

# INVINCIBLE ONES

Samantha Cooper

Submitted in partial fulfillment  
of the requirements  
for the degree of Master of Fine Arts  
in the Theatre Arts Program of the School of the Arts

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY  
May 2, 2016

# INVINCIBLE ONES

---

by Samantha Cooper

Characters (4 f, 1 m, 1 f voiceover)

ZOE (f) – late 20s

NATASHA (f) – mid 20s

WHIT (f) – mid 20s

PRESTON (m) – 21

PAIGE (f) – late 20s

MADISON'S MOM/NEWSCASTER (f) – voiceover

Setting

Friday to Tuesday, Now

One bedroom apartment on the Lower East Side, New York City

ZOE, NATASHA and WHIT all share the apartment. NATASHA and WHIT share the bedroom. ZOE sleeps in the closet. The apartment suffers from little natural light and low ceilings. The apartment has the bare minimum of furniture but feels, nevertheless, claustrophobic.

A portion of the apartment above, particularly the bathroom, can be seen. The bottom of a claw-foot tub should be visible. At the top, the water in the tub is running slowly, maybe barely a drip, but it continues to run throughout the play. The water should be always audible. Eventually the water overflows, flows onto the floor, and starts dripping into the apartment below. It isn't immediately apparent but the bathtub water is not strictly water.

Playwright's Notes

ZOE is often on her skates. PAIGE is occasionally on her skates. And please, please, please, actual roller-skating if at all possible.

Narration is done by all the women cast members at some point. THE GIRLS refers to ZOE, PAIGE, WHIT, and NATASHA and can be broken up however you see fit. Narration designated to ZOE should only be done by ZOE with the exception of quotes, if desired.

Casting Note

Families can be multi-racial, members of friend groups do not look like copies of each other, and the default appearance of characters should not be able-bodied, slim, Caucasians. In short, this should not be a homogenous looking cast, and certainly not all white.

*(ZOE is the only one visible onstage.)*

ZOE

I don't *want* to be doing this

but

there were a lot of voicemails and  
a big mess in my living room and  
well,

I guess

after everything that has happened  
standing up here isn't the fucking

...

*God Zoe, don't say 'fucking'. Jesus.*

...

Uh.

I mean...

Anyway.

We're here today to remember the best person in the world.

I don't want to be remembering her.

I want to see her

alive

standing right in front of me.

I want to hear her

...

swearing at me

or elbowing me in the nose so I'd make room for her on the track.

I want her to be so drunk she's puking in a trash can

because

sometimes

karma bitchez.

We have so many memories of her.

So many memories of her doing something...

really stupid.

I know I'm supposed to keep saying nice things or whatever

but

really.

She was usually doing something fucking stupid and...

No.

You know what?

I can't believe I'm doing this.

This is...

*This*

is stupid

and

FUCK IT.

ZOE (cont.)

It's about two girls, okay?  
Two girls whose lives cross  
and end  
on adjacent corners.

THE GIRLS

One –  
She was the last  
chubby  
ugly  
too old  
virgin  
bitch.  
Or so she thought.  
She was called a “fat ass” in the East Village Thursday morning.  
She's strong so she did not flinch.  
She just went home  
ate a bag of Cheetos  
and  
killed herself in a way too morbid to mention.

She got called a “fat ass” on the regular  
but this was maybe the most malicious it had ever been  
accompanied by a little laugh  
a little sneer  
and a whole lotta disdain.  
She swam in the disdain  
she reveled in it  
she snorted at it  
but in the end  
she also drowned in it.

And she really thought she'd make it through this year.

The other girl,  
Madison...  
Madison was the last  
decent  
intelligent  
remarkable  
friend  
best friend.  
She was run down by a taxi in the East Village Thursday morning.  
She was too busy standing up for

THE GIRLS (cont.)

*everyone*  
to notice the blind right  
and the blind man  
driving like a maniac.

This isn't the first time we've lost someone  
but it is the loudest.  
When we got the news  
we all went home  
gave up eating  
gave up hygiene  
gave up feeling  
and got into bed for days.  
But  
then our lives called  
and all at once  
we had to wake up.

None of us had ever felt that before  
felt that stop  
felt that skipped heartbeat  
felt that sort of reality  
that  
now  
doesn't seem to go away.  
We're swimming in that reality  
we're reveling in it  
we're snorting at it  
we're hiding from it  
but  
in the end  
one of us is also nearly drowning in it.

ZOE

And we really thought we'd make it through this year.

**interlude.**

*(Noise. With the noise we hear garbled portions of the voicemail below. It comes in and out and is, often, unintelligible.)*

*ZOE skates around as if she were on a track.*

*THE GIRLS go about their daily business as if it were any other day. But there is a certain level of chaos to it. They never fully settle into the calm and malaise that generally occupies their minds.*

*The chaos increases. Maybe we hear THE GIRLS join in the noise cacophony. Maybe it's only outside noise.*

*By the end, PAIGE and ZOE have disappeared. NATASHA and WHIT are in the apartment.)*

**MADISON'S MOM**

Zoe.  
I'm at the flower shop.  
I know. I know.  
But I'm at the flower shop and  
for the life of me  
I can't remember what her favorite flower is.  
It was in my head  
and it went right out again.  
Ha ha ha ha ha.

*(awkward silence)*

...did she have a favorite flower?  
That seems so  
not like her.  
But something morbid probably.  
LILLIES.  
It was lilies.  
Thank you.  
Talking it out seems to help these days.

So.  
And  
well  
maybe there is no good way to ask you this

MADISON'S MOM (cont.)

but  
you were Madison's best friend  
and  
you probably already know what I'm going to say  
but

...

WILL YOU GIVE THE EULOGY?

Will you give the eulogy.

I think you are the perfect person for it.

Yes, it'll be hard.

But you can do it Zoe.

Call me when you get a chance.

Call me sooner than that!

I need to know soon.

Okay.

Bye.



i.

*(WHIT and NATASHA sit on the couch watching television. NATASHA is in her waitress outfit. She has a stain on her shirt. A commercial comes on and NATASHA gets inordinately excited.)*

NATASHA

Commercials are totally underrated you know?

WHIT

...what?

NATASHA

No no no.  
Hear me out.  
Like, these days,  
everything is streaming and shit.  
And like  
sure  
that's cool most days.  
But...cereal, you know?  
Like, I don't know what is happening in cereal these days.  
I always used to know what was happening in cereal, you know?  
Like shit  
whatever happened to Count Chocula?

WHIT

I don't know.

NATASHA

Does he even exist anymore?

WHIT

That's a really important question, Natasha.

NATASHA

Okay  
I mean

NATASHA (cont.)

I know that's a dumb...  
I mean  
Like does the cereal even exist anymore?

*(ZOE bursts through the door, skating  
around the room as she talks.)*

ZOE

All right bitchez!  
It's FUCK ME Friday  
and y'all know what that means!  
Get your fucking asses out of the fucking apartment  
so I can get fucked!

*(They stare at her. They don't move.)*

ZOE (cont.)

C'mon guys.  
This is why we implemented FUCK ME Friday.  
Third Friday of the month is *my* Friday.  
So GET OUT.

WHIT  
Yeah Yeah. We'll leave soon.

*(simultaneously)*

NATASHA  
I gotta sit a minute.

NATASHA  
I had the most ridiculous afternoon at the restaurant.

WHIT  
How was the wake?

ZOE  
I almost bit it on my way home.  
My toe stop got caught in this old lady's cane and  
oof  
I almost went down.  
But I *didn't*. Hey-o!

WHIT

Zoe?  
Will you / fill us in please?

NATASHA

*(interrupting at '/')*  
This guy touched my ass.  
At the restaurant.  
He touched my ass and then he just  
kept  
touching / my ass.

ZOE

*(interrupting at '/')*  
Jesus.  
How long you guys been watching tv?  
I feel like it's been for-fucking-ever. /  
Turn that shit off.

NATASHA

*(interrupting at '/')*  
Girl. You're making me dizzy.  
Slow down.  
Sit.

*(The tv gets louder for a moment. We hear a newscaster under the next exchange. WHIT ad libs about the news report being about MADISON.)*

NEWSCASTER (v.o.)

New developments in the death of local roller derby star "Young and Ruthless": the cab driver turned himself in today. Charges are expected to be filed...

ZOE

*(over the newscaster)*  
C'mon you guys.  
I hate it.  
You know that.  
Turn that SHIT OFF.

*(CRASH.)*

*ZOE has skated into the tv. NATASHA and WHIT stare at her.)*

ZOE

Whatever.  
It was an old tv anyway.

WHIT

Zoe. Sit.

ZOE

Fiiiiiiiiinnnnneeeeeee.

*(ZOE sits and takes her skates off.)*

NATASHA

This douchebag was like so coy, you know?  
One time he knocked his wine glass over  
which spilled on me  
and when I bent over to pick it up  
his hand went right to my ass.  
That sort of thing happened like five times.  
And like, every time he would  
like shrug and smile and gesture  
like  
“What are *you* gonna do about it?”

WHIT

Another day on the job, right Natasha?

NATASHA

Fuck you.  
This is / important.

WHIT

*(interrupting at '/')*  
You gonna tell us about the wake?

So, this douchebag.

ZOE

So the douchebag  
with his wife by the way  
is like “What are you gonna do about it?”  
and I’m like  
what *am* I gonna do about?  
Like...  
nothing.  
I did nothing.  
I’m not gonna lose my job or whatever.

NATASHA

It’s not like you to keep your mouth shut.

ZOE

About almost anything.

WHIT

Whatever bitchez.

NATASHA

...  
It sucks  
because like  
I mean  
this terrible *man*  
just gets to go on thinking that it is fucking  
okay  
that it’s fucking acceptable  
to just touch your waitress’ ass.  
That it is fucking acceptable to just touch whatever you want.

ZOE

You should have said something.

NATASHA

He tipped me a hundred bucks.  
A one hundred dollar bill.  
And left his digits at the top of the receipt.

Gross. ZOE

How was the wake? WHIT

Don't call it that. ZOE

The "thing" then? NATASHA

The "League celebration". ZOE

That's what I said. NATASHA

It had an open bar bitchez!  
Which I partook of heavily.  
Oh but like don't worry or whatever.  
I sobered up before I skated home.  
See?  
Totally. Sober. ZOE

*(She touches her nose or some shit.)*

An old lady with a cane might disagree with you on that. WHIT

Fucking...whatever. ZOE

It's good to talk about it, you know. WHIT

NATASHA

You didn't want to hear me / "talk about it."

WHIT

*(interrupting at 'I')*

You can't hold all of it / inside of you.

ZOE

*(interrupting at 'I')*

Uggggghhhhh, Whitney!

It was drunk, okay?

It was like

...

It was nice. I guess.

It was funny.

Like really fucking funny actually.

Most everyone got up to say something  
but most everyone only made whiskey sense.

Ash rambled on about  
falling rose petals or dying bushes or  
she didn't know what the fuck.

And Tori decided she wanted to have a sing-along.

So she tried to sing fucking "Amazing Grace"

but forgot every word past

"How sweet the sound"

so she just like

sang a play-by-play in the tune and then

fucking

fell off the stage.

WHIT

It sounds like a mess.

NATASHA

I bet she would have loved it.

WHIT

You say anything?

No.

ZOE

You gonna on Tuesday?

WHIT

I don't even know if I'm gonna go.

ZOE

Madison's mom called me.  
She said you haven't / picked up once.

WHIT

*(interrupting at 'I')*  
Hey, here's an idea.  
Get out.

ZOE

Relax Zoe.

NATASHA

I can't.  
That's why I need FUCK ME Friday.  
I'm stressed  
the fuck  
out.  
I need a little release.

ZOE

Yeah yeah yeah. We're going.  
Whit's gotta be in the studio and  
I picked up / another shift.

NATASHA

*(interrupting at 'I')*  
We're the least of your problems anyway.

WHIT



What? ZOE

You have a visitor. WHIT

*(There is a cough from behind the closed closet door. ZOE opens it. A wall of smoke wafts out. When the smoke clears slightly, PRESTON is visible, standing in his underwear and holding a glass pipe.)*

Oh. PRESTON  
Hey sis.

*(ZOE stares at him. WHIT and NATASHA stare back and forth between the two.)*

Well, that's our cue. WHIT

Yeah, if I don't get moving I'll probably be late. NATASHA

When are you not late? WHIT

Shut up. NATASHA

*(They stare a bit more. Then they mumble some indications that they are moving and finally leave.)*

What the hell are you doing here? ZOE

Mom and Dad thought I could use a little vacay. PRESTON

*(Nothing.)*

PRESTON (cont.)

Failed another drug test.

