

## TITLE NINE

By Emily Breeze

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CAST:

RENATA HASHEMI – Persian Jew, West Coast femmey lesbian, has recently started to go a little wild. Maybe has a drinking problem. Art history major, junior. Has a raging crush on Dia.

IZZO DELMATTI- Chapstick, senior, History Major, dated Emma last year. It ended badly.

OLLIE FIGUEROA- captain, senior, nonbinary, econ major, music minor they aren't going to complete.

DIA RAYMER- hot sophomore very femmey kind of dumb definitely a legacy. Undeclared but probably an American Studies major.

EMMA RITTENBAUM- knitting lesbian. Chapstick. English major. Dated Izzo, might have hooked up with Ollie. It's unclear.

CASSIDY JAMES- baby Justin Bieber dyke, perfect undercut, very hot, underclared major. Maybe has a thing for Renata. Truly would fuck any femme. But like, only the cute ones haha jk \*prayer hands emoji\*

BECCA MEYERS-ANDERSON: A youtuber who got nearly famous in high school for a viral video of a promposal, now a sophomore on the Vassar Women's Rugby Team who functions as a tolerated joke, mostly because the team does not want to get put on blast.

SETTING:

Vassar College, Fall 2013. Dorm rooms, Main Building, the fields, the Deec, and Jewett Tower.

The team lives in a heightened world of epic proportions, the way that when you're 21 every kiss feels like your first and last, every friendship is forever until you "have to cut the toxic people out of your life"; you feel like you finally are an adult and therefore having adult problems of a huge scale. And in large part, you are. You and your friends are dealing with extreme academic and social pressure, some people are already addicted to the substances and people that will haunt them for the rest of their lives, and at the same time you're sneaking cereal in your pockets to class. You are performing and plagued by high key life.

## Act One: Set-Up

### SCENE ONE: Sail Away

*The team in a suite, celebrating with Enya's "Orinoco Flow". This is clearly their team song. Emma is sit-dancing with a beer in hand, Izzo, Dia, Cassidy, Ollie and Renata are all up and jumping around. We hear the first "Sail Away" chorus and they all scream it together. Cassidy takes the next verse, which she knows perfectly and does a frat boy rapping imitation.*

CASSIDY: From Bissau to Palau in the shade of Avalon.  
From Fiji to Tiree and the isles of Ebony.  
From Peru to Cebu, feel the power of Babylon.  
From Bali to Cali, far beneath the Coral Sea.

*Everyone joins on the "De de" section, throwing the phrase back and forth until Ollie yells:*

Ollie: SLOW JAM

*"Turn it up" section comes in. Izzo turns to Ollie, but they've already grabbed Dia and started grinding. Izzo rolls her eyes and turns away to do a jokey version of sexy dance moves. She turns back to catch Ollie, but they're lost. Suddenly "Sail Away" comes back in and Ollie grabs Izzo and starts a secret handshake/choreographed dance that's one part haka, one part Lord of the Dance, one part Superstar, one part pure dorm room silliness. Izzo gets into it. Everyone hops back in with "Orinoco Flow".*

ALL: We can sail, with the Orinoco flow.  
We can sail away...  
We can steer, we can near with Rob Dickins at the wheel.  
We can sigh, say goodbye Ross and his dependencies.  
We can sail away

*The party shifts as the song fades. Izzo is sitting on the floor next to the couch. She's peeling apart a solo cup. Emma approaches.*

EMMA: You comfortable?

IZZO: Yep.

EMMA: You're on the floor.

IZZO: I love the ground. No expectations.

EMMA: Ok. Do you want another drink?

IZZO: I'm good.

EMMA: Ok.

IZZO: How are you?

EMMA: It's nice.

IZZO: It's the same party.

EMMA: I like having everyone in one room and not having to-

IZZO: Becca's in the bathroom-

EMMA: Ok not literally but like, feeling. Bonded. Again.

IZZO: You feel bonded?

EMMA: Yeah-

IZZO: I feel aloof.

EMMA: You're always aloof.

IZZO: I think it's a senior thing, everything feels further away this year.

EMMA: I- I don't know I feel more. I feel very close to the team as a group-

IZZO: Probably because you don't feel swallowed by a singular entity-

EMMA: I never said you swallowed me-

IZZO: -That's because I spit. I'm a lady-

EMMA: Izzo you're a lot of things-

IZZO: But when you think of me, you think- "lady"

EMMA: I.... don't think of you-

*Emma smiles.*

IZZO: Oh shit ok-

*Izzo points to the ceiling to indicate the current song playing.*

IZZO: You didn't have to cuuuuut me ooooooff-

EMMA: Someone should probably cut Renata off though, jesus-

*Emma walks over to talk to Renata who is pouring herself her sixth mixed drink. Izzo looks after her and starts peeling the cup again. Ollie and Dia are talking very close to each other. Cassidy is dancing alone but very confidently. Izzo stands up. No one notices. She leaves.*

SCENE TWO: Fire Alarm

*Renata, drunk with a beer can in hand, finds Izzo outside on the south stoop of Main Building. Izzo's smoking a cigarette, nonchalantly pissed off but stone cold sober.*

RENATA: Izz!!

IZZO: Hey babe.

RENATA: Dude what the fuck- did you know, and you just didn't even tell me, you made me look like an idiot and like didn't even-

IZZO: Slow down.

RENATA: You totally knew what Ollie, she's like-

IZZO: They.

RENATA: What the fuck ever.

IZZO: They are my best friend-

RENATA: WHATEVER. My point insactly, in fact, that's actually my whole POINT.

IZZO: What's your point?

RENATA: THEY are upstairs FUCKING DIA AS WE SPEAK.

IZZO: Yes.

RENATA: You knew! You did totally know!

IZZO: They've been fucking since Tuesday.

RENATA: Are you shitting me?

IZZO: Study session after practice on Tuesday. Dia apparently got pretty handsy.

RENATA: Fuck you, Izz. Fuck you, fuck you, fuck you, you could have TOLD me you could have like, there's like a heads up that could have- jeeeeeesuuuuuuuus.

*Renata squats drunkenly, breaking down a little.*

IZZO: Calm down-

RENATA: I told you I liked her! A month ago!

IZZO: Yeah, and I told Dia, like you asked, and she texted you, I don't know what else-

RENATA: The whole time, you were just, what, conspiracy? Conspiring? Whatever, just TRICKING me, like, laughing at me-

IZZO: I thought you guys had talked about it and nothing happened, I didn't-

RENATA: So you just tell Ollie that she's fair game-

IZZO: Dia came onto Ollie. She invited them over, she made the first move.

RENATA: What the fuck why would she-

IZZO: Ollie's a hot dyke.

RENATA: Ollie isn't a dyke, she's a fucking traitor.

IZZO: Watch it.

*Renata shoots Izzo a murderous look, but she goes quiet.*

IZZO: Like. Yeah. They're driving me nuts right now, it's not the most. Captain-like behavior.

RENATA: Exactly! Essactly.

IZZO: But. Dia is her own person. She's allowed to want what she want and like- they talk a good game and oh my god that fucking hair.

RENATA: It's pathetic-

IZZO: It's a lot. But they're just like that- like freshman year, they were taking home seniors. Literally at Seven Deadly, sophomore year, Ollie went back to Joss with Amanda Zickel, and then came back and hooked up with Carrie Schenk-Levine. And then the next weekend. Whatever. I'm sure Dia is a fad, it always is. Becca's still in the suite you can go hook up with her. God knows she needs someone to bust her outta that closet-

RENATA: Wait. Becca-

IZZO: Meyers- Jesus Christ Renata, never mind just go home. Dia will be single next weekend. You'll get your chance then.

RENATA: I can't believe Ollie would just use her like that.

IZZO: Yeah, well. That's the standard butch operating procedure-

RENATA: Butches! What's the fucking deal, like what do they have-

IZZO: It's swaaaag-

RENATA: Why is that what Dia even wants?

IZZO: Some people like shiny shit-

RENATA: Whyyyyy though-

IZZO: I don't know, Renata-

RENATA: I'll never win. I'll never find anyone, I'm just the leftover, like, the fucking dregs, like, not even-

IZZO: You're not the dregs, Becca's the dregs. You're like, the filter. Everyone's gotta have a filter.

RENATA: How am I a filter?

IZZO: I don't know. Want one?

*She offers Renata a smoke, Renata accepts and sniffles.*

IZZO: What's nuts to me is that Ollie didn't even want Dia, like, when you were texting her.

RENATA: Wait, what?

IZZO: I was telling them about your thing with Dia, they were like "eh, not my type", which is why this whole thing came outta nowhere.

RENATA: Are you fucking kidding me? Ollie knew??

IZZO: That you liked Dia? Yeah.

RENATA: And they, just like, don't fucking care?

IZZO: Who doesn't care?

RENATA: Ollie!! Obviously doesn't care!

IZZO: I think they-

RENATA: Like, all the bullshit about, like, we're a family and like and unbreakable bond, and like, like, fucking BLOOD and and-

IZZO: It's-

RENATA: I know, I know the thing, but THEY OBVIOUSLY DON'T-

IZZO: I'm sure they didn't mean to hurt you, they probably weren't even, like-

RENATA: THEY DON'T GIVE A SHIT ABOUT US AND YOU KNOW IT.

IZZO: They're complicated.

RENATA: Fuck complicated. They're an asshole.

IZZO: It's a big job.

RENATA: And they love being big. Taking up the whole fucking team, probably fucking every single underclassman. Probably fucking Cassidy too.

IZZO: Cassidy's not Ollie's type-

RENATA: Why the fuck else would she suddenly become like, god's gift to rugby-

IZZO: I don't know.

RENATA: BECAUSE OLLIE DOESN'T CARE ABOUT ANYONE ELSE BUT WHO THEY CAN FUCK. THAT'S IT. THAT'S IT.

IZZO: I'm not gonna argue with you, go yell at them yourself.

RENATA: I fucking will! I will!

*Renata staggers up.*

RENATA: OLLIE!!!

*Renata chugs the rest of her beer can and throws it against the second- floor window. It dings but not much else, because it's an empty beer can and basically weightless.*

RENATA: YOU DON'T GET TO DO WHATEVER YOU WANT YOU FUCKING ASSHOLE.

IZZO: I don't think they heard you.

RENATA: They'll hear this.

*Renata staggers back inside, feeling her way against the wall.*

IZZO: Don't leave prints, you'll get written up.

*The second-floor window opens. Ollie pops out, looks down.*

OLLIE: Izzo? What the fuck was that.

IZZO: An empty beer can.

OLLIE: Just text me you psycho, I'm fucking busy.

*Dia giggles from inside.*

IZZO: You're busy fucking?

OLLIE: Whatever!

IZZO: It wasn't me, Renata's on a war path-

OLLIE: What? Why?

IZZO: I don't know she went to go pull a fire alarm on you.

OLLIE: Are you kidding me? She's gonna get kicked off the team, she-

IZZO: She's wasted, I don't think she'll be able to find it.

*A fire alarm goes off inside the building.*

OLLIE: Fuck!

IZZO: Dammit Renata.

*Renata comes staggering out of the dorm.*

IZZO: You crazy bitch, what-

RENATA: It wasn't me! I didn't actually pull it! I didn't do it!

IZZO: No one is going to believe you, get the fuck out of here.

RENATA: It wasn't me!

IZZO: Sure, now get the fuck out of here!



*Renata staggers off towards the SoCos.*

*Cassidy, Emma, and finally Ollie and Dia come out, Dia's wearing Ollie's hoodie which dwarfs her adorably. Emma reaches Izzo.*

EMMA: Where did you go?

IZZ0: I was just smoking.

EMMA: For forty-five minutes?

IZZ0: Renata needed talking down. It didn't work apparently.

EMMA: It wasn't her-

CASSIDY: Becca set her hair on fire-

IZZ0: Wait, what?

EMMA: Someone put on Call Your Girlfriend-

CASSIDY: Becca said she could do the whole video, but like, from the couch-

EMMA: She backwards somersaulted into my saint candles.

OLLIE: Holy fuck.

DIA: Is she ok?

IZZ0: Is Ruth Bader Ginsburg ok?

EMMA: I think she was wearing a lot of mousse or something.

DIA: Oh my god.

OLLIE: This kind of shit can't be happening, who let her do Call Your Girlfriend?

IZZ0: I don't know, the captain was away from the ship-

OLLIE: I should be able to step away and know we're not gonna burn the dorm down-

CASSIDY: I did a shot with Becca, I didn't realize she was-

EMMA: Cassidy also stopped dropped and rolled Becca, it could have been a lot worse.

DIA: Oh my god.

EMMA: Yeah she fully saved the day-

CASSIDY: I mean, I don't know about-

OLLIE: Wow, thanks Cass that's awesome.

IZZ0: Where's Becca now, did you just leave her to burn or-

CASSIDY: We put her in the shower.

EMMA: She didn't want to come out, she wanted to hide.

CASSIDY: I told her they're gonna catch her and write her up.

EMMA: She'll be ok, they never check the showers, I told her to put her feet up on the bench.

