

NEPHI

Lights up on the furniture section of a Goodwill in Nephi, Utah. Cheap used furniture is strewn about: cabinets, couches, a \$30 patio hammock, etc. ANGIE, Asian, sits in a faded armchair, while LIZZY, white and blonde, sits in the hammock.

ANGIE

What's going on with James and Bella?

LIZZY

I think they're still together.

ANGIE

Someone said Bella cheated on him last summer and they broke up though.

LIZZY

But I swear they were holding hands last week.

ANGIE

Fuck me!

LIZZY

Why but also when?

ANGIE

(laughs)

I made a bet with Stevie about it. She could do *so* much better.

LIZZY

Even though she cheated on him?

ANGIE

Yeah. I mean just look at her.

LIZZY

I guess if you're just going off looks.

ANGIE

Oh yeah, did you hear Mr. Willis got fired?

LIZZY

(more subdued)

Yeah, I did.

ANGIE

I totally called it. Thank god I'm not blonde for once.

LIZZY

Why?

ANGIE

He sat all the white girls in the front. Total creep. Talked to Bella *way* too much. Did you have him for physics?

LIZZY

No... yeah no, I didn't. I had Edmonds.

ANGIE

That's good, you definitely look like his type.

LIZZY

What? Blonde?

ANGIE

And pretty. And you're Mormon.

LIZZY

What does being Mormon have to do with it?

ANGIE

I don't know. It's just part of the look, you know? Honestly, like all the white girls here are Mormon, so it's not like it really makes a difference.

LIZZY

Have you ever thought about becoming Mormon?

ANGIE

Are you trying to convert me?

LIZZY

No! I was just... curious.

ANGIE

I guess yeah, but it's like, I wasn't born into it. Like I can't force me to believe in something that I haven't experienced for myself.

(beat)

Do you believe in God?

LIZZY

Yeah, I do.

ANGIE

And like all that stuff after you die?

LIZZY

Yeah.

ANGIE

Like Heaven and Hell?

LIZZY

Yeah.

ANGIE

But I've heard you swear.

LIZZY

It depends on the person for stuff like that. It's not like religion's the same for everyone. My mom doesn't like it though—she thinks I'm going to Hell.

ANGIE

What do you think happens?

LIZZY

I don't know. I mean *I* know but...

ANGIE

I mean, do you though?

LIZZY

Do you?

ANGIE

I guess I think it's just the same as before you're born.

LIZZY

And that's...

ANGIE

Nothing.

LIZZY

Isn't that kind of scary?

ANGIE

Not really. It's almost kind of liberating, you know? Like this only matters because we say it matters. And maybe there is something more out there, but I don't know if we could understand it if we tried. Like I can't even understand basic chemistry.

LIZZY

I guess the Church's response is that you get all the answers after you die. Or, at least that's how I interpreted it.

ANGIE

Sounds like a cop-out to me.

LIZZY

I don't know. It's comforting though. Like you've gotta find something to believe in the world, right? Or else you get all existential crisis-y. "Cogito ergo sum" or whatever.

ANGIE

Well then I believe in me.

LIZZY

But that also feels like a cop-out.

ANGIE

Fair enough.

LIZZY

Do *you* think God is real?

ANGIE

Maybe. Not your God though. No offense.

LIZZY

What God do you believe in then?

ANGIE

I'm not sure. Maybe they smell like seasalt.

(beat)

Actually, I haven't told this to anyone before, but sometimes I pray.

LIZZY

Who do you pray to?

ANGIE

No one in particular. Sometimes my great grandma. Sometimes the universe. It's just kind of nice to talk to someone even if they're not there.

LIZZY nods. There's a brief silence.

LIZZY

How'd things go with Stevie?

ANGIE

I turned him down.

LIZZY

Why? You hang out all the time anyways.

ANGIE

I don't think it's me he really likes, you know?

LIZZY

No, I don't know.

ANGIE

I mean... well, just look at every other girl he's said he's liked: Risa, Jennifer, Amy, Yuna. They're all...

LIZZY

Asian?

ANGIE

Yeah.

LIZZY

Oh.

ANGIE

Stevie's nice and all, but I don't want to be some weeaboo's fetish for a month. That's not too much to ask, right?

LIZZY

I'm sure he likes more about you than that; you're nice and smart and funny. Literally anyone would want to date you.

ANGIE

That's just... that's not the point.

LIZZY

Sorry, you're right. I didn't mean to be insensitive or anything.

ANGIE

No, you're totally fine. Don't worry about it.

LIZZY

Ugh, why do boys have to suck? Even when they like you they still find a way to make you feel shitty about it.

ANGIE

Fuck the patriarchy.

LIZZY

Fuck Stevie. Well, don't fuck him, but you knew what I meant.

ANGIE

(laughs)

We still hang out though. He's nice, you know? I just don't think I could ever bring myself to date him. And then on the flip side, every other stupid white boy I've ever had a crush on says I'm not their "type," but really they just mean I'm not white. And I know it's not super feminist or "independent woman" of me to base my self-worth off a boy, but it's *so* hard not to.

