

PILLOW FORTRESS

A full-length play

By Aysha Zackria

SCENE

Jordan's living room in an unnamed college town.

TIME

Softly February 2024.

CHARACTERS

- RY 21, she/they. Seems effortlessly cool, but it's secretly very effortful. Gay in a visible way. Prison abolitionist. Should be played by a Black woman or non-binary person.
- CHELSEA 21, she/her. Your typical preppy white girl. Loves her mom. Thinks everything is about her.
- JORDAN 20, they/she. Hot, sweet, and a little neurotic. Wants to keep the peace. Should be played by an AAPI woman or non-binary person.
- OFFICER KIM 40s-50s, she/her. Chelsea's mom, a white woman. Police officer. Helicopter in all senses of the word.

NOTES

If there are two punctuation marks at the end of a line, it's dealer's choice

/ indicates that the next line begins

() indicates that the words inside are thought, implied, or intended, but not said

SYNOPSIS

Pillow Fortress follows three college classmates after they receive an alert that someone has just escaped the local jail. Chelsea has a penchant for the law. Ry advocates for prison abolition. Jordan is just scared shitless. They try to prepare for what might happen if they encounter the escapee, but find out they need to face each other first. *Pillow Fortress* is part polemic, part slumber party, and all chaos.

"The eyes of others are our prisons; their thoughts our cages."
– Virginia Woolf

SCENE ONE

RY, JORDAN, and CHELSEA sit in JORDAN's living room, all working on a group presentation.

RY

My section is about Virginia Woolf queering the idea of narration. Cause she's talking about needing the room to do the writing that she's doing. And as a real person she might be trapped there but as the narrator she's trying to get in. But also, she is the room. Like she's creating the room. Yeah.

CHELSEA

I made a slide about Shakespeare's sister.

JORDAN

Oh.kay.

RY

You know Shakespeare didn't really have a sister, right?

CHELSEA

Yes... but she talks about her. Judith.

RY

As a thought experiment

CHELSEA

Exactly, yeah that's what I meant.

The book says that if Judith was exactly like Shakespeare, like just as talented but a woman instead, she would've killed herself.

Cause she would just be like a housewife or something.

So yeah, that sucks. I'm gonna talk about that.

JORDAN

Piggybacking off that, I'm gonna talk about her ideas of the new woman. Like, doing what women hadn't done before. Charting their own paths, being more in control, y'know?

CHELSEA

Love it!

RY

Should we go in that order or maybe Jordan..(should go first)?

JORDAN

Um, if you want, but I don't know / (if I should go first)

CHELSEA

It's tomorrow, let's not overthink it.

JORDAN

If you want me to go first, I'll go first

RY

But you don't want to

JORDAN

Uhm

RY

Don't worry about it, I can (go first)

JORDAN

. Thanks.

CHELSEA

I would volunteer, but I don't think it would make sense for my / (section to be first.)

RY

All good.

CHELSEA

Should I start the slides?

RY

I think they / (already made them)

JORDAN

I made some already, but you should add obviously. I'll share it with you, what's your (email)?

CHELSEA

C as in Chelsea. H as in Horse. A as in Apple. R as in Roger. R again. I, like Igloo. And S as in Super. And then the number 6. @utl.edu.

JORDAN

Ohkay!

Did you get it?
 CHELSEA

charris6
 JORDAN

@utl.edu. Yeah.
 CHELSEA

Yeah. Ry?
 JORDAN

I think you might have it. rmitchell4 .. @utl .. you know
 RY

Cool
 JORDAN

Can I change the theme?
 CHELSEA

Yeah of course
 JORDAN

I was thinking a hot pink with big chunky letters
 CHELSEA

Oh, that's not /
 RY

Sure, whatever / (you want is great!)
 JORDAN

Okay good. I'll find a nice shade.
 CHELSEA

To be honest, I'm willing to try anything, cause I'm flunking right now. Like flunking with a capital F. Flunking.
 JORDAN

Me too, I'm actually grounded until I get my grades up. But I think cute slides might help!
 CHELSEA

What do you mean grounded?
 RY

Curfew, no visiting friends ...?
 CHELSEA

RY
How though?

CHELSEA
Oh I live at home. with my mom

JORDAN
But she let you come over, that's good

CHELSEA
Oh, no, I told her we're Zooming.

JORDAN
Very sneaky!

CHELSEA
I know.! I'm such a rebel

JORDAN
It's good you're here, Zoom sucks. "Can you here me? Can you see my screen?"

RY
For real.

JORDAN
And I really need at least B on this, we can do that?

RY
Easy.

CHELSEA
So Shakespeare's sister—

All of their phones go off with an alarm. RY and CHELSEA make no move to check their phones. They might silence them by pressing the power button without looking at the screen. JORDAN actually reads the alert.

RY
Do they really expect us to find these kids?

CHELSEA
No really, the ones for old people too. I look when I'm out but...

RY

Before we get into the slides, I was gonna say the theme should / (be a little more serious.)

JORDAN starts locking the doors.

JORDAN

The police are looking for someone armed and dangerous. Apparently they're really close.

CHELSEA

What else does it say?

JORDAN

Just that we're supposed to stay inside.

RY

Shit.

CHELSEA

That's it?

JORDAN

We should get all the windows too

RY

Okay, yeah.

A siren passes in the distance. JORDAN locks the windows and draws the curtains in the living room while RY moves toward the hallway.

RY

Is it cool if I go in?

JORDAN

Yeah, yeah, no one's home.

RY disappears into the hallway. JORDAN finishes locking the living room, and disappears into the kitchen. CHELSEA rummages in her bag. Confident, borderline aroused, she takes her self-defense tools out and places them on the table one by one: Birdy alarm, kitty cat self defense knuckle keychain, pocket knife, pepper spray in a custom case, bear spray, bug spray, taser.

Okay.

CHELSEA

JORDAN returns.

JORDAN
(*about Chekov's femme arsenal*)

Holy shit.

CHELSEA

I know right??

JORDAN

You always carry all of that?

CHELSEA

Yep!

JORDAN

Wow. Good.

CHELSEA

Yeah. The pepper spray's my favorite. My mom got the case made special on Etsy.

JORDAN

That's.. sweet?

CHELSEA

She never got my backpacks or purses monogrammed, cause she thought it was a safety issue, but this is better. It's more me.

JORDAN

. You seem so... calm.

CHELSEA

I am.

JORDAN

This might be the worst thing to ever happen to me.

CHELSEA

I think it's kinda fun!

Fun?
 JORDAN

Like we're Drew Barrymore in *Scream*.
 CHELSEA

Doesn't she have a breakdown and get killed?
 JORDAN

I don't think so, doesn't she / shoot (him)
 CHELSEA

No, she gets totally disemboweled. You're thinking of—
 JORDAN

Ry returns.

Whatever, it doesn't matter.
 JORDAN

Ry, aren't you having fun?
 CHELSEA

I wouldn't say fun /
 RY

Thank you.
 JORDAN

But it's not, bad?
 RY

Another couple sirens start, much louder than the last. JORDAN moves to the front window. They flail or point a little obsessively. Two police cars pass the house, loud and bright.

That's bad.
 JORDAN

But they were going pretty fast. Away from us
 RY

They're on my street, Ry.
 JORDAN

CHELSEA

Yeah, but they're on their way to somewhere else that's not here! That must be a good thing?

JORDAN

There's a dead end like ten houses away. It's just woods after that.

RY

There's no other way they could go?

JORDAN

No. And I haven't seen any of them drive back this way either.

CHELSEA

They must still be close.

SCENE TWO

DING! from JORDAN's phone. They check.

JORDAN

Someone posted on NextDoor
It's an escaped prisoner.

CHELSEA

What'd he do? Drug possession? Grand larceny? Aggravated assault? Money laundering?

JORDAN

He was in the Grantfield County Jail. For murder.

CHELSEA

I knew it.

RY

How'd he get out?

JORDAN

It doesn't say.

CHELSEA

We've got a runner.

JORDAN

All the doors are locked. You got the windows. /

RY

I just put the blinds down, I didn't check if they were locked.

JORDAN

God, okay. Chelsea, can you handle that?

JORDAN and CHELSEA disperse. RY was not given a job. She sits. JORDAN gets back with their hands full.

RY

Need help?

JORDAN

No no I got it.

RY

You sure?

JORDAN

Yes let me just—let me do it.

Beat.

RY

My bad, I didn't lock the windows earlier.

JORDAN

Don't worry about it.

RY

I got the blinds, / (I didn't realize it was this serious)

JORDAN

I know.

RY

I didn't realize / (it was this serious.)

JORDAN

It's totally fine!!!! Really. Chelsea is taking care of it.

RY

What are the flashlights for?

JORDAN

In case he cuts the power, obviously.

RY

And the candles?

JORDAN

For when we run out of batteries. But I only have one lighter, so we have to be careful not to use up all the fluid.

JORDAN organizes the candles and checks all of the flashlights.

RY

(weakly, holding up their phone, pointing to the flash)

But ..

JORDAN

And what when it dies? We need to be ready for anything.

RY

Okay.

CHELSEA enters.

CHELSEA

Why do we need so many candles?

RY

Just in case he cuts the power and our phones die and we run out of flashlight batteries.

CHELSEA

Ah, Good thinking. Gotta stay one step ahead.

JORDAN

Y'know what? It's getting dark, we should turn out the lights anyway. I don't want anyone peeking in. We'll turn the lights out.

RY

But that would make it look like we're not home.

JORDAN

Yeah.?

RY

If this guy actually shows up, wouldn't he want to rob an empty house? Or hide in it?

JORDAN

Maybe, but / the (doors are locked)

CHELSEA

I think it's pretty obvious that this convict wants to kill. And he'll be looking for his next victims.

RY

I doubt he's gonna / kill (anyone)

JORDAN

We're wasting time, I'm just gonna turn out the lights, okay?

JORDAN unceremoniously flips off the lights. Maybe they're lamps in several corners of the room. Complete darkness (almost). Beat. CHELSEA slurps from her soda.

CHELSEA

Should we light the candles?

JORDAN

Not yet. Can't waste 'em.

RY

Guess that means no flashlights either.

JORDAN

Right.

A longer awkward silence. More slurping or ice shaking around. RY is bouncing her leg or fidgeting with a pencil.

RY

Okay not to keep forcing this, and I know it's your house and you get the final say obviously,, but I don't want to sit in the dark until they find this guy.... Can't we leave one lamp on?

He'll be able to see it

JORDAN

You're joking. How much longer can they sit here making stupid noises.

Jordan,?

RY

What

JORDAN

Forget it

RY

What!

JORDAN

RY

I don't know how much longer I can just sit here. Is the dark not freaking you out?

JORDAN

Well it wasn't before

RY

I don't think one lamp would be the end of the world,, The curtains look thick enough to hide it.

JORDAN

But what if it shows around the edges. We wouldn't know.

CHELSEA

We could duct tape them to the wall? So no one can see in.

JORDAN

.... Fine, sure. But if I hear anything, it's out !

RY

No yeah yeah.

