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## CHARACTERS

**JOSH:** 17, an ordinary teenager with a clubfoot.

**ELLA:** 17, an ordinary teenager.

## TIME

*July 4, the present.*

## SETTING

*A country club bathroom with old-fashioned wallpaper, botanical prints on the wall, and an overstuffed feminine pouffe. There are stacks of pink hand towels by each sink.*

*NOTE: The directors and actors are free to update or change the movie-star names in parentheses to make them more appropriate to the situation.*

*ELLA, a teen-aged girl, bursts through the door, followed by a limping JOSH, an ordinary teenager with a clubfoot.*

**JOSH:** Don't run away from me.

**ELLA:** You can't be in here.

**JOSH:** Talk to me.

**ELLA:** I've tried.

**JOSH:** You don't have to do this.

**ELLA:** I do.

**JOSH:** Just because I don't look like (James Franco) or . . .

**ELLA:** I don't even like him . . .

**JOSH:** (Leonardo di Caprio) . . .

**ELLA:** Why would I have chosen you to begin with if I cared about your foot . . . ?

**JOSH:** Maybe you pitied me.

**ELLA:** Oh don't be. Pitied. God.

**JOSH:** Maybe you expected it to be romantic when it was actually just slow.

**ELLA:** Oh right because that's how I choose my boyfriends. Based on speed.

**JOSH:** Boyfriends?

ELLA: You're not my first boyfriend . . .

JOSH: Who's your next boyfriend?

ELLA: I don't know.

JOSH: I think you do . . .

ELLA: Just . . . go!

JOSH: You don't want to tell me.

ELLA: I don't have to tell you. We broke up.

JOSH *picks up one of the hand towels stacked by the sink.*

JOSH: Who washes these?

ELLA *makes a "how should I know?" gesture.*

A few rich people dry their hands once and they have to do an entire load of laundry.

ELLA: It's their job.

JOSH: And they should be grateful.

ELLA: Maybe they should. Maybe they don't speak English and it's this or some meatpacking plant . . .

JOSH: *Tossing aside the towel.* God I hate pink.

ELLA: I didn't choose the towels. It's not my club.

JOSH: But you're not like boycotting it.

ELLA: Why should I?

JOSH: Because it's classist and dated and discriminatory . . .

ELLA: Because you don't belong it's discriminatory . . .

JOSH: I don't want to belong.

ELLA: Then maybe you should leave.

JOSH: Not till you . . .

ELLA: What?

JOSH: Speak kindly to me.

ELLA: I don't feel kindly towards you right now.

JOSH: Can I see you tomorrow?

ELLA: No.

JOSH: If I can see you tomorrow, I'll go.

ELLA: Don't pressure me.

JOSH: I need to know that I'm going to see you.

ELLA: You need to have other friends!

JOSH: I have other friends. *A moment.* I have other friends.

ELLA: I really have to pee.

JOSH: Pee then.

ELLA: I'm not going to pee while you're standing here!

JOSH: I've heard you pee before.

ELLA: I need some privacy.

JOSH: So you can make your little secret phone call.

ELLA: What phone call?

JOSH: To Jackson Keading.

ELLA: Who?

JOSH: I saw you.

ELLA: Were you spying?

JOSH: Lying on the blanket. Looking up at the sexually symbolic fireworks.

ELLA: Why are they symbolic?! It's the Fourth of July.

JOSH: You told me you were busy.

ELLA: I said I was going to the club.

JOSH: You just forgot to mention . . .

ELLA: I ran into him.

JOSH: *Mocking, feigning surprise.* "Oh Jackson, do you belong to this club?"

ELLA: It's really hard to find you attractive when you're being so pathetic . . .

JOSH: Jackson Keading is a dick. He wouldn't even pay for Tricia's abortion . . .

ELLA: How do you even know that?

JOSH: And then he broke up with her. So, you know, you sure know how to pick 'em.

*The door opens. Someone peeks in and then backs out before we see them.*

ELLA: *Gesturing toward the woman who left.* This is a ladies' room!

JOSH: I'll leave when you leave.

ELLA: You're being such a stalker!

JOSH: And you're being such a fucking girl deriving her sense of self-worth from whatever jock deigns to sleep with her.

ELLA: Okay, I'll leave . . .

JOSH: *Stepping in front of her.* Don't forget your little pink towel.

ELLA: I expected you to be nicer than other people, but people with disabilities can be assholes, too . . .

JOSH: Obviously . . .

ELLA: I mean look at Richard III!

JOSH: He's my role model!

ELLA: I don't like Jackson Keading because he's a jock. I like him because he texted me "Good Night." Like out of the blue. And said "No need to text back." Whereas you need like seventy-five texts a day or you freak out!

JOSH: That was one day, when I had legitimate reasons to think you might not have gotten my texts . . .

ELLA: Let me by.

JOSH: I thought you had to pee.

ELLA: I don't have to anymore.

JOSH: I'll wait in the hall.

ELLA: You can't wait in the hall. You can't be anywhere. You're not a member here.

*Beat. Her phone dings with a text.*

JOSH: Whoever could that be?

ELLA: *Glancing down, rolling her eyes.* My mom.

*He grabs the phone out of her hand.*

Give me my fucking phone!

*He sees the text is from Jackson. He crumples, sits down on the pouffe.*

JOSH: I don't have any other friends.

ELLA: *Torn.* You have friends . . .

JOSH: Who? Who do I have?

*A moment. Then ELLA goes out the door.*

END OF PLAY