DIA: Ew the bench-

CASSIDY: It's not like she's naked, she could have come out.

IZZO: Becca's never coming out. Unless it's for the hashtag content.

EMMA: Izzo!

IZZO: Sorry, are gay jokes are out of bounds now?

OLLIE: Come on, you know better-

DIA: Maybe she is straight?

IZZO: Straight girl backwards somersaulting into a Kate McKinnon Saint candle because Call Your Girlfriend came on? If she's not gay her hair's gotta be with a fire-induced undercut.

EMMA: IZ.

OLLIE: Ok we don't need to put that kind of assumptions on each other. This is a family, families gotta grow together, not push each other into the ground. We lift each other up, we make room for each other-

IZZO: Uh-huh.

*Izzo takes out another cigarette, puts it in her mouth, whips out her lighter.*

IZZO (to Emma): Sorry is this indecent? Given the recent- well is it inflammable or flammable, don't they mean like, the same thing?

*Ollie rolls their eyes and turns to Dia.*

OLLIE (over Izzo's "inflammable"): Jesus Christ I'm gonna get a headache and I'm not even hungover yet.

EMMA (over Ollie's line): More?

CASSIDY (over Emma's line): We're good, all good.

IZZO: Yeah I paid a drama bro two beers for this pack I'm gonna get my money's worth-

DIA (to Cass): Are they clearing the whole building?

CASS (to Dia): They usually have to. And like, call the fire department.

EMMA (on "money's worth"): And your money is worth, what- emphysema?

OLLIE: She's not going to listen to any kind of reasonable argument, she's doesn't like being reasonable-

IZZO: Oh I always listen-

DIA (to Cass): Should we go to Lathrop?

OLLIE: -what, what's the punch line gonna be-

IZZO: No punchline. I just don't want anyone thinking I don't willfully and intentionally disregard their advice-

EMMA: We get it. What are we doing, we're going to Lathrop?

CASSIDY: We could go back to Joss! I got that big popcorn bucket from the invitational alum-

DIA: Let's go back to Joss, I'm kinda freezing-

IZZO (to Emma): Looks like you're going to Joss.

EMMA: Um. Ok. Are you-

IZZO: Yeah.

EMMA: Alright.

OLLIE (over the top of Izzo and Emma's conversation): Great let's get the fuck outta here-

*The group begins to troop to Joss. Izzo gives the appearance of joining and then loops around towards the back of Main.*

IZZO (to herself): And that's when she walked into Sunset lake, rock pockets a janglin', proclaiming unto the very heavens themselves, or. The very heaven herself. Something should get to be femme, something other than the fucking ocean-

*Ollie jogs back, sees Izzo muttering to herself.*

OLLIE: Hey. Crazy Pants. You don't gotta stand there on your own.

IZZO: I'm coming, just- I'll be there in two secs-

OLLIE: Don't make me handle these bitches by myself.

IZZO: I'm right behind you. I got your back.

*Ollie turns and leaves her.*

*Izzo turns out to the audience.*

IZZO: I think it would be unreasonable for me to pretend like everything's normal. I think that's an unreasonable thing to ask. But that's what I'm being asked. I'm being asked to not make it a thing. With her. Emma is. A lot of things? But she's not avoidable. And I'm being asked to not make it a thing.

Which is fucking nuts. On who's behalf am I not making it a thing. Who is being kept comfortable here. It's not me. I'm not more comfortable, looking at her every day and giving her a hug and having her ask about my classes that doesn't make me comfortable. That makes it look comfortable but it makes my shoulder blades itch and the back of my throat hollow out and it makes my tendons feel like they're about to snap.

IZZO (*con't*): I twisted my ankle the morning after she dumped me, I can almost never get up before nine on my own but I shot out of bed at 7:37 like my eyes physically opened themselves I didn't want to be conscious but I was already walking down the hallway to the bathroom and I don't know what happened, my ankle just fell to the side and I went down and I grazed my forearm on a staple that was sticking out of the wall.

I didn't go to Baldwin for a week, I was hoping I would die of a twisted ankle or tetanus but it was really hard to get to class and I wanted the free rides from security so I went and they made me get a hepatitis shot. I have no idea why. I still have a scar from the staple, I picked at the scab and it took weeks to crust over completely I think my skin had to sneak itself back together while I was sleeping. I don't know how it does that. I took bio but I don't actually understand the mechanism of cells moving back together and functioning again the same way, doing the same job, like you weren't ripped open by some careless thing some stupid fucking org left in the wall because they wanted to put up a poster letting you know that this week, the fucking knitting fundraiser for Haiti would have extra ugly handicrafts.

It's like, small shit, having a fucked-up ankle and a stupid cut, but it was better than if I had nothing to show for it. You tell people you got dumped and they maybe give you a hug and look at you like you're a hapless idiot and they tell you to eat some chocolate and you're like, yeah, I'm doing that and they laugh like it's a joke, like you're supposed to expect to feel this, like it's normal to have your life torn to shreds, like the best you can expect from people is for them to hurt you, like what did I think was going to happen. What did I think, someone was gonna stay with me? Someone was going to want to stay?

And then people tell you it's expected of you to do it all over again, there's plenty of people out there, you'll find someone, as though finding someone is the hardest part. I know where they are. I put myself here. I've found them all, they're all right here, they're all sitting next to me, they're all around me and they're all fucking each other. I've found them. No one is looking for me. No one is looking at me. So.

I know I don't deserve it but. For what's about to happen, I like to think that I could be forgiven for not reacting reasonably.

SCENE THREE: Morning After

*Dia and Ollie in bed together, the next morning.*

DIA: Hey.

OLLIE: Hey.

DIA: What time is it-

OLLIE: I don't know.

DIA: Have you just been... up?

OLLIE: Kinda. I was just-

DIA: Were you watching me sleep?

OLLIE: No!

DIA: You weirdo!

OLLIE: I wasn't-

DIA: You coulda woken me up-

OLLIE: You looked too pretty-

DIA: You think I look prettier asleep?

OLLIE: No!

DIA: So why didn't you wake me up?

OLLIE: How do you like to be woken up-

DIA: Oh I like kisses-

*Ollie kisses her, very gently.*

DIA: Mmmm how do you like to be woken up.

OLLIE: Oh no one wakes me up-

DIA: Oh no?

OLLIE (*trying to be smooth*): No I'm the waker-

DIA (*ribbing*): Oohhh the waaaaker-

OLLIE (*embarrassed*): That- that's not a word-

DIA: No it's not-

OLLIE: But if it were. I'm the. That.

DIA: Mmmm. Mhm.

*Dia giggles very adorably at Ollie's apparent flusteredness. Ollie is taken aback by how unsmooth they're being, tries to regain some composure but Dia's like, really hot.*

DIA: Ok so. If you're the waker.

OLLIE: I am.

DIA: What's your favorite way to wake someone up-

OLLIE: Oh. Well. You're already awake, so-

DIA: I can go back to sleep-

OLLIE: Nahhh it doesn't work to just pretend, being a waker is a very serious position-

DIA: How did you get the very serious position?

OLLIE: Oh I was born this way-

DIA: Nepotism! So how do you know if you're good at it-

OLLIE: I have some solid reviews-

DIA: What, like a yelp page-

OLLIE: Yeah, something like that-

*Ollie leans in and kisses Dia again, this time more intensely. Dia kisses back. It gets deeper. Dia pushes herself on top of Ollie as they're kissing.*

DIA: You're cute.

OLLIE: I'm fucking adorable.

*Dia laughs and goes back to kissing them, starts to slide her hand under the covers.*

DIA: Do you want me to fuck you?

*Ollie pulls away, suddenly.*

OLLIE: No- uh- sorry-

DIA: Oh, sorry-

OLLIE: Sorry yeah no I don't really-

DIA: Do you like-

OLLIE: How bout I wake you up again-

DIA: Wait do you like-

OLLIE: I just don't-

DIA: Oh sorry I didn't realize-

OLLIE: Yeah, like it's kind of a- uh, gender thing for me?

DIA: Ok-

OLLIE: I'm just not into it-

DIA: Sure-

OLLIE: Is that-

DIA: Yeah, I just didn't realize-

OLLIE: Ok.

*Beat*

OLLIE: You didn't like, -

DIA: I mean, I'm pretty switchy so I'm just surprised whenever someone else, like, isn't-

OLLIE: You're- switchy?

DIA: Yeah-

OLLIE: Oh-

DIA: Yeah-

OLLIE: I didn't- I thought with like- I don't know you give off like, heavy bottom vibes-

DIA: I. Didn't, I mean like- I'm pretty switchy-

OLLIE: I'm not trying to like, put anything on you, but- yeah, no it just seemed like-

DIA: Oh yeah no.

OLLIE: Ok. Cuz like, I'm an exclusive top. I kinda try to make that like, clear-

DIA: You- ok.

OLLIE: Like, I don't know, it's- yeah.

DIA: Ok.

*Beat.*

DIA: It's cool.

OLLIE: Ok.

DIA: I mean. Like I really enjoy being switchy-

OLLIE: Sure, I mean-

DIA: But like, I'm into you so-

OLLIE: I'm. Into you too.

DIA: Good.

*Beat.*

DIA: And I mean like. If you're gonna be exclusively one thing. It's good to be the best at it-

OLLIE: Oh am I the best-

DIA: I mean maybe not the best *waker* in the world-

OLLIE: Maybe I just need more practice-

DIA: We should reserve the field-

OLLIE: Good because I think I'm gonna need a few hours-

*Dia and Ollie giggle as Ollie kisses Dia hard. They pull her closer as they put one hand under the bed.*



SCENE FOUR: Morning After, Part Two

*Izzo find Renata sitting at a table in the retreat, face down on a table, a f'real milkshake is sitting next to her.*

IZZO: Hey.

RENATA: Jesus. Hey.

IZZO: You alive?

RENATA: No.

IZZO: Can I have your f'real?

RENATA: No. I need it.

IZZO: What for you're dead.

RENATA: Uhhhhhhhhh.

*Beat.*

IZZO: I guess dead is better than probation.

RENATA: What?

IZZO: You're lucky security didn't get you.

RENATA: Was I- did I do something-

IZZO: You tried to pull the alarm again-

RENATA: No- fuck-

IZZO: Were you that black out?

RENATA: It's. There. It's just.

*Renata gestures.*

RENATA: Did I fight Ollie?

IZZO: You tried-

RENATA: Fuck. I thought that was like-

IZZO: You ran away before anything got like, too much. Becca set her hair on fire.

RENATA: What the fuck happened last niight ahhhhh.

IZZO: It's fine it's.

RENATA: I think it was the rum? I think it just mixed so well I didn't like. Ugh.

IZZO: I mean. You had a tough night. It happens.

RENATA: Yeah. Jesus. Fuck that sucked, just like- oh god I tried to like, stop them I think?

IZZO: Yeah.

RENATA: Maybe they'll both get UTI's.

IZZO: Ollie's a top they don't get UTI's.

RENATA: Fucking shit. I feel like I'm dying.

IZZO: You'll live. Dia's not like- the only human on the planet.

RENATA: No but like. I genuinely, like. It's stupid whatever.

IZZO: Like. You just need to fuck someone else. Literally anyone else. Fuck a guy.

RENATA: Maybe I'll fuck a guy.

IZZO: Don't fuck a guy.

RENATA: I don't care I literally don't care I just want like the image of Ollie and Dia out of my head.

IZZO: I don't think you get over someone until you're with a new person. I think that's just life.

RENATA: Oh yeah? Is that life Izzo? How's that going.

IZZO: Ok Jesus.

RENATA: I'm not like. A total idiot, I just.

IZZO: You're mostly an idiot.

RENATA: I'm dying you bitch stop kicking me when I'm down.

IZZO: You're fine.

RENATA (*combative*): Are you fine? How's Emma.

IZZO: It's fine.

RENATA: Yeah b-ohkay.

IZZO: It's fine.

RENATA: It looks like it sucks.

IZZO: We're making it work.

RENATA: Did you hang out last night.

IZZO: No.

RENATA: Did she like-

IZZO: I wasn't paying attention honestly I was mostly outside dealing with your drunk ass.

RENATA: Yeah well. You're welcome.

*Beat.*

RENATA: I'm never drinking again.

IZZO: Ok. Good luck with that.

RENATA: I'm serious. Don't pour me a shot ever again.

IZZO: You're the one pouring.

RENATA: Don't let me pour shots then Jesus.

*Renata's phone dings.*

RENATA: Ahhhhhhhh stop.

*Izzo pulls out her phone.*

IZZO: It's the google alert.

RENATA: Ok well. Maybe I'll hate myself less.

IZZO: Got it. It's loading.

*Izzo pulls up the Becca video.*

*An Into: "Back with Becca"*

BECCA: Hey YouTube, Becca here. So first of all I know it's probably weird for you to see me like this, and I'm gonna explain what happened but I just want to say, straight off the bat that I'm fine and like, the end result is that no one got hurt, but. Everything happens for a reason. And I've been thinking about that a lot, but this is just, I don't know, throwing that in stark relief?

Ok so, just to explain, I was at a party last night and- things got a little nuts.