CHELSEA

We'll be ready.

JORDAN tries to find the duct tape in the dark. It's a mess. They open several junk drawers and loudly feel through the contents.

JORDAN

Got the tape.

JORDAN makes their way toward the window. They kick books and notebooks and whatever else is on the ground. They become increasingly frustrated. While this is happening, CHELSEA is seated, playing a game on her phone. It illuminates her face. The game is either a shooter and we can hear little gun noises, or it's something recognizable like Subway Surfers and we can hear the music and sound effects.

RY

You okay?

JORDAN

Uh huh.

JORDAN keeps trying for a couple seconds, but they stub their toe and let out a little Yelp! They stop where they are.

CHELSEA

What was that?

JORDAN

I stubbed my toe.

JORDAN starts to move toward a lamp.

CHELSEA

Just

CHELSEA turns on her phone's flashlight.

JORDAN

Thanks.

In the light of CHELSEA's phone, JORDAN easily walks to turn on One Tiny Dim Lamp.

*CHELSEA turns off her phone flashlight.
JORDAN starts to tape the curtains to the wall.
They're struggling. RY approaches.*

RY

Here, I got it.

*RY holds the curtain to the wall while JORDAN
tapes. CHELSEA returns to her phone game.*

RY

We should do something. To get your mind off all of this.

JORDAN

We need to finish the presentation.
I don't see why Professor Martin decided to grade in groups instead of individually.

RY

I don't think she'll make us present tomorrow. Cause manhunt. She might even give us a pity A.

JORDAN

Nuh uh. Remember Jason's presentation the day after he got surgery?

RY

Yeah..

JORDAN

Unhhh I can't focus on this right now.

RY

Right yeah me neither.
Maybe we could watch a movie??

JORDAN

No, no way. Even with the curtains taped, the TV would be like a giant sign saying "Hey!
We're Here! Come Kill Us Next Please!"

CHELSEA

Okayyy. Well, what iiif, since we're stuck in the dark, What if we pretend like we're
having a Sleepover. Do sleepover stuff

*JORDAN and RY look at her like she has twelve
heads.*

CHELSEA

Like play games and tell stories and eat snacks..!
We could braid each other's hair !

RY

Okay not that. What about .. A Pillow Fort??

CHELSEA

YES!

RY and CHELSEA look at JORDAN expectantly.

JORDAN

I don't know.

RY

What

JORDAN

There's still someone out there.

CHELSEA

And what if I told you a fort would be a great place to hide if someone breaks in

JORDAN

....Yeah, what the hell. The pillows and blankets are in there. Clips in here. I'll make us some popcorn ?

CHELSEA

You're the best!

JORDAN exits to the kitchen. We hear them grab the popcorn, take off the plastic wrap, and start the microwave. A gentle hummmm.

SCENE THREE

RY walks over to a lamp in the corner opposite the kitchen and turns it on. It's still dim-ish in the room. CHELSEA starts gathering pillows, blankets, and any other fort accessories.

RY

I can't believe that worked. Sleepover !

CHELSEA

They were freaking me out.

RY

Feels like they've watched too many true crime docuseries-es.

RY and CHELSEA start building a pillow fort with couch cushions and fuzzy blankets. It's almost tender.

CHELSEA

I don't blame them.

(offering a fort element to RY)

You / want ?

RY

(taking it)

Thanks

CHELSEA

That stuff is really interesting. Understanding how the criminal mind works.

RY

They're usually a little .. graphic for me. Not to mention the victims—

(helping CHELSEA with something)

Here.

The victims are white and the creators are white even though in the real world it's Black people Always getting screwed over, I mean not Always, but statistically, Really. Most of the fucking time. So that's / complete bullshit.

CHELSEA

I feel like I've seen YouTube / videos that have Black people

RY

Not to mention, they always want to lock people up. Like they can't stop talking about how the cases haven't been solved yet, and how they're still looking for answers and justice for the victims. But the police are idiots. They wouldn't know justice if it slapped them in the face.

BIG beat. RY expected CHELSEA to easily agree. CHELSEA is offended.

CHELSEA

My mom's a cop, and she's not an idiot.

RY

I didn't mean / (that)

CHELSEA

No, it's fine. People say stuff like that all the time.

The World's Largest Beat as they continue to awkwardly arrange the pillow fort. CHELSEA conspicuously fixes the part RY was working on.

CHELSEA

She taught me to always carry a weapon. So, that might save us if the killer actually breaks in.

("I'm better than you")

I arranged them in order of lethal-ness if you need them.

RY

Thanks.

CHELSEA

And if you're squeamish, you can always use the Birdy, it's just an alarm.

RY

Got it.. I'm gonna go check on Jordan.

CHELSEA

Kay.

RY exits to the kitchen. CHELSEA grabs her phone and stares at it for a few seconds, deciding. She calls her mom, OFFICER KIM, talking quietly.

CHELSEA

Mom?

I just wanted to hear your voice.

.

I'm okay!

.

Um. No.

I'm at a friend's house.

.

CHELSEA

I know, I'm sorry.

..

Doing a presentation. For Professor Martin.

.

Yeah, we heard. We're safe.

.

I took the bus.

.

East Hill.

..

Nono you don't have to.

..

But /

.

Okay fine. I'll text you the address.

..

Okay. How long?

Okay. Love you. Bye.

CHELSEA looks toward the kitchen, trying to gauge if RY and JORDAN heard or not. She reapplies lip gloss using her phone camera to look at herself. She fixes her hair. Microwave beep beep beep.

SCENE FOUR

RY and JORDAN walk back in with a bowl of popcorn.

JORDAN

Did you hear that?

CHELSEA

What?

JORDAN

The microwave.

CHELSEA

Yeah?

JORDAN

I meant to hit the stop button before (it went off), but I got distracted.

CHELSEA
I think it's fine

JORDAN
I was putting a line of eggs by the back door.

CHELSEA
You think eggy feet would stop him?

JORDAN
..no, But we would hear it, and it would warn us! Like a Home Alone trap!

CHELSEA
It's kinda smart.

JORDAN
And now we hide!
May I?

CHELSEA
Of course!!!

JORDAN sits in the fort, followed by RY.

JORDAN
A fort for our fortress, Cute.

RY
Thanks.

JORDAN
Are we ready for story time?

CHELSEA
I was born ready.

CHELSEA grabs a flashlight and points the beam up at her face. She drops in. She really was born for this.

CHELSEA
My best friend's parents got stuck inside during a manhunt too. A couple months after they moved to Florida, they got an alert on their phones. just. like. us. So they're texting their neighbors trying to figure out what was happening, and Apparently, this man chopped someone's hand off and ate it, and he was running around their neighborhood. One person said he stole a bike and was riding around just like, a normal person. And Cami's parents told me that the bike even had a little basket on it.

CHELSEA

And no one even thought to stop him because who would suspect that a cannibal would be pedaling around with a little basket? No one! Then, a different neighbor told them that the convict was swimming through the canals behind the houses. It's a Florida thing, some of the houses have canals connecting them like, streets but for boats. Like in Venice. Anyway, they said the killer was swimming and hiding underwater and then he'd climb out to look inside everyone's backyard windows—that they didn't even think to cover. So Cami's parents are picturing him sneaking around all soaking wet, leaving a trail of soggy footprints on people's patios. And they're not really believing any of this, right? Cause they've heard two completely different stories and they assume the guy is probably like in a getaway car or something. well, I shit you not, All of it was true... Except he didn't eat anyone. But he did steal a bike and swim through the canals. He stole a bike from someone's porch And to avoid being caught, he took it with him into the canal and swam with it!

JORDAN

So what happened?

CHELSEA

Well that's the best part. He got caught, obviously. And guess who caught him?

JORDAN

Who?

CHELSEA

My mom. Cami's parents came out of the house like Hiiiiii Kiiiiim and my mom was like Hiiiiii Sooo good to see youuu!!! And they were like How are you Doing?? Do you want to come in for a glass of wine? And my mom was like ohh nooo you're So sweet. I have the perp in the back of my cruiser and he's making it smell like wet dog, so I really should be going. And they were like Ah Kim always working!!!!!! And she was like Ha you know mee!

JORDAN

That's funny.

CHELSEA

I know, she's cool. Scary but cool. That's the job.

JORDAN

Yeah?

CHELSEA
 And she's a little
 But.. / (it's fine) *(her best helicopter impression)*

JORDAN
 What?

CHELSEA
 She's a helicopter.

JORDAN
 Oh I get it

CHELSEA
 Living at home's still nice though. I just have to sneak out to have a life

JORDAN
 Oh my god.

CHELSEA
 It's fine, she's a good cook!

JORDAN
 No, not that, I'm a terrible roommate.

RY
 Why?

JORDAN
 I didn't text Sawyer. You said you like living with— and I just remembered,—I'm gonna call her.

CHELSEA
 She probably doesn't know any more than we do. Even the / police scanner doesn't really have much.

<p>JORDAN <i>(on the phone, to SAWYER)</i> Hey. Yeah, we're fine. Yeah, Ry Mitchell and Chelsea Harris. Group project. Yeah. So just stay / (on campus)</p>	<p>CHELSEA <i>(to RY)</i> I get push notifs of everything. I once deleted the app cause I ran out of storage, .. but then I missed it, so I got rid of Hinge instead.</p>
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RY
(to JORDAN)
 She's still on campus?

JORDAN
(to RY)
 Yeah.
(to SAWYER)
 Okay. Bye.

JORDAN hangs up the phone.

RY
 What happened?

JORDAN
 She's going to her partner's house. The buses are stopped, but / (she has a car)

RY
 Damn.

CHELSEA
 You bussed here too?

RY
 Yeah.

JORDAN
 Remind me where you live. / Portlow?

RY
 Portlow. Yeah!

CHELSEA
 Oh my god, what street?

RY
 Vine.

CHELSEA
 My dog's groomer is like, right there.

RY
 Sudsy puppy?

Yes!!
CHELSEA

My friend Liv works there!
RY

Oh nice!
CHELSEA

You live nearby?
RY

Pulaski, like an hour away. Mom just really prefers Sudsy Puppy.
CHELSEA

And you bus to campus? We should've met closer to you
JORDAN

Too late now!
CHELSEA

Maybe Sawyer can drive you both home, when it's safe.
JORDAN

No/no
RY

That's really nice
CHELSEA

Well, if the bus is running, / (I'll just do that)
RY

How late do they go?
JORDAN

Midnight weekdays, 2 on the weekends. You never bus?
RY

I usually walk. Or make Sawyer drive me. Sometimes Uber if it's cheap.
JORDAN

Huh.
RY

JORDAN

Well, I would take the bus, but I don't really—my dad was a driver, but he had to stop because—Actually!

SCENE FIVE

JORDAN motions CHELSEA to give her the flashlight.

CHELSEA

Oooh! Story!

JORDAN

Okay, ummmm,

(they try out a voice)

During a Cold February like This One, My Dad saw something Crazy that would Change our Lives Forever. My Dad Taught Middle School—

(normal voice)

Okay I can't do this.