ZOE

Really?  
Again?

PRESTON

Something like that.

ZOE

Jesus christ.

PRESTON

Look, I was so close to having a job  
Like  
don't they know  
pot is like legal now  
in some places.

ZOE

Do not smoke in my bedroom.

PRESTON

It's a closet.

ZOE

It's my bedroom.

PRESTON

No way.

*(PRESTON stares at her for a bit and then laughs. For a long time. Too long. It just keeps going.)*

Whatever dude.  
You want some?

PRESTON

Preston, look  
you got somewhere to be tonight?

ZOE

Here! With you!  
The big sister I look up to  
so  
much.

PRESTON

You have to find somewhere else to be.

ZOE

I've got nowhere else to be.  
You're the only one I know here.  
C'mon sis!

PRESTON

*(PRESTON goes in for a hug. ZOE stops  
him.)*

You have to leave.

ZOE

Whyyyyy?

PRESTON

Because  
well because

ZOE

*(calling)*  
Because it's FUCK ME Friday.

NATASHA (o.s.)

Ew. What's that? PRESTON

It means I got someone coming over ZOE

Paige?  
You mean Paige / right? PRESTON

*(interrupting at 'I')*  
so ZOE  
I get the apartment to myself

Or PRESTON  
you got a new / boo?

*(interrupting at 'I')*  
SO ZOE  
you have to leave.  
Everyone does.  
Thems the rules.  
GET OUT.

DUDE. PRESTON  
I want a FUCK ME Friday.  
Sounds neat.

ZOE  
Ew. It sounds so gross coming out of your mouth.

FUCK ME Friday.

PRESTON

Stop.

ZOE

Fuck. Me.

PRESTON

Stop it.

ZOE

Fucccccckkkkkkk me.  
Oh man, I could say that forever.  
Fuuuuuuuuuuccccccckkkkkkkkkkkkk meeeeeeeeeeeee.  
It just feels right.

PRESTON

*(ZOE is about to pummel him when WHIT comes back through with enough gear to get her through a long night.)*

C'mon Preston.  
You're coming with me.  
I'm overnight in the studio.

WHIT

Studio?

PRESTON

Whit's a back-up singer.

ZOE

Holy shit son!  
Are you like *famous*?

PRESTON

God, no.

WHIT

You singin' for someone famous?

PRESTON

Tonight, it's some tracks for a children's show I think.

WHIT

That...  
sounds fucking boring.

PRESTON

Be nice, asshole.

ZOE

*(NATASHA enters buttoning up a new  
pristine white shirt. PRESTON stares  
clumsily at her.)*

I wanna go with this one.

PRESTON

"This one" has a name.

WHIT

Natasha.

NATASHA

You know that.

ZOE

Yo girl, can I go with you?

PRESTON

*(NATASHA smiles and gestures him over.  
When he gets really close, she slaps him  
upside the head.)*

NATASHA

No way little boy.  
Can't have anything getting in the way of Friday night tippage.

PRESTON

I'll be good.  
I swear.

NATASHA

Oh! Okay.  
Well that changes  
*nothing.*

WHIT

You're really making me feel the love / here Preston.

ZOE

*(interrupting at '/')*  
What if I give you twenty bucks?

PRESTON

Sold!

ZOE

Great.  
And we'll deal with you  
this  
this whatever this is tomorrow.  
...  
Now go put some goddamn clothes on.

PRESTON

Pants  
OR  
shirt.  
You have to choose.

Gross.

WHIT

Twenty dollars  
OR  
ZERO dollars.

ZOE

*(PRESTON thinks then stomps over to the closet and slams the door. PAIGE opens the front door, comes in on her skates and with a pizza.)*

Delivery!

PAIGE

What did we talk about?

WHIT

Oh! Right.

PAIGE

*(PAIGE exits, closing the door behind her.)*

Do we have to do this now?

NATASHA

Courtesy doesn't wait.

WHIT

*(PAIGE knocks. WHIT goes to the door and opens it.)*

Paige!  
How nice to see / you!

WHIT

*(interrupting at 'I')*  
Aaaannnnnnnddddddd late.  
Bye ladies.

NATASHA



Hope no one grabs your ass tonight!

ZOE

Unlikely.

NATASHA

*(NATASHA is gone.)*

Hey baby.

ZOE

Hey girl.

PAIGE

*(ZOE goes to kiss PAIGE. WHIT makes some sort of noise.)*

Right!  
Whit, thank you.  
I owe you.

ZOE

*(We hear PRESTON light up.)*

How 'bout you just do your dishes.  
For / once?

WHIT

*(interrupting at '/')*  
Shhhhh. Do you hear that?  
...  
Preston!  
Do not smoke in my bedroom anymore!

ZOE

But I already have my pants on!

PRESTON

Come on Preston.  
Let's go.

WHIT

*(PRESTON comes out of the closet while he puts his shirt on. He sees PAIGE.)*

Hey!  
This is your same old boo.

PRESTON

What's that now?

PAIGE

Ignore him.

ZOE

Hey Paige.  
Oh! Pizza!  
Is that for me?

PRESTON

Preston.  
Glad to see you are behaving yourself.

PAIGE

Come onnnnn, Preston!

WHIT

*(WHIT pushes PRESTON out the door. As he goes:)*

But I gotta catch up with my girl!

PRESTON

Later Preston.

PAIGE

*(ZOE follows them to the door, closes it, and takes a moment to collect herself. ZOE turns hungrily to PAIGE.)*

ZOE

Thank fucking god.

*(ZOE rushes to PAIGE and kisses her with the ferocity of a desert soaking up the first rain after a drought. ZOE starts to grab at her clothes. PAIGE pushes her off.)*

PAIGE

Can't we eat first?  
I'm starving.

ZOE

Me too.

PAIGE

Baby.  
I mean literally hungry.  
It took all I had not to devour the pizza on the way here.  
A ravenous homeless guy followed me and this box for three blocks.  
This is pure delicious cheesiness.

ZOE

I don't wanna wait.

PAIGE

You have to.  
Do you have any clean plates?

ZOE

What do you think?

PAIGE

Napkins?  
Paper towels?  
Anything?

ZOE

Why didn't you get napkins when you stopped?

PAIGE

I had a singular focus.  
C'mon. Eat.

ZOE

Not hungry.

PAIGE

When was the last time you ate?

ZOE

I don't know.

PAIGE

Zoe.

ZOE

I don't remember.  
It's probably been like  
...  
since that day, maybe?  
I think I'm hungry and then I close my eyes and see it in my head  
and my stomach drops.  
...  
But hey!  
I washed my clothes.  
No more blood stains or whatever.  
Squeaky clean.  
It's like it never happened.

PAIGE

Except you won't eat.  
Eat.



PAIGE

*(laughs)*  
Yeah. I know.

*(Nothing.)*

PAIGE (cont.)

Your parents couldn't get a hold of you.

ZOE

I haven't been picking up the phone.

PAIGE

I know.  
Your parents called me.  
I knew he was coming.

ZOE

What a fucking stupid thing to keep to yourself.

PAIGE

You haven't been picking up your phone.

ZOE

Fuck you.

PAIGE

Not tonight.  
You're avoiding my question.  
Just the highlights, if you want.

ZOE

I think I tripped an old lady when I was skating home.  
I hit a cane  
heard a thud  
and just kept on skating.  
I'm getting pretty fast you know.  
I'm probably up to almost fifteen laps in two minutes.

Fifteen?!  
That's insane and I think  
impossible.

PAIGE

Grrrrrrlllllllll. I'm that good.

ZOE

*(ZOE goes in to kiss PAIGE; PAIGE stops  
her.)*

Tell me about Madison's life celebration.

PAIGE

What a fucking stupid name for it.

ZOE

How was it?

PAIGE

Fine.  
Everyone was there.  
Nearly the whole league.  
Except.

ZOE

Me.

PAIGE

Bingo.

ZOE

I had to work. I told you.  
Who has something like that during the day on a Friday anyway?  
People with real jobs won't be able to make it.

PAIGE

“Real” jobs? ZOE

You mad? PAIGE

No.  
It’s just ZOE

I’ll be there on Tuesday.  
I took the day off. PAIGE

Greatttttttt. ZOE

Do you think / you’ll PAIGE

*(interrupting at ‘/’)*  
Paige.  
It’s FUCK ME Friday  
and you’re fucking putting it off.  
C’mooooooooooooooooooooonnnnnnnnn. ZOE

Yeahhh, you aren’t gonna like this next thing. PAIGE

What? ZOE

I’m in mourning. PAIGE



ZOE

Yeah, so?  
That's pretty standard around here.  
I'm pretty fucking sure every single person you walk past in New York City is in fucking mourning for something.

PAIGE

I have a strict "no fuck" policy when I'm in mourning.

ZOE

Since when?

PAIGE

Since now.  
FUCK ME Friday has to wait.

ZOE

Nooooooooooooo.

PAIGE

Look, it's a rough time now.  
Madison was...important.  
And her not being here anymore is  
fucking important.  
I want to take the time to acknowledge this  
hole  
this emptiness  
before trying to fill it up with like  
fucking  
*fucking.*

ZOE

That's bullshit.

PAIGE

Death, sex, sadness, anger...are complicated things.  
And put them all together and that's like a recipe for disaster.  
I wanna be there for you but trust me on this.

You're ruining my life.

ZOE

Sorry darling. Starting now  
it's policy.

PAIGE

Well my policy is to fill up holes  
and emptiness  
with awesome things like  
liquor  
and  
fucking.

ZOE

I'll drink the liquor.  
And there's pizza.  
That's something.

PAIGE

Not the right thing.  
This is the worst time to implement this.

ZOE

For you, maybe.

PAIGE

...

Well, I guess I can tell Preston he can come back for the night.

ZOE

Ew. No.

Tonight without your brother sounds even better than FUCK ME Friday.

PAIGE

*(ZOE shoots her an "Are you fucking kidding me?" look.)*

Comparable.  
It sounds comparable.

PAIGE (cont.)

*(Long silence. ZOE lays her head on PAIGE's lap.)*

You sleeping?

PAIGE

I'm resting my eyes.

ZOE

Okay grandma.

PAIGE

*(PAIGE and ZOE are comfortable. Some time passes. ZOE is mostly asleep.)*

I think I slipped in her brains.

ZOE

...  
what?  
...  
Zoe, what?

PAIGE

I think...

ZOE

*(All of a sudden there is a leak in the ceiling. It's slow at first but quickly becomes a constant drip. It drips on PAIGE and ZOE, snapping ZOE awake.)*

Fuck.  
Great  
Fucking great.  
Just what we need. A fucking leak.

ZOE

I'll go get a bucket.

PAIGE

A bucket? Ha.

Who do you think we are?

There are big bowls under the sink.

Grab one of those.

ZOE

*(PAIGE goes to the kitchen. A moment later she returns with a bowl and places it under the leak. They watch the leak for a bit.)*

*(Narration.)*

## THE GIRLS

That girl upstairs,  
we never learned her name.  
We didn't even try.  
Isn't that terrible and sooooo just like us.

No one ever learned her name.  
When the whole world passed her on the street  
the whole world  
looked right through her.  
Most days  
she didn't mind.  
There were days when she wondered what it would be like  
to be noticed  
but it caused her to panic  
and settle back into being translucent.

She existed in our lives if only by happenstance  
just out of reach.  
When she needed us to see her  
to hold on to her  
for her dear life  
it was already too late.  
She lived in the world as some sort of ghost  
an apparition  
a being we only ever knew as dead.  
Now she's gone  
and  
no space is wasted.

Everyone knew Madison's name.  
You couldn't walk three feet without someone mentioning her  
or loving her  
or  
more likely  
cursing her.  
She arrived in the world like a bat out of hell.  
Her parents' told me that they named her Madison  
because it's their favorite town.  
She was their favorite everything.  
She was our favorite everything.

She could not fathom what it was like to be unseen.  
That's why she picked her name

THE GIRLS (cont.)

her derby name  
she wanted everyone to know it  
and everyone to say it back to her.  
“Young and Ruthless”

ZOE

I never found the right name.

THE GIRLS

I mean, her name put all other names to shame.  
Some names are announced and just hang in the air  
like they're waiting to be told what to do.  
Not hers.  
It's an elbow to your fucking nose.

She existed in the world like she owned all the heavens and the earth.

Her name is out of commission now.  
They're going to retire it.  
Normally, the names just go back into rotation  
to be claimed again  
by someone who can't feel the history.

Now that she's gone, that history  
is a big  
fat  
fucking empty space.

ii.

*(WHIT and NATASHA stand staring at the bowl catching the leak in the living room.)*

WHIT

I can't live like this.