IZZO: That eyebrow pencil is a little nuts-

BECCA: I do want to give a little bit of context as to my journey and the emotional journey I've currently been traveling along.

As some of you know but for others of you who don't, I grew up in a dance studio my mother was a choreographer at a boutique dance studio in Stockdale, Arizona, called Dream Academy where she still teaches to this day.

RENATA and IZZO: Dream Academy!

BECCA: And a lot of my experiences with my body have to do with my identity as a dancer and the experience of being a dancer. I did actually have a moment where I thought, this is who I am this is everything I am, and that culminated into an audition for the series Dance Moms, which I know and understand the implications of what that would mean and what some of you are maybe thinking, but part of the reason I was not offered the role of a dancer was because in fact my mom and I are very close, and she was too supportive of me.

RENATA: How did she have time to edit this-

BECCA: She in fact exhibited none of the prototyped “stage mom” chicanery that one would perhaps expect from that relationship.

IZZO: I’m gonna start a band called Stage Mom Chicanery-

BECCA: So naturally being trained as a dancer and practiced as a dancer I assumed that when I arrived here at Vassar that that would be a part of my continued journey.

Unfortunately, for those of you who have watched my prior videos, you know already, I was not offered a place on the VRDT roster.

And. To be totally honest and transparent with all of you, it was a blow. I. Didn’t know who I was. I didn’t know where I was going on this journey now that dance had been taken from me so suddenly and so. Without understanding.

I knew I needed to be, in community with my body, I knew I needed to remain in touch with myself and my body and I listened to a lot of healing music and I realized that there was going to be space for me on this campus, I just had to find it for myself.

And I found it by choosing to join the rugby team and it was a great decision.

RENATA: Whyyyyyy us-

BECCA: It was a great choice for my body and for my athleticism, but honestly all of last year there was still something holding me back. It was a sense of not belonging, of being separated, of not doing the thing I thought I was meant to do for myself and my body-

IZZO: If she says her body one more time-

BECCA: And I think those lingering feelings remaining at the surface lead me to make the choices I did last night, and. Well. It was hubris. I think that’s what it was. Hubris.

And that, friends, is what made me complete a nearly perfect backwards somersault into a candle that was somehow burning directly behind me which I had not seen.

And. In that moment. I knew I was burning but I also felt like I was being set free?

IZZO: No.

BECCA: I won’t get into the details-

IZZO: No please get into the details-

BECCA: -Because the important thing is that I am not harmed, no one else was hurt, and the hair will grow back, I’m told by my doctor.

RENATA: She went to a doctor?

BECCA: But I lost something other than hair last night and that was my need to hold onto my former identity, and my former version of who I was.

IZZO: Wow.

BECCA: I think. It's easy to hold onto something when it feels safe. I think it's harder to move yourself forward, to let an old version of you go because it's what the people around you expected of you. And for me, it's what you've come to know, it's who you know me as. But. I hope you'll trust me on this step forward of becoming, because it's sometimes hard for me to trust myself, not knowing who I'm turning into.

Thanks for watching, always feel free to reach out I'm always here to work through this with you, please like, comment and don't forget to subscribe!

*Beat.*

RENATA: I think I'm gonna puke.

SCENE FIVE: Pillow Talk

*Ollie and Dia are in bed still. Dia is sleepy, being very cuddly and cute. Ollie is scrolling through facebook on their phone.*

DIA: Who is she?

OLLIE: Who-

DIA: Whoever you're texting instead of holding me.

OLLIE: I am holding you-

DIA: One arm doesn't count-

OLLIE: -And I'm not texting I'm scrolling-

DIA: Don't scroll. Hold.

*Ollie puts down their phone and holds Dia with both arms.*

OLLIE: You are a needy little femme-

DIA: Yeah. So.

OLLIE: I like it.

DIA: Just cuz I'm needy doesn't mean I need you-

OLLIE: Oh so I should head out?

DIA: Nonononono-

OLLIE: I should stay?

DIA: Stayyy.

OLLIE: Whatever you need.

*Ollie's phone dings, they pick it up.*

DIA: Tell the other slut she's done.

OLLIE: Don't worry I told all the other sluts they're done.

DIA: Then who is texting you?

OLLIE: It's an email.

DIA: Not to kink shame but that is a weird way to sext-

OLLIE: Sorry hold on-

DIA: So formal.

OLLIE: It's from the college-

DIA: Oh is it-

OLLIE: I need to. Meet with someone?

DIA: Like in a- good? Way?

OLLIE: Sorry, it's- I'm sure it's some team thing-

DIA: Oh sure-

OLLIE: I should go-

DIA: Ok?

OLLIE: You can stay, as long as you want, if you need to borrow clothes or whatever- I just need to shower and like, be at Main-

DIA: No it's fine, I can, I'll go-

OLLIE: You don't have to-

DIA: No no, it's good.

*Dia very quickly gathers herself and her clothes, she's done this before.*

OLLIE: Ok. Sorry to like, kick you out-

DIA: No worries.

OLLIE: Ok. I'll text you later?

DIA: Yeah or I'll see you at practice tomorrow-

OLLIE: Yeah, ok- I'm- sorry-

DIA: You're good.

OLLIE: Ok. I'll text you.

DIA: I'll see you later.

*Ollie absentmindedly kisses Dia, who gets the fuck outta there. Ollie rereads the email.*

OLLIE: Bye.

*As soon as Dia is out the door, Ollie paces, stops, looks at the wall slightly panicked.*

OLLIE: You're good.

*They grab their towel and throw on some slides.*

*They pause, looking at the door.*

OLLIE: You're good. You're good. You're good you're good you're good.

SCENE SIX: Hunchbacks

*Renata and Izzo are still at the retreat table, but there are now several F'reals and fry cups. Renata has her head down, Izzo is going full tilt.*

IZZO: It's just, like, the mediocrity of that, or not, like the audacity OF the mediocrity that makes me feel like- where is the shame, right? Where is her unending, boiling pit of shame that tells her she's not allowed to do that sort of thing?

RENATA: Maybe it's a joke.

IZZO: No, see, that's the thing, she is the joke but she doesn't know there's a joke being made, or actually, she's the punchline to a joke that is being made all the time, she's like, filling the slot of the punchline so perfectly that of course you think it's a performative- but, it's not because I don't think you can performatively fill that slot without having some sort of wink, an ironic, like, acknowledgement-

RENATA: Uh-huh-

IZZO: -that what she's doing is a performance, which makes you think, like, can a clown exist without the understanding that they are a clown or does the act of clowning necessitate an understanding of clownery?

RENATA: What?

IZZO: Like- ok so you know how Trissino has the whole "hunchback will never laugh at a hunchback" thing-

RENATA: No-

IZZO: Italian renaissance humanist, poet- Gian Giorgio Trissino-

RENATA: I'm not a humanities person-

IZZO: Right, but he's like, famous-

RENATA: No he's not-

IZZO: Not like FAMOUS-famous, but he's-

RENATA: Literally Izzo like ten people would know who you're talking about and they're all in your Italian renaissance seminar-

IZZO: Whatever it's not my fault art history majors can't read-

RENATA: What are you-

IZZO: Art History! It's like history, but with pretty pictures-

RENATA: Fuck off you're being a cunt-

IZZO: I'm right though-

RENATA: Literally no you're not and normally, I'd stay and explain why you're being fucking stupid but I'm disgusting and I feel like shit and I need a fucking shower-



IZZO: No, ok fine I'm being a cunt, but I wanna watch another Becca vlog-

RENATA: Then do it. I need to shower I smell so bad-

IZZO: Just one more- this one is from high school oh my god she's being interviewed-

RENATA: Ugh god-

IZZO: See?? You wanna see it too-

RENATA: I don't. I want to shower and cry and get my shit together and stop feeling like ass-

IZZO: So watch this with me-

RENATA: No this makes me feel like ass. Hate-watching an idiot from our team in a public space where she could walk by literally at any moment makes me feel. Like. Ass.

IZZO: Jesus when did you grow morals-

RENATA: Most people have them- just like, have them. We don't have to try that hard.

IZZO: Do you know what Trissino says about morality?

RENATA: No. I don't.

IZZO: Me neither.

RENATA: I'm taking a fucking shower.

*Renata stands up, gathers her things.*

IZZO: Have fun-

RENATA: I won't I'm just gonna be scrubbing the shame off my body-

IZZO: No leave it on it looks good-

RENATA: Fuck off-

IZZO: I'm gonna finish these fries-

RENATA: I don't care-

IZZO: Good.

*Renata walks away.*

*Izzo binges another Becca video.*

SCENE SEVEN: Interstitial One

*Split: Izzo watching Becca from the retreat, Ollie standing in front of an office.*

BECCA: I guess really where it starts for me is- *storytelling*.

*Ollie pushes back their hair, takes a deep breath, knocks on the door, which opens. They smile, wave, go in.*

BECCA: From dancing to my competitive flute, it's all about getting a group of people to believe in what I'm crafting.

I don't really know how to move through the world if I'm not crafting a story.

Which is a blessing and a curse.

But most of all, it's a gift.

*Ollie comes back out, looking shaken, holding a series of forms. They look around, lost.*

BECCA: It's a gift because I can change someone's whole perspective on the world with a gesture or a passe-

*Ollie pulls out their phone. They text their generals.*

BECCA: -or with a song.

*Becca pulls out a flute and plays a few bars of something horribly saccharine.*

*Izzo's phone dings. She picks it up.*

IZZO: You stupid bitch.

SCENE EIGHT: Title Nine (Saturday afternoon)

*Renata, Izzo, Emma, and Cassidy are sitting in a circle in the main MPR, Ollie is up and pacing, finally sits down, holding their knees.*

OLLIE: So, yeah I uh. I don't really know how to start this but I want this to be all out in the open and I feel like I want to check in with you guys first before this becomes like a full-team thing, just so, like we know how to handle or like. United front this so. Thanks for agreeing to this powwow-

EMMA: Sorry, can we- before we get, but can we retire that term-

OLLIE (*over the top of this*): Yeah, sure, sorry I just- I wanna get this-

IZZO (*over Ollie's line*): What do you want us to call it.

CASSIDY: Is it like-

RENATA: We could call it a huddle?

CASSIDY: Huddles are specific to the game-day though-

OLLIE: I wanna keep huddles as their like, own thing-

EMMA: We can just call it a meeting, I don't think it has to be- I'm not trying to make it complicated but I just think that we should be respectful of the fact that like, we have been asked not to use that term, especially given, but like, not to make a thing-

IZZO: That is absolutely you making a thing of though, like you know you're making it a thing right now.

EMMA: Ok whatever I'm making a thing of this, some things should be made a thing of it's ok to make things a thing if it's an important thing-

OLLIE (*over the top of above*): No, and I, Emma, you're right to-

RENATA: I think we shouldn't call it a powwow-

CASSIDY: It could be a war council?

RENATA: Or just, like, a council-

EMMA (*to Ollie*): I'm not, trying to like, hijack-

CASSIDY: War council sounds legit.

IZZO (*picking up on Cassidy's point*): Are we at war?

OLLIE (*firmly, shutting down the issue*): Yes. We are. We are at war.

*They all look at Ollie.*

OLLIE: Someone is attacking the team, -

IZZO: What does that- what does that even mean?

OLLIE (*over the above*): -Someone on the team filed a complaint with the college. With Mike DiBiccaro.

EMMA: I don't- that doesn't make any sense.

RENATA: Yeah, what-

CASSIDY: But we can talk to Mike, Mike's on our side with stuff, he-

IZZO: Mike legally is on no one's side, we legally can't talk to him outside of the confines of an investigation once a complaint's been filed, he legally can't do shit for us.

*Izzo looks at Ollie.*

IZZO: Right?

OLLIE: Yea- Right.

RENATA: So what are we- what are we doing here, what's the-

EMMA: What's the complaint?

RENATA: -Yeah-

OLLIE: It's a title nine complaint against me, against the team.

EMMA: We're a women's team, that doesn't make any fucking- you can't make a title nine complaint against a woman's team-

RENATA: Who made the complaint?

OLLIE: We don't know. They can't tell us, the complainant requested anonymity.

CASSIDY: That's not fair, that's- they should have to show themselves, that's just, like, so cowardly, if you're gonna try to- they should have to tell us!

EMMA: No, it makes sense, you don't want, like, theoretically, if this had any merit at all, the person registering the complaint could be retaliated against, or hazed, or forced to-

CASSIDY: Well obviously we're not gonna do any of that, but you should own up to what you're saying.

IZZO: What's the actual accusation.

OLLIE: The complaint alleges that I, as a nonbinary person, have created a hostile environment on the team, by-

EMMA: You as a nonbinary person??? So, so what, they're essentially saying that you, by existing-

OLLIE: -specifically that I encourage a culture of misogyny-

EMMA: But that's, that's so incredibly fucking stupid and and and just like, I mean it's transphobic for one, you should file a counter-suit-

IZZO: This isn't a courtroom.

EMMA: The team could get shut down. Right?

OLLIE: The team could be suspended. We don't finish out the season.

