

In A Darkroom, The Lord Knows

A One-Act Play

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CHARACTER NAME	BRIEF DESCRIPTION	AGE	GENDER
JAK	A mad girl	14	Female
LUCY	A furious girl	17	Female

**SUMMARY:**

Two girls attending a christian school deal with the aftermath of the purity culture they've been brought up in and the harmful effects it has caused in both of their lives.

A Darkroom, undeveloped photos are clothes-line clipped to a hanging wire, the room is bathed blood red for light. There's a portrait of white 70's shepherd Jesus hanging on one of the walls. He looks judgey. A young girl, Jak, with short cherry red hair wears a navy jumper and sits in front of the developing tank with a pair of scissors, an old film using camera, and her phone next to her. She takes a picture of herself with her hair down and in front of her face, then she starts to snip at it. She cuts her hair haphazardly hacking it away. This is a grief ritual. A biblical sheering. As she cuts she ties strands of it in bow rings around different fingers until her hands are covered in hair.

She strips off her jumper and the shirt underneath. She hovers the shirt over the developing tank and lays the shirt in the liquid. She pokes it down letting it sink. There's a sound of laughter from outside the Darkroom. The girl jumps. She pulls the shirt out ringing it dry. She slides the damp shirt on over her head, cringing, and scratching at herself the chemicals drying her skin. She waits. Something bangs against the door and she jumps again.. The sounds of sloppy kisses. Muffled "Get Off's" and then ominous whispers. There's a loud bang. Someone being shoved off. Jak hides, starts to breathe heavily, she's on the brink of hyperventilation. She bends forward pressing her hands on her knees. Something about that position shakes her. She sinks to the ground and huddles into a ball. A second girl, Lucy, quickly enters the darkroom. Jak tries to hide, not breathe, not exist. Lucy's older than Jak with sunshine blonde waist length hair. She wears a button down short sleeved oxford, tucked neatly into a navy, white, and green pleated skirt. Her corner pocket is monogrammed FCA, Faith Christian Academy. She bites her nails and sinks against the door forming her own ball. Lucy slams the floor with her fists and growls in frustration. When Jak chokes on her own sobs the blonde girl finally notices her and jumps.

LUCY

Holy fuck.

A pause.

I didn't know you were gonna...

The young girl curls herself farther.

Be in here. God...I just knew it. I just knew my little was gonna be some kind of...

A pause.

Hey...

Hey? Are you okay?

Lucy stands. She rubs at her shoulders. She squats down next to Jak. Lucy touches the girl's shorn hair strands. She does her best to put on her sympathetic voice.

Um...what happened?

She notices the scissors.

You did this?

The young girl bats away Lucy's hand. Lucy tugs on a strand. Lucy grabs the girl's fingers and exams the hair rings.

Shit. You're like...crazy.

Jak doesn't respond. Lucy taps Jak's cheek who flinches away.

Hello? Anyone there?

She taps Jak's cheek again. Jak grabs Lucy's hand stopping her and the hair rings brush Lucy who gags and backs away.

You're like one of those crazy emo girls who hides in the back corner and doesn't sing when everyone else is. You're supposed to sing in chapel you know. You can't just sit there. You're supposed to be moved. Or something.

With morbid curiosity Lucy picks up Jak's hand again. The young girl snatches her hand away.

JAK

Let me go!

LUCY

You know, the teachers notice when you pull shit like that. They'll write you a demerit.

JAK  
Then let them. Let me go!

Jak pulls away and in doing so accidentally whacks her hand on the tub behind her. She howls.  
Owww!

LUCY  
Crap. Look. Just let me...

She grabs Jak's hand again and tries to push the hair rings out the way, but she can't stomach it.  
That's really just...disturbing.

JAK  
I'm so sorry. I'm so very *sorry* I disturbed you. Now get the fuck out of my darkroom.

LUCY  
Um...I take art. I have just as much right to be here as you.

Jak squinches her face. Lucy stands crossing her arms boldly.  
I even have a project due next week so...

She sticks her tongue out. When Jak doesn't laugh or respond Lucy heaves a big sigh.  
And they told us to come check on y'all or whatever and you're in here and...

Jak stands up abruptly. Lucy jumps a little surprised. Jak charges her and places her hands squarely on Lucy's shoulders. She starts shoving her backwards towards the door.

JAK  
Out!

Lucy, too small to do anything, is easily shoved. She tries to fight as best as she can but she just keeps going back.

LUCY  
Stop it! Stop! Let me...I have a right! I have a right to be in here and you don't just get to...

Jak manages to slam Lucy against the door. The two girls still, intimately close. Both are pissed.  
I have a right. You don't just get to...

Lucy bumps her funny bone on the door.  
God...you don't just get to manhandle people, kay?

Jak takes a horrified step back looking like she's just been slapped. She goes and sits back down. She buries her head.

JAK

Sorry.

Lucy hurt and shocked and confronted turns to walk out the door. She's re-situating her uniform. She turns the handle.