He taught at the middle school in our town. He was actually a really good teacher, everyone loved him. And he also drove the bus. So in the morning, he would take his car from home to this big garage where they would keep all the buses. And then he would drive his bus the whole route and pick up all the kids and take them to school and then after school he would do the whole route in reverse, y'know? So he would do this routine every day, and one time he parks in the garage to get the bus, and it's really dark cause it's like 7 am, but he gets out of his car and starts walking toward the buses like normal but then a ton of police show up. Lights on, sirens, and everything. And my dad is like Woah what's happening Here, and the police are like Come With Us. And my dad tells them that there's a bunch of kids waiting for him and he can't just leave. But the police said they had to question him first. Long story short, someone killed a guy and dumped the body on the other side of the garage and my dad had no idea.

CHELSEA

The body was just like... there???

JORDAN

No they uh put 'em in a trash bag.. Do you really wanna know the details?

CHELSEA

We've come too far to stop now!

JORDAN

The body was in pieces, like chopped up. And then they put it in a garbage bag. And they lit the whole thing on fire. So by the time the cops brought my dad to go see it, it was all .. crispy.?

RY

Disgusting.

JORDAN

But the police saw my dad didn't know anything, so they Let him take the kids to school.

CHELSEA

That's Crazy.

JORDAN

Yeah it kinda fucked him up for a while.

RY

No shit.

JORDAN

And it didn't help that Shelton's a small town, so *Everyone* was talking about it. The middle schoolers especially. They kept asking dad to tell them what he saw

CHELSEA

Wow.

JORDAN

Yeah he quit the next summer. It was really intense. I had kept having nightmares that he was the one who got killed and I never told anyone? And I couldn't sleep, so my grades were slipping, and I didn't wanna tell my dad why, and that really freaked him out. And me. Sorry that was TMI, I'm fine now.

RY

When was this?

JORDAN

Three years ago, senior year.

RY

Oh woah

JORDAN

Yeah.. We talked about it recently, and he told me he can still see it. The charred bits and everything. And even now, they don't know who did it. Or even who the corpse was.

CHELSEA

Mysterious.

JORDAN

You'd think someone would figure out they're missing a friend or nephew or something. But no one has said anything. And I feel like we should have the technology to figure it out anyway.
It's weird.

Beat.

CHELSEA

Okay not to be totally gross and insensitive, but you talking about things getting crispy is kinda making me crave pizza.

RY

Dude.

CHELSEA

I'm just saying, I could really go for some thin crust right now!

JORDAN

I'm more of a deep dish lover myself.

RY

(completely theoretical)

I don't think Little Caesars gives us an option.

CHELSEA

(taking it seriously)

You don't think we could get it delivered, do you?

RY

No.

JORDAN

Yeah, what if the murderer kills the delivery driver and puts on their uniform and gives us the pizza and then / (he murders us)

RY

We think he's the real driver and give him a huge tip.

Or he murders us.

JORDAN

Sure, yeah that'd suck too.

RY

Right. Yeah.

CHELSEA

It seems unethical to put the delivery guy in harm's way for a box of pizza. No matter how much we tip him..

RY

Plus, the roads are probably blocked off by now.

CHELSEA starts eating the popcorn more vigorously now that she knows she's not getting pizza.

I can check.

JORDAN

You're gonna go out?

RY

Nonono I was just gonna Google it

JORDAN

I can look

CHELSEA
(starting to stand up)

NO!

JORDAN

Why?

CHELSEA

It's just like, what's the point of us securing the house if you're gonna go in and out all willy nilly, y'know?

JORDAN

I don't feel like getting killed today.

RY

Maybe tomorrow?

JORDAN
You think this'll last that long?

CHELSEA
It was just a joke.

RY
I'm sure it'll be over soon.

RY grabs her phone to Google.

JORDAN
We might actually have to Postmates something later, I haven't gone grocery shopping in a while.

CHELSEA
What if we have to resort to cannibalism. Like the bike guy

JORDAN
I thought you said he didn't / (eat anyone)

RY
Yeah, the roads are closed.

JORDAN
Lockdowns can't last for more than a day or two, can they?

CHELSEA
I heard about someone who was on the lam for eleven days. The whole county was shut down

RY
They can't actually force us to stay here for that long

CHELSEA
Even still, I get hungry fast

RY
You'll be fine.

SCENE SIX

CHELSEA
(You) better tell your story before we run out of popcorn

RY

I don't have one.

JORDAN

C'mon, I told mine!

CHELSEA

Yeah, seriously.

Micro beat.

RY

Fine. Umm . . . okay. So in seventh grade, my girlfriend and I were going trick-or-treating.

CHELSEA

Weren't you like.. fourteen?

RY

No we were twelve. And we agreed it would be our last year—whatever. So we're walking around and there's like no one else out, so we're having a good time getting all the candy to ourselves, feeling proud of our emo zombie costumes—don't ask—So we're walking and a car passes us, and we don't really clock it, but then a few minutes later, the same car passes us going the other way. And we thought that was weird, Just cause there wasn't a single other car on the road. But we don't think about it too hard. But then it comes around Again and it pulls up really slowly behind us, matching our pace. And we were real creeped out so we run to the next house and knock at their door. And the car is just stopped in the road. And the driver is staring at us and we're really knocking on this door trying not to look back at him, but we can feel him looking. And finally a little old lady opens the door and we tell her what was happening and we point to the car, and they just speed off. But we're still skeeved out so we stayed on her porch til my cousin came to pick us up..

CHELSEA

(baiting)

You could've called the police to help you.

RY

Turns out the old lady was just fine.

CHELSEA

I guess.

RY

It's like basic community stuff, mutual aid. You help me, I help you

CHELSEA
 What'd you help her with?

RY
 What?

CHELSEA
 What did you help the old lady with?

RY
 It's not really that transactional. It's more of a philosophy.

JORDAN
 Totally.

RY
 Plus I was twelve, what could she have wanted from me?

CHELSEA
 I dunno, help crossing the street? You're the mutual aid expert

RY
 I'm not— It was late, I don't think she was planning on crossing the street.

JORDAN
 Makes sense.

CHELSEA
 I don't know about mutual aid, it kinda just sounds like being a normal person

RY
 It's a term that this anarchist philosopher coined / to (explain the phenomenon)

JORDAN
 Not an expert?

RY
 I've read about it

CHELSEA
 And you probably actually read *A Room of Her Own*

RY
 A Room of *One's Own*?

Yeahyeah
CHELSEA

You didn't?
JORDAN

No
CHELSEA

Uh
JORDAN

But my ideas were fine, right?
CHELSEA

Yeah, but— You gotta take this seriously.
JORDAN

I am! I looked at Sparknotes, Cliffsnotes, and Shmoop..
CHELSEA

Is that real?
RY

Shmoop? That's the best one
CHELSEA

You haven't heard of Shmoop?
JORDAN

Everyone does it.
CHELSEA

Not everyone
RY

Well most people
CHELSEA

A lot of people, yeah
JORDAN

Do you use ChatGPT?
RY

CHELSEA

Ew, no.

RY

Okayy.?

CHELSEA

So no need to give me the ninth degree.

(to JORDAN)

Where's your bathroom, I have to powder my nose.

JORDAN

End of the hall on the left.

CHELSEA

Thank youuuuuuu

CHELSEA exits.

SCENE SEVEN

RY and JORDAN sit in silence a couple seconds. Maybe JORDAN is on their phone again.

RY

How're you doing?

JORDAN

Better, I think.

RY

Yeah?

JORDAN

Still scared, but better. Distracted.

RY

That's good?

JORDAN

You?

'm alright!

RY

JORDAN

You haven't had any popcorn, you want something else?

RY

Oh no no it's okay

JORDAN

I might have pasta?

RY

I'll eat when I get home

JORDAN

It's getting late

RY

It's not even ten.

JORDAN

You sure?

RY

I'm good.

JORDAN

You're not just saying that.

RY

Yes. Promise.

JORDAN

Okay.

RY

You're a really good host.

JORDAN

You think?

RY

Yeah, I mean this situation sucks, but I'd rather be here (than anywhere else)

JORDAN

Yeah. . I'm glad you're here.

SCENE EIGHT

CHELSEA enters like a tornado. This is the first time we see RY's fear creep in.

CHELSEA

I heard someone in the yard.

RY

What?

CHELSEA

I heard footsteps, and heavy breathing.

JORDAN

He's here.

CHELSEA

I'm gonna go out there.

JORDAN

Chelsea, Don't.

CHELSEA

I can handle this, I have pepper spray!

RY

You're gonna spray him?? Then what???

CHELSEA

I don't know! Use my taser!

RY

That's a terrible idea!

CHELSEA

We can't just let him get away!

JORDAN

Shh SHHHHHHHHH You're NOT going out there. We need to hide.

*JORDAN grabs CHELSEA away from the door.
A dog starts barking in the backyard.*

CHELSEA

(whisper screaming)

Don't you wanna know what's going on out there?

RY

Chelsea..!

JORDAN

Do not open that door.

CHELSEA

No what if we just .. peeked out

CHELSEA peels back some of the tape from a window. RY and JORDAN's curiosity gets the better of them. They all look out the window like if the three stooges were just curious little guys.

RY

(on edge)

It's a cop.

JORDAN

Thank god.

CHELSEA

I bet they're right on his trail. I bet they know exactly where he is, and they're just waiting for the perfect moment to snatch him up. . . The police are going to keep us safe and put him in prison. Right, Ry?

RY

(appeasing)

Sure.

CHELSEA

I bet you're soooooo relieved.

JORDAN

Why wouldn't she be?

CHELSEA

Oh, nothing... Ry just hates the police.

RY

I didn't say that, but / (you're not wrong)

CHELSEA

But you did call my mom an idiot. Because she's law enforcement.

JORDAN

What?

RY

I didn't say that either!

JORDAN

That's kinda fucked up, even if her mom is a cop

RY

Jordan, I swear I didn't call her mom an idiot

CHELSEA

You basically did.

RY

I did not.

CHELSEA

You for sure / (called her an idiot)

JORDAN

shutupshut up

(turning back to the window)

He's gone.

Fuck.

CHELSEA

We can go find him. Ask what's happening.

RY

We should just stay hidden like we were before.

JORDAN

. Are you scared?

RY

. No, it just doesn't make sense to go interfere with their .. whatever. investigation.

JORDAN

Civic duty or not, we cannot open that door

CHELSEA

Who died and made you in charge?

RY

This is their house!

CHELSEA

So?

RY

Their house, their rules.

SCENE NINE

JORDAN

Right....my house, my rules.

Rule number one: We stay inside.

Rule number two: We don't kill each other before we get out

Rule number three: We're having a sleepover, and sleepovers are supposed to be fun, so we need to have fun. Okay?

What are other sleepover things we can do?

A brief stalemate.

CHELSEA

Make friendship bracelets.

RY

Use a Ouija board.

CHELSEA

Talk about boys.

RY

Smoke a bowl.

CHELSEA

Play truth or dare.

JORDAN

YES! Yes. Okay.

JORDAN plops down in the pillow fort.