NATASHA

I probably would have just put towels on the floor.  
She's smart.

WHIT

What are we supposed to eat out of?

NATASHA

What would you have used?

WHIT

Buckets.

NATASHA

What buckets?

WHIT

We have buckets.

NATASHA

We have bowls.  
One of which is expertly being used to catch this leak.

WHIT

Goddammit Natasha!  
This place is disgusting.  
I'm so tired of living in this hole.

PMS?

NATASHA

You're the fucking worst.

WHIT

You seem grumpy.

NATASHA

I'm fucking fed up.  
The only thing I ask of everyone is that we have some semblance of clean.

WHIT

We do.

NATASHA

When I take care of it!

WHIT

Huh. Is that how it gets clean?

NATASHA

I wait and hope and fucking dream of a fucking clean place to live  
and no one ever helps me out.

WHIT

It's not dirty.

NATASHA

Your piles of shit are everywhere.

WHIT

That's messy. Not dirty.

NATASHA



I swear to god...

WHIT

What?

NATASHA

I'm gonna move!

WHIT

You won't move.

NATASHA

I feel like your mother.  
I'm the mother of fucking adult babies.  
I don't even want kids!

WHIT

You won't move.

NATASHA

I just wanna live in my own fucking space.

WHIT

This place is too fucking cheap to move.

NATASHA

I make a good living.

WHIT

And you're fucking stingy.  
You won't spend an extra dime if you don't have to.

NATASHA

Don't push me Natasha.

WHIT

Stop being a cunt, Whit.

NATASHA

*(Stand-off.)*

I miss her.

NATASHA

She didn't live here.

WHIT

Whit...

NATASHA

I know.  
I know you do.

WHIT

You wouldn't move?

NATASHA

...  
I don't like being here since...  
It feels so empty somehow.  
I keep waiting for her to just show up  
like she used to.

WHIT

With a six pack.  
...  
I hate talking about her like she's gone.

NATASHA

Well, she is / gone.

WHIT

NATASHA

*(interrupting at 'I')*  
Stop it.

WHIT

Sorry.  
I forgot the rules.

NATASHA

We're all trying to...

WHIT

What?  
Y'all aren't trying to deal with a single damn thing.  
Instead, we're fighting about bullshit.  
...  
I mean, Zoe is a mess.

NATASHA

Ha. That's for fucking sure.  
...  
She's better at hiding the mess than I am.

WHIT

No.  
...  
Madison's mom calls me twice a day.  
She doesn't think anyone else can do the eulogy.  
Zoe won't even / acknowledge her.

NATASHA

*(interrupting at 'I')*  
She hates to be prodded.

WHIT

Well, if we do nothing  
she won't do anything either.

NATASHA  
You're so put together.

WHIT  
The practical shit has devoured my grief.

NATASHA  
Whit?

WHIT  
Yeah darling.

NATASHA  
Do you think we'll ever all be put back together?

*(The door flies open. ZOE enters dragging  
PRESTON by the ear.)*

PRESTON  
Oh.  
Hey dudes.

WHIT  
What happened?

PRESTON  
Some lady slapped me in the fucking face!

ZOE  
Tell them why, Preston.  
Natasha, you'll just get the biggest kick out of this.

*(PRESTON doesn't say anything.)*

ZOE  
Use your words kiddo.

PRESTON

*(quietly)*  
I touched some lady's ass.

WHIT

What was that?

PRESTON

*(louder)*  
I touched some lady's ass.

ZOE

That's not what the security guard said, asshole.

PRESTON

I *grabbed* some lady's ass.

WHIT

You did what?  
Christ Preston  
you don't touch *anyone* / without their permission.

ZOE

That's exactly what I said.

PRESTON

I get it.  
I GET IT.

WHIT

Really?

*(simultaneously)*

ZOE

Like hell you do.

PRESTON

Would y'all stop bitching at me already?

ZOE

Fuck no.

NATASHA

Alright alright.  
That's enough ladies.

WHIT  
Seriously?

*(simultaneously)*

ZOE  
What??

*(NATASHA walks over to PRESTON. ZOE  
and WHIT stand confused.)*

PRESTON

Oh.  
Hey baby.

NATASHA

Hey Preston.

*(NATASHA leans in like she might kiss him.  
Then she wacks him upside the head.)*

NATASHA

Do you know how many  
fucking times a day  
I have to deal with this kind of  
fucking bullshit?!

PRESTON

I mean  
you're hot.

WHIT  
Oh my god.

*(simultaneously)*

ZOE  
Biiiiigggg mistake.

*(WHIT's phone rings. She sneaks away and  
talks quietly.)*

ZOE

Should I get some popcorn for the show?

*(NATASHA shoots ZOE a laser beam look that is more serious than she expected.)*

ZOE

Good luck kiddo.

PRESTON

*(quiet desperation)*

Help?

*(As ZOE wanders over to WHIT, we hear NATASHA start laying into PRESTON. Maybe not everything she says is about him but...most of it is. We hear her continue throughout the next.)*

*(When ZOE reaches WHIT she is finishing up her phone call. WHIT does not see ZOE approach.)*

WHIT

Text me the address and I'll be there in an hour.  
Less than an hour.

ZOE

Where ya goin'?

*(WHIT is so startled she hangs up the phone.)*

WHIT

Jesus!  
Hey Zo.

ZOE

Hot date?

WHIT

Ha. No.  
I have a meeting...with a client.

ZOE

I didn't know you took meetings outside of the studio.

WHIT

Trying something new.  
Taking my career into my own hands.

ZOE

Bullshit.  
You don't care about your career.  
Never once have I heard you use the word "career."

WHIT

Then what do you call my job?

ZOE

A job.

WHIT

I have to go.

ZOE

Where's the fire?  
Why don't you sit?  
For like a fucking minute?

WHIT

I can't.

ZOE

You're being fucking weird.

WHIT

I'm seeing an apartment.



WHAT??

ZOE

Shhhhhhhh!

I don't want Natasha to know I'm seriously looking yet.  
I don't think she'll take it well.

WHIT

*SHE* won't take it well?

ZOE

DUDE. Keep it down.

WHIT

What the fuck do you mean  
you're looking for an apartment?

ZOE

It's time I move out.

WHIT

This place is too fucking cheap for you to even consider moving.

ZOE

You make enough temping to cover your portion.

WHIT

I'm on a "leave of absence."

ZOE

A "leave of absence."

WHIT

Mandatory "leave of absence."

ZOE

WHIT

*(loud)*  
Fired from another temp agency?!

ZOE

Shhhhh.  
Natasha doesn't know yet.

WHIT

Jesus Christ Zoe, you are a piece of work.

ZOE

They said I was "not very pleasant."

WHIT

Whatever.  
If you really need someone to help with the rent  
you could let your brother move in.

ZOE

Have you lost your fucking mind?

*(They look over at PRESTON and  
NATASHA. NATASHA is pacing in front of  
him in the middle of an unstoppable tirade.  
PRESTON, mostly, just looks scared.)*

WHIT

Okay. He's not the *best*.  
But he'd be some cash.  
You move into the bedroom with Natasha.  
He can occupy your closet.  
Permanently.

ZOE

It's my  
bed  
room.

It was a joke.

WHIT

You can't.

ZOE

Look.

This was supposed to be temporary anyway and we're long past that.  
I need my own space.

WHIT

There's no way in hell you can afford that.

ZOE

Actually.

WHIT

Fuck you.

ZOE

*(NATASHA has said something that finally gets to PRESTON.)*

Jesus christ woman.  
You're not my fucking mother!

PRESTON

Well apparently  
your mother didn't teach you any fucking manners  
so someone has to.

NATASHA

Hey!

PRESTON & ZOE

NATASHA

Not you Zoe.  
But, I mean  
c'mon.

*(ZOE looks at PRESTON who expects her to  
come to his defense.)*

ZOE

Can't argue with that.

*(PRESTON leans into NATASHA.)*

PRESTON

You know  
you're sexy when you're mad.

*(She pushes him into the closet and slams  
the door.)*

NATASHA

*(yelling through the door)*

YOU DON'T GO OUT ANYMORE WITHOUT A FUCKING CHAPERONE.  
GOT IT?

PRESTON

Yeah  
yeah.

*(WHIT starts to gather her stuff to go. ZOE  
stops her.)*

ZOE

Why the hell would you spring this on me right now?

WHIT

Bitch, I wasn't going to!  
You kept pushing me and...  
I'm not a good liar.  
You know that.

ZOE

You and Madison were the first two people I met in the city.

WHIT

Natasha's not going anywhere.  
And I'll be in the city.  
Well, in my price range  
I'll probably be far out  
way way out  
but you know  
just a few trains  
a bus or two  
and a short twenty minute walk away.

ZOE

Things'll calm down, you know.  
Once we get past Tuesday.

WHIT

One of us has to be the first to grow up and move on.

ZOE

Who says?

WHIT

I'm almost thirty.  
I'm tired of having roommates.

ZOE

Thanks.

WHIT

Zoe...  
Don't say anything to Natasha yet, okay?  
She thinks me moving is a  
*maybe*  
distant future thing.

ZOE

Whatever.

You'll be fine Zoe.

WHIT

*(WHIT exits.)*

*(Narration.)*

## THE GIRLS

We'd pass her in the hall occasionally.  
But none of us ever met that girl upstairs.  
Unsurprisingly.  
It's a shame really.  
She was always only one flight up.

But the system isn't set up for that.  
You pick up your mail.  
You drag your ass up six flights of stairs.  
And you breathe a sigh of relief  
when you successfully find refuge  
from the swirling mass that is  
the streets of New York City.

She was never with anyone.  
She lived alone  
and she loved it for the longest time.  
Because it was quiet.

Then, one day, we moved in downstairs.  
"Those girls are loud."  
she'd say to herself.  
"They laugh too much.  
They never stop talking."  
We didn't.  
We were always making noise.  
She never said anything.  
We were always only one flight down  
but  
you never meet anyone in this city.

Her life wasn't empty like she started to believe.  
But  
one day  
all the noise, started to mean the world to her.  
She'd go to her job  
she'd go meet those people she was always seeing  
She'd pass her  
perfectly well-meaning neighbors in the hallway  
then settle in  
to listen to the goings on of "those girls."

THE GIRLS (cont.)

And here we were simply living our lives  
trying to pay our rent  
and only being successful a small percentage of the time.  
Here we were cycling through jobs  
and lovers  
and favorite coffee shops.  
Here we were missing our homes  
and years in the recent past when anything was possible.

We gave up our dreams so quickly  
because we had to  
because a certain logic seeps in when you have to grow up.  
Here we were just fucking  
trying  
to make it to tomorrow.

Here we were thinking  
“Who is this quiet person who lives upstairs?  
The one who sort of smiles in the hall  
and always seems to be alone.”

...

...

No.

We weren't thinking that.

You never meet anyone in this fucking city.



iii.

*(ZOE stares at the broken tv for a long time. Then, there is a knock. ZOE goes to the door. It's a surprise: PAIGE. PAIGE is holding a box.)*

ZOE

This is a surprise.  
This is...a happy surprise?

PAIGE

Not exactly.  
Is Preston here?

ZOE

I sent him to the store with Natasha.  
He's her bitch for the afternoon.  
It's kind of / cute actually.

*(PAIGE enters fully.)*

PAIGE

*(interrupting at '/')*

Good.  
I have a gift for you.

ZOE

Great.

*(ZOE goes in for the kiss. PAIGE stops her.)*

PAIGE

An actual gift.

ZOE

Tease.

PAIGE

Here.

*(PAIGE hands her the box. ZOE takes it to the couch and opens it. It's a box full of derby gear.)*

ZOE

You know  
this is nice and all  
but I already have my own gear.

PAIGE

It's Madison's.

*(ZOE pulls out Madison's jersey as PAIGE says this, immediately puts the stuff back, closes the box, and moves away.)*

PAIGE (cont.)

Tori volunteered to clean out her locker after the celebration.  
Everyone agreed you should have her stuff.

ZOE

You wanna go out or something?  
Grab a beer?

PAIGE

You could frame her jersey.  
Hang it up somewhere.

ZOE

We have nothing here.  
No food.  
No drinks.  
Nothing.

PAIGE

Nothing else seemed fitting enough.  
We didn't want her to get lost.

ZOE

We?

Me.  
Giving you the stuff was my idea.

PAIGE

It's been like a week.

ZOE

I thought seeing her stuff  
might help you decide  
whether or not  
you want to give her eulogy.

PAIGE

...  
Toss it.  
I don't want that shit in my house.

ZOE

She was your best friend.

PAIGE

I'm still washing parts of her out of my whites.  
Let's swing by the dumpster on our way out.

