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OENONE

CHARACTERS

OENONE: 12, a fairly average middle-school girl. She's at that stage where you know she'll grow up to be pretty but she's not quite there yet and can be a bit self-conscious about it. The one thing she's got going for her in this cruel world is a boyfriend, because having one allows her to pretend she has a higher status.

HEATHER B: 12, a bit reserved. She's an easy target for harsh middle-school words. She is a true teacher's pet who is longing to be accepted by her friends and frenemies.

TIFFANY: 13, a confident and effortlessly cool girl. She is tech savvy and is someone who somehow lucked out by not ever needing braces.

TIME

The present.

SETTING

Study hall in a middle school.

NOTE: The story and characters are inspired by the Greek myth about Oenone and her influence on the Trojan War.

Lights up on three girls. They sit casually at a table inside the library—a little too casually considering they're not at a sleepover. It's study hall. After lunch, before gym class. In middle school. The second to last period of the day. In the air, a cloud of unappreciated angst lingers. Sprawled on the table are packets of Fun Dip, Starbursts, lip gloss, notebook papers, and their cell phones.

HEATHER B: Finishing a game of MASH. Okay, Oenone. It says you're going to live in a mansion, marry Paris, drive a Volkswagen Beetle, and have one kid.

OENONE: Sounds right to me!

TIFFANY: How do you always get that fortune?

OENONE: Don't question the fates, Tiffany.

HEATHER B: Can I go next?

OENONE: I'm bored of MASH. Hey, did you guys watch *The Bachelor* last night?

HEATHER B: I'm not allowed to. My parents think it's trashy. And that it promotes an unhealthy notion that women can only find

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happiness when they're pitted against each other in a war to earn the love of one man.

TIFFANY: It's sooooo good. I can't believe he sent that reheaded one home. She was so skinny. But he probably did it because she was always crying about stuff.

HEATHER B: What kind of stuff?

OENONE: You'll understand when you get a boyfriend. Now it's just down to those two girls. The nice one and the mean one who is "not there to make friends." But it's so unrealistic that he's "in love" with both of them. Don't you think? I'm SO glad I'll never be on that show. Oh, can I get one of those, Heather B?

HEATHER B: *Sharing the Starburst candy.* You can just call me

Heather if you want. Since I'm the only Heather here.

OENONE: I know. I'm just used to it.

TIFFANY: If you can unwrap a Starburst in your mouth without

using your hands it means you're a good kisser.

HEATHER B: No way. That's impossible.

TIFFANY: It's the only real way to know for sure. Heather Q told me *The girls all nod. Heather Q is a reliable source. They stare at the Starburst silently mocking them from the table. Each scared to reveal their true kissing skills.*

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OENONE: Can I get some Fun Dip?

TIFFANY: That'll give you a sugar high for gym.

OENONE: Ew, I forgot we had gym next.

HEATHER B: We're playing indoor volleyball today.

OENONE: Ew. Do we still have to change clothes?

TIFFANY: Probably.

OENONE: Heather B, you're not wearing shorts are you?

HEATHER B: No . . .

OENONE: I just don't want people making fun of you again. I still

don't get why you can't shave your legs.

HEATHER B: My mom won't let me.

OENONE: Your leg hair is so dark. *Beat.* But I think that color you're wearing looks good for your skin.

HEATHER B: What's wrong with my skin?

OENONE: Nothing! *Beat.* It's kind of pale.

HEATHER B: My orthodontist says it's pretty.

OENONE: Okay.

She returns to eating her Fun Dip.

TIFFANY: That is turning your tongue blue!

OENONE: Ew, really? Gross! Let me see. Do you have that mirror app on your phone?

TIFFANY: Obvi.

She glances at her phone, looks horrified, scrolls through some things, nervously peeks at OENONE, and then looks to HEATHER B as if to say, "Yo, girl, pick up your phone and check this out!"

HEATHER B: *being the mind reader that all middle-school girls are, immediately understands and looks at her phone. She too looks completely appalled. And a little terrified.*

HEATHER B: Staring at OENONE and shouting. It's nothing!

OENONE: What? What's up?

HEATHER B: Um . . .

She looks for help but TIFFANY is completely mesmerized by her phone.

OENONE: What's going on? Is something on my face? *Whispering.*

Do I need to pluck my eyebrows?

This finally breaks TIFFANY and the girls stare at OENONE, not sure what to say.

TIFFANY: I told you he was a bad idea, Oenone.

OENONE: Who? *Beat.* Paris? *Beat.* No. Tell me what's going on!

HEATHER B: I don't want to tell you, because I don't want to hurt your feelings. But I feel like I should tell you because I think you'd want to know and I LYLAS you.

OENONE: Just tell me!

TIFFANY: *Bringing her phone around.* Okay, look at his Facebook page. First: this check-in.

OENONE: Sparta Middle School? What is he talking about? It must be a joke. Or someone hacked his account.

TIFFANY: There's more.

OENONE: It's just a bunch of emoticons.

TIFFANY: *Very seriously.* Yeah. It's a heart. And a wink face. And the smile with the tongue sticking out.

HEATHER B: *Whispering intensely.* Ewwwww.

OENONE: Maybe someone is Catfishing with his profile . . .

TIFFANY: No, there's his picture. Look at that selfie on Instagram! He tots used the Hudson filter.

HEATHER B: So cold . . .

OENONE: Whoa, whoa—who is that?

HEATHER B: The tag says "HottieHelen." She looks like a high schooler! I bet her mom lets her take Zumba . . .

TIFFANY: There's another one! In X-Pro II. He's kissing her cheek! And he commented, "literally the hottest girl in the world . . ."