JORDAN

Sit,sit

CHELSEA and RY reluctantly sit.

JORDAN

Okay, Ry, truth or dare.

RY

Um. Dare.

JORDAN

Hmm. Do you have a crush?

RY

I said Dare.

JORDAN

Well—Okay, text your crush “you up?”

RY

Bruh.

JORDAN

Do It!

RY

Okay.

RY grabs her phone and texts. She expects Jordan’s phone to ding, but it’s on silent. Phew.

RY

I did it.

JORDAN

Who is it?

RY

No one.

Have they seen?
JORDAN

I don't think so.
RY

Boo, okay. It's your turn to ask.
JORDAN

Truth or dare?
RY
(to CHELSEA)

Dare.
CHELSEA

... Crawl around the room til I say stop.
RY

Kay.
CHELSEA

CHELSEA gets on her hands and knees and starts to crawl. JORDAN laughs.

Your turn to ask me.
JORDAN
(to CHELSEA)

Oh, uh. Truth or dare.
CHELSEA
(continuing to crawl)

Truth.
JORDAN

Boring.
CHELSEA

Truth!
JORDAN

What's the most embarrassing thing on your phone?
CHELSEA

JORDAN

Probably some drunk text.

CHELSEA

Like what?

RY

You don't have to show us. It's not a dare.

CHELSEA

Ry, whose side are you on?

JORDAN

One time I left my keys in an Uber coming home really late, so I had to sleep in the backyard. So Sawyer has like forty texts saying "please wake up" "the grass is itchy" "I threw up in your basil plant" "can you bring me a blanket" – shit like that.

CHELSEA

I don't think I've ever been that drunk.

JORDAN

Yeah, it was just that one time. So.
Now we do our turns backwards? I think? Chelsea, / (truth or dare)

CHELSEA

Truth.

JORDAN

Uh. If you could get dinner with anyone, living or dead, who would it be?

RY yawns.

CHELSEA

Probablyyyyy Emma Watson. Ooh or Jackie Kennedy.

JORDAN

MMmmm.

RY

That's an interesting pair.

CHELSEA

They're my two favorite feminists!

RY

Uh huh.

Micro beat.

JORDAN

Is it (Chelsea's turn to ask).?

CHELSEA

Oh my turn to ask. Okay, truth or dare.

RY

Truth.

CHELSEA

(genuinely curious)

Why do you hate cops so much?

JORDAN

Uh!

RY

No, that's fine, I'll answer it if you actually want to know.

CHELSEA stops crawling and sits on the ground.

CHELSEA

(so earnest)

I do.!

RY

You're probably not gonna like what you hear, but don't forget you're the one who asked.

CHELSEA

Okay okay, can you just answer the question??

RY

Part of it is that cops kill a fuck ton of Black and Brown people every year. Y'know whether that's like, pulling someone over and shooting them, or um, giving them the chair, or a lethal injection. People in prison, people out of prison, doesn't matter, we're All at risk somehow. And not to mention, incarcerating people doesn't actually change their behavior, it just hides them. Actually, people who go to prison become *more* likely to go back. And the fucked up thing is that when they're inside, they become free labor for the state.

RY

It's basically legalized slavery upheld by the war on drugs—Did you know that White people and Black people smoke the same amount of weed, but Black people are almost Four times as likely to get arrested for it?—Rhetorical Question, obviously you did not know that because you asked why I hate cops. There's your answer, or the short version anyway. .

CHELSEA

What's the long version?

JORDAN

I think you're only allowed to ask one question in truth or dare.

RY

The way I see it, if we do things right, cops won't really exist. Like we won't need prisons at all.

CHELSEA

Where would all the criminals go? Who would protect us?

RY

The system we have now doesn't protect us.
And abolitionists aren't about getting rid of prisons just to let everything be chaos.
Abolition is about actually addressing the root causes of crime, investing in education and free food and housing, healthcare for everyone, mental and physical. Making sure people are actually getting what they need.

CHELSEA

Sounds nice.

RY

Yeah.

CHELSEA

I don't think it would work. We need cops because, What are you gonna do? Just trust people to do the right thing all the time? That's crazy.

RY

I don't think it's crazy.

CHELSEA

Jordan, what do you think?

JORDAN

I don't think it's crazy at all. Maybe a little optimistic.

CHELSEA

Exactly.

JORDAN

No, but prisons have to change somehow.

RY

Right.

JORDAN

It's, yeah. It's bad.

Obviously the racial profiling, and unpaid labor, like you said

Also solitary confinement is, like. Horrible. Yeah.

Um, anyway, I don't even know how we got here, whose / turn

CHELSEA

I asked Ry / why (she hates cops)

JORDAN

Oh, right.

Uh, is it / my (turn)?

RY

I think it's your turn, you ready?

JORDAN

Yeah, Dare.

RY

No shit.

JORDAN

Dare me!

RY

Okay... (spinthebottlespinthebottlespinthebottlespinthebottle) Go out and lick the street.

JORDAN

You're kidding.

RY

You asked for a dare!

JORDAN

You're not really gonna make me go out there.

CHELSEA

A dare's a dare!

JORDAN

This is fucked up.

RY

Sorry, dude, you asked for it.

JORDAN

I didn't think you would pick this!

RY

Do you want me to change it?

CHELSEA

That is so unfair.

JORDAN

It's fine.

JORDAN exits toward the bathroom, away from the front door.

CHELSEA

What're they doing?

RY

I have no idea.

JORDAN returns with a half empty bottle of mouthwash. They put on their coat and grab Chelsea's pocket knife from the table. JORDAN walks to the front door and pauses before unlocking it and leaving. CHELSEA peels the tape from a window and watches. RY grabs Chelsea's bear spray and tries to watch from the front door peephole. A loud siren on a neighboring street. RY quickly locks the door and goes to look out the window with CHELSEA.

Damn. RY

Oh, gross! CHELSEA

JORDAN tries to open the door, but finds it locked. They forcefully yank at the handle, genuinely fearing for their life.

JORDAN (O.S.)
 GUYS? THE DOOR IS LOCKED.
 THIS ISN'T FUNNY! PLEASE! DON'T LEAVE ME OUT HERE—

RY drops the bear spray and rushes over to open the door. JORDAN storms in and slams down the pocket knife. They take a big swig of mouthwash, grab CHELSEA's half finished soda, and spit into it.

Fuck / you. JORDAN

I wasn't done / with (that.) CHELSEA

It's just a game! RY

JORDAN
 Yeah, and you decided to put me in serious danger. I know neither of you care, but that man killed people. Real people. Who are now dead because of him.

We get it! CHELSEA

I don't think you do. JORDAN

You weren't gonna get killed. RY

You don't know that! JORDAN

RY

I never would've told you to go out there if I actually thought you'd get hurt.

JORDAN

Then why was the door locked?

CHELSEA

What if the killer came in the house? It was good Ry locked the door.

RY

Chelsea, please shut up.

JORDAN

You say there's no danger but you locked the fucking door. You pretend you're so tough, but you were practically shitting bricks when we saw the cop outside.

RY

We didn't know what was gonna happen.

JORDAN

Just like I didn't know if someone was waiting to kill me while I was face down licking the street.

RY

And yet! there's no killer in sight.

JORDAN

A cop could've run me over.

CHELSEA

They wouldn't.

JORDAN

I could be coming down with a fatal street-borne illness.

RY

I never forced you to do it!

JORDAN

No, you just asked me to.

RY

It was a dare, you didn't / have to

Y'know what, Ry? Dare THIS!

JORDAN

JORDAN grabs a pillow from the fort and hits RY. RY grabs one and hits back. They go back and forth for a few seconds before CHELSEA joins in.

PILLOW FIIIIIGHT!!!!!!

CHELSEA

It's a mess of blankets and pillows and popcorn. Feathers start to come out of the pillows. What starts as somewhat harmless morphs into something more grotesque as they start to take out their pent up feelings. There's nothing cute about it anymore. All three are now smacking each other with exerted force, full of anger. CHELSEA shoves or tickles or does something particularly dastardly to RY. RY's pillow hits CHELSEA like an expert hook, straight to the jaw, sending her backwards. She hits her head. Hard. She's not moving. RY and JORDAN freeze.

SCENE TEN

Oh, fuck.

RY

Jesus christ, Ry!..?

JORDAN

I was pillow fighting!

RY

Chelsea?

JORDAN

JORDAN kneels down next to CHELSEA.

Chelseaaa?... CHELSEA!

JORDAN

CHELSEA slowly sits up and puts her head in her hands.

Enngghhhhh.
CHELSEA

Are you okay?
JORDAN

Shhhh.
CHELSEA

How can I help?
JORDAN

Shut. Up.
CHELSEA

We just wanna make sure you're alright.
RY

Chelsea, what do you need?
JORDAN

I'm just.. gonna nap.
CHELSEA

Are you sure that's a good idea?
RY

Yes.
CHELSEA

Do you want to use my bed? Or the couch ?
JORDAN

Enghh.
CHELSEA

*CHELSEA crawls onto the couch and curls up.
JORDAN looks around. They both speak
"quietly."*

Where is my phone?
JORDAN

Why? RY

I'm gonna google it. JORDAN

Here's mine. RY

*RY unlocks her phone and hands it to JORDAN.
JORDAN grabs it and googles.*

What. RY

She might have a concussion. JORDAN

What does it say? RY

Vision problems, disorientation, memory loss. We should call / (911) JORDAN

I am not calling 911 RY

Ry. JORDAN

She wants to nap, let her nap. RY

I don't think that's / (a good idea) JORDAN

What does Google say? RY

Beat.

It says it's okay. JORDAN

See? She'll sleep it off. RY

Fine.

JORDAN

JORDAN gives RY her phone back before grabbing a broom and dustpan and starting to clean up the popcorn and feathers. RY holds out her hand.

Let me.

RY

JORDAN ignores.

Jordan, let me get it.

RY

You've helped enough.

JORDAN

I fucked up, I panicked.
I / (shouldn't have made you go out)

RY

What were you thinking?

JORDAN

I don't know

RY

RY starts to put CHELSEA's things in her bag, excluding the weapons. She puts the bear spray and pocket knife back in the pile.

RY

I really — I just don't think anyone is trying to kill us

JORDAN

He's out there.

RY

Probably already miles away.

JORDAN

You don't know that

RY

Or worse! Stealing a bike and taking a swim

JORDAN

Would it kill you to take this seriously?

RY has no joke.

JORDAN

No, you're right. It's ridiculous. My mouth still tastes like dirt, Chelsea's knocked out, and there are fucking feathers everywhere. Who could take this seriously?

JORDAN puts down the dustpan and broom and stalks off toward the hallway. She returns with a small pipe full of charred up weed. She holds it like a newborn kitten.

JORDAN

Where's (the lighter)

JORDAN pushes around the candles until she finds the lighter. She sits in the fort.

RY

What are you doing

JORDAN

Smoking.?

RY

A bowl of ash

JORDAN

Sawyer always leaves some— There's still some / in here

RY

I don't / (think so)

JORDAN

You can't see it from there, at the bottom, there's (some unburnt weed left)

RY

Yeah?