ZOE

Baby, just look through it.  
See if there's anything you want. /  
Then we'll go from there.

PAIGE

*(interrupting at 'I')*  
I don't need to look through it.  
Fucking get rid of it.

ZOE

It doesn't feel right to get rid of it.

PAIGE

Okay.  
I gift it to you then.  
It's yours.

ZOE

This doesn't help your decision at all?  
You can't avoid this / forever, you know.

PAIGE

*(interrupting at 'I')*  
She was your size.

ZOE

What?

PAIGE

She was your size.  
You take it.

ZOE

She was *your* / size.

PAIGE

*(interrupting at 'I')*  
What's the point of letting all that go to waste?

ZOE

I'm not going to use Madison's gear.

PAIGE

Why the fuck not?  
She bought good shit.  
New skates. Barely used. All yours.

ZOE

Zoe, take the box.

PAIGE

Thanks but no fucking thanks.  
I don't need a fucking tangible reminder  
that she won't  
ever  
be sitting next to me again.  
You think that shit should stick around  
then you take it.

ZOE

It'll kill me to have it.

PAIGE

Join the club.

ZOE

*(They look at the box for a bit.)*

I know this is hard, Zoe.  
I'm just trying to  
I don't know  
help you?  
...  
I love you Zoe.  
I don't want to lose you in the depths.

PAIGE

Paige...  
I appreciate it  
you  
I appreciate everything you are trying to do.  
Everything feels wrong right now.  
But I'll get there okay?

ZOE

You can't stop me from trying to help.

PAIGE

ZOE

And that's one of the things I love about you.

...

So. Beer?

PAIGE

I need to sit for a minute.

ZOE

Okay, I'll pick something up and bring it back.

Not to worry!

Gatherer mode: activated.

*(ZOE starts to go.)*

ZOE

Paige?

Please.

Get rid of the box by the time I get back.

*(ZOE leaves the apartment but stays on stage. When she speaks for the rest of the scene, it is narration.)*

ZOE (narration)

None of us remember how we became friends with Madison.

One day our lives were empty

and the next

there was Madison.

*(As ZOE speaks, PAIGE reluctantly starts to go through the box. She smells MADISON's jersey. WHIT walks in.)*

WHIT

I hope that isn't dirty.

PAIGE

It's Madison's.

WHIT

Well...

ZOE (narration)

Madison had this life motto:  
“You don’t have to meet people.  
You just have to know them.”  
What a load of

ZOE & WHIT

shit.

PAIGE

Some of the girls wanted Zoe to have her gear  
but she wants to get rid of it.  
I don’t know why I expected anything different.

ZOE (narration)

It was somehow true for all of us.

WHIT

You’re optimistic.  
Good for you.

PAIGE

Fuck you.

ZOE (narration)

Whitney and I have this story we tell about the first time we saw her.  
We were new roommates.  
It been like  
a week. Maybe two.  
Neither of us were sure if this “whole thing” was gonna work out.  
Whitney is  
a little...  
very  
anal.

Why don't you take the stuff?

WHIT

Oh. No no.  
I can't have this around.

PAIGE

You could keep it safe.  
She'll want it eventually.

WHIT

Really. I  
it would not be good for me to have it.

PAIGE

Why not?  
It didn't seem like you and Madison were that close.

WHIT

Yeah.  
Well, we were once.  
Impossibly so.

PAIGE

*(WHIT looks at PAIGE for a bit. She goes to sit next to her when she gets a text.)*

ZOE (narration)

I was careless  
and new to the city  
and scared to leave the apartment.  
Whitney suggested a "bonding activity" or whatever  
and somehow we picked roller derby.

Paige, is Zoe coming back?  
I hate to leave / you but

WHIT



PAIGE

*(interrupting at 'I')*

She ran out for beer.

WHIT

Of course.

Tell you what. I'll take the box to our storage unit.

Neither her nor Natasha know it exists so she'll never look there.

PAIGE

You guys have a storage unit?

WHIT

Yeahhhhhh I've been stockpiling shit down there for years.

Planning ahead for my own place.

I'll tell them about it when I move.

PAIGE

Which is...?

WHIT

I'm going to look at a place now, actually.

PAIGE

Seems hasty.

WHIT

It's been a long time coming.

Madison's...

well, this whole thing sort of expedited the process.

ZOE (narration)

We trekked our asses out to Coney Island one summer afternoon planning to stay just as long as we could stand each other.

There was an excess of cheap beer  
some surprisingly good conversation  
and this *thing* before us.

Gimme.

WHIT

*(PAIGE hands her the box. WHIT starts to go.)*

In the break between bouts  
this electric lull  
new teams skated on to the track and  
that's  
when I saw her.  
Them, actually.  
Both of them.

ZOE (narration)

Hey.

WHIT

Yeah?

PAIGE

I know Zoe is hard right now.  
Selfish and like so

WHIT

immovable?

PAIGE

Yes. Good word.  
But she's in there somewhere.  
And look, she's not the only one who lost someone.  
Natasha and I are here if you want  
We miss her too.

WHIT

You never think you're going to lose someone  
so

WHIT

WHIT (cont.)

indestructible, right?  
Makes you see that life is a  
fucking  
bitch.  
Anyway, we're here to talk so.  
If you want.

PAIGE

Thanks.

ZOE (narration)

I didn't know it then but one of them  
Paige  
would eventually become  
the person I love more than anything in the world.

*(WHIT's phone dings. She starts to exit with  
the box.)*

PAIGE

Wait?

WHIT

Yeah?

*(PAIGE goes to WHIT, takes MADISON's  
jersey out of the box.)*

PAIGE

I can't let this go.

ZOE (narration)

The other  
yes, Madison  
would become my best friend by the end of the night.  
And, not consequently  
all of our best friends.

*(WHIT smiles and exits with the box. She  
then joins ZOE onstage and they share the  
rest of the narration.)*

*Through ZOE and WHIT's final narration of the scene, PAIGE puts on MADISON'S jersey and puts her other shirt on over the top. She wears it like this for the rest of the show.)*

ZOE & WHIT (narration)

I don't think we could tell you what happened on that track now.

Madison was

fierce, unafraid.

When she put those stars on her helmet

her ladies smiled

and the other team cringed.

When the bout was over we both sat

stunned

waiting to regain our fucking minds.

Eventually, Zoe turned to me and said

"I think I've found my religion. I want to do it."

"Then just fucking do it, bitch" Madison said.

I said "Uh, hi" as she skated over.

And she said "Look, we don't need to 'meet' or whatever.

You don't need to meet someone. You just have to know them."

I thought I would vomit my heart out of my mouth.

Madison invited us to the after party and

later

lent me some pads and skates and

I started classes the next week.

And the rest,

as they say

is legend.

*(A surprisingly jovial voicemail.)*

MADISON'S MOM

Hi Zoe.  
It's Madison's mom. Again.  
You cleaned out your voicemail box.  
That's a good sign!  
That's a good sign, right?  
You're getting my messages?  
Whitney is relaying them to you?

There's so much to do.  
I feel like my mind hasn't stop spinning since —  
And you're the last piece.  
We're running out of time, Zoe.  
The minister wanted to set the program  
yesterday  
but he's graciously being patient with me.  
Tuesday at 6pm.  
It doesn't have to be a long speech  
a few words.  
Nice words, preferably  
but I'll take any words.  
Anything that will do justice to my daughter's  
memory?  
No.  
To her life.  
You're the best one to do that.

If I could have your answer soon.  
Or some indication that you're getting these?  
Anything.

I hope you are getting rest!  
Eat something healthy for me, okay?

Well, I'll try Whitney again.  
Talk soon?

iv.

*(PRESTON is asleep facedown on the couch in only his underwear and socks. He's holding a pipe in his hand. He snoozes. He is not a pretty sleeper.)*

*ZOE opens the door, sees PRESTON, and rolls her eyes.)*

Goddammit.

ZOE

*(NATASHA enters. She is in her underwear, bra, and socks. She's eating something weird. Like probably cottage cheese and Cheetos, or ketchup on something ketchup should not be on, or pickles dipped in pudding. Something like that.)*

Shhhhh.  
Bro is tuckered out.

NATASHA

Natasha...what the fuck?

ZOE

Shhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.

NATASHA

*(PRESTON readjusts. ZOE and NATASHA stand perfectly still. PRESTON is out cold so it doesn't matter. NATASHA and ZOE move closer together. The dialogue of the next part nearly overlaps.)*

Natasha.

ZOE

You want some?

NATASHA

Natasha.

ZOE

I don't really know what I'm eating.  
But it's good.

NATASHA

Natasha, where are your clothes?

ZOE

It's goooooooooood.

NATASHA

Why are you in your underwear?

ZOE

Gooooood. Good.

NATASHA

Maybe go get some pants please.

ZOE

Good.

NATASHA

A shirt.  
I would settle for a shirt.

ZOE

Damn, this shit is good.

NATASHA

NATASHA! Focus.

ZOE

NATASHA  
SHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH! SH!

*(NATASHA eating. Only NATASHA eating.)*

NATASHA  
I fucked your brother.

ZOE  
What.

NATASHA  
You want some?

ZOE  
What did you say?

NATASHA  
You want some?

ZOE  
No. Before that.

NATASHA  
Uhhhhh  
oh. yeah.  
I fucked your brother.  
*(laughs weirdly)*  
Yeahhhhh. It just happened.  
Like ten minutes ago.  
It's a good thing you didn't come home any sooner.  
You know what I'm sayin'?

*(Nothing.)*

ZOE  
I'll kill him.

*(ZOE advances towards PRESTON.  
NATASHA holds her back while still*



*attempting to hold on to her food. They struggle for a bit. Finally, they stop.)*

NATASHA

Not worth it, Zoe.

ZOE

Right.  
You're right.  
I'll kill you, you motherfucking bitch.

*(NATASHA drops her food and runs from ZOE. NATASHA is surprisingly fast. They chase each other for a while. Then they come to a stand-still.)*

ZOE (cont.)

I can't believe  
this is beyond anything  
I mean, I ask you to watch him for like a part of a day  
I knew you were like super fucked  
but this is like  
I don't even / know what to  
jesus fucking christ  
this is like the last thing I need right now.

NATASHA

*(interrupting at 'I')*

Zoe...Zoe.  
Zoe Zoe Zoe Zoe Zoe  
ZOE.

ZOE

What?!

NATASHA

It was a joke.  
...  
A joke.  
Ha ha ha ha.

A joke?

ZOE

You thought I'd...

NATASHA

Pssssh no.  
Of course not.

ZOE

Yeahhhhhhhh no.  
I wouldn't sleep with your brother.  
Gross.

NATASHA

Hey! He's not so bad.  
Give him a chance...  
Oh god.  
*(fake vomit sound)*  
What did I just say?

ZOE

Whatever.  
I wouldn't sleep with him because  
you know, the code.

NATASHA

The code?

ZOE

The, uh...the bro code.  
I mean, whatever the lady one is called.  
I wouldn't sleep with your brother because it's against the code.

NATASHA

Why are you in your underwear?

ZOE

NATASHA

*(looks down)*

Oh shit! We never finished our game of strip poker.  
Maaaaaan. I was gonna win too.

ZOE

You look like you were gonna lose.

NATASHA

Aw shit. Totally.

ZOE

How stoned are you?

NATASHA

Somewhere in between  
very  
and  
the most.  
Your bro's got some good weed.

ZOE

WILL YOU GO PUT A FUCKING SHIRT ON.

NATASHA

Geez. Okay!

...

Did you see where my food went?

*(PRESTON stirs and lifts his head up.)*

PRESTON

God.  
Can't a dude catch a little nappage around here?

ZOE

Preston.

Oh.  
Hey sis.

PRESTON

We're finishing our game dude.  
I'm gonna win all your cash.

NATASHA

Is that...  
HA HA HA HA.  
I don't have any cash.  
I just wanted to see your tits.

PRESTON

See? I told you.  
Gross.

NATASHA

*(laughs)*  
I mean, it almost worked.

ZOE

Ugh.

NATASHA

*(NATASHA leaves to go put some pants on.  
Probably.)*

Hell yeah!  
Almost worked.  
High five!

PRESTON

Scoot over asswipe.

ZOE

That's not very nice.

PRESTON

You're my brother. I don't have to be nice.

ZOE

Touché.  
Wanna smoke?

PRESTON

I think you've had enough for today.

ZOE

What happened to you, man?  
You used to be fun!

PRESTON

I'm still fun.

ZOE

So smoke with me.

PRESTON

No.

ZOE

FINE.

PRESTON

*(A little bit of silence that feels like forever.)*

I'm gonna smoke.