HEATHER B: *Trying to make a joke.* What, does she have a temperature of 110 degrees? And he spelled "girl" wrong!

TIFFANY: . . . hashtag, so blessed!"

OENONE: What? No! *Beat.* Is this because he hates my bangs? I'm growing them out . . .

HEATHER B: Oenone, no, your bangs are beautiful.

TIFFANY shoots HEATHER B a glance. OENONE's bangs are not beautiful. *But in the cruel, cruel world of middle school, it was a nice thing to say.*

If he can't see how great you are, he's missing out. He's a loser.

OENONE: No, he's not!

HEATHER B: Well, that's what my mom says about boys our age.

OENONE: You're just jealous because you don't have a boyfriend. You don't know what it feels like.

She starts to weep on the table and continues eating Starbursts while dipping her Finn Dip.

HEATHER B: Do you want to go in the bathroom and sing some Taylor Swift?

OENONE: No!

HEATHER B: Oh. Some Adele, then?

OENONE: Show me Helen's Facebook page.

HEATHER B: Are you sure?

OENONE: Let me see it, Tiffany.

TIFFANY: Here it is. Whoa, look—she just went from "in a relationship" to "it's complicated" with some guy named Menelaus. Oh, and he seems really angry about these pictures with Paris!

She continues to scroll down on her phone.

Yeah, it looks like everyone at SMS wants to kill him.

HEATHER B: Whoa! The language they're using! We should flag this as inappropriate.

OENONE: What? Is he okay?

TIFFANY: Helen just tweeted that someone named Aphrodite is giving them a ride to the Denny's in Troy.

HEATHER B: What?! They know someone who can drive? That seems unsafe. And what, they are just leaving school early—

OENONE: Hold on. They're going to Denny's? He wouldn't—I mean, that's OUR special thing. We ALWAYS get milkshakes and split the Grand Slamwich and the Bacon Slamburger!

TIFFANY: Uh-oh. I think Menelaus is going to try and find them. It looks like he and some of his soccer team are trying to figure out how to get there.

HEATHER B: They are leaving school too? We should try and tell someone's parents.

OENONE: I can't believe he would do this to me! I thought he loved me! *Beat.* This means war!

She whips out her phone in a rage, ready for battle!

HEATHER B: What are you going to do?

TIFFANY: She posted this terrible picture of him with some ugly stuffed animal! Ugh. Why does he look like that . . .

HEATHER B: Oenone, you didn't!

OENONE: That's Cory. The stuffed animal he gave me for helping him with science homework. He begged me to delete this picture, but if he's going to humiliate me I'm going to post it!

TIFFANY: You also included a link with directions on how to get to Denny's? Interesting choice.

HEATHER B: Your picture is getting a lot of comments and shares, Oenone.

More to herself:

Isn't anyone in class?

OENONE: Good!

She checks her phone.

Paris! Oh, now, you text me?! He's asking me to help him out and take down the picture. Never!

She gets another text.

He says he's in a lot of trouble and he's scared! Well, he deserves it!

She texts back.

I'm going to text him that I'm never helping him with homework again!

TIFFANY: Whoa.

OENONE: Yeah! And his parents said they were going to take away his phone if he didn't pass his next test!

TIFFANY: I'd die.

She sees that OENONE has gotten another text.

What is it?

OENONE: He just texted that he's sorry. I'll never ever have another boyfriend!

She goes off into another world consumed in her own downward spiral of sadness, remorse, and anguish.

TIFFANY: *Checks her phone.* Looks like your directions helped. Helen just posted a picture of Menelaus at Denny's saying, "I didn't order this, hashtag, burger with, hashtag, awkward sauce. LOL. But for realz, I'm, hashtag, scared!"

OENONE *walls a bit.*

HEATHER B: Guys. We need to calm down. Who wants to play a quick game of MASH?

TIFFANY: OMG. Paris deleted his Facebook account! Ew.

HEATHER B: Are you sure he didn't just make it private or something?

TIFFANY: What are you doing, Oenone?

OENONE: *Dramatically narrates what she types into her phone.* Well, I guess this is the hashtag, end. Hashtag, good-bye. Hashtag, forever.

She starts to take a selfie of herself looking sad.

Do my bangs look okay?

TIFFANY *kind of shrugs and OENONE gets a shot of herself, she looks at it and decides she doesn't like it. She adjusts her angle and pouts back at the phone again.*

HEATHER B: Don't you think you're being a little dramatic?

OENONE *glares a glare that could kill a sixth grader.*

TIFFANY: To HEATHER B *after looking over OENONE's shoulder at the picture.* Let her filter it.

She notices that OENONE is about to do something dangerous and crazy.

No. No! You're seriously deleting your Facebook account too?! It's social suicide! Just because Paris got rid of his doesn't mean you need to go down in flames!

She looks at her phone.

You just texted me the flame emoticon.

HEATHER B: Oenone, are you okay? You haven't blinked in a while.

OENONE: *After she officially defies all reason and deletes her page, she dramatically throws her phone down into her bag.* Give me a Starburst.

HEATHER B *hands her a Starburst and OENONE puts it into her mouth. She unwraps it without her hands! She uses her teeth and stuff. The other girls are obviously amazed.*

HEATHER B: You did it. You're a good kisser.

OENONE *looks crazed.* HEATHER B, *sensing that this study hall has come to an end, quickly grabs all of their things.* OENONE *stands and fixes her bangs.* HEATHER B and TIFFANY *slowly stand behind her.*

OENONE: Now let's go to gym class.

END OF PLAY