CASSIDY: That's fucked up, dude.

RENATA: I don't understand- why would. Why would anyone on the team want to shut it down?

IZZO: They either feel that victimized or they hate Ollie that much.

OLLIE: I don't know- I don't know who it is or why they want what they want but it's. I feel like I can only rely on you guys in this room to, to-

EMMA: Well obviously this isn't gonna- this doesn't stand.

CASSIDY: We should talk to the underclassmen. I mean, it has to be an underclassmen who just, doesn't get how the team works, what it means, and is just, like, confused-

RENATA: But like if the person already feels victimized, they aren't gonna- that's just gonna feel more like a conspiracy-

EMMA: Well we're technically all conspiring now-

CASSIDY: Fuck it, we're conspiring against a traitor that's not a crime-

OLLIE (*taking control*): No, we are not conspiring, we are here- I asked you here to tell you what's going on, and explain that- that I'm going to need to step aside.

EMMA: That's-

CASSIDY: That's not an option.

IZZO: So what are the alternatives.

*Silence.*

IZZO: No, seriously, what are the real serious options we have to keep a functional team and our best player moving forward and continuing to win games.

*Silence.*

OLLIE: So that's it then.

EMMA: What's the timeline.

OLLIE: We need to announce to the team that there's been a complaint made by Monday, so we have practice tomorrow, to. Think about it. Prelim interviews are conducted over the next week, potentially two weeks. During those interviews gameplay can be suspended if it's deemed in the best interest of the investigation. Which, if I stay on the team-

CASSIDY: There's no way they're gonna deem it-

RENATA: We go in against Rutgers on Saturday. They're not our biggest threat.

CASSIDY: They're not a cakewalk.

RENATA: Forfeiting because our gameplay is suspended is worse than taking our chances without one player.

CASSIDY: They go after Ollie, they go after all of us, we're not-

EMMA: I think it's important that we acknowledge the impact it would have on potentially other nonbinary players, not just on the team but at this school and beyond, the precedent of launching an attack against-

IZZO: This isn't a coordinated airstrike-

EMMA: It's a coordinated something-

OLLIE: It's someone who hates me or is afraid of me or doesn't get me on this team, on our team. So. I'm not asking for retaliation or, or anything, I just could use some support and knowing that if need be, the team is in good hands. Any one of you could step up. I know that. I need to know that you know that.

*Silence. Cassidy nods and then stands up.*

CASSIDY: I've got this. We've got this for you. Whatever happens. We'll take care of the team.

*Ollie stands to look at Cassidy. Emma and Renata stand too. Izzo stays on the ground.*

OLLIE: Thank you. Thank you.

EMMA: You're bigger than this, Ollie. This sucks but it's not the end.

RENATA: We'll figure it out.

*They all look down at Izzo. Izzo waves them off.*

EMMA: What, you're just gonna lay there?

IZZO: I'm lying.

EMMA: Whatever oh my god-

IZZO: You're an English major-

*Izzo very lazily pushes herself up.*

IZZO: -the difference between laying and lying should be an automatic-

EMMA: That's what you're gonna spend your time on right now. That's what you're gonna spend the group's time on-

IZZO: I'm making a joke, obviously I'm making a joke, just, like, releasing the tension, sorry, I was trying to release everyone's tension-

CASSIDY: I think it's-

RENATA: I mean I think we can, move on though-

EMMA: You aren't releasing tension, you're literally causing tension, you're making a point to cause tension right now-

IZZO: I'm not the one getting hysterical about a joke-

EMMA: Right now, that's your choice of words, hysterical?

IZZO (*over the top of the above*): Yeah that's my choice of words I'm allowed to choose my words-

EMMA: Being blasé about everything doesn't make you cute, Izzo, it just makes you fucking mean-

CASSIDY (*over the top of Izzo's "Calm down" to Renata*): Jesus fucking Christ-

RENATA: I can't. I can't with them they're gonna- (*To Izzo and Emma*) Hey you wanna maybe focus on- Whatever. I give up.

*Renata walks away.*

IZZO: Oh, does it? I didn't realize, truly had no concept-

EMMA: Like, just being apathetic isn't a personality, it's not-

*Cassidy looks at the pair, and then follows.*

IZZO: -oh is APATHY in fact, just disguised cruelty? Like we've never had this argument before-

OLLIE: Ok, ok, ok enough.

EMMA: Well obviously I must think there's some hope left for you-

OLLIE: No- enough. This is. This is what I need to not happen.

*Emma and Izzo both look at Ollie.*

OLLIE: I know you are- I know what I'm asking is hard-

EMMA: No you're. Jesus Christ you're right. I need to-

OLLIE: I'm not trying to come down on you, I-

EMMA: No, you're not, I- I was rattled by the discussion and I got heated- I'm sorry, Ollie, I didn't mean to draw focus-

OLLIE: It's ok.

*Emma looks at Izzo, expecting her to say anything. Izzo returns her stare.*

EMMA: Well. I need to. I'm gonna take a walk. Ollie if you need anything later, text me.

*Emma walks off. Izzo watches her, and then lies back down.*

OLLIE: Dude.

IZZO: What.

OLLIE: What the fuck you can't set her off like that-

IZZO: Obviously I can, it's not that hard it's like riding a bike you never forget-

OLLIE: I need you to not set her off.

IZZO: Maybe she needs setting off. Maybe she likes it. Don't kink shame our ex-iness-

OLLIE: You know she's right? You know everything she says is right, and I don't know why you need to be the shitdisturber just to torture her- You're not cooler when you're pretending to be an asshole you're just an asshole. The underclassmen aren't gonna know the difference, they- obviously they're not a fan of subtlety with how they go about solving problems-

IZZO: What makes you think it's an underclassmen.

OLLIE: Well it would be pretty fucking weird for someone who's been on the team with me for any length of time to all of a sudden launch a complaint against me now.

IZZO: If it's about you being nonbinary, though. That's new.

OLLIE: It's not new, it's-

IZZO: Well. It would be new to whoever made the complaint.

OLLIE: But then they could just talk to me, whoever it is, if we're close, they could just talk to me.

IZZO: Why wasn't Dia here.

OLLIE: She's a sophomore.

IZZO: Cass was here.

OLLIE: I- I didn't want her to-

IZZO: She doesn't know.

OLLIE: No.

IZZO: What is she to you- are you just like, playing with her?

OLLIE: No. No, I- she's. I think we could really be something.

IZZO: Ok. But.

OLLIE: But.

IZZO: But you didn't tell her because.

OLLIE: Because it's basically about her! The complaint is basically that I, a nonbinary person, go trawling on the team for women and create a culture of misogyny and I didn't want her to feel responsible or- like it's her fault.

IZZO: How noble.

OLLIE: I don't want her to get hurt. She doesn't deserve that.

IZZO: Right. When was the complaint made though?

OLLIE: I don't know, they- there are emergency complaints available in the case of an incident, but I don't, I don't know if it was before or after Dia, it just seems so like, the timing is so close.



IZZO: Ok. So. Taking her out of the equation.

OLLIE: Yeah.

IZZO: Who do you think it is.

OLLIE: Becca? Maybe? Or someone in Dia's like, another sophomore who saw us together and just didn't understand what was going on.

IZZO: Maybe. Or it's someone who wanted to fuck her and you got there first.

OLLIE: What, like? - Renata isn't like, that-

IZZO: No. Renata's a fucking idiot.

OLLIE: I mean. Maybe? But it doesn't seem like-

IZZO: She's literally too dumb.

OLLIE: She's not dumb. You have to stop that shit. Aren't you guys like, close?

IZZO: Ok! Ok.

*Beat.*

IZZO: All I'm saying is if it's between her and Ben Carson to lead us out of the nuclear apocalypse, Ben's at least a neurosurgeon.

OLLIE: IZ!

*Ollie's smiling in spite of herself. Iz smirks, having won.*

IZZO: I don't think this is a real thing, Ollie.

*Beat. Ollie looks a little lost.*

IZZO: Like. I know what the stakes are, but I think this is dyke drama gone wild. This is someone who also wants to fuck Dia, and got pissy and empowered.

OLLIE: But like, who on the team would take it that far? Over Dia?

IZZO: Well you would.

OLLIE: I would never put the team in jeopardy-

IZZO: No, I mean, if you genuinely got it twisted in your head that this was the best way to protect the team, you would sacrifice anything-

OLLIE: Yeah. Yeah.

IZZO: So like. As much as I understand you bringing together the fellowship of the ring, I think we're the most likely candidates-

OLLIE: That doesn't. I trust you guys, I trust everyone in that circle-

IZZO: Well listen we know it's not Renata-

OLLIE: And it's not you-

IZZO: Well, like, I appreciate that, but for argument's sake don't rule me out-

OLLIE: Whatever I can't deal with a logic puzzle right now Iz-

IZZO: Ok so who loves rushing to protect people and is social justice-y and anxious and empowered.

OLLIE: No. You lead me on this fucking Plato's cave thought experiment just to finger your ex-

IZZO: Oooh word choice-

OLLIE: You've got to get your shit together over Emma you don't honestly think-

IZZO: Well that only leaves Cass and that doesn't make aaaaany sense-

OLLIE: No...

IZZO: I mean, I guess to play devil's advocate.

OLLIE: Izzoooooooo

IZZO: No I'm sorry I know, but I hadn't considered Cass before so just like, bear with me while I put this together-

OLLIE: This is all an exercise in futility-

IZZO: No, this is a solvable problem. If it is Cass, you can literally just talk to her.

OLLIE: If it's Cass, she just fucking lied to my face-

IZZO: Kind of? Cass was the one who wanted to interrogate people-

OLLIE: Yeah, on my behalf-

IZZO: Or it's like, Joe McCarthy asking people if they know any homosexuals-

OLLIE: Cass is literally, like, the BIGGEST flirt though.

IZZO: RIGHT. Right. So.

OLLIE: So.

IZZO: Have you had an actual conversation with her about gender stuff?

OLLIE: I mean. We talked about my gender shit-

IZZO: Do you know for sure if they identify as a woman?

OLLIE: Yeah, actually, she's like, hard core butch but very into the idea of like a BUTCH lesbian, like, old school-

IZZO: Ok so- for someone who is very invested in the concept of being masc but being like, one hundred percent a woman, isn't there something like, vaguely threatening about someone who is masc who rejects the label of woman for something else-

OLLIE: Like in a terfy-

IZZO: Like in a maybe? I don't think Cass is like, a conscious TERF, like I don't even know where she would find their literature but like-

OLLIE: Like. She saw us as the same last year. And now that I've come out-

IZZO: It feels like a rejection of her identity as well.

OLLIE: That's fucked up.

IZZO: I mean I don't know, this is all theoretical obviously.

OLLIE: I mean, it's not theoretical, because someone made a whole title nine complaint-

IZZO: Right. Right. Have you talked to her about Dia at all?

OLLIE: Yeah!! She seemed happy for me!

IZZO: In what way?

OLLIE: Like I told her the whole thing of like, the party and before that, getting together, I made a topping joke-

IZZO: Oof-

OLLIE: I always make topping jokes!

IZZO: Ok but, if she's-

OLLIE: Yeah. Yeah.

IZZO: Did she want details?

OLLIE: Yeah, I told her about like, my rodeOH, and she asked how much it was-

IZZO: Did she ask what kind of dick you used?

OLLIE: Yeah, she-

IZZO: Which one?

OLLIE: I used my blue one, I always start with the blue one-

IZZO: But you went down on her first?

OLLIE: Yeah, I went down on her, that's like, stop number one-

IZZO: Right-

OLLIE: -but then she did that thing- ugh this is what got me! This is the thing that got me, it was so fucking hot- she pulled me up to lick my chin-

IZZO: That is hot-

OLLIE: Yeah and I told Cass about it, I told her about all of it-

IZZO: Did she seem into it?

OLLIE: Yes!! That fucking bitch-

IZZO: Ok ok well we don't like, know for sure for sure.

OLLIE: It makes sense though.

IZZO: Ok but we could also be totally wrong and it's just a sad sheltered delicate flower freshman-

OLLIE: A freshman wouldn't know to go to Mike-

IZZO: Ok I'm just saying-

OLLIE: Yeah. Yeah.

IZZO: Like, you don't want to make any rash decisions.

OLLIE: I mean, I do but. I won't.

IZZO: I think you just need more information. Like you're not playing with a full hand right now-

OLLIE: Yeah. Yeah.

IZZO: So the main thing is gonna be you need to see how Cass is around Dia.

OLLIE: Right.

IZZO: Because there might be things that you didn't notice before that are like, totally obvious now that you're looking for them.

OLLIE: Yeah-

IZZO: So like, we have practice. And you should be at practice.

OLLIE: No, I can't-

IZZO: Ok then you should observe, at least-

OLLIE: That could be taken as like, menacing behavior-

IZZO: Well you're gonna need to like, see them together at some point to make some kind of determination-

OLLIE: You could tell me-

IZZO: Ok but I might be biased-

OLLIE: Whatever I'm biased, we're all fucking biased-

IZZO: You should ask Emma too. Like. You should ask both of us.