LUCY

Sorry I even tried.

Jak barely makes a little sound. Lucy notices.

What.

Jak shakes her head "no" burying it in between her knees.

Look if you/don't...

Lucy yanks at her skirt. Fixing it.

JAK

It looks fine.

LUCY

You mused it.

JAK

What does that even mean?

LUCY

It means you mused it, and I don't want to get written up. I got a slip for having my shirt tail untucked yesterday. You try tucking in a fucking shirt with boobs. There's not enough fabric to go down there.

She lifts up her skirt to reveal spandex shorts. She tugs her shirt tail down straightening the tuck.

Despite their best efforts in neglecting to tell us we have breasts...they grow anyway, and we're not all straight as ironing boards. We've developed.

She looks Jak up and down.

Well...some of us at least.

Jak covers her breasts. She sinks. Bitten.

JAK

Would you just fuck off? Go back to doing whatever that was outside. You can hear what's going on out *there*...

Gestures to the hallway.

In here you know. So go...slut yourself out to whoever had you shoved up against a door before I did. You're fucking *loud*.

Lucy approaches Jak, calculatedly. She squats down and grabs Jak's chin tilting it up.

LUCY

I'm not a slut.

JAK

Sure you are. I know what sex sounds like.

LUCY

Do you?

She eyes Jak.

Cause you seem like a virgin to me. Do you wear band-aids instead of bras? I bet you're wearing granny panties.

She peeks between Jak's legs who tries to cover up. She's genuinely shocked and her protective mean mask falls away.

Why don't you wear shorts? All the girls wear shorts.

Jak shoves at Lucy.

JAK

Fuck off!

Lucy jumps startled.

LUCY

(Sincerely)

No really--I mean...did nobody tell you that? Cause the boys literally request bottom lockers so they can peak up your skirt. I know. I used to wear thongs.

Jak looks horrified.

It's not a big deal...boys will be boys right?

Jak buries her head in her hands and shakes.

But like...so why don't you?

JAK

Don't worry about it.

LUCY

It's weird.

JAK

I said don't worry about it.

Jak huddles up, closing again. Lucy pulls Jak's hair.

LUCY

Hey look...I didn't mean to invade your space or whatever. Really. Some people are more modest than me. My mom walks around bay windows naked so...I'm sorry.

Jak barely nods.

I didn't mean to be a bitch.

JAK

You're not. A bitch.

A pause. Lucy smiles half hearted at Jak.

LUCY

Give me the scissors?

JAK

Why?

LUCY

Cause I'm gonna cut paper snowflakes...just hand me the fucking scissors.

Jak doesn't move. Lucy aggressively leans completely over Jak pinning her down. Jak panics pushing at Lucy.



Lucy triumphantly stands with the scissors.  
Why do you want to cut your hair, anyways? Boys like it long.

A pause.

Not gonna answer?

Jak shakes her head no. Lucy sighs.

Fine.  
Mary and Martha me.

JAK

What?

LUCY

Mary and martha...I'm Jesus. Now get on your knees and sit there and listen.

She puts Jak in the position she wants at her feet. Jak is on her knees like a catholic mass.

I don't usually just...give favors out. But this is just...weird. And I can't leave this room and have you leave this room and have other people know we were in here while you look like a sad kindergartner who got hold of the office supply drawer. I cut my own hair so you have nothing to worry about.

JAK

Why? Aren't you like rich or whatever?

LUCY

Do you even know my name? You're just gonna assume?

JAK

All the kids here are rich.

LUCY

Oh so you're rich?

JAK

I'm on scholarship.

LUCY

And I'm not smart enough to be?

JAK

It's not even an academic scholarship.

What is it?  
LUCY

Photography.  
JAK

So I'm not talented?  
LUCY

Look. It was just a question.  
JAK

Yeah...well any kind of question here gets you in trouble so just...  
LUCY

A pause.

Questions get you in trouble?  
JAK

Lucy gives her a look. Jak's eyes go wide and she covers her mouth. Lucy rolls her eyes and grabs Jak's hands taking it off of her mouth.

It's okay. I don't mind questions. It's the whole point of this, right? The big-little prep school thing? I take care of you, you're all shiny, new, and excited. It's the teachers you gotta watch out for.  
LUCY

Do you trust me?  
A pause. Lucy looks at the hair rings.

Good. It's better that way.  
Jak shakes her head no. Lucy smiles.

Lucy begins to cut. Jak winces. Lucy cuts a long strand.

Oh my god! How much are you cutting off?  
JAK

I'm giving you a boy cut. It'll look cute.  
LUCY

Jak snatches the scissors away.

JAK

No. Uh-uh.

LUCY

You don't like losing control, do you?

Jak winces and buries her face. Lucy sits by her and sighs.

Why are you hiding in here anyway?

JAK

Who said I was hiding?

Lucy smiles.

LUCY

I'm hiding. Or just...retreating or...something.