Yes

JORDAN

JORDAN holds the bowl up to their lips and tries to light the bowl multiple times, but keeps chickening out when their fingers get hot. As a last resort, they hold out the lighter to RY.

Can you?

JORDAN

JORDAN raises the pipe up to their lips again.

Jordan.

RY

Please

JORDAN

I thought you didn't wanna waste the lighter fluid

RY

This is not a waste

JORDAN

RY lights it as best she can. Super intimate. JORDAN takes a surprisingly good hit and exhales slowly.

Thank you.

JORDAN
(strained)

JORDAN takes another hit, and erupts in coughs. She holds the pipe out away from her.

That's— yeah.

RY

RY takes the pipe from JORDAN's hand and sets it down. When JORDAN recovers, they catch RY looking at them.

What is this

RY

JORDAN

(thinking it's about the two of them)

What's what

RY

You don't strike me as the smoking type

JORDAN

What does that mean

RY

Not in a bad way I just

JORDAN

What

RY

Nothing

JORDAN

Dude

RY

Nothing!

JORDAN

You're the worst!

RY

I'm ?

JORDAN

Yes

RY

Why

JORDAN

What were you gonna say?

RY

You just don't seem like the smoking type
There's nothing wrong with that!

JORDAN
Well now you know.
That I am the smoking type.

RY
Right.

JORDAN
You want?

RY
The scraps of your scraps?

JORDAN
I'm high.!

RY
Uh huh.

JORDAN holds out the pipe to show the weed that is theoretically not ash. RY grabs the pipe and inspects before deciding to take a hit. It's good.

JORDAN
See?

JORDAN holds their hand out for the pipe back. They take another mediocre hit.

RY
You hit that like you've never inhaled before.

JORDAN
What are you, the bowl police?

RY
No, I think the real police are the bowl police.

JORDAN
Whatever~.

RY steals the pipe back and takes another hit.

RY

(laughing to herself)

The bowl police

JORDAN

Shut up~!

RY

We've got a warrant out for a cereal killer.

JORDAN

What?

RY

Put down the Captain Crunch and no one gets hurt

JORDAN is trying not to look amused.

RY

Keep your spoons where I can see 'em

JORDAN makes a sound of mild affirmation. RY signifies that it's JORDAN's turn.

JORDAN

Put your hands up and back away from the balls!

RY

Bruh. Back away from the balls?

JORDAN

Let me finish!

An eye witness reported a grown adult using the little wall things. You're going in the gutter now!

.. No? Bowl police? Bowl-*ing* police?

RY

They're called bumpers.

JORDAN

Whatever, you're an expert in bowling too?

RY

I bowl!

JORDAN
 Seriously?

RY
 My best friend's parents own an alley.

JORDAN
 Oh, cool. Where / (is it?)

RY
 Kinda outside the city.

JORDAN
 Oh right, I forgot you're from Noo Yawk.
(bad New York accent)
 "Hey, I'm walkin here!"

RY
 You have the right to remain silent, any bad joke can and will be used against you.

JORDAN looks to see if CHELSEA is really asleep.

JORDAN
 You sound like Chelsea

RY
 God, don't say that, it's just SVU cliches

JORDAN moves toward CHELSEA and snaps in front of her face. No reaction.

JORDAN
 Huh.

JORDAN returns to RY.

JORDAN
 You really /

RY
 Yeah, I got her ass.

JORDAN

I don't wanna say she had it coming, but—

JORDAN takes one last big hit and coughs hard.

RY

She had it coming?

JORDAN

(strained)

Totally.

RY

Hey, if she didn't (do the dastardly thing),
I wouldn't've (hit her so hard)

JORDAN

I know

RY

Even though she was being

JORDAN

A cunt
Yeah

RY

Really annoying
Yeah

SCENE ELEVEN

JORDAN

Y'know what?

RY

Huh

JORDAN

(marijuana mischief)

We should prank her.

RY

While she's knocked out.?

JORDAN

Why not?

I mean /

RY

Don't want her going all G.I. Jane on you?

JORDAN

RY takes a last hit, very suave. She puts down the pipe.

That is so much better than Nancy Drew

RY

Well yes. No offense.
What do you think?

JORDAN

It's a bad idea

RY

You're being a Nervous Nelly

JORDAN

Who?

RY

Fuck off, you know what I mean.

JORDAN

Hey, takes one to know one I guess

RY

How about the ole hand in a cup of water?

JORDAN

And clean her piss? No thanks.

RY

Fine. What then?

JORDAN

I already knocked her out, that is prank enough

RY

C'mon, it'll be so funny

JORDAN

RY
We shouldn't.

JORDAN
What's the worst that could happen?

RY
She already hates *my* guts, she doesn't hate *your* guts.

JORDAN
I don't really care

RY
No?

JORDAN
C'mon Ry, don't tell me you don't wanna prank her.!

RY
No, no, I do.

JORDAN
So?

RY
What about shaving cream?

RY acts out splatting herself on the face with a handful of shaving cream, making an evocative noise.

JORDAN
Don't have any

RY
Whipped cream?

JORDAN
Not on the couch.

RY
Hm.

JORDAN
What if we drew on her face. Something classier than a dick

I don't know

RY

Ryyyy~

JORDAN

Beat.

Gimme a pen..

RY

JORDAN goes through their stuff and holds a Sharpie out to RY, who is surprised by the choice.

Go for it.!

JORDAN

RY hesitates ever so slightly before taking it and writing "ACAB" on CHELSEA's forehead in huge letters.

ACAB? That's insane.

JORDAN

It felt right. All Chelseas Are Bastards.

RY

She's gonna kill us

JORDAN

Cadet Kelly can kiss my ass!

RY

Cadet Kellyyyyy. She is so Cadet Kelly

JORDAN

She's a menace is what she is.

RY

RY and JORDAN share a hearty laugh. An alert from their phones loudly cuts through the air. They freeze.

RY holds her phone up between her and JORDAN. They both read the all clear message. Maybe they burst into laughter again.

Damn. RY

Uh huh JORDAN

Well.....! RY

Yeah JORDAN

That's it, I guess. They got him. RY

Beat. JORDAN finds their phone, which is still going off. They see the text from RY. RY starts to grab their stuff.

“You up?” JORDAN

That was just. I couldn't think of anyone so. I thought it would make you laugh. RY

Oh. JORDAN

I'm gonna go. RY

It's late, you shouldn't— You can have the couch. JORDAN

I can call an / Uber. RY

I'll grab the air mattress, if you want? JORDAN

No, really, it's fine. RY

Ry, please stay. JORDAN

Okay. RY

I know we got the all clear, but— JORDAN

Yeah. RY

It's stupid JORDAN

No RY

Just don't wanna be alone yet. JORDAN

Well RY
(looking at CHELSEA)

She does not count JORDAN
(laughing)

No, she doesn't RY

I wish.. ehh, that's fucked up JORDAN

What RY

Nehhhh JORDAN

Whaat RY

JORDAN
I wish I'd let her leave

RY
With the murderer loose?

JORDAN shrugs.

RY
That *is* fucked up

JORDAN
(*gesturing to the weapons*)
She can handle herself, look at the arsenal!

RY
And she's just dying to use it.

JORDAN
It's not that I wanted her to *leave*, I just wish she wasn't here

RY
I should've dared her to join the hunt.

JORDAN
Yeah, you just made her crawl around.?

RY
It was the first thing I thought of!

JORDAN
Like when I told you to text your crush and I was the first person you thought of?

Big Beat.

RY
I was gonna dare you to play spin the bottle..... Actually I was gonna dare you to kiss me. But then I thought that would be tacky. And you hadn't even seen the "you up?" text so I didn't know how you would react. So then I thought, spin the bottle, it's a time-honored sleepover classic. But the 50-50 odds, really not great. If it landed on me, you'd think that was the plan the whole time and I couldn't ask like a normal person—which true, but so embarrassing—or worse, it lands on Chelsea, and you think I just wanted to see you kiss her like a creep. Even best case scenario, we kiss and it's amazing, I would never know if it was just because of some stupid dare or because you actually like me.

RY

I knew it was a bad idea, not that truth or dare is designed to be healthy or consensual, but I was trying to come up with something cool, and all I could think about was kissing you, and I panicked, and I made you lick the street.

JORDAN kisses RY. RY regains her bearings and kisses JORDAN back.

RY

I didn't think you would (kiss me)

JORDAN

No?

RY

Especially after all that.
When I made you go out /

JORDAN

Forget it

RY

But that / (was fucked up)

JORDAN

It's fine

RY

It was fucked up

JORDAN

Well, yeah

RY

And then locking the door, you were right I was just really / (scared)

JORDAN

I know

RY

I'm sorry

SCENE TWELVE

JORDAN kisses RY again. It's a deeper kiss this time, but it's cut by a sharp knock at the door. JORDAN and RY quickly separate, look at the door, and then at each other. JORDAN is in survival mode and partially snaps out of their high.

Were you expecting someone?

RY

No

JORDAN

Roommate?

RY

They have keys.

JORDAN

JORDAN quietly walks to the door and looks out the peephole. They swiftly withdraw their head.

Cop.

JORDAN

JORDAN backs away from the door. RY moves toward JORDAN. Another knock, more impatient this time. The following is below normal speaking volume.

Shit.

RY

RY grabs the bowl.

I'm gonna flush this

RY

RY leaves to flush the weed. JORDAN uses something to air out the smell, waving a blanket around or something equally unhelpful. RY comes out of the bathroom.

OFFICER KIM (O.S.)

Hello?

RY

Can you smell it?

JORDAN

I think it's fine. I think we can (open the door)

JORDAN moves toward the door.

RY

What are you doing?

JORDAN

Answering the door.?

RY

She probably has a gun.

JORDAN

OFFICER KIM (O.S.)

So we're just going to leave her out there? Is anyone home?

*

RY

Yes

JORDAN

That's suspicious as fuck

RY

It doesn't look like anyone's home, it's fine.

JORDAN

Maybe she's just going door to door to give the all clear.

RY

Why wouldn't she just say it through the door?

JORDAN

I don't know!

OFFICER KIM (O.S.)
Open up!

RY
Fuck. She's not going.
We don't have to open the door. Unless she has a warrant.

JORDAN
We can't just wait her out!?

RY
Yes we can??

JORDAN
Isn't this worse? obstructing justice or something???

RY
Unless she has a reason to think we committed a crime and she went to the police station to get a warrant, we do not have to let her in. No matter what she says

JORDAN
We should just talk to her

RY
No!

JORDAN
(loudly, to OFFICER KIM)
What do you want?

RY
(whisper shouted)
Jordan!

JORDAN
Shhh.

OFFICER KIM (O.S.)
Hi, who am I speaking to?

RY
You don't have to say.

JORDAN
My name is Susan.

OFFICER KIM (O.S.)
 Alright, hi Susan. I'm Kim.

JORDAN
 Hi.

OFFICER KIM (O.S.)
 What's your last name, Susan?

JORDAN
 Brown.