PRESTON

How long you gonna be here?

ZOE

PRESTON

...  
You sure you don't want some?

ZOE

How long?

PRESTON

I think I'm gonna move to New York.

...  
Eh? Eh?

ZOE

New York will eat you alive.

PRESTON

I'm a grown-ass man.  
I could handle it.

ZOE

There's nothing for you in the city.  
You need a place to live.  
You need money. A job.  
Who's going to hire you?  
You never put on pants.

PRESTON

I'm on vacaayyyyy!

ZOE

From what?

PRESTON

Life, man!  
Life is hard!

ZOE

You don't fucking do anything!  
Look, you've got two days to find somewhere else to be  
or to go home.

PRESTON

I'd check in with the parental units first.

ZOE

I don't need their permission.

PRESTON

Oh yeah?  
When's the last time you talked to them?

ZOE

What's that supposed to mean?

PRESTON

Like  
you know how they are.  
Fucking like  
always telling us what to do and shit.  
They maybe wouldn't even let me come home yet.

ZOE

What are you hiding douchebag?

*(Before PRESTON can respond, the ceiling  
leak increases.)*

ZOE

Ah, fucking christ!  
Go get another bowl idiot.

*(PRESTON disappears. Comes back with a  
very small bowl.)*

PRESTON

This good?

No.  
But we'll change it out later.  
Remind me.

ZOE

I've had a lot of pot today.

PRESTON

Fine. I'll just remember.  
...  
Go put on some clothes.  
Let's go to a movie or something.

ZOE

Invite Natasha?

PRESTON

God, you've got it bad.

ZOE

I was so close Zo.  
Like super close.

PRESTON

You have no idea how far away you actually were.

ZOE

*(PRESTON gets up to go to the closet.)*

Pants *and* a shirt?

PRESTON

*And* shoes.

ZOE



PRESTON

Fuck.

*(PRESTON disappears into the closet.  
NATASHA comes gingerly walking into the  
room. She stops, gets on the floor, and tries  
to hold on.)*

NATASHA

*(whispers)*

Zoe.

*(louder)*

ZOE.

ZOE

Yes, Natasha?

NATASHA

I think I'm falling through the floor.

Will you pull me up before I sink into the next apartment?

...

This feels cold and I like it.

...

...

*Help?*

v.

*(NATASHA, ZOE, and PAIGE in the living room. NATASHA and ZOE stare at the broken tv. PAIGE reads.)*

It's too quiet in here.

...

If Madison were / here

NATASHA

*(interrupting at 'I')*

Don't.

Don't do that.

ZOE

I can't talk about her at all?

NATASHA

I'd rather you didn't.

No.

ZOE

That isn't fair to anyone else Zoe.

NATASHA

Death isn't fair.

ZOE

*(ZOE looks at her. They are quiet for a bit.)*

We should get a new tv.

NATASHA

With what money?

ZOE

NATASHA

I've been making good money lately.  
That douchebag keeps coming back.  
Annnnnnd  
the more he touches my ass  
the bigger the tips get.

PAIGE

The bigger the harassment gets.

NATASHA

I need this job.  
I need the money.  
I need the...distraction.

ZOE

It's gross.

NATASHA

What do you suggest I do about it?

PAIGE

Say something.  
That's what managers are for.

ZOE

I suggest a meeting between that douchebag's dick and your foot.

*(They are quiet for a bit. NATASHA looks at her shirt.)*

NATASHA

Shit. Is that a stain?  
Look.

*(PAIGE looks closely at NATASHA's shirt.)*

PAIGE

No? No.  
It just looks not quite as white as the rest of the shirt.

Shit.  
Shit shit shit.  
I don't have any more back-up shirts.  
Do you have one...just like, around?  
A white button up.  
Must be pristine.

NATASHA

I don't live here.

PAIGE

Ha.

NATASHA

I have one.  
In the closet in your room.  
Recently dry-cleaned.

ZOE

You're a life-saver.

NATASHA

I do what I can.

ZOE

*(NATASHA exits to the bedroom.)*

Baby.  
Natasha doesn't do well with the quiet.

PAIGE

And I don't do well with the noise.  
So.

ZOE

*(PAIGE goes back to reading for a second.)*

Wait.  
You have a dry cleaned shirt?!

PAIGE

You know, for emergencies.

ZOE

*Emergencies?*

PAIGE

Don't start.  
I'm not even thinking about it.

ZOE

You're gonna have to / make a

PAIGE

*(interrupting at 'I')*  
You see Preston today?

ZOE

Oh yeah.  
I sent him out.

PAIGE

Where?

ZOE

I gave him my metro card.  
Told him "the city is yours kiddo! Today, you ride!"  
He stared at me at first  
said "uhhhh" and drooled a little bit.  
Then I took his pipe and he seemed more eager to skiddattle.  
I said "don't come back until it's dark."

PAIGE

ZOE

So, you sent him “out”?  
Like no destination. Just “out.”

PAIGE

I sent him into the *city*.  
That’s a destination.

ZOE

Okay. Okay.  
So he’s dead now.  
You sent him out and he went out by himself and he’s dead now.

PAIGE

Calm down Zoe.  
He’s an adult...  
Something like an adult.

ZOE

God, Paige.  
I really didn’t want to add “rescue my brother from an unknown location somewhere in fucking New York City” to my list of to-dos today but thanks to you it looks like I have to.

PAIGE

Zoe...C’mon.

ZOE

No Paige. You c’mon.  
You know he’s not reliable.  
You know he’s negative reliable.  
Eventually, I have to send him back to my parents alive you know.

*(ZOE gets ready to leave.)*

PAIGE

I made him reservations at Natasha’s restaurant for 8.  
If he doesn’t show, Natasha is gonna call us.  
Then you can panic.  
Until then  
shut the fuck up.

ZOE

You know he's going to fuck up that restaurant.

PAIGE

He won't.  
He's scared of Natasha.

ZOE

He's like "mad" in love with her.

PAIGE

That's what I said.

ZOE

That place has a dress code.  
It's fucking fancy.

PAIGE

Natasha always keeps one of the "boyf's" suit jackets on hand.

ZOE

You've thought of everything.

PAIGE

I've thought of everything.

...

Now, are you gonna come join me on the couch or do I have to beg?

*(WHIT comes through the open door in the middle of a story just as NATASHA appears from the bedroom buttoning up her shirt.)*

WHIT

...a pot brownie without any pot in it.  
He just wanted to see if we reacted.  
Psycho-semantic or something.  
That is literally the last time I even walk near the studio when Willy Nelson is there.

A regular brownie?

NATASHA

Just a regular brownie.  
Fuck that guy.

WHIT

So a good day in the studio?

PAIGE

No.  
Hey Zoe. Someone called my phone for you today.

WHIT

Who was it?

ZOE

Madison's mom.

WHIT

Maybe I'll join Preston for dinner.

ZOE

She's worried Zo.  
She hasn't heard from you yet.  
You don't take her calls.

WHIT

I'm not taking anyone's calls, thank you very much.

ZOE

She doesn't know what to tell the priest.  
Minister?  
Reverend?

WHIT



Minister. PAIGE

She doesn't know what to tell the minister. WHIT

Natasha? ZOE  
Does your restaurant have a dress code for girls?  
Or can I can show up like me?

She really wants you to do it. WHIT  
No one knew Madison quite as well.

Maybe I'll take him out tonight. ZOE  
Do a little of that sibling bonding thing.  
DUDES CONEY ISLAND!  
Paige, where is he?

She thinks you'll do a wonderful job. WHIT  
That's what she said:  
"I think she'll do just a really really wonderful job."  
...  
And then she cried for a while.

He's got his cell phone? ZOE

And you know I don't really do crying. WHIT  
It was just like  
terrible silent heaving sobs.  
And I don't know  
I think I may have said "There. There."

ZOE

It doesn't matter.  
I'll find him.  
I bet he didn't make it any farther than the end of the block.  
He hates people so  
he wouldn't have gone somewhere crowded.

WHIT

I said "There. There." Zoe.

NATASHA

That's kind of douche bag-y.

WHIT

Well I didn't fucking know what else to say.

NATASHA

Good hustle.  
...I guess.

WHIT

Fuck you.

ZOE

You guys can join us for dinner if you want.  
Preston and I will probably already be fighting by then so  
you know  
bring ice.

WHIT

She's a really nice lady. Just tell her something.

PAIGE

You know.  
You can say no if you have to  
that's okay.

But you have to say something. WHIT

This is what Madison would have wanted. PAIGE

FUCK YOU. ZOE  
Fuck what Madison would have wanted.  
And fuck you for constantly pressuring me.  
And fuck her for calling you and making me...  
Paige, where the fuck is my brother?!

*(stand-off)*

Corner bar. PAIGE

Ha. I knew it. ZOE

She's calling again tonight. WHIT  
What should I tell her?

Nothing. ZOE  
Don't tell her a fucking thing.

God, fuck you Zoe. WHIT  
We all fucking lost someone you know.

Maybe we should take a minute? PAIGE

WHIT

No Paige.  
This is fucking bullshit.

NATASHA

Yeah! I have a minute.  
Let's all go meet your brother for a drink.

WHIT

No way. I hate him.

ZOE

Well he's not so fond of you either.

NATASHA

Madison always had a minute / for a drink.

ZOE

*(interrupting at 'I')*

I told you  
don't fucking talk about her.

WHIT

Jesus, Zo  
when will your fucking cone of silence mourning period be over?

ZOE

I'm dealing, okay?  
It's better than your  
clenched ass  
uptight  
roommate tyrant / bullshit.

WHIT

*(interrupting at 'I')*

I found an apartment.

What? NATASHA

You did not. ZOE

As of this afternoon.  
It's perfect.  
And I'm moving Friday. WHIT

This Friday?  
This coming Friday? NATASHA

I'm sorry Natasha  
I was gonna tell you later / but it sort of WHIT

*(interrupting at 'I')*  
Don't blame this / on me. ZOE

*(interrupting at 'I')*  
Yeahhhhhhh.  
This is not something I'm gonna deal with right now. NATASHA

It's happening  
so there's not a / whole lot you can do about it. WHIT

*(interrupting at 'I' while plugging her ears)*  
La la la la la la la. NATASHA

Natasha.

PAIGE

Nope. I can't.

NATASHA

Natasha.

WHIT

No way la la la la la la la la la.

NATASHA

NATASHA

WHIT & ZOE

For fucks sake  
what??!!

NATASHA

This is good news.  
Be happy for me.

WHIT

This is not good news.  
We haven't had any good news since Madison...  
Listen to us.  
We're all a fucking mess.  
You're running away.

NATASHA

No I'm not.

WHIT

And Zoe won't talk about anything.

NATASHA

ZOE

Leave me / outta this.

NATASHA

*(interrupting at 'I')*

And I keep letting the same douchebag touch my ass  
over and over  
because he has money  
and I need that money  
and maybe I'm just too sad to stop him  
and protect myself  
because some times protecting yourself  
sends your friends into a spiral of depression /  
and terribleness.

ZOE

*(interrupting at 'I')*

Okay Natasha.  
We get it.

WHIT

Yeah.  
You're being a little dramatic.

NATASHA

FUCK YOU.  
Fuck both of you!  
This is so stupid.  
We're all lost.  
We've all lost each other.  
and we'll probably never find each other again.

*(Nothing.)*

WHIT

Is it out of your system now?

NATASHA

Goddamn bullshit eating cocksucker motherfucker!

*(NATASHA gathers her stuff angrily.)*

PAIGE

Natasha...

NATASHA

Sorry for all that Paige.  
You're the only one who seems  
to have it together around here.  
See the rest of you bitchez later.

*(Almost out the door when:)*

NATASHA

Actually, I'm gonna stay with the boyf tonight.  
I need a little air.  
See you when I see you.

*(NATASHA exits.)*

PAIGE

Well, I don't know about you  
but after all  
*that*  
I'm fucking starving.  
So  
date night?

ZOE

My fucking brother.

PAIGE

With your brother!

ZOE

Yeah. Fine.

PAIGE

Whit?



WHIT

You know, I'd better sit this one out.  
Someone has to answer the phone calls around here.

ZOE

Well, fuck you too.

WHIT

Zoe...  
Give the eulogy on Tuesday.  
Please.

ZOE

I'm really happy for you Whit.  
I know you'll like having the space.

*(ZOE skates out. PAIGE follows.)*

*(Narration.)*

## THE GIRLS

That girl upstairs she was  
optimistic  
for everyone else.  
Her hope for the whole of mankind was that  
they be peaceful  
that eventually they achieved the peace they needed for their lives.  
She wanted everyone to have some quiet in this city of  
constant  
and fucking excessive  
noise.