OLLIE: Ok-

IZZO: But like, maybe don't tell Emma totally why you're asking? She doesn't like sneaky shit-

OLLIE: I'm not trying to be sneaky-

IZZO: No, and obviously, you're not really, but I think you can ask Emma, about like, dynamics, and you can frame it as like, part of deputizing her or like, making sure no one's bullying Dia because you've been removed from the team-

OLLIE: Yeah. Yeah, that'll- that works.

IZZO: And then that way you have for sure confirmation from me, because I'm gonna be looking for it, and Emma, who isn't gonna be looking for it.

OLLIE: That makes sense. That makes sense.

IZZO: And like, it could totally be something else. It could be Renata for all we know.

OLLIE: Right.

IZZO: Like you don't want to totally shut down all possibilities.

OLLIE: Yeah.

IZZO: But like, you can gather intel on all the options.

*Ollie stands, determined.*

OLLIE Iz, I can't. I can't tell you how much it means to me that I can talk through this shit with you, I feel like. I have a real partner in crime.

*Izzo stands, holds Ollie's face.*

IZZO: I couldn't do it for anyone else.

OLLIE: I love you, Iz.

IZZO: I love you too.

*They hug. Ollie leaves.*

*Izzo turns to the audience.*

IZZO: I don't know why I'm doing this. I don't. Like, I have- obviously there's a structure here, duh, like- but structure is different than a plan.

I think it would be easy to see the stuff that I do and see a plan and like maybe there is one and I don't know you can only see it from a bird's eye view but I don't have that obviously, I'm just as much here as anyone else. If there is a plan it's not mine.

Sometimes I'm just doing things, not like- I don't know why I'm doing them, but I'm following a natural impulse, or a track or like, habit? For something I've never done. I guess that's a pattern. Like-

IZZO (*con't*): When I was a kid I was told I ruined the oak tree outside my parent's house. It was right next to the driveway gate, which makes it sound like we had a super fancy house. We didn't, it was just a long narrow gravel driveway and for whatever reason those roads feel less secure even though it's easier to hear someone coming so a lot of like, more rural houses have driveway gates. Our house wasn't rural it was just. Freshly turned over, I guess, I don't know.

My parents built it after my grandpa died, it was this big project, super like, eco friendly, and everything. And we moved in and a year later for no reason I saw a shovel just sitting in the yard and I swung it like a baseball bat against the tree by the driveway and it made this incredible noise, and this big welt in the tree so I kept going, I was swinging like- I kept swinging and swinging and swinging making red notches swinging and I dropped the shovel. And I loved the way it looked. The tree had these brand new, weeping hatches like tiger stripes. It was this gorgeous, sharp little pattern.

My mom noticed, obviously, when she came home and she brought me out to look at it and she asked me if I was angry and I said no and she said I had ruined the tree, that I had ruined the tree at the front of this brand new ecological wonder they had just sunk their life savings into and here was this tree their daughter had hacked to pieces with a shovel, the first thing you saw when you came to the house.

But I didn't hack it to pieces. It was still there, growing, it's still living now, and it's always going to be my tree because of what I did. I patterned it. There's no other tree like it in the world. And there never will be.

*Izzo turns the corner, Emma is there.*

IZZO: Oh. Hey.

EMMA: Hey.

IZZO: What are you just. Like waiting-

EMMA: I took a walk and then came back.

IZZO: Ok.

EMMA: It was a short walk.

IZZO: Yeah.

EMMA: Iz I'm sorry for getting to that place in the meeting, I don't want us to feel like that, and like- I don't know. I'm sorry.

IZZO: Thanks, I'm really glad you're sorry-

EMMA: Ok, I'm trying to like- you don't think you did anything wrong-

IZZO: I think I was playing the bad guy, which is how you see me no matter what, so-

EMMA: I don't, I don't see you as the bad guy, I think you play the bad guy because you think it's funny to- to-

IZZO: It's funny because you go off-

EMMA: Because you do the wrong thing. And we can't- it's not fair to everyone else to just pretend like you doing the wrong thing isn't a big deal.

IZZO: Everything is a big deal.

EMMA: No. No. I'm not doing this again, I'm just- I wanted to talk to you because I'm genuinely scared for- I'm afraid of what this is going to do to the team, and like, what that vacuum is going to pull out of us.

IZZO: I guess- if I'm being really honest- I'm scared of the vacuum too.

EMMA: I'm being serious-

IZZO: No, I am too, you know that I act out when I'm freaked and- this is freaky.

EMMA: Yes, yeah! It's upsetting, it's like, genuinely upsetting.

IZZO: Yeah and I guess when I think about it, I think I'm having, I'm not sure what to call it, but like- a reaction I guess-

EMMA: How so-

IZZO: Like, I don't know my hands get sweaty and then, my chest gets, like, tight? Does that sound crazy?

EMMA: No, I think- that sounds like anxiety, I-

IZZO: Really?

EMMA: Yeah, that's like-

IZZO: It's just weird because I've been dealing with this other- thing.

EMMA: Like a physical-

IZZO: I don't know, it's weird, like, I've been getting sick a lot-

EMMA: Nauseous?

IZZO: Yeah but mostly earlier in the day-

EMMA: I mean, feeling like, nauseous before classes, if you're having anxiety, is like, pretty standard-

IZZO: Yeah, I've been like, sick in the morning but then also- my periods have been weird-

EMMA: Ok... ?

IZZO: I haven't had one in nine months, and-

EMMA: Ok.

IZZO: And my cervix is dilated to ten centimeters-

EMMA: Ok Izzo. Jesus fucking Christ-

IZZO: I don't know what the vacuum is gonna suck out of me but I think it's 8 pounds-

EMMA: I don't know why I bothered caring about you.

IZZO: Oh come on-

EMMA: No, really Iz, I don't-

IZZO: You can't tell me a third trimester abortion joke isn't funny-

EMMA: I don't have to, because even if I did you would insist on your own hilarity and take it as further proof that you're some misunderstood parodical genius and everything is a big funny joke that only you know how to laugh at, because you've been gifted some magical insight that-

IZZO: Ok ok ok-

EMMA: I'm not done- you make fun of me to my face but then you can't deal when I call you out on it, like the act of being noticed for being a shitbag is somehow equal to the damage you do-

IZZO (*over the top of the above*): Ok yes me shitbag, sure, I've never pretended, I'm not like-

EMMA (*ignoring Izzo*): -which is a lot because you're not careful, you just don't care, you think everyone is just as excited as you for the apocalypse-

IZZO: Maybe they should get excited!

EMMA: Not everyone has the luxury of nihilism! Some of use are just like, moving through-

IZZO: You're not just moving through. You're managing as you go, you're like, the world's craziest cosmic accountant give yourself some credit-

EMMA: You are. Exhausting.

IZZO: Imagine being inside this.

EMMA: No thank you.

IZZO: To be fair, you've been inside this just in a slightly-

EMMA: Yeah and it was exhausting.

IZZO: I exhausted you?

EMMA: Worn out.

IZZO: Put away wet.

EMMA: You're boasting.

IZZO: Boasting but not lying.

EMMA: Ok stud.

*Beat.*



EMMA: What are you doing tonight?

IZZO: I don't know.

EMMA: Julia's having a TH Party.

IZZO: Right.

EMMA: You free?

IZZO: Sure. When should I get there?

EMMA: Oh I'm not going. I'm busy.

IZZO: You cunt.

EMMA: Yep. Bye Izzo.

SCENE NINE: Post-Mortem

*Ollie alone in the retreat, eating a salad, watching something on their phone.*

*Renata walks by, waves, Ollie waves back and takes an earbud out, Renata stops.*

OLLIE: What?

RENATA: Sorry are you-

OLLIE: Oh I thought you were-

RENATA: No, I-

OLLIE: Oh no worries.

*Renata goes to leave and then turns back.*

RENATA: I'm- I know the meeting was stressful-

OLLIE: Yeah, I-

RENATA: I'm sorry this is going on, I- we all know it's dumb. It'll be fine.

OLLIE: Thanks.

RENATA: Like, the team will be able to figure it out-

OLLIE: Yeah-

RENATA: So.

OLLIE: Thanks.

*Beat.*

OLLIE: I appreciate you, being, like- I know the team really matters to you, like, the sport matters to you and that's why I asked you to- be in the meeting.

RENATA: Yeah. I- uh, it does matter to me, I think it can get a little, like there's a lot going on? On the team sometimes? And I can get, like- distracted but. I genuinely care.

OLLIE: Yeah. I can see that.

RENATA: I'm sorry about- uh, last night I don't really know what, um-

OLLIE: It's cool, I don't. Honestly I don't even care, I like-

RENATA: Ok, I feel like we just, I got a little weird about-

OLLIE: I get it. I, we all go a little far sometimes and like. I knew you liked Dia and I went for it anyway, and I really honestly didn't mean to be like, a dick-

RENATA: I- ok-

OLLIE: I want us to be cool.

RENATA: Yeah.

OLLIE: Are you, like-

RENATA: I mean. Yeah, it's weird, and it sucks, kinda, that you knew and didn't like- I wish you could have talked to me? Because me finding out, I don't know, it's weirder when things are secretive-

OLLIE: Totally, and that's my bad-

RENATA: So like, to find out at the party that I had been like, trying to flirt with someone who was already, like, with someone else-

OLLIE: No I get that-

RENATA: It just. I felt really fucking dumb, you know? And not that that's like, you're responsibility or that you owe me an explanation, but like, if you know things, like I don't know I just- I think I got a little fucked up about it because I feel like I have these like, big, uh- I don't know.

*She sits at the table.*

RENATA: Sorry is this-

OLLIE: No yeah totally go ahead-

RENATA: Sometimes I feel like I have these big, just like, overwhelming, like *wants* and like, no one ever feels that way about me? You know? Like I'm always the one who has to reach out and then like, end up, uh, looking like an idiot, or I guess being the idiot, because I got way too drunk and just- sorry I didn't- uh.

OLLIE: No, I-

RENATA: Sorry usually I don't. Like.

OLLIE: I get it, I feel like.

RENATA: It's just like a lot, you know-

OLLIE: Yeah the team is. Like it's really good being so connected. But.

RENATA: Yeah.

OLLIE: Or. I don't know maybe we're not connected.

RENATA: Yeah.

OLLIE: I didn't see this coming, like. At all.

RENATA: Right.

OLLIE: And it's just so like, bigoted? You know?

RENATA: Yeah.

OLLIE: Like. I didn't think there was anyone like that on the team.

RENATA: I don't really- yeah I mean I think it's stupid.

OLLIE: I just. Like I really don't know why anyone would feel like my presence makes them unsafe. Like my identity hurts them.

RENATA: Yeah no it's fucked up.

OLLIE: And like. Why wouldn't they just talk to me about it. You know?

RENATA: I mean, like. If someone feels. Unsafe it's-

OLLIE: I mean-

RENATA: Like, I'm not saying they should feel unsafe-

OLLIE: -like I guess but-

RENATA: Like, if someone is feeling unsafe it's not a crazy action for them to go to the school. Because that's like, like that's the idea of having that system.

OLLIE: Sure.

RENATA: But like, them feeling unsafe in the first place is. Like. Yeah it's stupid.

OLLIE: Yeah. I mean Izzo talked me through the whole- I didn't mean to rehash it with you again, sorry, I just-

RENATA: Yeah no it's-

OLLIE: Sorry-

RENATA: It's cool, Izzo's good for. That kind of-

OLLIE: Yeah she's.

RENATA: Like. Doesn't always show it in a group setting but.

OLLIE: Yeah I wish she would- do better with that but-

RENATA: I mean she's great-

OLLIE: Yeah she's- she's great-

RENATA: She like. She can be a lot but she's great.

OLLIE: Yeah I mean she's my best friend.

RENATA: Well that's. I mean, good that you have her on your side with this. Whole thing.

OLLIE: Yeah I. Don't really know what I'd do if I didn't have her. Watching my back.

RENATA: Yeah.

OLLIE: She said she's gonna watch at practice tomorrow a little bit, just to like-

RENATA: Like- in a-

OLLIE: Just to like make sure the dynamics are like-

RENATA: Oh, yeah-

OLLIE: If you like, notice anything-

RENATA: In a like-

OLLIE: I mean just like if things feel weird to you or if there's something, she would be a good person to like-

RENATA: Yeah no I can. I'll keep an eye out.

OLLIE: Thanks.

RENATA: Yeah.

OLLIE: I'm sorry about the-

RENATA: Yeah no, I'm- I'm glad we talked like. Grown ups.

OLLIE: Yeah. Me too.

RENATA: Are you- hanging out in Main for the rest of the day? Or-

OLLIE: No I just have no food in my TA-

RENATA: Oh gotcha-

OLLIE: Are you-

RENATA: I gotta go back- I'm grabbing a yogurt and then going back up to my room for- my friend Gabi is gonna come over and we were gonna get ready together, there's like a- she's in the Owls and they're having a thing in the TH's-

OLLIE: Oh yeah-

RENATA: If you wanna come I think Emma was maybe gonna go, she's friends with Julia-

OLLIE: I feel like I shouldn't. Go out with rugby people-

RENATA: I mean, I'm sure you're not banned from parties, that would be like, psychotic-

OLLIE: Just for like, this weekend I should probably skip it-

RENATA: Ok-

OLLIE: I have like, a paper too.