OFFICER KIM (O.S.)
 Nice to meet you, I'm Officer Kim Harris. Is Chelsea able to come to the door?

RY and JORDAN whisper:

RY
 Holy shit.

JORDAN
 It's her mom.?!

RY
 Why is she here?

OFFICER KIM (O.S.)
 Susan?

RY shakes their head furiously.

JORDAN
(aloud)
 Um.

OFFICER KIM (O.S.)
 It's a yes or no question, dear.

JORDAN
 Chelsea already left.

OFFICER KIM (O.S.)
 She did?

JORDAN
 Yes.

When?
OFFICER KIM (O.S.)

Is something wrong?
JORDAN

I'm not sure yet, I'm trying to figure it out.
OFFICER KIM (O.S.)

Okay. I don't remember when she left.
JORDAN

That's alright. Do your best.
OFFICER KIM (O.S.)

8 o'clock?
JORDAN

What was that?
OFFICER KIM (O.S.)

8? Maybe?
JORDAN
(louder)

Shh! You're gonna wake up Chelsea.
RY

That's weird.
OFFICER KIM (O.S.)

Why?
JORDAN

She called me at 9:06 asking me to pick her up here.
OFFICER KIM (O.S.)

That is weird! I don't know why she'd do that.
JORDAN

Are you a friend of Chelsea's?
OFFICER KIM (O.S.)

No, ma'am.
JORDAN
I mean—we just don't really hang out.

Beat.

OFFICER KIM (O.S.)

Look, I know some people get spooked by officers of the law. But I'm not on the clock, I just want to know where Chelsea is.

JORDAN

I get that.

OFFICER KIM (O.S.)

She knew I was coming to pick her up, but she hasn't answered any of my calls or texts. And I know the perp has been taken in, but my daughter still clearly needs me, and I need your help.

JORDAN

Okay.

OFFICER KIM (O.S.)

She said she came here to do a school project. Is that true?

JORDAN

Yes, we're in the same group.

OFFICER KIM (O.S.)

Did you finish working on it?

RY vigorously nods her head.

JORDAN

Yes.

OFFICER KIM (O.S.)

Did she say anything about where she was going?

JORDAN

Not really.

OFFICER KIM (O.S.)

Not really?

JORDAN

She just said she was leaving.

OFFICER KIM (O.S.)

Did she say her phone was dying?

No. JORDAN

RY roots around for CHELSEA's phone. When she finds it, she scrolls in horror. There are so many missed calls and texts from OFFICER KIM. RY turns off the phone and starts to unravel. When RY and JORDAN speak to each other, it's in whispers.

Susan, you seem like a nice girl. OFFICER KIM (O.S.)

Thank you, ma'am. JORDAN

But I know you're not telling me everything. OFFICER KIM (O.S.)

Jordan, she's going to figure it out. RY

Remember, I'm not a cop. I'm just a mom / looking for her daughter. You can talk to me. OFFICER KIM (O.S.)

What do you want me to do? JORDAN
(to RY)

Please, just make her leave. RY

How? JORDAN

I don't know. RY

Do you know anything that could help me? OFFICER KIM (O.S.)

What do you want me to do? Fess up? Wake Chelsea? JORDAN
(to RY)

RY
No, god no

JORDAN
Then what?

RY
I don't know!

JORDAN
I can just say it was a misunderstanding

RY
She'll have more questions.

JORDAN
Fine. I can say I saw her get in a car.

RY
The roads're closed.

OFFICER KIM (O.S.)
Susan, is there someone in the house with you?

RY
Jordan, please, (I can't face her)

JORDAN
Shhhh.

RY
I can't do this. I can't. Please

OFFICER KIM (O.S.)
Are they stopping you from speaking freely?

JORDAN
(to OFFICER KIM)
No, I'm the only one home.

OFFICER KIM (O.S.)
Susan, my daughter is missing, and I need to know why.

RY
 Make her go

JORDAN
 I'm trying I'm trying

RY
 Don't let her /

OFFICER KIM (O.S.)
 I'll get a warrant if that's what you need.

*JORDAN puts on their coat. RY grabs
 JORDAN's arm.*

JORDAN
(to RY)
 You asked me to fix this. I'm fixing it.

RY
 Jordan

JORDAN
 Hide.

RY
 Jordan!

JORDAN
 Go.

*Beat. RY retreats toward the fort. JORDAN
 grabs their coat and keys and leaves through the
 front door. The sound of their key in the lock.*

SCENE THIRTEEN

*Conversation between JORDAN and OFFICER
 KIM is barely intelligible.*

JORDAN (O.S.)
 Hi, sorry... I just. Sorry.

OFFICER KIM (O.S.)

No,no, don't be sorry. Talking face to face can really help. Thank you for coming out.

JORDAN (O.S.)

Yeah, of course. I wish I knew more, but... /

OFFICER KIM (O.S.)

Any small clue could be useful.

JORDAN (O.S.)

I'll try to remember.

Inside, RY slowly comes out of hiding. She's crying quietly. She takes several shaky breaths. As OFFICER KIM and JORDAN continue to talk, RY grabs her bag and begins to pack it: laptop, notebook, whatever else she's left around.

OFFICER KIM (O.S.)

Good. You said the last time you saw Chelsea was at your house earlier today, working on the presentation?

JORDAN (O.S.)

Yes.

OFFICER KIM (O.S.)

How did she leave?

JORDAN (O.S.)

What do you mean?

OFFICER KIM (O.S.)

Did she call a car? Was she walking?

JORDAN (O.S.)

She was walking.

OFFICER KIM (O.S.)

During a manhunt.?

JORDAN (O.S.)

You know Chelsea, there's no way we'd be able to stop her from doing anything she wants to do.

OFFICER KIM (O.S.)

And you don't know where she was walking?

JORDAN (O.S.)

I guessed toward a bus stop?

OFFICER KIM (O.S.)

So she went east then, right?

JORDAN

Away from the cul-de-sac.

OFFICER KIM

East, yes. Okay.
Was she acting differently?

JORDAN (O.S.)

Uuhno, she was normal.

OFFICER KIM (O.S.)

What does normal Chelsea mean to you?

*RY sees Chelsea's stash of weapons. She clips
the pepper spray to a belt buckle.*

JORDAN (O.S.)

Well, she just said that we did a good job and she was gonna head out. Before that, she was focused on the presentation.

OFFICER KIM (O.S.)

What are you presenting on?

RY takes out her phone and calls a friend.

JORDAN (O.S.)

Virginia Woolf. A Room of One's Own.

OFFICER KIM (O.S.)

Mm, uh huh I've heard of it. And when are you supposed to present?

JORDAN (O.S.)

Tomorrow.

OFFICER KIM (O.S.)
 Right. Okay, and how many people are in your group?

RY
 Hey
 Yeah, I'm fine. Listen, can you pick me up?
 Yeah, I'll tell you later.
 I can meet you by Twelfth and Lincoln. *

Three

JORDAN (O.S.)

Who's the third?

OFFICER KIM (O.S.)

Ry Mitchell.

JORDAN (O.S.)

Do you know where she is?

OFFICER KIM (O.S.)

She left before the alert went off.

JORDAN (O.S.)

Gotcha. You're doing great, Susan.

OFFICER KIM (O.S.)

RY hangs up and hears this loud and clear:

OFFICER KIM (O.S.)
 Y'know what? Let's warm up in the cruiser, I'm freezing my ass off out here.

RY peels off a little bit of tape around a window and looks out.

Damn

RY

Without any of her stuff, RY puts on her shoes, goes to the door, unlocks it, and grabs the handle. She can't stomach it. She locks the door again. She grabs her notebook, rips a sheet out, and writes JORDAN a short note. She puts it in a conspicuous place near the door, grabs her coat and bag, and turns toward the kitchen / back of the house.

SCENE FOURTEEN

CHELSEA yawns on the couch, facing away from RY.

RY

Ah fuck

RY puts down her coat and bag, wipes her tears, and hides the note. CHELSEA stretches and then sits up, very slowly as if the world was spinning.

CHELSEA

What time is it?

RY checks her phone.

RY

10:47

CHELSEA groans.

RY

You slept for like forty minutes.

CHELSEA

Bad sleep.

RY

You.. remember.?

CHELSEA

You hitting me,?

RY

Yeah.
I didn't know if / you'd (remember)

CHELSEA

Not all concussions cause memory loss

RY

.. How do you feel?

CHELSEA
Not my first concush, won't be my last

RY
Yeah?

CHELSEA
You're an only child.?

RY
Yes.?

CHELSEA
That makes sense.
What'd I miss, while I was out

RY
Oh, good news

CHELSEA
Huh

RY
They caught the guy

CHELSEA
Yeah?

RY
Yeah

CHELSEA
Awesome

RY
Yeah

CHELSEA
I think it's time for me to go home.

RY
You don't seem like you're in a state to / (get yourself home)

I'm fine. CHELSEA

No buses RY

Actually, my mom is coming CHELSEA

Really? RY

I called her earlier. When you were making popcorn. CHELSEA

Well you shouldn't leave til she gets here. RY

Why not? CHELSEA

It's dangerous RY

You said they caught him CHELSEA

Yeah but (it's late) RY

I'm fine CHELSEA

No you really shouldn't RY

I don't wanna do your lesbian slumber party CHELSEA

What / RY

I'm not gonna do that CHELSEA

You need to stay inside

RY

Why

CHELSEA

Where's Jordan

Micro beat.

Uh!

RY
(accidentally looking toward the door)

CHELSEA tries to move in the direction of the door; RY steps in the way.

Back off

CHELSEA

Just /

RY

RY loses this scuffle, not wanting to further injure CHELSEA. CHELSEA moves around RY and forcefully rips the tape off one of the front windows.

Mom?

CHELSEA

RY shoves CHELSEA out of the way and reseals the window.

It's not what it looks like

RY

What is going on!
Let me leave!

CHELSEA

No.

RY

What the fuck is going on!

CHELSEA

RY

Your mom showed up looking for you, and we told her you were already asleep.

CHELSEA

Asleep.?

RY

She decided to wait for you in the car. And Jordan went with her to check it out. The car.

CHELSEA

Fucking liar!

RY

You saw them.

CHELSEA

Why won't you let me leave?

They scuffle again, much rougher this time.

RY

Chelsea.

CHELSEA

Move, you bitch!

RY

Chelsea!

CHELSEA

Get out of my way!

RY reaches for the pepper spray and gets it pointed at CHELSEA. CHELSEA backs away away from RY and the front door.

RY

You can't go out.. like that.

CHELSEA

I told you I'm fine.

RY

It's not the concussion.

CHELSEA
I just wanna go home.

RY
I know.

CHELSEA
I'm already super double grounded, I won't tell mom you called her stupid.

RY
I didn't—Your mom cannot see you right now.

SCENE FIFTEEN

RY puts down the pepper spray to pull out her phone. She shows CHELSEA her forehead in the selfie camera.

CHELSEA
All Cops Are Bastards? Are You Kidding Me??

CHELSEA licks a finger and tries to wipe the "ACAB" away. CHELSEA snatches away the phone to hold it up herself.