That girl upstairs she was  
oddly  
optimistic for herself at times.  
But she was never peaceful.  
Though she tried  
she could not find quiet anywhere.  
She stood in the middle of streets  
in the middle of fields and forests  
on the edge of oceans  
on the edge of the world.  
She didn't know where to find it.

Madison didn't feel anything for anyone else.  
She didn't have hope for mankind  
but  
she didn't condemn it either.  
She saw everything exactly as it was.

Madison didn't hope.  
She knew.  
And she knew only one thing to be true for certain.  
She knew even if something bad happened  
we were invincible  
and through each other  
we would all live on no matter what.  
That was our duty.  
That was good enough.

ZOE

And Madison hated the quiet.

vi.

*(It's dark and quiet. PRESTON drunkenly sort of falls in the door. ZOE drunkenly follows behind. They leave the lights off.)*

PRESTON

I'm fucking hungry!  
Do you have anything / to eat around here?

ZOE

*(interrupting at '/')*

Preston.  
Shhhhhh. Shh shhhhhhh shh.  
I have roommates, remember?  
They actually sleep.  
So shut your damn mouth.

PRESTON

You.

ZOE

YOU.  
Shhhhhhhh.

*(PRESTON flops on the couch.)*

PRESTON

Seriously, though.  
You got any grub?

ZOE

Where do you think you are?

PRESTON

You eat though.  
I've seen you eat.

ZOE

Yeah. Out. Or we order.

PIZZA. Let's order a pizza.

PRESTON

You got any cash?  
I'm broke.  
I'm not working right now.

ZOE

Of course I've got cash!

PRESTON

You do?

ZOE

Yeah. I smoked it.

PRESTON

*(PRESTON laughs for a while.)*

Why is it so dark?

PRESTON

*(ZOE goes to the light.)*

And god said  
"Fuck man, I can't see."  
So he created light and like made it work and

ZOE

*(ZOE turns on the light.)*

And it turned on or whatever and he was like  
"Fucking cool, man."

ZOE (cont.)

God, you're weird.

PRESTON

YOU.

ZOE

...

We should go to bed.

PRESTON

You want the closet tonight?

ZOE

That's my bedroom!

PRESTON

I can take the couch.

ZOE

When's the last time you smoked in there?

PRESTON

...

I should probably just sleep in there again.

*(Neither of them move.)*

ZOE

You tired?

PRESTON

Nope. You?

ZOE

I don't sleep much these days.

Let's play a game.

I think I have Monopoly around here somewhere.

PRESTON

You find that.

I'll find more beer.

*(They split up. PRESTON goes to the kitchen and comes back with a six-pack. ZOE goes to her bedroom and pulls out a really worn Monopoly.)*

Beer me!

ZOE

*(He tosses one. She doesn't catch it.)*

Beer hand it to me.

ZOE (cont.)

*(He does.)*

Yesssssss.

ZOE (cont.)

*(They drink in silence. She sets up the game. She starts to hand out the money.)*

Nope.  
You don't get to be banker. No way.

PRESTON

Why?

ZOE

You cheat.

PRESTON

I don't cheat.

ZOE

Yes you do.  
You did when we were kids.

PRESTON

We're not kids anymore dude.  
Well. At least I'm not.

ZOE

No fucking way.  
Gimme the money.

PRESTON

*(She stares at him for a while and then  
throws a handful of dollars in his face.)*

You're a fucking bitch.

PRESTON

Dude. It's just a game.

ZOE

*(PRESTON stares at her for a bit. She picks  
up the money. They set up the game.)*

So, you just killing time or what?

ZOE

So, you gonna be sad forever or what?

PRESTON

What the fuck do you know about it?

ZOE

You're my sister.  
I can tell when you're sad.

PRESTON

Well, thanks for noticing.

ZOE

Time to buck up.

PRESTON

Very helpful.

ZOE

You're making everyone miserable.

PRESTON

I haven't said anything.  
I'm not saying anything.

ZOE

Exactly.

PRESTON

Fuck you. I'm dealing.  
...  
Preston, what the fuck are you even doing here?

ZOE

Vacay!

PRESTON

*(Nothing from Zoe.)*

Looking for a job?

PRESTON

*(Nothing from Zoe.)*

Visiting my big sis!

PRESTON

ZOE

It's a fucking inconvenient time, dude.  
There are too many people in this apartment already.  
And everyone requires my attention  
my decision  
and Madison is  
well, if she were here she would have fucking watched you that's for damn sure.  
And god, SO much pot.  
When are you fucking gonna grow up a bit?



PRESTON

Mom and dad sent me.

ZOE

What?

PRESTON

They think you're unstable.  
That you're gonna throw yourself out a window or something.  
I'm here to keep an eye on you.

ZOE

Bullshit.  
What the hell do they know about it?

PRESTON

Well, nothing actually  
because you fucking turned off your phone.  
They're really freaked out, dude.

ZOE

Everyone thinks I'm so goddamn fragile.  
I can take care of myself, you know.

PRESTON

You aren't doing well, that's obvious.

ZOE

I'm handling it.

PRESTON

You have a history of being dramatic  
and we just wanted to make / sure this is

ZOE

*(interrupting at '/')*  
Fuck you Preston.

ZOE (cont.)

And fuck the parents.  
FUCK THIS WHOLE FUCKING APARTMENT.

WHIT (o.s.)

SHUT UP ZOE.

ZOE

I'm sending you back.

PRESTON

I have a bus ticket for Tuesday afternoon.

ZOE

They thought you could handle it in a week?

PRESTON

They thought if you saw me  
maybe  
you'd come home for a bit.

ZOE

Whatever.  
Between now and then, don't fucking talk to me.

*(ZOE picks up her skates and goes to leave.)*

PRESTON

Where the hell are you going?

ZOE

To fucking skate and sweat.

*(She leaves. PRESTON follows her to the door.)*

PRESTON

*(calling after her)*  
It's the middle of the night, you fucking / lunatic!

ZOE

*(calling, interrupting at '')*

I SAID DON'T TALK TO ME.

(A voicemail. Quiet [at first], seething,  
anger.)

MADISON'S MOM

Zoe.  
I bought a little more time.  
For an answer.  
I wish you would just pick up my phone calls.  
You know,  
it's okay to say no, Zoe.  
I'll understand.  
But  
will you  
SAY SOMETHING???

I mean  
JESUS  
at least come to the thing.

...

...

I really can not believe you keep avoiding me.  
Do you know what kind of position this puts me in?  
She was my daughter  
and she's fucking gone now

...

and  
sorry but  
SOMEONE HAS TO DO IT.

(*She sighs.*)

Look...  
Will you tell Whitney thank you for me?  
She's not very good at it but every time I talk to her  
she  
*at least*  
tries.

That's all, I guess.  
I need to know by 10am  
at the absolute latest  
and then I'll figure out that to do from there.

Madison loved you, you know.  
More than probably anyone else she's ever known.  
Now's not the time to be a fuck-all of a friend.

## **interlude<sup>^</sup>.**

*(ZOE, alone on her skates. She stands for a bit. She starts to do derby exercises. They are slow at first but eventually speed up. They are much more controlled and concentrated than in the intro. Even still, she seems more off and unsteady in the non-chaos than she does in the chaos. Every time she loses her balance or falls or just missteps a little, it takes her longer and longer to get back on track.*

*WHIT sings a version of “Willow Weep for Me” in the background. She is singing alone, maybe with a ukulele or, maybe, with something less cheesy. This is her time to sing how she really wants to. Her playing and singing devolves a bit too, mirroring ZOE’s.*

*They both end in a way that is unfinished.*

*ZOE has the beginnings of injuries...that will multiply.)*

<sup>^</sup>The interlude can begin during MADISON’s MOM’s voicemail, if desired.

vii.

*(The empty living room. There are more bowls of various sizes catching the leak.)*

Jesus fucking Christ!

ZOE (o.s.)

*(NATASHA runs through buttoning her shirt and trying to gather all her belongings. As she opens the door, ZOE clumsily skates in. She is bloodied and bruised from having fallen over...multiple times.)*

Hey Zoe.  
Can't talk. I'm late, as per ush.

NATASHA

*(NATASHA timidly goes past ZOE as ZOE stands limply in the doorway. NATASHA comes back.)*

I know you probably don't have a whole lot to say to me right now  
butttttttt  
what the hell happened to you?

NATASHA

Fell.

ZOE

Where?

NATASHA

Outside practice.  
Then again on a grate.  
Then again coming up the stairs.

ZOE

Well  
fuck girl  
are you okay?

NATASHA

Yeah?  
Yeah.

ZOE

*(ZOE falls to the ground. NATASHA does her best to pick her up. They struggle together until eventually NATASHA leads ZOE to the couch. NATASHA laughs. A lot.)*

What?

ZOE

I'm sorry.  
it's just  
...  
like  
you're fucked Zoe.

NATASHA

Uh, thanks?

ZOE

Just when I think nothing else is gonna happen to you  
you fucking fall on your face  
and knees  
and ASS  
like you're a fucking four year old.

NATASHA

Yeah, Natasha.

ZOE

I'm sorry, Zoe.  
...  
I'm sorry about everything actually.

NATASHA

I know.

ZOE

*(NATASHA starts laughing again.)*

Holy shit, you've got bad luck.

NATASHA

*(NATASHA keeps laughing. ZOE tries to talk over her.)*

Natasha.

...

Natasha!

...

NATASHA!

ZOE

What?

NATASHA

Aren't you late?

ZOE

Fuck!

I'm sorry Zo. I am.

I would help you but

you know

now it's mucho important that I make rent and stuff.

NATASHA

You better get going.

ZOE

I'll be back later.

Just, like, maybe take the skates off for a bit.

Okay?

Love you.

NATASHA



*(Natasha runs out the door leaving it open. ZOE skates over to shut it. She immediately loses her balance and falls on the ground. She lies there for a moment. She laughs a little at first. Then she cries.*

*The closet door opens and a wall of smoke comes out. PRESTON stands there in his underwear and a shirt [for once]. He hears ZOE crying and wanders closer to her. He leans over and looks at her until she looks back.)*

PRESTON

Oh.  
Hey sis.

*(Nothing.)*

PRESTON (cont.)

You're bleeding  
so  
I think that null and voids the silent treatment.

ZOE

....  
Yeahhhhhh.  
Okay.

PRESTON

So. What's wrong?

ZOE

Oh. You know.  
Just everything.

PRESTON

Right. Cool.

*(Nothing.)*

PRESTON

You want some help?

ZOE

No. I'm gonna lay here for a bit.

PRESTON

Okay. Cool.

*(Nothing.)*

*Then, PRESTON goes over to ZOE, helps her get up, and rolls her to the couch. He takes her skates off for her.)*

ZOE

I haven't been this unsteady on my skates for a long time.

PRESTON

You're having an off week.

ZOE

And I fear it isn't over.

*(PRESTON disappears into the closet.)*

ZOE (cont.)

It was a rock.  
The first fall was because of a rock.  
I was skating away from practice and I saw  
this little  
fucking rock  
taunting me and I thought  
"shut the fuck up rock."  
But it wouldn't.  
So I tried to kick it with my toe stop  
and I kicked too hard  
and missed the rock  
and fell flat on my ass.  
I think I bruised my tailbone.  
Sitting is painful.  
Everyone laughed at me.

*(PRESTON comes out of the closet wearing pants.)*

PRESTON

Not *at* you, right?  
Not at you.

ZOE

*At* me.  
I mean, I laughed too.  
But damn dude, my ass hurts.

*(PRESTON disappears into the bathroom.)*

ZOE

The second time  
my toe stop  
this goddamn toe stop  
got caught in that grate outside the F train.  
That train is soooooooooooooooooo  
...  
No one laughed though, you know?  
I mean, I laughed.  
Because it was funny.  
Fell on both my hands and knees.  
And as I tried to get up, I fell back on my elbow.  
But no one else laughed.  
And no one helped me back up, that's for goddamn sure.

*(PRESTON returns with first aid supplies.  
He starts bandaging up ZOE's bloody  
knees.)*

PRESTON

No one?

ZOE

No  
one.  
People don't do that around here.  
Well, no one I've run into anyway.

*(Quiet as PRESTON cleans and dresses  
ZOE's wounds.)*

ZOE

I fell up the stairs Preston.  
The last one.  
I fell up the stairs.

PRESTON

Again?

ZOE

Fuck you. This time it was

PRESTON

Let me see your elbow.

*(She shows him her elbow. He cleans and  
dresses that wound.)*

ZOE

– different.

PRESTON

There. Good as new.

ZOE

Oh.  
Thanks bro.