RENATA: Ok. Well.

OLLIE: Thanks though.

RENATA: Yeah. Don't get too hermit-y.

OLLIE: It's one Saturday night. I'll live.

SCENE TEN: Interstitial Two, Pre-game

*We see each of the players getting ready to go out for the evening, except for Izzo and Ollie, who are holed up in their respective rooms.*

*Izzo is watching the same Becca video, Ollie is on their computer, drinking a tallboy.*

BECCA: I guess really where it starts for me is- *storytelling.*

*Ollie grabs their phone and shoot a text.*

BECCA: From dancing to my competitive flute, it's all about getting a group of people to believe in what I'm crafting.

*Dia's phone dings as she's curling her hair, she looks at it and puts it away.*

BECCA: I don't really know how to move through the world if I'm not crafting a story.

*Renata picks up her phone and texts.*

*Emma's phone dings, she types a quick response and sets her phone down.*

BECCA: Which is a blessing and a curse.

*Dia picks up her phone and texts.*

*Cass's phone dings, she picks it up and replies*

BECCA: But most of all, it's a gift.

*Ollie looks down at their phone. Nothing.*

BECCA: It's a gift because I can change someone's whole perspective on the world with a gesture or a passe-

*Dia, Cass, Renata, and Emma all pour themselves a drink in a red solo cup.*

BECCA: -or with a song.

*Becca pulls out a flute. Instead of the song, Call Your Girlfriend plays, LOUD.*

*The team dances:*

*Emma dances at the party, Renata shows up and joins her.*

*Dia and Cass are dancing at separate parties.*

*Dia takes her phone out while dancing, texts Cass, who sees her phone ding while dancing.*

*Cass shows up at the party Dia is at, Dia says hi.*

*Dia and Cass dance and take a selfie together.*

*Lights go down on the dancing, brighten on Ollie and Izzo, alone and isolated.*

*The music glitches:*

*"And it won't make sense right now/ But you're still her friend" plays without backing.*

*"And it won't make sense right now"*

*"And it won't make sense"*

*Blackout*

*End of Act One*

Act Two: Jump

SCENE ONE: Practice (Sunday afternoon)

*The team is gearing up for practice, everyone is in their work-out clothes.*

*Emma and Dia are talking to one side, filling up their water bottles.*

*Izzo is stretching out, she sees Cassidy talking to Renata, laughing.*

IZZO: Cass-

CASSIDY (to Renata): Right? (to Izzo) Yeah what's-

*Cassidy trots over to Izzo. This is her domain, she is unbearably hot in workout gear and knows it.*

IZZO: I was thinking once everyone's here we should circle up-

CASSIDY: Cool-

IZZO: -and do you wanna lead the stretches?

CASSIDY: I don't- are you sure?

IZZO: Yeah is that-

CASSIDY: No I totally can, I just assumed you'd-

IZZO: I have to specialize on the right because of the meniscus-

CASSIDY: Oh right-

IZZO: If you don't want to, Emma can-

CASSIDY: No no it's cool, I'm totally happy to- unless Emma wants to?

IZZO: No she hates telling people what to do it activates her social anxiety-

CASSIDY: Oh word-

IZZO: But I feel like you're really good at like, taking charge-

CASSIDY: Thank you, I- that's cool of you-

IZZO: Yeah of course, I know Ollie really trusts you.

CASSIDY (*genuinely touched*): Thank you.

*Half a beat of Cassidy being touched.*

IZZO: Yeah.

*Cassidy nods.*

IZZO: Oh hey also-

CASSIDY: Yeah what's up-



IZZO: I feel like Dia is just gonna need a little extra support today, like emotionally, with everything going on-

CASSIDY: Word-

IZZO: So if you could just like, just make sure she's taken care of, just because like, you're the same year-

CASSIDY: Yeah-

IZZO: I feel like she could use some support that isn't coming from like, a maternal place.

*Izzo unsubtly nods over to Emma and Dia.*

CASSIDY: Sure, yeah- I.

IZZO: Thank you. I know Ollie values your service.

CASSIDY: Yeah of course.

*Izzo jokingly salutes, Cassidy salutes back 100% earnestly, and trots back over to Renata.*

*Izzo rolls her eyes and looks over at Emma and Dia. Dia notices Izzo looking and smiles.*

DIA: Hey-

IZZO: Hey-

EMMA: Hey-

IZZO: What are you gossiping about-

EMMA: Nothing, I was just- checking in.

IZZO: That's nice of you-

DIA: Yeah I really appreciate it, everyone is so nice.

EMMA: Well. I mean it's kind of a weird time-

IZZO: All time is weird-

DIA: I was literally just thinking about how I'm kind of stressed out right now, but that like, I couldn't remember a time when I wasn't stressed out since we got back and it's just the beginning of the year but it already feels like-

IZZO: I mean we're like, very close to midterms-

DIA: Right? Isn't that nuts??

EMMA (*suspicious of Izzo*): Yeah, it- it's weird-

IZZO: And then after midterms, it's a sprint to finals, especially because there's Thanksgiving like right in the middle-

DIA: Yeah and I have to go home, so I like, lose the day Wednesday-

IZZO: After finals it's winter break, a full semester without rugby and that's it. Done.

DIA: Right! It's crazy to think about-

IZZO: We'll all be basically dead to you guys, that's it.

EMMA: No, we'll just be-

IZZO: In a better place?

EMMA: Alums-

DIA: I knooow it's so sad.

*Beat. Izzo and Emma look at Dia.*

DIA: I'm gonna miss you guys.

IZZO: Well. Just sprinkle my ashes in the cooler next year and I'll get to live vicariously through you at every game.

EMMA: You're a psycho-

IZZO: I'm a visionary-

*Becca runs in, slightly manic.*

BECCA: I'M HERE.

*They all look at her.*

BECCA: I'm here.

CASSIDY: Ok- circle up!

BECCA: Where's Ollie?

*They all look at her. No one answers.*

*Becca turns to Emma.*

BECCA: Where's Ollie?

EMMA: They're not practicing today.

CASSIDY: Stretches-

*They circle up, in a half circle with the rest of the team on the other half of the circle, Cassidy in the center leading stretches.*

CASSIDY: Switch!

*The stretches switch sides.*

CASSIDY: Ok let's go.

*Practice begins, a series of stylized exercises. It's intense, it's hard, everyone is in close proximity to each other.*

*The scrum forms, a big beating heart of women struggling with each other.*

*Then:*

*One by one, a team member is lifted out of the scrum by the others and then pulled back down.*

*Cassidy rises first.*

*Then Emma.*

*Renata rises.*

*Becca rises.*

*Dia starts to rise and is violently jerked back into the scrum suddenly.*

*There's a crunch.*

DIA: FUCK.

*The scrum turns into a concerned circle standing over Dia, who is on the ground, holding her face.*

*Cassidy kneels over her, pushing people back.*

CASSIDY: STOP! Back- move back, move back-

*The circle moves back to reveal Dia, trying to sit up, blood pouring off her face.*

CASSIDY: No no no- stay down-

*Emma runs to grab the first aid kit. Renata grabs a water bottle and hands it to Cassidy.*

CASSIDY: We got first aid?

IZZO: Emma's grabbing it-

DIA: Shit-

CASSIDY: You're ok. You're good. You just- hold on, lemme see-

*Cassidy pulls Dia's hands back.*

CASSIDY: I don't see a cut-

IZZO: You don't have to see it, she's the fucking bay of pigs, something's ruptured-

DIA: It's my nose-

*Cassidy lifts Dia's head enough to slide her legs under, puts Dia's head in her lap.*

CASSIDY: I'm gonna clean you off a little bit here-

*Cassidy pours a little water on Dia's face.*

*Dia sputters.*

CASSIDY: Ok. No big gash.

DIA: Yeah it's my fucking nose.

CASSIDY: Anyone got a tampon?

*Everyone looks around.*

BECCA: Oh. I do.

*Cassidy stares at Becca.*

BECCA: It's in my bag.

CASSIDY: Where's your bag.

BECCA: Back at Walker.

CASSIDY: Does anyone have a tampon here? You know what, whatever-

*Cassidy takes off her shirt and puts it on Dia's face, holding her nose. Cassidy sits Dia up, blood pours on to the shirt.*

DIA: I'm sorry, shit-

CASSIDY: No, I wore white to practice it's my fault.

*Emma comes back with the first aid kit.*

CASSIDY: We're good. All good.

EMMA: Do you- it's bleeding a lot.

DIA: I'm ok it's just my nose.

RENATA: Is it broken?

DIA: No, it- I'm fine.

IZZO: That was a big fall.

CASSIDY: Yeah. It was. We don't- that shouldn't have happened.

*Everyone looks at Cassidy. She's angry, but commanding power.*

CASSIDY: We don't let that happen. This is a fucked up sport, we all- like, we all know it comes with shit, but we don't let that happen. We don't take scrapes just because we weren't supporting each other, every single bruise better be earned. We're going up against Rutgers next week and. And we might have a different line-up, so there's like. We got stuff to sort out, but we gotta have each other's backs no matter what. I'm holding you up, you hold me up. We support each other with blood, sweat, toil, and tears. Blood. Sweat. Toil. Tears.

*She starts clapping.*

CASSIDY: Blood. Sweat. Toil. Tears.

*The team joins.*

THE TEAM: Blood. Sweat. Toil. Tears. BLOOD. SWEAT. TOIL. TEARS. BLOOD! SWEAT! TOIL! TEARS!

*The team screams.*

SCENE TWO: Team Dinner in the Deec, post-practice

*The team at dinner. Everyone is seated at one of the big tables, laughing, talking. Dia and Becca are next to each other, mostly quiet.*

RENATA: Cappy. Is. A TOP. I don't care what type of scarf she's wearing she's just a top.

IZZO: No no no no no see Cappy is a classic sub she wants to be the head honcho out in the world, running the college, but when it comes down to it she likes being tied down-

EMMA: I feel like John Chenet though, is definitely a bottom-

RENATA: She absolutely pegs Chenet, that's what I'm literally saying.

CASSIDY: So she's a switch-

EMMA: No that doesn't feel right either-

IZZO: She's definitely not a versatile enough person, she's like. One thing.

RENATA: So she's a top. I'm right.

IZZO: You just want her to be a top because you're a top-

CASSIDY: Wait you're a top-

RENATA: I do not want- yeah, I, whatever I'm switchy-

CASSIDY: Sorry I didn't-

IZZO: Renata is absolutely a top-

RENATA: I'm allowed to identify along a spectrum of-

IZZO: Of toppiness-

CASSIDY: That's so interesting though, I like- wow ok-

IZZO: Not all tops look like you and Ollie-

CASSIDY: Oh I'm a switch-

IZZO: No you're not-

CASSIDY: Yeah no I'm. Pretty switchy.

IZZO: Fuck me. Well-

EMMA: Maybe we shouldn't- I feel like this conversation is maybe not the type of environment we want to encourage-

IZZO: Shut up you were talking about John Chenet's thirsty bottom bitchery-

EMMA: I'm just saying, like-

IZZO: If anything it just proves it's not them, we're all-

EMMA: Whatever we shouldn't be-

IZZO: It is in fact, more offensive that you would suggest that we, as women, cannot speak openly and claim our sexual preferences for what they are in order to fit some kind of archaic collegiate moral standard, one that has been enforced upon us-

RENATA (*on "offensive"*): Oh my god-

EMMA (*on "archaic"*): Ok, ok-

CASSIDY (*on "upon us"*): Actually, yeah, that's legit-

IZZO: -For generations, because the concept of "women's athletics" is so inherently threatening to the heteropatriarchy that we, women athletes, have been forced to undergo feminization instruction, sexual purity tests, and of course, and tyrannical anti-dyke quarantine measures.

EMMA: You done.

IZZO: Yes.

EMMA: Ok then- what the fuck are tyrannical anti-dyke quarantine measures.

IZZO: They used to kick dykes off teams for fear of them corrupting the whole squad.

EMMA: Ok- the semantics of that term- I have questions about.

IZZO: You literally want to argue semantics with me right now.

RENATA: NO.

*They all look at her.*

RENATA: I will literally kill myself, right here, right now if you two start arguing semantics. So. Cassidy you're a switch?

CASSIDY: Oh lol yeah, uh-

RENATA: Tell us about it-

CASSIDY: I mean-

EMMA: You absolutely do not have to tell us about it if that makes you feel uncomfortable-

IZZO: You MUST tell us about it, especially if it makes you feel uncomfortable-

RENATA: Jesus-

CASSIDY: No no no, it doesn't make me, I'm good, I-

*Cassidy stands up:*

CASSIDY: I'm Cassidy James, and I'm a switchy butch-

*Renata claps. The team follows.*

RENATA: Thank you-

CASSIDY: I'm definitely on my journey and, uh, figuring things out, but. I feel currently very aligned with being a switch, and I genuinely welcome the confusion that may come from that, uh, and like, my presentation. It's actually kinda hot when people are surprised.