CHELSEA
WHAT IS THIS?

RY
Sharpie?

CHELSEA
What is your Fucking Problem GET THIS OFF OF ME

RY grabs a random dirty napkin and a glass of water or water bottle.

CHELSEA
EW! Can you get me a wipe or something?

RY
You're not gonna leave.?

Not like this!
CHELSEA

RY puts down the napkin and water then exits toward the bathroom. CHELSEA vigorously rubs at her forehead, continuing to look at herself in the camera. She is truly distressed.

It's Not (Coming Off)—Ooohhh God.. Noo...
CHELSEA

RY comes back with makeup wipes and rubbing alcohol.

Here.
RY

CHELSEA tries the makeup wipes, nothing. CHELSEA puts rubbing alcohol on the wipes and desperately rubs at her forehead. The ACAB has faded a little but is still easily legible. Beat.

Why.
CHELSEA

We got high and Jordan wanted to prank you and I thought it was a bad idea but /
RY

Why would they do that?
CHELSEA

Thought it would be funny?
RY

It's not.
CHELSEA

Yeah.
RY

CHELSEA continues to rub at her forehead.

I wrote it.
RY

Ryyyyy. CHELSEA

I know. RY

In Sharpie?? CHELSEA

That's what Jordan gave me! RY

Is it still there? CHELSEA

Yes. RY

Mom can't see this. She's gonna hate / me. CHELSEA

I agree. That she shouldn't see it I mean. RY

I just—She can be really.. Intense. CHELSEA
 I mean, she's gonna freak out. And I don't think she'll care who wrote it. She'll just think it's offensive and somehow my fault and distracting me from doing my school work.
 If I don't get my grades up, she's not gonna pay for next semester. And it's not like Starbucks and babysitting will make a dent.
 She wants to save the money for my brother because "he's actually doing well in school."
 He's Eleven.

That sucks. RY

Just sixteen more months. CHELSEA

.
 She can't see this. No matter what.

She won't. RY

CHELSEA

I can't hide here forever.

RY

You could stay for the night though.? Try to wipe it again in the morning when your skin isn't so raw?

CHELSEA

She's not gonna stop 'til she finds me.

RY

You sure?

CHELSEA

Hundred percent.

JORDAN comes back into the house.

JORDAN

She's gone!

CHELSEA

What?

JORDAN

Uh, so your mom came /

RY

She knows. Just tell us what happened.

JORDAN

I told her Chelsea left on foot earlier. Convinced her to look around the rest of the neighborhood. Give it a good, long search.

CHELSEA

You told her I left during a manhunt? Why would I do that?

A look from JORDAN.

CHELSEA

Okay yeah.

RY

What else?

JORDAN

We just talked!
About Chelsea, class, the presentation. I really think she believed me.

RY

Believed what though?

JORDAN

That she's long gone and I have no more clues to give.

RY

You shouldn't have gone out there.

Huh.

CHELSEA

JORDAN

(choosing to ignore that!)

How're you feeling?

CHELSEA

I'm alright.

JORDAN

Yeah?

CHELSEA

My doctors said that I'm very good at getting over concussions. So it's fine.

JORDAN

If you / (need anything)

A phone rings. It's RY's. She silences it.

JORDAN

If you need anything, like an ice pack or / (something, let me know.)

CHELSEA

I need to keep scrubbing and finish this presentation.

RY

Chelsea, (I don't think that's gonna happen)

CHELSEA

(through a yawn)

You have any soda?

JORDAN

Don't think so.

CHELSEA

I could do coffee? I don't usually, but / (if we have to do an all nighter, I might)

RY's phone rings again. She silences it quickly.

JORDAN

Who was that?

RY

Spam.

CHELSEA

I know we got distracted by my mom and the murder and stuff, but we're still gonna do the presentation, right?
I can't fail.

RY

Professor Martin won't fail us.

JORDAN

She absolutely would.

RY

If we explain that we couldn't finish cause of / (the manhunt)

RY's phone vibrates. Beat. She picks it up.

RY

Hey.

..

Yeah, my bad.

..

No I'll be there.

Give me ten minutes.

.

I know.

Yeah sorry, bye.

JORDAN

You're leaving.?

RY

Before she woke up, I called Liv to come get me.

JORDAN

You were gonna leave while I was out there with Kim?

RY

You're on a first name / basis now?

CHELSEA

(grumbling)

She doesn't / let me call her Kim...

JORDAN

Don't change the subject.

RY

No, I wanna know how buddy buddy you were getting with Officer Kim!

JORDAN

What'd you want me to do? Tell her I hate her guts?

RY

I don't know, have a backbone?

Rude.

CHELSEA

JORDAN

Are you kidding me?

RY

I'm going.

JORDAN

And what about us?

CHELSEA

Yeah, / wait.

RY

It seems like you can handle it.

JORDAN

You're a coward.

RY

Says Miss ~Cover the windows, Turn out the lights, Save the Candles~

CHELSEA

Guys.

JORDAN

I went out there for you. Twice.

RY
 You didn't have to do that.

RY starts to grab her stuff.

JORDAN
 I lied for you.!

RY
 You could've just stayed quiet.

JORDAN
 I can't go back and change it, Ry.

SCENE SIXTEEN

The sound of a car outside the house. A door closing. RY and JORDAN look out the front window. It's OFFICER KIM. They quickly duck out of view.

JORDAN
 Why is she / (back.)

CHELSEA
 We're screwed.

RY
 What now.

JORDAN
 You're asking me?

RY
 Yes.

JORDAN
 You go and fess up.

RY
I go? CHELSEA
 Nooo.

JORDAN
 You wrote it

RY
And you egged me on

JORDAN
So?

RY
And you lied—

CHELSEA
It doesn't matter—

Knocking at the door.

OFFICER KIM (O.S.)
Susan?

RY
You wanna answer it? Go answer it.

CHELSEA
Ry.

JORDAN
I'm not covering for you again.

RY
Then she'll stay outside.

CHELSEA
Guys, can you focus, we just can't let her see me with this dumb shit on my head, okay? I'm gonna hide. You're gonna send my mom on a wild goose chase and buy me some time. I'm gonna figure out how to get the Sharpie off. We're gonna finish this fucking presentation. After we're done, I'll call my mom and tell her I went to join the hunt and my phone died and I got back and she can pick me up. I'm gonna sleep in my own bed. And then we're gonna ace it tomorrow. Okay?

JORDAN
I don't know, I think /

OFFICER KIM (O.S.)
Susan, are you in there?

CHELSEA grabs all her weapons—except the pepper spray RY left in a different spot—throws them into her bag, and runs off toward Jordan's bedroom. RY grabs her stuff and follows.

JORDAN opens the door. OFFICER KIM stands in the threshold.

JORDAN

Kim! What happened?

OFFICER KIM

I called the rest of the unit back to sweep the area. I thought you could be more useful. That there might be something I didn't ask yet. Would you mind if I came in for a minute?

JORDAN

UhNo! .. Make yourself at home.

JORDAN lets OFFICER KIM in.

OFFICER KIM

What happened in here?

JORDAN

What do you mean.

OFFICER KIM

Seems like you and your roommates get up to some fun!

JORDAN

(thinking she's talking about the weed)

Oh, um.

OFFICER KIM

I used to build giant forts with Chelsea. When she was little. We would take every pillow in the house.

JORDAN

Me and my mom too.

Beat. JORDAN takes down the fort and sits on the couch. OFFICER KIM joins them.

OFFICER KIM

I'm afraid something happened to her.

JORDAN

No..

OFFICER KIM

In my line of work, you just have to assume the worst.
Once someone is missing for 24 hours, it's—The chance of finding her alive would be very low.

JORDAN

.. How can I help?

OFFICER KIM

You said Chelsea left after the alert.
And you didn't know she called me to pick her up.

JORDAN

Right.

OFFICER KIM

The alert went off at 8:32. You thought Chelsea was out the door by 9, but we know she called me at 9:06.

JORDAN

Right, but like I said, I wasn't really checking the time, so she could've left at 9:10 or 9:15

OFFICER KIM

And tell me again what she said when she left?

JORDAN

She said something like "It's good we finished the presentation because there's more important things to do right now." Like maybe she was gonna get involved.

OFFICER KIM

With the investigation.

JORDAN

Right.

OFFICER KIM

What else?

JORDAN

I told you, I tried to stop her but she wanted to go.

OFFICER KIM

Uh huh, you said..

JORDAN

I said not to leave. That it would be dangerous.
And she said she would be safe because she's armed.
With pepper spray. And bear spray. And some other stuff.

OFFICER KIM

That sounds right. What else?

JORDAN

She had an alarm, I think?

OFFICER KIM

What else *did she say*?

JORDAN

Oh,um. She told us a story about you.

OFFICER KIM

She did?

JORDAN

About you catching a bike-riding cannibal

OFFICER KIM

Ah that's a good one!

JORDAN

It's obvious she really loves you.

OFFICER KIM

Thank you.

JORDAN

Maybe that's why she joined the hunt.

OFFICER KIM

. Well I tried to set a good example for her.
To show her how strong women can be.

JORDAN

And you did!

OFFICER KIM

There's a difference between being tough and being headstrong. Chelsea, God love her,
she just does what she wants. And this! She is just too much.

OFFICER KIM

I know you're young, but if you ever want to have kids, you make sure you find a man who will stick it out til the end.

JORDAN

Definitely...

OFFICER KIM

I told her to download Life360 or add me on the find my friends thing, so I could see where she was and keep her safe. But she insisted on being Ms. Independent.

She's always been like that.

I just want to know my baby's okay.

OFFICER KIM starts to tear up. JORDAN notices Chelsea's pepper spray and moves so OFFICER KIM is looking away from it.

JORDAN

Do you want something to drink? Tea or water?

OFFICER KIM

Sorry (for crying). I'm okay

JORDAN

Come with me to the kitchen. Maybe / (I can grab you some food).

OFFICER KIM

No, no, thank you. It's alright.

(looking for a tissue, trailing off at the end when she notices the pepper spray)

Do you have a (tissue)?

(grabbing the pepper spray)

This is Chelsea's.

JORDAN

Really? Guess she forgot it.

OFFICER KIM

She never leaves home without it.

JORDAN

Well she has so many others. Weapons. It must be hard to keep track of them all.

OFFICER KIM

This one is her favorite.
In the nine years she's had it, she's never broken it, lost it, never left it anywhere.

JORDAN

Well it's been a little chaotic. Just with the murderer loose and stuff. It makes sense something small like this could slip her mind.

OFFICER KIM

I don't think so.

SCENE SEVENTEEN

*The sound of something falling in the bedroom.
OFFICER KIM stands. JORDAN stands.*

OFFICER KIM

*(without looking away from the source of
the noise)*

What was that?

JORDAN

I don't know.

OFFICER KIM

WHO'S IN THERE?

·
COME OUT SLOWLY WITH YOUR HANDS UP. NOW.

*The bedroom door opens. RY slowly walks out
with her hands up.*

OFFICER KIM

Who're you?