PRESTON

Pay back.

ZOE

...

PRESTON

I hated you, you know. As kids.  
You were a bossy shit, sis.  
And pushing me into that beehive that one time?

ZOE

Nah dude.  
That was funny.

PRESTON

Nah dude.  
That was fucked.

ZOE

Hey, we found out you aren't allergic to bees.

PRESTON

But then, I don't know.  
There were real moments of  
like  
clarity, you know?  
Like I'd fall or some shit  
someone would make fun of you  
whatever.  
But  
at the end of the day  
it was the two of us  
playing outside  
and like, it was good and easy and fun.  
No real problems.

ZOE

No real problems.

PRESTON

Do you remember when I was like three?  
And we were taking turns biking down the gravel driveway?  
You remember?  
I was like just a little too fucking adventurous.  
I didn't have any sense of danger yet.

ZOE

I'm still waiting for you to get it.

PRESTON

Dude. Shut up.  
I'm telling a story.

*(She shuts up.)*

PRESTON

So I tried to do a wheelie.  
A badass training wheel wheelie.  
Just like showin' the fuck off.  
And I bit it.  
Face first into the gravel.  
You didn't stop for one second.  
You scooped me up  
carried me inside  
and had me bandaged up before either mom or dad could take a breath.  
Sometimes that memory just hits me in the middle of  
...  
fuck  
...  
everything  
you know?

ZOE

Memories are funny like that.  
Always coming when you least expect them.

PRESTON

They're good like that.  
That's why I'm here, you know.  
The two of us  
we gotta look out for each other.

ZOE

I'm not going home, you know.

I know.

PRESTON

*(PRESTON goes to put his shoes on.)*

You're wearing pants.

ZOE (cont.)

Thought it would be a nice change.

PRESTON

Where you going?

ZOE

Natasha is at work.  
Whitney is at work.  
Paige is...?

PRESTON

I don't know.

ZOE

Okay well, whatever.  
You could use some alone time.  
I'm gonna give you some time.  
Cool?

PRESTON

You need some cash?

ZOE

Nah Zo.  
I got this.

PRESTON

Yeah. Cool.  
See you later?

ZOE

*(PRESTON leaves. ZOE checks out her bandages and takes the cleaning supplies to the bathroom. PRESTON pokes his head back in the door.)*

Uh Sis?  
...  
SIS.

PRESTON

*(ZOE comes back on.)*

Yo. What?

ZOE

Do you know where I can get some pot?  
I'm all out.

PRESTON

*(PAIGE enters the apartment. She isn't quite sure why she's there.)*

ZOE.  
I found Paige!  
Hey Paige.

PRESTON

Heading out?

PAIGE

Yeah. Gonna give you some time.  
...  
Hey.  
Do you know where I can find some pot?

PRESTON

Bye Preston.

ZOE



Yep. Hint taken.

PRESTON

*(PRESTON exits. PAIGE stands near the doorway. They are silent and awkward.)*

What are you doing here?

ZOE

*(PAIGE doesn't answer.)*

There's more leak, you know.

PAIGE

Okay.

ZOE

Are you gonna take care of it?

PAIGE

I'm good.

ZOE

Fine.  
I'll take care of it.

PAIGE

*(PAIGE grabs a bowl and puts it under the new leak.)*

I have some boo-boos.  
Why don't you take care of me?  
Kiss 'em and make 'em better.

ZOE

Noooooope.

PAIGE

Fuck Paige!  
This is excruciating.

ZOE

I know.  
It's fun to see you get this frustrated.

PAIGE

It's like my vagina is on fucking fire.

ZOE

Ha.  
"fucking"  
fire.

PAIGE

Shut up.

ZOE

What do you want from me Zoe?

PAIGE

WELL  
I keep sitting here thinking  
like  
"Fuck. If she doesn't fucking touch me fucking soon  
I'm gonna have to find someone who will."

ZOE

Ha.

PAIGE

I will Paige.  
Don't test me.

ZOE

No you won't. PAIGE

Oh yes I will. ZOE

You won't. PAIGE

Hell yes I will. ZOE

No. PAIGE

Yes. ZOE

*(PAIGE crawls down the couch until her face is an inch away from ZOE's.)*

Na-uh. PAIGE  
You wouldn't dare.

*(They sit like this for a moment. ZOE goes in for the kiss. PAIGE relaxes into it before pulling away violently.)*

WHAT THE FUCK PAIGE. ZOE

I told you, not right now. PAIGE  
It feels too confusing.

This is going to tear us apart, you know. ZOE

Come on, Zoe.  
It's been like three days.

PAIGE

It feels like forever.

ZOE

You  
have an overactive sex drive.

PAIGE

*When??*

ZOE

I have to work through some stuff first.

PAIGE

*(The drip from the ceiling increases slightly  
and at a faster pace. The ceiling groans  
under the weight of the water.)*

Jesus fucking Christ!

ZOE

*(ZOE goes to the door, opens it, and stands  
in the hallway.)*

*(yelling upwards)*  
Hey asshole!  
Turn off your faucet  
sink radiator bathtub  
whatever the hell is running.  
I'm trying to avoid the rain, okay?!?!?

ZOE (cont.)

*(ZOE comes back in, closes the door, and  
goes to the kitchen.)*

Goddamn douchebag.

ZOE (cont.)

PAIGE

Why don't you go upstairs and ask them?

*(ZOE returns with two buckets. She stands in the middle of the room.)*

ZOE

Fuck you.  
I tried.  
I even sent Preston up there.  
Tried to get him to charm the door open.

PAIGE

Well, there's your problem / right there.

ZOE

*(interrupting at '/')*

No one answered.  
Goddammit, someone owes us for these buckets.  
We shouldn't have to buy buckets to stay dry.  
What kind of fucking hellhole is this?

PAIGE

*(gently)*

Hey, hey.  
Zoe, calm down.  
It's okay.  
We'll get the super or something.  
They'll fix it.

ZOE

Are you kidding me?  
They aren't going to fix this shit.  
Nothing ever gets fixed around here.  
Nothing ever gets fixed in this city.

PAIGE

Well  
can't argue with that.

*(ZOE shoves buckets at PAIGE.)*

ZOE

Would you fucking make yourself useful?

PAIGE

You can't talk to me like that.

ZOE

Look, Paige  
fucking help me clean up  
fuck me  
or get the fuck out.  
Those are your three options.  
Pick one and stop wasting my time.

PAIGE

I didn't do a goddamn thing to you.  
You know that right?  
I'm just trying to navigate this  
*everything*  
the best I know how.  
Cut me some slack.

ZOE

I can't.  
I can not.  
The sky is falling and I can't cut you any slack.  
Pick one.  
Clean  
fuck  
or leave.

PAIGE

Those are the options?

ZOE

Those are the fucking options.

Okay.

PAIGE

*(PAIGE takes off her shirt and throws it towards ZOE. She is wearing MADISON's jersey. She turns to leave.)*

Wait.

ZOE

What?

PAIGE

What the fuck is that?  
Are you wearing her fucking jersey?  
I fucking told you to get rid of that shit, Paige.

ZOE

I wasn't just going to throw her away Zoe.  
What's the big deal?

PAIGE

The big fucking deal is  
Paige  
I've paid attention to your needs all fucking weekend.  
And it turns out you're fucking around on me.

ZOE

What the hell does that even mean?

PAIGE

You're with Madison right now.  
You're not with me.

ZOE

I'm in mourning.

PAIGE

ZOE

*I know.*  
So I waited.  
And I kept waiting because  
you know  
that's what you do for people you love.  
But you're waiting  
because...  
why?

PAIGE

Because...  
because.

ZOE

At least tell me why you still have that fucking shirt.

PAIGE

It would have been wrong to get / rid of it.

ZOE

*(interrupting at '/')*  
It's wrong to keep it.

PAIGE

I won't ever let you see it again  
but I'm not getting / rid of it.

ZOE

Paige, she died in / my arms.

PAIGE

*(interrupting at '/')*  
No. Zoe, / don't.

ZOE

*(interrupting at '/')*  
I saw the light drain from her eyes.



I can't hear this.

PAIGE

If you are gonna force me to look at her fucking shirt  
then you can fucking hear this.

ZOE

I've gotta get out of here.

PAIGE

*(PAIGE tries to leave. ZOE grabs her and  
forces her to listen.)*

Fucking listen to me!

ZOE

*(interrupting at 'I')*  
I don't / want to.

PAIGE

*(interrupting at 'I')*  
She left.  
She's gone.  
Stop making her / reappear.

ZOE

*(interrupting at 'I')*  
Madison was my first, Zoe.

PAIGE

*(There is no movement. Although, maybe  
ZOE sits down at some point.)*

And she was my only until you.  
Because, you know, she like  
she reallllly fucked me up.  
But then she *died*  
and I think part of me died with her.

PAIGE (cont.)

*(There is no movement.)*

PAIGE (cont.)

*(quickly)*

It was like five years ago, right?  
A year or two before you even got to the city.  
I had just joined the derby.  
Fresh meat and all that.  
Madison, she  
she made my life hell there for a while.  
One time she hit me in the nose  
and I was sitting there bleeding all over the place  
and she skated up to me and said  
“Hey. You know how little boys pull the ponytails of little girls they like?  
Yeah.  
It’s like that.”  
I smiled through bloody teeth and I was so fucking happy.

*(There is no movement.)*

PAIGE (cont.)

It was so hot.  
Hot and fast and just  
like  
fucking furious.  
I was in love in a nanosecond flat.  
I like to think she loved me too.

*(There is no movement.)*

PAIGE (cont.)

She hated me almost as quickly as she loved me.  
It was over in a minute  
and I was  
wrecked.  
My skating was off for like a whole fucking year.  
She wouldn’t touch me in matches.  
Wouldn’t even look at me.  
Stopped talking to me  
about me.  
...  
I was so fucking  
*angry*  
at her for a long fucking fuck fuck time.  
I mean, listen to me.

PAIGE (cont.)

She's fucking dead now and I feel like she left me yesterday.  
But I don't know.  
I skated her into a railing one night and then kicked her in the shin for good measure.  
And just like that  
I loved her again.  
I love her still.

*(There is no movement.)*

PAIGE (cont.)

I thought she was perfect but  
she was a cunt, you know?  
Just a little bit of a cunt.  
...  
I was worried I had  
lost that little part of myself that learned so much from her.  
That's the reason for all this off-limits stuff.  
But,  
I don't know  
I was doing it for the wrong reasons, you know?  
I think you are the right reasons.  
I think you had what I was looking for all along and I was just looking in the wrong places.  
...  
Zoe.  
I love you.  
Like so fucking much.

*(They sit together in silence for a long time. ZOE barely moves. PAIGE seems to understand what that means. She grabs ZOE, kissing her as hard as she can. ZOE pushes her away.)*

ZOE

Get off me!

*(PAIGE tries kissing her again. ZOE pushes her away. PAIGE tries again.)*

ZOE

Don't  
FUCKING  
touch me!

*(ZOE pushes her away harder. This time, when PAIGE comes towards her, they erupt into an all out fight. They struggle. Punches are thrown. They are adept at fighting and could really hurt each other if they wanted to. Finally, PAIGE lands an elbow on ZOE's nose. ZOE yelps and they come to a stop. ZOE is bleeding. They breathe together for a bit.)*

ZOE

*(quietly)*  
It's time for you to go  
Paige.

*(PAIGE slowly goes to the door and picks up her stuff. She turns back to ZOE but ZOE doesn't look at her. She exits closing the door quietly behind her.)*

ZOE

Fuck.

*(ZOE is trying hard to hold everything in. Then, a big hole opens up in the ceiling, water and debris falling all over ZOE. She doesn't move for a minute. Finally she looks at her surroundings and realizes something is off about the water.*

*It's blood.*

*ZOE looks up at the ceiling. Bloody water continues to pour through. She isn't sure what happens next.)*

*(MADISON'S MOM, leaving a final voicemail for ZOE.)*

MADISON'S MOM

I've done all I can think of  
beyond maybe carrier pigeons.  
Would you respond to smoke signals?  
It's funny, the longer I don't hear from you  
the more hope I hold on to.  
Should probably be the opposite, huh?

I mean, I guess you can avoid these phone calls forever.  
You don't *have* to deal with it.  
But I am concerned about you Zoe.  
I'm worried you will disappear from my life too.

And  
beyond that  
I think it would be really lovely  
really really nice  
for you to do this.  
Probably therapeutic?  
Maybe that's not –  
This is a way to make sure she lives on Zoe.  
The best way, in my opinion.

