About the play (from the playwright):

We’re 17, 27, and 17 again. We’re on your parents’ couch, we’re at a concert, we’re drunk, we’re finally getting our lives together. You’re so far away, you’re a stranger, I’m so high, I love you, I’ll always be your best friend. Friendship is a graveyard, your backyard, a haunted house.

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JEAN—Female, 17 & 27

About the scene:
Jean and Meril are best friends. They are now 27, looking back on their lives, drinking and smoking weed. Jean reflects on her teenage desires and limited options available to young women.

JEAN

I always used to tell you remember?
I always used to say it felt like I wasn’t making my decisions that things just happened to me

I still feel that way, Mer but—
I’ve been thinking:
it’s no wonder, right how could we make our own decisions? if we never saw it?

if we were always like what they talked about wrote about who they wanted maybe but not us, just some version of us all those concerts thinking he was singing just to us fucking hyperventilating if he touched us do you remember? crying in my room the ways we’d agonize you—with Patrick you used to call it an infection that’s what it felt like all spread out everything a little signal or a sign that maybe it was right that maybe it would work out that all this might—matter

(a laugh)

but they didn’t care they just lived their lives and we just watched
we just wanted them

*Obsessed* with wanting them to be with us
but maybe we wanted to be them
but we didn’t know how to do that!
cuz we never saw it
and no one ever told us how
like! like!
I always wanted to be with the lead singers of bands
but maybe I just *wanted to be the lead singer*

Like—how could we be the authors of our own lives
if we never saw ourselves?