JAK

Why?

Lucy shrugs.

LUCY

(Sing-songy)

I don't know...I only really tell my secrets to my friends so...

She looks Jak up and down. Jak shrugs and stands. She goes over to one of the photos. She puts it in the developing tank and begins to develop. It's a picture of eyes. Lucy tries to look over Jak's shoulder but Jak won't let her. Jak turns abruptly almost nose to nose with Lucy.

JAK

What are you doing?

LUCY

What are *you* doing?

JAK

Back off.

LUCY

Cool photo.

Jak snatches the photo down from the clothesline clip.

JAK

These pictures are private okay? I'm fine. I don't need you. You can go now.

Lucy pokes Jak's side. She jumps.

LUCY

C'mon. What's your name again...something super butch right? I know I read it on the little list. You're super talented!

JAK

Jak. Now back off.

Lucy smiles sweetly, and then can't help but let out a cruel laugh.

LUCY

What kind of name is that?

Jak grimaces and turns back to her photo closing off from Lucy.

God...look...I didn't mean...it's a great name. Really. It is. I'm Lucy. I'm your big!

Jak continues to develop her photo.

This is where we hug, you know.

JAK

I didn't want to do it.

LUCY

Come on you need a mentor. And I'm super smart.

Jak wrings her hands. She breathes shallowly.

Do you always have panic attacks?

Jak looks at Lucy shocked.

I'm too blunt. I'm sorry. It's like...it's. I'm just too blunt. People tell me all the time. It's not good. I didn't mean to...

JAK

Too blunt?

LUCY

That's what they say.

JAK

That's bullshit.

LUCY

Well, I know that but...I can't help it and...people back off from you. When you're blunt.

JAK

And you want them too?

Silence.

You are...too blunt. I think.

Lucy smiles and kicks at the ground.

LUCY

My dad says it's not a thing a "good girl" would do. Guess he's right.

Jak snorts.

What?

JAK

Good girl.

Jak snorts again.

Do good girls typically hide in darkrooms from the guys they were *tonguing* on school property? Who was out there with you?

Lucy shoves Jak. Jak grimaces and goes over to the stop bath splashing water at Lucy.

LUCY

I swear to god you stain my oxford and I'll--

JAK

It's just water.

LUCY

Really?

Jak dips her hand in the stop bath and licks the water off her thumb with a suck-pop sound.

Really.

JAK

Lucy goes over and leans by the picture of Jesus. She lazily traces his face on the canvas.

LUCY

So are you, like, a freshman? Right, you're a freshman. Not a transfer from a different high school or whatever.

Jak closes up.

JAK

Maybe...

LUCY

So, you are.

JAK

Why does it matter?

LUCY

Just...if you're a freshman you're gonna need friends here.

JAK

And you're so desperate to make new ones.

LUCY

Seems to me that sharing a hiding place makes us partners in crime.

JAK

I'm not sharing, it's my space.

Lucy sizes Jak up.

LUCY

Then tell me what you're hiding from?

Jak shakes her head. Lucy smiles and shrugs.

Okay then but...

She snatches one of the undeveloped photos off the line and runs around the room.

If you don't tell me I'll rip it in two.

Jak's face goes sheet white.

Drop it. Right fucking now.

JAK

Lucy laughs and continues to prance away. Jak picks up the scissors and wields them towards Lucy like a weapon. She holds the scissors near Lucy's throat.

Drop it.

Terrified, Lucy drops the photo.

Holy shit.

LUCY

Jak picks up the photo and clotheslines it back up. You're an actual fucking nut-so. You're like sworn up and down again insane crazy.

They're important.

JAK

Important enough to knife me?

LUCY

Don't touch 'em.

JAK

Why they're just--

LUCY

I said don't touch 'em. So just listen and don't fucking *touch them*.

JAK

Okay. Okay. Look just...calm down.

LUCY

What...are they for class?

A pause.

You take your pictures that fucking seriously?

Jak's shoulders hunch.

They're not...they're not for class or anything.

JAK

What, are they a bunch of nudes?

LUCY

A pause. Jak blushes.

Oh my god. Are they like, of a guy? Are you some creep stalker?

She picks up Jak's hand and twirls her around.

Are these your serial killer promise rings to him?

JAK

No.

LUCY

They are aren't they! They're totally candid of some guy! He doesn't even know you're taking them right? Is it like...him at lunch. Him in economics. Does he even sit at the same table as you. I gotta see...

She walks over to the hanging pictures but Jak grabs her ponytail.

JAK

They're not of some guy!

LUCY

Fucking ouch.

She prys off Jak's hand. And then smiles wickedly.

Is he older? Is he a football player or something? He doesn't even know you exist does he? And you're pining over him. Cute. And so no one can be in here cause no one can know that you're getting all hot over some random who doesn't even know you breathe in and out on a daily basis.

A pause. Jak doesn't respond. Lucy's eyes get saucer wide.

Unless it's not a guy at all. It's...