(beat)

When we were little, I would have given everything to look like you. You remind me of the ocean, you know? Like not literally, but like bright and summer and pure and calm and that doesn't make a lot of sense now that I say it aloud but—

(notices LIZZY crying)

Oh shit, no, I didn't mean to make you feel bad.

LIZZY

No, it's not you. It's just... it's...

ANGIE moves to sit next to LIZZY on the hammock.

ANGIE

(softly)

Hey, hey, hey, it's okay.

ANGIE comforts LIZZY and neither speak as LIZZY tries to catch her breath. All that can be heard are LIZZY's sobs.

LIZZY

I got Mr. Willis fired.

ANGIE

I thought you had Edmonds last year?

LIZZY

I did, but I went to Willis's review sessions the year before because I didn't— I didn't know.

(struggles to speak)

How was I supposed to?

ANGIE

Did he... ?

(a single look is enough)

Oh my god. No. This can't be true. No.

LIZZY

I'm sorry I didn't tell you earlier. I just... I didn't know how.

ANGIE

Why... how...

LIZZY

(wipes her face in a failed attempt to stop crying)

Why am I still crying? It's been two years now—oh god, this is so stupid.

ANGIE

(softens)

No, baby, baby, no, it's not stupid at all.

LIZZY

I just told myself I wasn't going to cry about it anymore. I just— I want it to be over. He's gone now. I don't need to make anymore statements. I don't need to keep carrying this with me. But...

ANGIE

You just can't help it.

LIZZY

(nods)

And sometimes it's like he's cut me in half. Everything's just Lizzy before versus Lizzy after. Like a bad makeover. And all those things you said, all that stuff about oceans or whatever? That's all just Lizzy before.

ANGIE

That's not true. You're still—

LIZZY

But it is!

(beat)

Sometimes, I see my hair in the mirror and I want to throw up.

ANGIE

Then dye it. Shave it! Hell, I'll do it for you if you want.

LIZZY

But that's just letting him win, isn't it? I don't want to change myself for him. I don't... No, I'm not going to do it. I won't do it. I won't...

(breaks down again)

ANGIE

(embraces LIZZY)

Of course not, of course, you don't need to do anything to your hair if you don't want to.

LIZZY

Why do I just keep crying? I hate this.

(beat)

People keep saying I'm so strong for getting through it, but I don't feel strong. Nothing about this makes me feel stronger. I just feel broken and stupid.

ANGIE

You're not broken or stupid.

LIZZY

Some days, I wake up, and my body isn't mine. It doesn't *feel* like mine. It feels like I'm some alien species that crawled into here during the night, and I'm just trapped here. I'm stuck, and the person guarding the door isn't even there anymore. And I try to tell myself I can just walk out of it, but I don't. I can't.

ANGIE

Ugh! This is all just so... unfair. I'm going to strangle Willis and cut him up into little pieces and burn him. I hope he goes to Hell and just burns there forever and ever and ever.

LIZZY

(laughs but is still crying)

Are you thinking of becoming Mormon now?

ANGIE

If he goes to Hell then maybe yeah.

(shouts)

God, do you hear that? I'll become Mormon if you send Roger Willis to Hell!

LIZZY

Stop yelling! You're going to get us kicked out!

ANGIE

I'll go to church and I won't swear anymore!

LIZZY

Stop it!

ANGIE

I'll even give up coffee if you want!

LIZZY

Oh my god.

ANGIE laughs and leans back on the hammock, and LIZZY follows suit. The two look up at the ceiling together in silence.

ANGIE

Are you okay?

LIZZY

Yeah. Well, I mean no, not at all, but okay enough.

ANGIE

You can always talk to me. Things gets heavy if you keep trying to carry them by yourself.

LIZZY

(shifts closer to ANGIE in the hammock)

These days, I think I'm just ready to leave here: get away from this school, these people, all this small town stuff. Get away from all of this. It's so cliché but you know that feeling? Like the feeling that there's something more out there waiting for you?

ANGIE

(nods)

Where do you want to go?

LIZZY

I don't know. Anywhere. Maybe like Oregon or something. Or Italy. Somewhere where you can go stargazing, or maybe a place with nice beaches.

(embarrassed)

I've never actually seen the ocean before.

ANGIE

Why not do both? Go stargazing on the beach.

LIZZY

That would be nice.

ANGIE

You know, if you squint enough, you can kinda make the ceiling lights look like stars.

(begins to rock the hammock)

And here's the waves.

LIZZY

(laughs and points at the ceiling)

Look it's a shooting star! Make a wish.

ANGIE

Dear universe—

LIZZY

Why are you starting it like that?

ANGIE

It's how I start all my prayers! *I* don't make fun of you for being Mormon.

LIZZY

Yes you do.

ANGIE

Ok, maybe that's a fair point, but I never—

LIZZY

Fine! Okay, whatever: Dear universe.

ANGIE

Send Willis to hell.

LIZZY

And send us to the beach someday.

ANGIE

Someday.

A random CUSTOMER—a woman (or perhaps something else?)—enters.

CUSTOMER

Are you planning on buying this?

LIZZY and ANGIE stand up and get out of the way.

LIZZY

Oh, no, we're not.

ANGIE

Sorry.

CUSTOMER

(checks the price tag)

Thirty dollars, eh? That's a pretty good price. Do you ladies want it?

Lights out.

End.