

BE MEAN TO ME
by Sofya Levitsky-Weitz

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?