Lucy smiles wider she giggles.

Oh my god...are you like...

She whispers.

A lesbian?

Jak blushes and shoves at Lucy.

JAK

Shut up!



LUCY

No...it's cool. I totally respect that. I do. Girls are gorgeous...I mean...

She pushes up her breasts.

I'm pretty sure, really God thinks it's sinful cause he gets horny watching girls...you know. I mean. He's a man too, right and men have...*needs*

She says "needs" like she's talking about a scary movie poltergeist and not sex. Lucy winks. Jak blushes.

Look. If you want people to think you're "mature" then you have to own sex. You have to talk about it all the time. That's what we all do.

I'm pretty sure only a few of us have ever done it, but last week three of us stopped being virgins and the other's shared their "god doesn't it feel great when" stories...It gets annoying kind of. And like...none of us are good at talking about it cause...well... Have you done the sex box in biology yet? A kid put in a question asking if Lion's penises were on backwards...the teacher wouldn't answer.

My cousin goes to public school. They give them condoms and everything there. For health class here we just watched "Osmosis Jones" and made rice babies that the guys genocided.

JAK

Wait...*what?!*

LUCY

Yeah. We get fake married and everything with ring pops. And then they combine you and your husbands baby weights and divide or whatever to make a brand new baby weight. So if you and your hubby were both fat kids you get twins. And then you pour that much rice in some pantyhose and slap googly eyes on and carry it around twenty four seven...but like, some of the guys thought it was stupid so they started finding ways to kill them. Like I walked outside to find my little panty hose rice baby decapitated dripping rice down from the flag pole. Another couple found theirs puffed up in the fountain, drowned. The worst was the baby they put in the microwave, 'cause the teachers lounge smelled like rice for a month. It was graphic.

JAK

Jesus, that's awful.

LUCY

We're destructive. It's who we are. I thought it was kind of funny, anyway. I wasn't ready for a rice kid--let alone a real one.

JAK

It's just rice. You could take care of it.

LUCY

Let's talk about something else.

JAK

It actually sounds maybe kinda/ fun?

LUCY

Anyways...I don't want to talk about it.

JAK

Are you/ okay?

LUCY

I'm fine.

Jak assesses Lucy, but Lucy's not having it. Lucy presses her nose to Jak's cheek.

LUCY

What's it like though--being a lesbian?

JAK

I'm not a lesbian.

LUCY

Suuurre...

She winks at Jak.

JAK

It's wrong to be a lesbian.

Lucy sighs. She sinks against a wall.

LUCY

Is it?

JAK

Well...yeah. I think, right? 'Ts what they say.

LUCY

Guess it is.

Lucy has a strange look on her face. Jak notices.

JAK

Umm...you okay?

LUCY

Yeah...I just. I cuddled in chapel with a friend before.

JAK

So you're a lesbian?

LUCY

No...no...I mean...we were just. You know. She put her head on my shoulder and it was. Sweet. And...a friend thing.

JAK

Bullshit.

LUCY

She kissed my forehead.

JAK

Told you.

LUCY

Shut up. I was having a shit day. Failed a spanish test. And the fucking physics teacher walks over like he has every right too and places his hands on me. They feel like smushed out sausage balls--his fingers. Greasy and goeey and things you never want to have to look at, let alone feel. And he put them on me--on my neck too. I think he wanted to touch skin, and breathed in our faces as quietly as fucking possible--like he didn't want to disturb the Jesus in the room. "You're being a real stumbling block right now" And then he pulls a bullshit bible verse out of his ass "But as for you, you have turned aside from the way; you have caused many to stumble by the instruction" Malachi 2:8. Who the hell quotes Malachi 2:8? And then he pulls me aside--cause I'm "girlier" "straighter" "sexier" than my friend and tells me he has "faith" in me that I won't let the powers of Satan in my "Lesbian" friend turn me to the "dark side". Convert me to "Lesbianism". Isn't that fucked up. It's an "ism". And he really thought he saved my soul. But with his sad middle aged spit flying into my eyes it didn't really seem like she was the problem in the room, you know? But...I don't talk to her now.

JAK

Oh.

LUCY

(Brushing it off, trying to laugh, confused as hell)

Yeah. But, I mean. I don't want to go to hell, right? And that's what happens.

JAK

I don't believe in hell.

LUCY

(Like she just got shot with a bullet.)

What?!

JAK

I mean...it's just...it sucks up here. So how can it suck more down there? And like...have you ever just sat outside digging for a really long time. It's just dirt.

LUCY

(Like it's a reflex, defensive)

Hell is spiritual.

JAK

But like...how can it physically hurt so bad if it's spiritual?

Lucy is dumbfounded.

LUCY

You should ask Mr. K.

Jak violently gags. She goes over to the stop bath almost retching over it.

Hey...You okay?

Jak can't stop heaving. Lucy reaches for her hair but it's mostly nonexistent.

I would hold it back to let you puke and all but...well, it's gone.