RENATA: Yes! Hear, hear!

*The team applauds.*

*Dia stands up suddenly. Everyone looks at her, surprised.*

DIA: I'm Dia Raymer and I'm a bisexual switchy femme!

RENATA: Hey!

*The team applauds.*

DIA: Most people think because I'm bi that I'm an exclusive bottom, but like- also I just wanna say I have been thinking about pan a lot recently, it doesn't really fit right, but I don't know if that's like, internalized prejudice, but anyway, a lot of people label me before they know me but. I'm the only one who knows what's right for me.

CASSIDY: Yo that's deep.

DIA: Thank you.

RENATA: To self-determination!

*The team applauds. Becca almost stands up, but doesn't.*

CASSIDY: I totally get what you mean about other people putting labels on you, I feel like- it can be such a barrier to you knowing actually, like who you are-

DIA: Right? Yes!

CASSIDY: Like I-

*Izzo stands up, solemnly, with a great burden weighing her down. The table goes silent.*

IZZO: I'm Izzo Delmatti. I'm a senior, history major. I lived in Strong house for three years-

BECCA: Woo!

IZZO: Thank you. I have been on the rugby team all four years, I have a winning record for games played, and I would do anything to stay on the team for the rest of my life.

*The team looks at her with reverence. Emma puts her hand on Izzo's arm.*

IZZO: And. I am a sado-masochistic freak who loves torture porn.

*An exhalation.*

EMMA: You dick.



IZZO: Yes.

EMMA: You literally can't help but ruin things.

IZZO: That's my confession go get your own.

*Emma stands up.*

EMMA: Ok, I'm Emma Rittenbaum and last year, I made Izzo squirt-

*Cassidy chokes on her juice, the table erupts.*

IZZO: OH MY GOD-

RENATA: Holy fuck-

DIA: Wait like-

EMMA: That is a true fact, that now all of you know-

CASSIDY: Wowowow-

IZZO: You are a fucking cunt-

EMMA: So, you're welcome, that's what you fucking get-

IZZO: That's what I get what happened to your hand-wringing moralistic-

EMMA: You don't get to lecture me on morals-

*Ollie appears.*

OLLIE: Hey guys-

EMMA: Hey.

*Cassidy stands up.*

CASSIDY: Hey- do you wanna-

BECCA: Who swiped you in?

OLLIE: I'm good, I- no one, I know Benny, he's a good dude, sorry I didn't mean to, interrupt-

RENATA: No you're- it's good timing-

IZZO: What's up-

OLLIE: I wanted to, I just wanted to swing by and say, thanks for practicing without me, I'm sorry I couldn't be there today, but uh- I really appreciate the team coming together, and hopefully I'll be able to be back before Rutgers. Either way though, I heard practice went. Good. And I'm proud of you all for that.

CASSIDY: We missed you, dude-

OLLIE: I'm sure you did fine-

EMMA: Cassidy was actually super helpful, she stepped up and-

OLLIE: Cool. That's great. I appreciate it.

CASSIDY: Yeah of course.

OLLIE: Yeah uh. Dia could I talk to you real quick?

DIA: Yeah sure-

*Ollie walks away towards a corner, the rest of the team sitting there. It's incredibly awkward. Dia stands up.*

*Izzo taps her.*

IZZO: Wait real quick-

DIA: What-

IZZO: Lemme go first, I think they're-

DIA: Yeah sure, whatever-

IZZO: Cool.

*Izzo stands up to go talk to Ollie. She looks back at the table.*

IZZO: Talk amongst yourselves you cunts. Emma just gave you some very personal information about me, I'm sure you have a lot of questions to ask while I'm away.

*Emma rolls her eyes. The table starts to talk.*

*Izzo heads to Ollie.*

IZZO: Hey.

OLLIE: Hey-

IZZO: I called dibs on you before Dia-

OLLIE: Ok-

IZZO: What's up-

OLLIE: I came to-

IZZO: You know you shouldn't be here.

OLLIE: I just wanted to check in-

IZZO: Ok but like. You can't not come to practice and then come here-

OLLIE: This is just like, informal-

IZZO: Ok but like, that's more of a reason, if anything, to not-

OLLIE: I know. I know I just.

IZZO: I know you're freaked out but like-

OLLIE: Emma texted me about what happened at practice.

IZZO: Oh.

OLLIE: Is it true-

IZZO: I mean I don't know what she texted you so-

OLLIE: Just fucking tell me Iz-

IZZO: Yeah, Cass was like-

OLLIE: Fuck dude.

IZZO: I mean. They didn't fuck at practice.

OLLIE: Emma said she was like, holding her hand through the whole thing-

IZZO: Dia got busted up, Cassidy took care of her. It's what any of us would do-

OLLIE: No. It's not. Because only one person did it.

IZZO: Like, yeah, I'm not- I'm not gonna lie here, Cassidy was being really sweet and attentive and like, gave this whole speech about like, stuff-

OLLIE: What speech what does that-

IZZO: Like she, it wasn't a big deal, she started the blood/sweat chant-

OLLIE: That's the captain's chant.

IZZO: Yeah.

OLLIE: Are you fucking kidding me?

IZZO: It was spontaneous I don't think she meant to like-

OLLIE: Literally what else does she want from me?

IZZO: I don't know if it's like that.

OLLIE: It's fucking something.

IZZO: I think. It sounds like you and Dia need to have a real conversation about boundaries. And then probably you and Cass need to figure some stuff out.

OLLIE: Yeah.

IZZO: But these are all solvable problems. If it's Cass, she's a solvable problem.

OLLIE: She's a fucking great player-

IZZO: She's not our best.

OLLIE: I'm not my best right now.

IZZO: You're still *the* best.

OLLIE: I'm. I need to talk to Dia.

IZZO: Ok. I'll send her over. Or. You guys should talk outside, like.

OLLIE: Yeah.

IZZO: You don't want to make things more of a thing in front of the team.

OLLIE: Yeah.

IZZO: Don't freak out.

OLLIE: I might.

IZZO: No you don't want to spiral right now.

OLLIE: I don't want to-

IZZO: You can't go into your crazy person place, that's only gonna make everything worse.

OLLIE: Yeah. Ok.

IZZO: Just stay normal.

OLLIE: Yeah.

IZZO: You got this.

*Izzo heads back to the table. Ollie walks outside.*

EMMA: Where'd they go I grabbed them a muffin-

IZZO: They just needed some air, they're a little stressed.

EMMA: Should I bring them the muffin?

IZZO: I think they're good.

*Beat.*

IZZO: Oh Dia, Ollie mentioned they wanted to chat with you, when you have the chance.

DIA: Oh like-

IZZO: Yeah.

*Dia stands up to leave.*

SCENE THREE: The argument

*Ollie stands, waiting outside for Dia.*

*Dia comes walking over, with her practice bag.*

DIA: Hey.

OLLIE: Hey.

DIA: You wanna tell me what's-

OLLIE: You finish your food?

DIA: Yeah-

OLLIE: Good. I didn't mean to pull you away from your dinner, I-

DIA: I was done.

OLLIE: Good.

DIA: What's the deal-

OLLIE: You didn't text me last night.

DIA: I went out, my phone died.

OLLIE: Why didn't you charge it.

DIA: I did, I-

OLLIE: Where'd you go-

DIA: Just Main, Brian was having a fellow group thing in three-cent.

OLLIE: That's cool.

DIA: I'm sorry I didn't text, you just were kinda weird yesterday and I didn't wanna like, bother you.

OLLIE: Yeah well. I'm kinda going through something.

DIA: Ok. Do you wanna tell me about it? Instead of keeping this weird secret?

OLLIE: I'll tell mine if you tell yours.

DIA: What does that-

OLLIE: Go ahead. Tell me your secret.

DIA: I don't, I honestly don't know-

OLLIE: Please I really can't handle you lying to me right now on top of everything else, I really really can't deal with that.

DIA: I'm not lying! I don't even know what I'm supposed to be lying about, this- I feel like-

OLLIE: Ok can you tell me what that is-

DIA: What what-

OLLIE: In your bag, Dia.

*Dia looks at her bag, Cassidy's shirt is sticking out.*

DIA: What, the shirt? What-

OLLIE: Yeah who's shirt-

DIA: Cassidy took off her- I got popped in the face at practice and my nose started bleeding, Cass gave me her shirt to stop the-

OLLIE: I heard all about it-

DIA: Ok so why are you like, interrogating me?

OLLIE: Why do you have it with you-

DIA: I told her I'd wash it for her, I got my blood all over it, it felt weird to give it back-

OLLIE: Did you guys plan it together? To get me off the team?

DIA: What the fuck are you on-

OLLIE: I'm not fucking stupid, Dia, I know how this goes, it's not like I'm a perfect human being here, but I've never, ever cheated on someone and tried to ruin their life at the same time-

DIA (*on "cheated"*): You- can we slow the fuck down here for one second without you going absolutely insane?

OLLIE: -I'm not crazy and I'm not stupid, you don't get to gaslight me into-

DIA: Who is gaslighting? I'm not, I literally, first of all- cheating is a big fucking word to throw around when we haven't even had, like, a real conversation about what this is-

OLLIE: I told you- you don't get to, I *told* you I wasn't talking to anyone else-

DIA: When?? When I was asleep? When did we have that conversation-

OLLIE: So you're saying you didn't ask me who else I was talking to, who I was texting-

DIA (*on "ask"*): I don't know what conversation you're talking about- who you were texting? Are you seriously telling me-

OLLIE: And I told you, I broke everything else off, For. YOU.

DIA: I thought, we were literally joking, are you fucking- we were joking around-

OLLIE: So I'm a fucking joke to you.

DIA: You're acting like a fucking clown right now-

OLLIE: Yep, well, jokes on me, have fun fucking Cassidy, have fun doing her fucking laundry like the adorable housewife-

DIA: Is this- you're really gonna- wow Ollie WOW. Ok.

OLLIE: Or you know what? I don't even care what you do, you can fuck off and die for all I care.

*This hits hard.*

DIA: Fuck. You.

*Dia turns and walks away.*

*Ollie sinks to the ground, sobbing.*

SCENE FOUR: Confession

*Ten minutes later. Ollie is sitting on the ground outside the stoop the deec, fully immersed in self-loathing and rage. Emma comes running out from the deec.*

EMMA: Yo what the fuck, Ollie?

OLLIE: Fuck off Emma I can't deal with your-

EMMA: I don't care if you can deal with me or not, you're gonna have to deal-

OLLIE: Just go tell Dia how much I suck or whatever the fuck else you-

EMMA: Oh trust me, I'm gonna tell Dia how much you suck but first I'm gonna tell you to your face-

OLLIE: What! What do you want from me!

EMMA: Why would you ever tell Dia she should fucking KILL HERSELF you piece of shit-

OLLIE: I didn't- I-

EMMA: You told her to fuck off and die-

OLLIE: I told her she should get the fuck away from me-

EMMA: You don't ever tell someone to die, Ollie-

OLLIE: So I lost my temper sue me-

EMMA: You don't get to be a little bitch about it now, you whiny baby ass fucking-

OLLIE: You don't have to kick me when I'm down, I get it I'm already here! I'm suffering!

EMMA: Oh are you? Are you suffering?

OLLIE: Yes! My girlfriend is cheating on me and half my team won't fucking talk to me and the other half is trying to RUIN MY LIFE AND FUCK MY GIRLFRIEND AT THE SAME TIME-

EMMA: What the fuck are you talking about-

OLLIE: Oh, Dia didn't tell you? She didn't tell you that half of the story? That figures, she would just tell you I was a mean yelling MAN who-

EMMA: She's not cheating on you, you paranoid fuckwad-

OLLIE: Yes she did, she and Cass- she basically fucking admitted it to me.

EMMA (*on 'fucking'*): Is this why you were asking about her and Cass at practice? You used me to spy on your girlfriend. That is such fucking toxic garbage, and you know it-

OLLIE (*on 'spy'*): I didn't use you to spy, and no offense Emma, but honestly why did you tell me what you saw if you didn't think-

EMMA (*on 'tell'*): I told you because you asked! Because I thought it had to do with the complaint! I have been supporting you and defending you because of the complaint, which I will continue to do because I



EMMA (*con't*): think it's a bullshit argument, but I also think you should probably take a really specific and hard look at your behavior right now-

OLLIE (*on 'continue'*): Right right right, so I can be your fucking cause du'jour, so you can be the Hillary Swank of it all, running in to save-

EMMA: I don't know if you've noticed, Ollie, but I'm fucking queer too, you're not the only one entitled to oppression-

OLLIE: Are you? Are you queer? Who would know with all the stickers and the pins and the t shirts you wear and the statuses you post and the theses you write on the love language of Virginia fucking Woolf just so you can make a joke about being a parody of a joke-

EMMA: Sorry, I didn't realize you had any kind of a problem with lesbian content-

OLLIE: -But the reality is no one would know you were gay if you didn't scream about it all the time because nothing about you is actually queer.