·
Susan, who is this?

·
(to RY)

Did you do something to Chelsea?

·
·
If you don't start talking, I'll bring the rest of the team. And they won't be as patient.

RY has a visible reaction to this, maybe takes a step back.

JORDAN

Ry.

OFFICER KIM

You're Ry Mitchell.

RY nods.

OFFICER KIM

I thought you left a long time ago.

(to JORDAN)

Any other lies you want to clear up for me?

JORDAN starts to move toward RY. OFFICER KIM grabs JORDAN's arm.

OFFICER KIM

I'm not gonna ask you again.

RY

(putting down her arms and approaching)

Let go of them.

OFFICER KIM

Don't take another step.

Beat. Standoff.

RY

(coming even closer)

You're hurting them.

OFFICER KIM

Start talking. Both of you.

RY

(even closer, maybe making contact with JORDAN or OFFICER KIM)

Let go, they didn't do anything.

OFFICER KIM

(grabbing RY's shoulder)

You wanna come with me? We can do that.!

JORDAN

STOP!

RY

GET OFF!

OFFICER KIM

Where is my daughter?

WHERE IS MY DAUGHTER?

RY

I DON'T KNOW!

JORDAN

(trying to pull OFFICER KIM off RY)

STOP IT!

OFFICER KIM

WHERE IS SHE?

Maybe OFFICER KIM twists RY's arm or does something else physically scary.

Beat. RY decides.

RY

CHELSEA!!

OFFICER KIM's grip loosens a little.

CHELSEA!!!!

RY and JORDAN see each other. CHELSEA comes out of the bedroom wearing a beanie. Relief, for a split second.

OFFICER KIM

You were here the whole time.

CHELSEA nods. They hug, OFFICER KIM shifts the position of the beanie without realizing.

I am so mad at you.

OFFICER KIM

They break the hug.

I can't really explain why / (I was hiding).

CHELSEA

What's on your head?

OFFICER KIM

I got a new hat.

CHELSEA

*OFFICER KIM rips the beanie off of
CHELSEA's head.*

Did you write this?

OFFICER KIM
(to RY)

No response.

It's not / (a big deal)

CHELSEA

I don't want to hear from you, sneaking out and getting yourself branded.

OFFICER KIM

We were just / (joking around).

RY

Did you write A-C-A-B on my daughter's forehead and try to get her to hide it from me?

OFFICER KIM

Officer Kim, I know it looks bad.
I completely understand that.
But if you could just give me a minute to explain myself.
I promise it's not as bad as it looks.

RY

Try me.

OFFICER KIM

RY

We were stuck inside, we were doing fun sleepover things together. Telling stories. Truth or dare. Building the fort. Things just spiraled, we didn't mean / (for it to get this bad)

OFFICER KIM

Did you write this?

RY

Chelsea fell asleep, and Jordan thought it would be funny to play a prank.

OFFICER KIM

Jordan?

JORDAN

We thought it would be fun to do a shaving cream splat. But we didn't have any. So then we were thinking about other options /

OFFICER KIM

Who wrote it.

Micro beat.

JORDAN

Ry.

RY

.. I did.

OFFICER KIM

I could take you in for this.

JORDAN

For what?

OFFICER KIM

Withholding information. Lying to a police officer. Assault. I could make this look very bad.

CHELSEA

Mom /

OFFICER KIM

Zip. It.

RY

We didn't do that. You can't prove we did any of that.

OFFICER KIM

Of course I can.

JORDAN

You have Chelsea back. Isn't that enough?

OFFICER KIM

You made me think she was missing for hours. You made her turn against me, and you deserve what's coming to you.

Long beat.

CHELSEA

Mom?

OFFICER KIM

What.

CHELSEA

I'm sorry I didn't call you back. It was all just a silly prank. And I knew you wouldn't like the ACAB, so I was trying to hide it.

OFFICER KIM

It's dangerous anarchist rhetoric and I don't want you having any part in it.

CHELSEA

Well, some cops are probably bastards.

OFFICER KIM

Chelsea! Marie! Harris!

CHELSEA

But definitely not all of them...?

OFFICER KIM

Are you trying to get in more trouble?

CHELSEA

I'm just trying to be realistic. You know you're still my hero, right?

Don't butter me up right now.

OFFICER KIM

I'm not, I'm just /

CHELSEA

Save it.

OFFICER KIM

Stay away from her.

(to JORDAN and RY)

What about the presentation?

CHELSEA

No.

OFFICER KIM

It's not my fault that my forehead says ACAB!

CHELSEA

I don't care.

OFFICER KIM

I can keep the hat on! Please, Professor Martin is so mean.

CHELSEA

It's time you learn about consequences.

OFFICER KIM

It's 30% of our grade, and we get graded as a group. I'll fail, Jordan will too.

CHELSEA

It's true.

JORDAN

RY

Don't make them both fail because of me. We'll do the presentation and she'll never see us again.

CHELSEA

I'll delete their numbers, promise. We just need tomorrow.

Beat.

OFFICER KIM

Fine.

OFFICER KIM

I won't be the reason my daughter's failing
out of college. You flunk, there's no
pinning it on me.

CHELSEA

CHELSEA

I'm not / (gonna pin it on you.)

OFFICER KIM

You and I are gonna have a little chat after class, kay? Let's go.

CHELSEA

Okaythankyou.

CHELSEA grabs her things from the bedroom.

CHELSEA

See you tomorrow.

*CHELSEA and OFFICER KIM leave the house,
get in the car, and go home.*

SCENE EIGHTEEN

JORDAN calms herself down.

RY

You let her in.

JORDAN

She let herself in.

RY

And you didn't stop her?

JORDAN

I thought if I just did what she wanted, she would leave us alone.

RY

That's not how it works. You shouldn't've / (let her in)

JORDAN

I didn't feel like I had a choice, okay?

RY

Of course you had a choice.

JORDAN

What? Leave her outside?

RY

Yes!!! Like I've been saying from the beginning!

JORDAN

I had it handled, she was being totally fine.

RY

I don't know what it would take to get through to you. I had a whole ass panic attack when she was on the porch. Did you even think about that when you brought her inside?

JORDAN

Ry, of course I was thinking about you. And I was really scared too, I've been scared the whole night!

RY

It's not the / same.

JORDAN

I was scared the whole fucking night, and I dealt with / it.

RY

Me being scared of a cop and you being scared of some random guy are not the same.

JORDAN

Fine. Maybe I'll never get hurt by "some random guy."
 Maybe I won't become a trash bag of mangled limbs. Maybe still having nightmares about that is dumb. Fine.
 But at least I was doing something while you were panicking.

RY

...
 Have you ever seen your neighbors being arrested?
 You ever been questioned when you're walking home late?
 Ever get frisked in high school?

JORDAN

No, but / (I get it)

RY

Please don't pretend to understand where I'm coming from. Because I know you don't.

JORDAN

. You're right.
I'm sorry you have to live like that,
But that doesn't / change (how I feel)

RY

The manhunt is over, but this shit never ends for me. Cops aren't some boogeyman lurking around the corner. They're out in uniform, they're at school and in neighborhoods, they show up in broad daylight, and no one can stop them.

JORDAN

I know that!

RY

Then act like it.
You didn't have to let her in, you didn't even have to talk to her in the first place. You should never cooperate with cops

JORDAN

It's not that easy. I've seen what happens when someone says "no" to them, you of all people should understand that

RY

I wasn't asking you to organize a demonstration, I just said not to open the door

JORDAN

I had it handled!

RY

No, / you didn't!

JORDAN

Everything would've been fine if you hadn't made that huge fucking noise!

RY

. Chelsea thought her mom came to search the house, and she knocked over your table trying to get out the window

JORDAN

And you were gonna climb out after her.

RY

I thought about it, yeah.

JORDAN

You were gonna leave me to fend for myself again?

RY

But I didn't leave, I saved you! She grabbed your arm, and I stopped her

JORDAN

And then thirty seconds later, you told her *I* was the one who wanted prank Chelsea

RY

Weren't you?

JORDAN

What happened to never cooperating with cops? Was "explaining your side of the story" not cooperating to you?

RY

You already broke the seal talking to her, so I did what I had to do

JORDAN

Right. We're all just doing what we have to. So don't flex your leftist mutual aid holier than thou bullshit / with me.

RY

It's not bullshit!

JORDAN

But it is. Because living those values would require you to actually care about other people.

RY

I care about you.

JORDAN

It really doesn't feel like it.

RY starts to get closer to JORDAN, trying to bridge the gap. Maybe some kind of physical contact.

RY

Jordan...

JORDAN

Can you leave?

RY grabs her stuff and is almost out the door.

JORDAN

Are you gonna come tomorrow?

RY

I don't know.

RY leaves. Blackout.

SCENE NINETEEN

In the blackout, we hear the three separately preparing for the presentation, overlapping.

CHELSEA

In *A House of Her Own*, Virginia Woolf writes.. That's not / what it's called!

RY

Within the scope of early 20th century literature, Woolf expands the . capability of narration by . juxtaposing aspects of memoir, historical / fiction, . and anthropological study.
Ugghhh.

JORDAN

She was a feminist by her time's standards, and she advocated for women doing things that only / men had done prior.

CHELSEA

In *A Room of One's Own*, Virginia Woolf says that women are..
Virginia Woolf says that women need a / room of their own.

JORDAN

But she wasn't on board with woman owning their woman-ness when they wrote. Like she said it's fatal for anyone who writes to think of their own sex. Kinda ironic cause like, yeah. But maybe just androgyny? / So that's cool.

RY

In this way, Woolf queered narration with a meta-literary gesture. She has the same needs as the narrator even as she writes the narrator into existence. She herself is their room. This / sounds so fucking stupid.

CHELSEA

Judith, Shakespeare's sister, .. Shakespeare's Fake sister, she's just as smart as him. But we don't know about her like William because she was a woman in the Elizabethan period. Which is like being grounded for life.
My brain hurts.

Suddenly, Professor Martin's classroom.

CHELSEA, RY, and JORDAN stand in front of their classmates.

JORDAN

Woolf places Mary, or Mary places herself, in conversation with other historical women, .. especially writers.

CHELSEA

I said that already.

JORDAN

Um, Right. Uh, I thought there was another slide, sorry. Let me just (look at my notes for one sec). Yeah okay. Uh, One reason she compares these women to herself and to each other is to figure out why women are separated from their own agency. Society takes away their freedom and expects them to live within that box their whole lives.

RY

It strips them of their ability to speak their minds. Or they're never afforded it in the first place.

CHELSEA

The women — and probably non-binary people, but I don't know if Virginia Woolf knew about that — um. They all do what they can, but sometimes, they just get the shit end of the stick. Pardon my French. They do what they can with what they're given.

JORDAN

It's not anything about the women themselves, it's just the system. They get trapped.

RY

They're stuck in this trap, and they don't know how to exist the right way. For what they want or what other people want from them.
And sometimes, they take the stress of existing like that out on each other. And it's weird and ugly and it sucks, but they don't know how to do anything else.
Yeah. Virginia Woolf said that.

End of play.