Jak slowly calms down. She sinks back into her original ball position and curls up.

JAK

Sorry.

LUCY

Sure...what's wrong?

JAK

I don't need to ask--I don't need to. Hell is the absence of God. And that's what's here, right?

A pause. Lucy looks a little sick.

LUCY

You could get kicked out for saying shit like that.

JAK

I know.

LUCY

I could tell someone.

JAK

Will you?

Lucy smiles and winks vanishing the dark moments--  
choosing not to think too hard.

LUCY

(sing-songy)

Not if you show me who you're crushing on in those pictures.

Jak looks hurt.

JAK

Don't pick at me.

LUCY

What?

JAK

Just don't, okay. I don't deserve that. I opened up to you. I was opening up to you. I don't want to show you, so don't *make* me show you, kay?

LUCY

I never made you.

JAK

You guilted me. You're blackmailing me.

Lucy laughs.

LUCY

Blackmail? Nobody blackmails anymore. People don't blackmail.

JAK

You are!

LUCY

I'm not.

JAK

Bullshit!

LUCY

You're hiding in a fucking darkroom cutting off your hair, you've clearly been crying you almost vomited for no reason--I'm just trying to get you to--talk. Have an actual friend! Not be such a loner freak, kay? Like...just you and me.

She points between the two of them.

Mutual secrets, mutually shared destruction. C'mon.

JAK

I don't really feel like being mutually destroyed by you, so stop it.

LUCY

Jesus...you're *frustrating*.

Jak turns back to her photos.

JAK

It's mean. It's mean that people make you talk.

LUCY

Look, no one's/ making you talk.

JAK

Sometimes people just want someone to sit with. And nobody does and that's *frustrating*.

Lucy "Zips her lips" shut. She goes and sits down right next to Jak for a long beat.

What are you doing?

LUCY

Sitting. I'm just...sitting with you.

JAK

Seriously?! That's not fucking helpful either.

LUCY

It's what you asked for!

JAK

Well don't!

LUCY

You wanted me to.

JAK

I don't know what I want!

LUCY

Well you don't have to bite my head off about it. Can you just breathe? Calm down.

Jak glares.

God...you're giving me whiplash. Pick a mood and stick with it.

JAK

(Sarcastic)

And just chill. Do whatever you want. Act however you want me to, right?

LUCY

Yeah.

JAK

(Projecting on Lucy)

Cause I bet everyone always gives you what you want right? Little miss pretty. Popular. Big tits, what you said right? God it must be so hard to be a "woman" instead of an undeveloped little kid. That must be such a burden on you...feeling grown up and important and....and fucking powerful.

LUCY

Wait, what? What are you talking about?

JAK

What I *want* to talk about.

LUCY

So *now* you know what you want?

JAK

Yeah, go ahead. Use that power to shut me up. Use your authority, your leadership, your responsibility and get me to shut the fuck up!

LUCY

Powerful?! You actually think any of that equates to power?

JAK

You can make out with anyone, I bet. Choose anyone, like anyone, get anyone.

LUCY

I get gotten...I don't get to "get."

JAK

Well, that's bullshit. I'm sure the guy in the hall felt like you were getting him.

LUCY

Shut up. You don't know anything.

JAK

Oh come on, I heard you! And it sounded like you were *getting* something!

LUCY

Yeah I was getting dumped okay?! I was getting dumped.

Jak laughs.

JAK

You actually expect me to believe that?

LUCY

Why wouldn't you? Why couldn't I get dumped.

JAK

Because...well...you're...

A pause.

Look at you.

LUCY

I have. Still didn't see what anyone wanted. And I...He didn't like what I did so... He didn't want me.



JAK

And why not?

LUCY

Guys don't actually want to keep us. We're just temporary past times didn't you know.

JAK

That's gross.

Jak blushes. She has tears in her eyes. Lucy misreads her.

LUCY

Look...I...maybe not you? Okay. Your...

She motions to the pictures.

Maybe your...whatever...isn't a boy. Maybe he's more...maybe he's a man. And he's gonna stick around.

Jak gags again.

Jesus what is your problem? I thought I was gonna be the one puking at this point.

Jak looks sharply at Lucy. There's a long silence.

JAK

Why?

LUCY

Don't worry about it.

JAK

Stop saying that.

LUCY

Well, it's nothing. It's none of your business. It's no one's business.

A pause.

It was none of his either. Or, I made it not his.

JAK

What did you *do*?

Lucy glares at Jak.

Fuck. Seriously? *That's* why you're hiding?

Lucy calmly and collectedly pulls her hair into a ponytail.

LUCY  
(Feigning ignorance.)

What?

JAK

Really?

She stops gagging. She goes over to Lucy's stomach. She touches it, totally terrified. She mouths "really" at Lucy.

LUCY

Punch it if you want to. It's not gonna change anything.

Jak punches her.

Holy shit. I didn't mean really!

JAK

But are you *pregnant*?

