGHT A GIRL. Right. How can you invent a girl, if you've never even see one naked which I'm pretty sure you never have. If you invented a girl, she'd be like half girl and half giant inside of your eyelid.

SUPER ACHIEVER BOY. Why are you like mocking me? DON'T MOCK ME!

STRAIGHT A GIRL. Wow, are you mad? I've never seen you mad.

SUPER ACHIEVER BOY. I'm not mad. I'm just a little freaked out.

STRAIGHT A GIRL. Look, I get it. I'm freaked out, too. I mean this whole like college application process is totally freaking me out. And I swear to God, if I don't find a special skill to write about, I'm going to kill myself.

SUPER ACHIEVER BOY. Why do you keep talking about killing? First you're going to kill me, then you're going to kill yourself.

STRAIGHT A GIRL. I don't mean it like for real. It's just like hyperbole. You know, an exaggeration for poetic effect. What's your problem?

SUPER ACHIEVER BOY. I have many problems. I don't even know where to begin.

STRAIGHT A GIRL. OK, look, I know, it sucks. We're not cool, we're not hot, and it's like everybody else is having fun, and we're like celibate and like killing ourselves over these stupid college applications, and we may not even get in, and it's like: Why, God, why? But one day, in the not too distant future, we're going to graduate from this suckass high school, and then we're going to get into a really good college, and then we're going to get like a really good job and become like really rich, and then we'll get our teeth whitened and we'll lose all the baby fat, and we'll buy some really nice clothes, and we'll have famous friends and an artist will fall in love with us, somebody really cool, and we'll be happy. We just have to get into Harvard and everything will fall into place.

SUPER ACHIEVER BOY. How do you know?

STRAIGHT A GIRL. How do I know what?

SUPER ACHIEVER BOY. How do you know life's going to be all perfect and amazing if you get into Harvard?

STRAIGHT A GIRL. I just do. I know. I've never been more sure of anything in my life.

SUPER ACHIEVER BOY. You don't know anything. I'm actually probably going to get into Harvard and it doesn't even matter. Don't you get it? It doesn't matter anymore.

(SUPER ACHIEVER BOY storms off.)