I don't mean to push you, really.  
I just wanted you to know I'm thinking about you and  
I miss seeing her  
so much.  
And I miss seeing you too  
here every so often.  
And, you know  
maybe  
if you need it  
this is  
closure.  
Or something like closure  
if that's what you're looking for.

Hope to see you Tuesday.

*(Narration. Quotes should be said by the other girls. ZOE does all the other narration.)*

ZOE

You see there is this  
pit.

...

Some say they are just 'off' for the day.  
Some say they're 'a little blue.'  
Some are incredibly honest about what is happening inside of them.  
Some don't say much of anything and  
well  
you never really know.  
Most often I think it's just called

...

loneliness  
but with extra adjectives:  
supreme  
severe  
debilitating  
jovial – at times –  
necessary – almost always –  
loneliness.

So on that day  
that particular day  
when that girl upstairs  
dressed herself up for the millionth time  
put on a little lipstick  
and geared up to make that trek to this weekly thing  
this cocktail hour  
turned light appetizers  
turned long dinner party  
turned tables full of empty wine bottles  
and definitely an expensive cab ride home  
she thought  
"Today it is timid.  
It is necessary.  
It is content, some how.  
But it is still loneliness."

"Another day to be unattached."  
No.  
"Another day to be *alone*." she thought.

ZOE (cont.)

That girl upstairs got there okay.  
She got there just fine and was lovely and funny and charming.  
Because she is.  
She has to be.  
And her people never expected anything less.

But in her head was a storm.

“I can’t sit through another dinner” she thought.  
“Where we talk about their ‘haves’  
and we avoid talking about my ‘have nots.’  
If I’m not already dead by the end of it”  
she chuckled  
“I’ll kill myself then.”

And  
she did.  
Not that night. Of course not.  
She laughed too hard for that.  
It wasn’t the next even.  
Or the next.  
It was days  
months  
years later.  
But it would still come.

It would come because not enough changed between that one  
particular  
weekly extended dinner party  
and this night.  
It would come because of some other  
seemingly small  
trigger.

And yesterday afternoon  
her life leaked out on to the heads of those below her  
and really fucked everything up.

...  
and really  
fucking  
put some shit into fucking perspective.

viii.

*(ZOE and PRESTON stand near the overflowing bathtub in the apartment above. They are looking at their dead neighbor who has killed herself by slitting her wrists.*

*The hole in the ceiling allows them a natural barrier from the bathtub. It's obvious ZOE has climbed up from her apartment. The front door to this apartment [if we can see it] is wide open. Water continues to pour into their apartment below.)*

We should turn off the water.

ZOE

YOU.

PRESTON

You can't be helpful just once?

ZOE

*(They stare at the tub for a while.)*

We should really turn the water off.

ZOE

I'm not going over there.

PRESTON

...  
Okay!  
I'll...okay.

ZOE

*(Neither of them move.)*

Let's just call someone.

PRESTON



Preston!

ZOE

What?

PRESTON

That's a good idea actually.  
Like a really good idea.

ZOE

I have ideas.  
I have good ideas even.

PRESTON

Okay  
so  
let's call someone.

ZOE

Yeah. Yes.  
Let's.

PRESTON

*(They stand not moving for a long time.  
WHIT enters their apartment below. She  
sees the mess.)*

What the fuck.

WHIT

Yeah, hey Whit.  
The leak got bigger.

ZOE

Zoe? Where are you?

WHIT

*(ZOE leans forward so she is visible through  
the hole in the ceiling.)*

Hey. ZOE

Um, hi. WHIT  
How'd you get up there?

Climbed. ZOE  
Preston's here too.

*(PRESTON leans forward.)*

Oh. PRESTON  
Hey Whit.

Hey Preston. WHIT  
...  
So. Funny question.  
What the fuck happened?

Ceiling broke. ZOE

I see that. WHIT  
Um...  
what's weird about this water?  
It looks weird.  
Don't tell / me that it's

ZOE  
*(interrupting at '/')*  
You should probably just come up here.

Dude. Sis.

PRESTON

Oh. Yeah.  
Fair warning, it's a little gruesome.

ZOE

Try, like,  
fucking gruesome.  
Like slasher film gruesome.

PRESTON

Yeah, that sounds appealing and all but I think I'm gonna stay here.  
Clean up a bit or something.

WHIT

I wouldn't touch that / water.

PRESTON

*(interrupting at '/')*  
Whit. Please.  
I need you up here.

ZOE

*(WHIT takes a moment to prepare. She disappears from the apartment and eventually reappears where ZOE and PRESTON are. She tries to remain calm.)*

Uh. Hey.

WHIT

Hey.

PRESTON

Hi.

ZOE

*(They all stare for a while.)*

Is she...? WHIT

Yep. ZOE

So we're standing in an apartment with...? WHIT

Yep. ZOE

The water's still running.  
It's kinda soothing actually.  
*(PRESTON makes a water sound)* PRESTON

... WHIT  
Fuck.  
Fuck no.  
No no no.  
Fuck. No.  
Fuck.

...  
Is this all you guys have been doing?

We were gonna turn off the water but... ZOE

Yeah. And then we were gonna call someone but... PRESTON

So, yeah. This is all we've been doing. ZOE

*(It's finally too much for WHIT. She finds somewhere to vomit. ZOE and PRESTON don't move.)*

*WHIT comes back. From now on she refuses to look at the bathtub. She starts to pull PRESTON away.)*

WHIT

All right.  
All right.  
Show's over.  
Let's go call someone.  
I'll call someone.  
But both of you  
come  
come on  
you have to come with me.  
We can't stand here anymore  
because  
this  
it is doing nothing  
and I can't stand around doing  
*nothing.*  
That's goes against every moral fiber  
I was taught to  
I'm supposed to  
someone said once that we should have these moral fibers and  
and standing here  
just staring at a  
at a  
fuck you guys  
LET'S GO.  
We can take care of this downstairs.  
Outside.  
Down the street.

ZOE

Yeah.

PRESTON

Yeah. We should.

YES.  
We are. Now.

WHIT

*(WHIT drags PRESTON out of the apartment. ZOE does not move.)*

*WHIT and PRESTON get all the way out the door before they notice ZOE hasn't moved. WHIT comes back on.)*

He's laughing.  
He's laughing hysterically in the hallway.  
It would be sad  
if it wasn't so funny.  
Or is it the other way around?  
...  
Come on. You've had enough.  
You've fucking had enough Zoe.  
Please. Let's go.

WHIT

*(WHIT leaves again. ZOE still doesn't move. WHIT comes back again but not as far into the apartment this time.)*

Zoe?  
Aren't you coming?  
Please come?  
...  
Zoe?

WHIT

You're gonna call someone?

ZOE

Yeah. Of course.  
I'm not leaving without you though.

WHIT

Nah. I'm gonna stay.  
Thank you though.

ZOE

ZOE (cont.)

I know you're trying to take care of me but  
I want to stay.  
I don't want her to be alone.

WHIT

I don't  
I really don't think that's a good idea.

ZOE

I'm staying.

WHIT

...  
Fine.  
I'll give you ten minutes.  
Then you are coming downstairs with me.

ZOE

Yes.

*(WHIT leaves reluctantly. ZOE sits on the floor.)*

ZOE

Hey. I'm Zoe.  
I don't think we ever officially met.  
But you probably hear us all the time, right?  
Sorry by the way.  
I'm sorry for yelling at you  
and being loud and all that.  
We're like super fucking loud down there, right?  
Close quarters  
and...  
anyway, sorry.  
...  
Do you need anything?  
I could turn off the water or something.  
...  
I'm not going to turn off the water.

*(ZOE moves a bit closer to the tub.)*

ZOE (cont.)

You know, you're like the second in a week?  
I'm starting to think there is something wrong with me.  
Like I'm causing this shit.  
That seems logical.  
That seems so fucking logical that it's fucking hilarious, you know.

*(PAIGE enters the apartment below. She has flowers or a gift or food. Something kitschy and sweet and dorky. She's trying. She looks around for ZOE, clocks the mess, and then hears ZOE speaking from above.)*

ZOE (cont.)

So this other girl.  
Madison.  
She's...  
fuck man.  
You guys would get along great.  
You seem like you are really easy to get along with.

*(WHIT enters the apartment below. NATASHA follows slowly behind. They all acknowledge each other. PAIGE makes a "quiet" gesture and they all listen to ZOE.)*

ZOE (cont.)

Anyway, she's gone now.  
Too.  
And it's funny, you know?  
Like fucking funny  
because it was  
BAM  
outta nowhere.  
I totally laughed at first.  
Because it was this guy  
this prick on the sidewalk  
saying something disgusting about my boobs  
or making some lewd gesture  
and I like  
I got shy  
and  
uncomfortable  
and I like  
you know, instead of standing up for myself



ZOE (cont.)

and like standing up for fucking feminism, I guess,  
I like fucking turned away  
because that shit  
god  
that shit scares the shit out of me.  
Like, what if you say something to the guy and today is the day  
today is that extra shitty day when that dude decides you've like  
disrespected *him* or something.  
Like, you've insulted him because you didn't respond to  
"Hey baby, nice tits"  
or like "why don't you smile?"  
or like that fucking lecherous look he gives you when you're just trying to walk home  
and he decides to teach you some sort of lesson  
with a  
with a  
slap or a  
kick or a  
knife or a  
gun or his  
FUCKING WORDS  
because sometimes that's worst.

*(PAIGE starts to climb up into the  
apartment. She climbs slowly and quietly.)*

ZOE (cont.)

Anyway, this prick said something terrible to me and I looked away.  
I looked at Madison and she  
gave me this little half smile and off she went.  
She went right up to him  
and fucking yelled at him  
skating circles around him  
jumping on and off sidewalks  
showing off  
fucking  
it was beautiful.  
And the circles got bigger  
and she's in the road  
and she's so fucking fast  
like lightning  
but  
the cab was faster  
and  
SPLAT  
and

ZOE (cont.)

off the cab went  
and everything stopped.

*(ZOE is at the tub now, maybe holding the  
girl's hand. PAIGE is in the apartment now,  
watching ZOE. ZOE doesn't see her.)*

ZOE (cont.)

...

I sat with her for a while.  
People tried to pull me away I think  
but I wouldn't dare.  
I wouldn't dare move because  
I figured if I didn't move for long enough  
I would just  
wake up from the nightmare.  
I wouldn't dare  
because I realized something  
I haven't been able to say out loud until now.  
I realized that her  
*death*  
was my fault  
and I didn't know what to do about it.

*(PAIGE makes some sort of noise or  
movement and ZOE sees her.)*

ZOE (cont.)

I don't know what to do about it.  
It's my  
It's my fault and  
I really really don't know what to do about it.  
It's my fault  
and  
I'm  
...  
I'm so sorry.  
I don't know what to do about it.  
I don't know what to do Paige.

PAIGE

I know.

*(PAIGE and ZOE settle together for a moment. NATASHA and WHIT do as well in their apartment below. There is nothing for a bit.)*

PAIGE

C'mon.

*(ZOE transitions into a new space. All the girls are there and help with the final narration.)*

THE GIRLS

That girl upstairs  
she wasn't afraid of death.  
It was her companion,  
a sort of comfort  
always there.  
She walked down streets  
she passed people in hallways  
she sat next to people on subways  
trying to guess when they would die.  
It was a little game she liked to play.  
Predicting the 'when' they would die,  
that was easy.  
But the 'how' they might die?  
Impossible to guess.

That girl upstairs  
she wasn't afraid of death.  
It lived so deep in her veins that  
she never really saw it coming.  
She didn't have to.  
It was a slow rumble at first  
a constant noise in her quest for quiet  
grey clouds on the horizon.  
She never knew what clear skies looked like.

None of us were afraid of death either.  
Madison taught us that.  
Death will happen no matter what.  
You can't stop it so don't even try.

We all wanted to ask her what would happen when we die.  
She seemed to have that knowledge.

THE GIRLS (cont.)

We could see it in her as a sort of light.  
We tried to reach it but  
she locked it away.  
It was her little secret.  
Death was not the danger to her.

So.  
Even now  
We aren't afraid of death.  
But everyday it rolls in  
like a dense  
sticky  
fog.  
In a city of 8 million people  
it looms large.  
Though we try  
good god, we fucking try  
to ignore it  
it always hangs in the air.  
It is on the news  
down the street  
in the sirens that blare in the middle of the night  
in the eyes of strangers passing by  
in the fucking apartment above our heads  
at the edge of our hearts.

Death isn't something you can name  
so we never speak about it.  
It is an unavoidable constant.

ZOE

Madison was right not be afraid it.  
We were right to follow her lead.  
Because  
in the end  
the worry is not disappearing completely.  
The worry is  
our own  
destruction.

*End of play.*