Lucy cackles.

LUCY

I swear to god, you'd think you were asking if I had cancer.

Jak puts her hands over her mouth.

JAK

Seriously, that's why he dumped you?

LUCY

He dumped me cause I took a pill.

JAK

*Seriously?!*

LUCY

Can you say anything else. It's no biggie. Its happened before. Guys freak out when you get pregnant. Whether they get to be called "daddy" or not.

A pause.

So...now you know my secret. Spill.

Jak tenses up.

JAK

Um. You told me cause you wanted to.

LUCY

No, that's how this works. I give you something you give me something. It's called *friendship*.

JAK

It's called...not ever gonna happen. Aren't you even concerned? Aren't you like...wait so you're gonna puke? Are you like a ticking time bomb or something? How long does it take a pill to kick in?!

LUCY

I don't know.

JAK

You said it happened before!?

LUCY

Well yeah...to like...other girls.

JAK

So you just casually talk about abortion to make yourself feel "cooler"?

LUCY

No, I casually talk about abortion when I don't want to freak out so shut up and just...god. I don't know. I don't know what's gonna happen. I don't know if I should be puking or bleeding or if the whole fetus just falls out of your vagina like the ball dropping at New Years. I don't fucking know! Nobody warned me about this. Oh sure...I know sex is bad, but no one told me the reason was because little boys aren't fucking responsible enough to stick around and do all the hard shit.

A pause.

(Vulnerable)

It's not even abortion. Right? It's not even abortion I think.

A pause.

So can you just show me the damn pictures or tell me a story and get my mind off it?

Jak shakes her head no. Lucy starts to cry...fakely.

JAK

Shit...shit...no. Don't cry. I'm sorry I didn't--can I...I can do something else?

LUCY

Can you just...maybe some water?

Jak nods. She helps Lucy up. The two go to the door. Lucy opens it and Jak goes out and Lucy promptly closes the door in her face. She laughs. She locks it. Jak immediately starts pounding on the door, screaming.

JAK

You're a fucking bitch! Let me in! You fucking Judas! You fucking traitor! Let me in! Don't you look at those! I swear to god you look at those and I'm gonna tell the whole fucking world you're a big fat Madonna with a lil' Jesus on the way and then see what the school thinks about that! They're gonna kick you out on your sorry ass!

LUCY

That's not very Christian!

JAK

Neither is this.

She kicks the door as hard as possible. Lucy runs over to the photos and hastily starts developing one. She looks confused. She starts developing multiple at once...ruining their artistry but exposing the images. She backs away from the tank grimacing. It takes a while for her to process what she's seeing. Jak's pounding and cries become fainter and fainter.

JAK

Look. Let me back in. I can explain.

Lucy goes to the door and touches it.

LUCY

Do you need to?

A pause.

Should you?

A longer pause.

JAK

I told you. Just let me in.

Lucy shaking opens the door. Slowly. Jak doesn't enter the room. It's plagued.

Did you ruin them?

Lucy looks confused.

If you don't put them in the stop bath...they'll overexpose. They won't be identifiable.

Lucy makes a sound of recognition. She runs over to the stop bath but Jak grabs her arm stopping her.

Maybe it's better if they're ruined.

LUCY

What are you talking about? Of course not! Let go. Let go!

Jak does and Lucy goes and puts the photos in the stop bath.

They're identifiable. They are. I promise. I---I'm sorry--I didn't ruin them. I didn't. They can't be ruined.

Jak tries to pull Lucy away.

I'm fixing them.

JAK

Don't

LUCY

Don't touch me! I'm fixing them!

Jak laughs.

JAK

What...you're not gonna make fun of me?

A pause.

You were right. They're of a guy...

A longer pause. Jak crumples to the ground.

Bet you didn't expect that.

She curls back into her ball. Lucy goes and sits crisscross applesauce right in front of her. She's holding one of the pictures.

LUCY

I always wanted a tattoo. They're cool, right? And rebellious and you get to own a little part of your body that nobody else can take away. It's a part of you that no one can put their claim on--their touch on. Just you and that mark that you *chose*. I think it's really fascinating what people decide to mark their bodies with. I want an alligator. I think they're cool. My mom asked me why and I told her cause I think they're cool and she told me that was a stupid reason...and that makes it even fucking better.

She holds up the picture.

Mr. K has a tattoo of a cross on his left wrist.

She stares at the picture.

We talked about it...at the retreat. After we went in the dark room and he had us "saving" each other. Did you do that? Were you there? I know some people bailed cause they thought it was wrong. "The Cave". He had us all in this room, this collapsing cave, and we could either "save ourselves" or "Save someone who needed saving"...I got saved. Someone actually said "I'm gonna save Lucy, cause I know she's been sleeping with at least three of the football guys and she probably has like VD or something and I don't think God likes VD." And she "Saved me". And so I left to cry. He came out there after that. "Don't let her get to you. She's probably talking about herself, anyway." Said that to me. Wish he had just said "She's a slut." He's young, right? Like...really young for a bible teacher you'd think. He laughed when I said that and he showed me his tattoo. He said he thought none of the other teachers were cool enough to have a tattoo.

A pause.

I touched it too. Traced it with my finger. Skin...marked skin. Is...

A pause. She slides the photo in Jak's lap.

This is a photo of Mr. K.

Jak looks up at Lucy and nods. Lucy grimaces and grabs the photo back. She tears all of them down from their clothesline clips and heads to the door. Jak hastily stands charging after her.

JAK

What are you doing?!

LUCY

Going to show someone!

Who?! Don't do that.

JAK

Lucy whirls around.

LUCY

Are you trying to protect him?

JAK

No! NO! I just...

LUCY

Then I'm going.

Jak jumps in front of the door and bars it.

JAK

I'll tell everyone you're pregnant.

LUCY

This matters. Jak. Move.

JAK

Nobody's gonna believe me.

LUCY

You have a dick pic here. A teachers dick pic. That you took. That you were with him-- taking! Why did he let you take pictures of him?

JAK

He'll say it's two different men. That could be someone else. And they'll show him his tattoo and...and he'll say it's obsession. That it's just...He's my *mentor*...he'll...he'll say something.

LUCY

Yeah, a lie.

A pause.

JAK

I'm not moving.

LUCY

Why did you take his picture. Did he know?

He asked me too. JAK

Why? LUCY

He's an "egotist". JAK

Is that what he said? LUCY

It's all about what *he* said. JAK

This is more than that, Jak. What were you *doing* with them? LUCY

He wanted me to tape them to the inside of my notebook. He thought...he wanted me to keep him with me. JAK

Jesus christ. LUCY

He thought it was fun...if...if...like he was always watching. JAK

Jak laughs, cries, and gags all in a breath.

This is *disgusting*. LUCY

A break.

I told you. I'm so sorry. I'm so fucking sorry I'm *disgusting* you. JAK

Are you an idiot? You're *not*. These are. LUCY

Is he fucking you? She throws the photos at Jak.

Well, is he? Is he raping you? Jak flinches.



Jak adjusts her jumper. Lucy's eyes get wide.  
Is that why you're not wearing shorts? Is that why you were cutting your hair? Is that why you're locked in here? Is that why you're developing them? Did he do it? Did he/ do it?!

JAK

STOP. Stop it. Okay? Stop. No...he's not! He's not touching me.

LUCY

Then what the fuck is this?!

JAK

He just...likes me.

LUCY

Likes?!

JAK

He...I...He...he does touch me...I just...

LUCY

That's not okay!

JAK

I *know* that!

Lucy walks towards the door.  
I...I went to him as a friend...I had questions. I needed help. I needed him. He distributes the money...for--so I can go here.

A pause.

And then...he told me he was into photography and I...my dad got me this camera for my birthday and I brought it in to...I thought maybe...we were friends.  
And he...I told him...I told him that...I told him I didn't believe in God.

Lucy looks frustrated.

LUCY

That bad doesn't outweigh his. You know that right?

JAK

He put the camera down then. He always...he was always playing with the camera. Every other meeting his hands never touched me. They never left the camera...but I said this and it just...it's like something in his brain switched off. I saw him...  
Realize he *had* me.

And he put down the camera. And he touched me instead.  
He...he said he would tell. Everyone, the whole faculty. He said he'd get me kicked out.

LUCY

You can fight it.

Jak sinks.

JAK

(Breaking)

I'm a *scholarship* kid.

A long pause.

I just...I wanted him...I thought maybe he'd make me believe. I thought if I told him...I don't have a good reason for it, for not believing and...I like logic and I thought maybe he could logic me into it, you know? I thought if I told him...

She takes a big gulp of air.

LUCY

Shhh...it's okay.

JAK

No. No. I don't want to shh. I don't want to...that's--it's not okay to be shut up. He shut me up. Are you really going to? He would stop me. He would stop me from talking when I finally actually had something to say. He stopped me and he would have us meet another time.

And every time I'd try and talk he'd just...he'd make it about something else. My hair...how good I smelled...how "*undeveloped*" I am.

Lucy gives her a look.

Yeah that was his word. His glorious fucking word. "*Undeveloped*" and he said it every other half second.

A pause.

He liked that. He fucking liked that. He didn't want me wearing shorts in class. He said it didn't matter. I didn't have anything to hide. Little girls are supposed to be able to *parade* naked around the house. He didn't touch me as much as he looked at me and he looked and looked.

They put such an emphasis on looking at girls. At church, at school, bibles full of little girls on display. Trot them around for their daddies, dress them up in pretty clothes, curl their hair, have them wait in their rooms when their dates come so they can "descend" down the stairs. They treat us like we're angels present to rescue them...and he...he looked. He loved to look. Mostly he just looked. And he would have me strip down. And occasionally he would touch--marveling--fucking marveling at what wasn't there.

And he...I kept thinking if he stared long enough maybe my boobs would actually grow...and then maybe he'd lose interest but...it's not, right. They're not growing. No matter how much I keep holding my breath I am literally being suppressed by all this religious bullshit. Jesus is keeping my boobs from growing on purpose so that this can happen. So he stays interested. So I'm punished for not believing and I just can't...

She goes over to the painting of Jesus and vomits in a trash can in the corner of the room. Lucy stands she goes over to Jak. She takes the girls hands. She slowly removes a hair ring.

They're memory knots.

LUCY

What do you even want to remember?

JAK

How to doubt if God even exists.

A pause.

Because--I know he does. And he's punishing me.

Jak tries to speak but her voice breaks. Lucy continues to remove the rings. She removes them hastily.

LUCY

Get him off of you. All of him.

She looks at Jak's jumper.

Today? Did you see him today?

Jak doesn't respond.

Put your hands up.

Jak doesn't respond. Lucy lifts Jak's arms. She unzips Jak's jumper. She raises it off Jak's head. The shirt comes next. Jak is left in only her underwear. Lucy raises an eyebrow.

Do you want it off?

JAK

You'll just make fun of me.

Lucy gives Jak her pinky. They pinky promise.

I swear. I won't.

LUCY

Lucy goes to remove Jak's bra. Jak shakes her head no. Lucy backs off. She goes over to the stop bath.

Get him off.

She hands the tub of water to Jak. Jak tries to lift it over her head but she's not strong enough. She sits inside the tub. Lucy kneels next to her and "bathes" Jak. It's silent and baptismal. Jak relaxes into Lucy who holds and supports her. The water sloshes out and Jak stands leaving the tub. She raises it and dumps it over her head. She screams. Loud. Echoing. Haunting. Forever. Full of release and joy.

You look developed to me.

LUCY

Jak cracks a smile. She laughs. It's hard and hysterical and silent.

We've gotta turn these in.

JAK

So your physics teacher can do something about it?

Lucy grimaces, she grits her teeth, she balls up her fists.

This is not fucking fair.

LUCY

She hits the picture of Jesus.

Don't do that!

JAK

Why not?...  
It's not. We know that.

LUCY

She grabs the scissors.

None of this is okay. Or fair. It's just not. It's not fucking fair.

She takes the scissors and she charges down the Jesus painting. She stabs at his eyes cutting them to shreds.

LUCY

It's his fucking fault, you know. He watches just as much. He watches and waits and he doesn't do a fucking thing about "Boys being boys" he doesn't do a thing if a girl gets pregnant. She gets ousted. Ostracized. Stoned. He doesn't do a thing if a girl gets raped. She just has to "cope". Move on. Show bullshit "forgiveness" that he didn't even show when he T-rexed his ass off in that market place. He doesn't do a thing because he's a man and looks like a man, and gets to act like a man, navigate like a man and they don't fucking *teach* us shit about sex because little boys don't need to *learn* when they can just *take*, but girls aren't allowed to just take because their virginity is more valuable than them!

Jak charges at Lucy trying to take back the scissors.

JAK

Don't! Hey! What are you doing?! Stop!

LUCY

I don't want him looking at you.

JAK

Come on...it's just a/ painting.

LUCY

Don't justify! He's the reason--Mr. K's the reason you're justifying. It's not okay. It's not okay to be judged even without the permission to act.

A pause.

That's why he watches you. Because he can.

A pause.

And you can't.

She heaves. Cramping up. She crumbles to the ground groaning.

Fuck.

She lays there breathing. Jak stares at the blind Jesus. She goes over and lays on the ground next to Lucy. Creating almost a sort of Pieta. She touches Lucy's face. Lucy grabs Jak's wrist in solidarity. They lay next to each other watching.

JAK

He wasn't mad because you got pregnant.

Lucy nods.

He was mad because you didn't seek his approval to get rid of it.

A pause.

You're not a slut. You didn't deserve that. I'm a bitch.

LUCY

You're not. A bitch.

They smile.

LUCY

We have to tell them.

JAK

If you tell them...

LUCY

If *you* tell them...

They pause. Lucy stands she helps Jak up. Lucy goes over to the Jesus painting.

Should I hang it back up?

Jak takes the painting and drops it in the developing tank. She dips her hands in the Stop bath "cleansing them" of her crime. She puts on her shirt and the jumper over it. Lucy zips it up for her. They gather all of the photos. Lucy opens the door for Jak to walk through. She hesitates. Lucy grabs her arm and pulls her through the door. Jak fights at first but then complies. She smiles at Lucy.

JAK

We'll *parade* him.

She walks away. Lucy without any decorum lifts up her skirt trying to smooth the tuck. She looks at the photo in her hand and thinks better of it, instead she deliberately untucks her shirt and unbuttons the top collar.

She pulls the shirt taught down, like preparing a war paint.  
She smiles and walks through the door.

END PLAY