EMMA: Fuck you, Ollie.

OLLIE: Yeah well.

EMMA: You and Izzo fucking deserve each other.

OLLIE: What does Izzo have to do with-

EMMA: Like that sad attempt at psychoanalysis isn't directly out of her playbook? Like she didn't complain to you all the time about how I was putting on a gal pal act of codependency and closeted-

OLLIE (*on 'gal pal'*): Izzo never complained about you. Not once.

EMMA: How noble of her-

OLLIE: Don't fucking do that, she's the only one, the ONLY one who's had my back through this 100%-

EMMA: Oh I'm sure she's spent every minute of this saga making you feel special and important-

OLLIE (*starting to choke up*): She's the only one who thought I deserved to know about Cass and Dia-

EMMA: Izzo told you Cass hooked up with Dia?

OLLIE: She told me about what happened at practice-

EMMA: Yeah, so did I-

OLLIE: Yeah because she told me to ask you so I wouldn't just be getting her perspective. Because she cares about that shit-

EMMA: Ollie hold up.

OLLIE: No!

EMMA: No, seriously- the only reason you asked me about practice is because of Izzo?

OLLIE: Yeah-

EMMA: Ok. Ok. Do you think that maybe, it's possible that Izzo is not a reliable source of information-

OLLIE: That's exactly why she had me ask you!!!

EMMA: Ok but I'm telling you, no matter how you read my texts, I didn't see anything romantic or sexual at all between the two of them.

OLLIE: They obviously aren't gonna fuck at practice, but like-

EMMA: Ollie. Seriously. When is this tryst even supposed to have happened.

OLLIE: Last night? I don't know. I don't even know if there's been like an actual instance, yet, but like- but like Dia basically straight up told me to my face-

EMMA (*on 'actual'*): Oh my god. Oh my god, Ollie, this is batshit insane crazy, are you seriously gonna- what, what did she tell you??

OLLIE: She told me we weren't exclusive and that she can do whatever she wants-

EMMA: Did she?? Wow what a concept, you don't OWN people-

OLLIE: I never said I owned her-

EMMA: Maybe, Ollie, the real problem is that Izzo some how magically convinced you to become a full-time paranoid conspiracy theorist, and it played right into your deep insecurity that you might actually like someone more than she likes you.

OLLIE: This isn't Izzo's fault-

EMMA: Are you completely sure about that? Are you one hundred percent completely sure.

*Beat.*

EMMA: I know you feel guilty. About. Izzo. I don't have, like, the greatest...

OLLIE: We did something really shitty.

EMMA: No we didn't. We did something human. And fallible and and we needed each other. In that moment. I don't regret it.

OLLIE: I do.

EMMA: Well. I'm sorry then.

OLLIE: I don't mean you, I. Really fucked up with Iz.

EMMA: No. You didn't. But even if you, like even if it was this horrendous crime it doesn't mean- ...

OLLIE: What.

EMMA: I don't know, there isn't like some cosmic scorecard. You aren't owed for it.

OLLIE: I feel like I am.

EMMA: Ok well then. I guess I am too.

OLLIE: Maybe you are.

EMMA: Maybe I am. But if we're owed then you don't have the right to be a heinous shitbag to someone who has actually done nothing wrong, and who deserves so much better than what you have to offer right now. You just have to take it.

OLLIE: Ok well then. I guess I'm just a heinous shitbag.

EMMA: Yeah. You are.

*Beat.*

EMMA: I'm. Gonna go check on Dia. Figure your shit out, Ollie. And I don't know, get your shit with Izzo together too.

*Emma leaves.*

OLLIE: FUCK.

SCENE FIVE: Before the fall

*Izzo alone, at the top of Jewett.*

IZZO: I want things. I have always wanted things.

I've been having this dream where I stretch my lips over the rest of my face and my skin peels back and I'm just a set of teeth I'm mostly teeth and then I lean out towards something and as I bite down the teeth splinter and crumble. Teeth falling out is a super common thing, like, for a dream, it means you are holding onto information you can't say which I honestly find super fucking hilarious.

I don't think peeling back your skin is common.

I think before I got here I wanted this place so badly it felt like I invented it. I took a tour and I saw people who felt like me or people I could be, I felt myself living here before I knew I'd be allowed to live here. Once I went back home I started aching to come back, I started telling everyone I needed to come back and I begged them to let me come back. And it happened. They let me in. And I thought I was safe.

It's not gone though. I still want- things, and I don't even know what they are but I want something, some *thing* so hard and real it feels like I've swallowed a magnet and it's dragging me back down to the center of the earth where I'll burn it feels like I'm already burning I feel like I'm burning alive.

I don't know what I want. I don't know why I'm doing this.

Stop me.

Help me.

Please.

SCENE SIX: Puzzle Pieces

*Cass walks into Dia's room to see Emma sitting alone on the bed.*

CASS: Hey.

EMMA: Hey. Thanks.

CASS: Yeah, of course, fuck.

EMMA: Dia's in the bathroom.

CASS: Ok.

EMMA: I'm gonna go but I feel like, uh, we should maybe after like, sometime this week talk about what to do because this-

CASS: It's like, nutsville.

EMMA: Yeah. I think something really bad is- I think there's something really wrong here-

CASS: Yeah, no, absolutely, it's like-

EMMA: Something's really wrong-

CASS: Did Dia say like, what uh-

EMMA: I- I feel like you guys should talk about it, directly, I don't wanna get. There's a lot of shit to go through and I don't think it's really up to me to-

CASS: Yeah no totally I didn't mean to.

EMMA: It's nothing, like you guys didn't do anything wrong-

CASS: What does that- yeah-

EMMA: Sorry I'm just- I'm like having a conversation with ten people in my head right now-

CASS: Are you ok?

EMMA: Yeah- I'm. I kinda lost it. With Ollie. And I think I need to go talk to Izzo, like. Now.

CASS: Ok. Is Izzo- like-

EMMA: I don't know. I honestly don't, uh- sorry. Um.

*Emma tears up. Cass puts an arm on her shoulder, then pulls her in for a hug.*

CASS: Hey- hey, it's cool, you're good. You're good.

EMMA: Sorry, I just. I think I still feel really uh, attached to her um well-being, and like, I think she's really not in a good place and maybe spiraling-

CASS: Really? She's been like, pissy but I don't get the vibe that she's like- in a bad place.

EMMA: No, I'm like- I don't know I need to talk to her.

CASS: Ok.

EMMA: I should go.

CASS: Ok.

EMMA: I think Dia's gonna be ok, I just didn't want to like, abandon her-

CASS: Yeah no I get it-

EMMA: Thanks. I'm gonna go-

CASS (*over the top of the above*): I just like-

EMMA: Sorry-

CASS: No sorry-

EMMA: No-

CASS: I just like. If Izzo's fucked up. Like are you, the- person? Like I know you guys are still close and you're like, good, but like, you haven't been like, good, uh- recently? Or like, Izzo mostly gets, uh, pissy around stuff with you it seems, so-

EMMA: No I know and like. You're probably right but I feel like anyone else she isn't going to listen to-

CASS: You feel like she'll listen to you-

EMMA: I don't know maybe not but like. I know, like, how her brain works and I don't know maybe I have the best shot of like-

CASS: Sure, yeah-

EMMA: That's maybe, uh, hubris, but. I'll feel really guilty if I don't go.

CASS: What do you think like, the thing is-

EMMA: I don't know. I know she's being- sometimes she gets into this place where she just like. It feels like she's swinging a hammer or something, and just hitting anything in reach not on purpose but just to like, feel what's there. I don't know what she's actually doing or if she knows like, what's going on but. I feel like she's gonna really fuck something up.

CASS: Yeah.

*Beat.*

CASS: This is maybe like, a not fair, or like, I don't mean this as like a thing but like what uh- you guys just seem really different to have like, gotten together-

*Emma sighs. She's had to explain this a lot.*

EMMA: She's funny. She's scary smart. Scary smart. She has this way of just like, doing things- like, the hammer thing can get intense but there's something kind of amazing about someone who just does

EMMA (*con't*): stuff like the world is on fire, especially for someone, like, who can't do anything without the fucking committee in my head approving it first.

CASS: Oh.

EMMA: And she has beautiful eyes.

CASS: I never, I didn't notice-

EMMA: Really?

CASS: Yeah I guess I wasn't, I don't know-

EMMA: Oh my god they're magical. They change color.

CASS: Oh cool.

EMMA: Like they can be a completely different color depending on like- her mood or her clothes or how tired she is or. It's amazing.

*Beat.*

CASS: My aunt has one green eye and one brown eye.

EMMA: Oh.

CASS: But that's like, they don't change.

EMMA: Huh.

*Beat.*

EMMA: I should go.

*She's sitting on the bed. Dia walks in. Emma stands up. Cass walks over and gives Dia a big hug. Emma stands up abruptly.*

EMMA: I should go. Find Izzo. You gonna be ok?

*Dia nods, sits on the bed, Cass joins her.*

DIA: This is dumb you didn't have to like- trade off babysitting shifts-

CASS: No no, you're good I wanted to make sure you're ok-

EMMA (*over the top of the above*): I should go. I didn't tell her any of the details, if you- whatever, I'll let you guys- I'll text you.

*Emma leaves. Dia looks at Cass.*

DIA: Hey.

CASS: Hey.

DIA: You really didn't, uh- Emma just got like, a little-

CASS: Yeah no she can be like. But I wanted to come, I. What's going on-

DIA: Ollie like, fully, like, lost it on me.

CASS: Seriously? Why.

DIA: They got like, super paranoid and like, are convinced that we somehow like, fucked-

CASS: You and me?

DIA: Yeah.

CASS: Wow Jesus that- I don't even-

DIA: Yeah, I told them it was nuts and also it was crazy because we haven't even had a conversation about like, what we are yet-

CASS: Yeah, that's like, a lot-

DIA: And I was like, I'm not, but also, maybe you should like talk to me about what you even want because I'm not, like, like I'm into this but you don't get to monitor who I hang out with-

CASS: Fuck.

DIA: I didn't mean to be, like, super harsh, but they like, lost their shit and started like, yelling, and so I just fucking left and texted Emma and then she came and we talked about it and she got like, super worried, and started talking about Izzo, like. Jesus everything revolves around Izzo for her-

CASS: Yeah I tried to tell her while you were in the bathroom to maybe just like, let that- I don't know-

DIA: I don't know, it's like. I feel like we're in the middle of some crazy other thing that's happening with everyone except for us? Does it feel like that to you?

CASS: All the time. Yeah. All the time.

DIA: Ok! Right?

CASS: Yes!

DIA: It's like-

CASS: Like with the complaint shit I'm just like. Ok, hold up, like, go back, start somewhere else, you know?

DIA: Wait, sorry-

CASS: Sorry that's a bad, like analogy-

DIA: No I literally. The complaint shit-

CASS: Oh. Sorry, I-

DIA: Is there another thing going on?

CASS: I thought that's what like Ollie and you, I thought that was part of the thing, I didn't realize-



DIA: Why are there like five hundred layers of things right now-

CASS: Sorry, I. You know what, whatever, this honestly needs to happen so like- you know how Ollie wasn't allowed to be at practice?

DIA: The academic thing-

CASS: No, someone made like, a complaint, an anonymous complaint with Mike DiBiccaro about a title nine thing against Ollie-

DIA: Wait which one is Mike DiBiccaro-

CASS: He's the like, athletic coordinator-

DIA: Oh shit!

CASS: Yeah, like, real shit-

DIA: Wait, does he-

CASS: Like, legit, admin-

DIA: Is he the one with the like, Hawaiian shirts-

CASS: I think so?

DIA: His office is in Main-

CASS: Yes-

DIA: He's the one right by the career center-

CASS: Right-

DIA: Yeah he comes in and takes all the yellow starbursts out of my bowl-

CASS: Wait the yellow ones?

DIA: Yeah it's weird-

CASS: That's fucked up-

DIA: Ok yes but like-

CASS: Right sorry, so like, someone made a complaint with Mike DiBiccaro-

DIA: Wait when? Sorry-

CASS: No, sorry- uh. Like last week? Ollie found out on Saturday. Yesterday? Jesus Christ. Yesterday-

DIA: Ok so it had to have been like, later in the week?

CASS: I guess. Yeah. It would be weird for them to- yeah, like Wednesday through Friday-

DIA: Ok but so like that's my work-study hours-

CASS: In the career center?

DIA: Yes!

CASS: Ok-

DIA: So like, I see who goes into that office-

CASS: Oh my god-

DIA: Yeah-

CASS: Ok so like who-

DIA: Shh I'm thinking-

CASS: We think it was maybe like, an underclassmen, or one of, maybe Becca?

DIA: Becca I didn't see-

CASS: Ok-

DIA: It had to be someone on the team? Hallie came in and got a starburst like Thursday-

CASS: No I'm pretty sure it has to be someone on the team-

DIA: Well she had been thinking about joining-

CASS: Oh really? She'd be good-

DIA: Yeah wait whatever, sorry-

CASS: Right-

DIA: Izzo went in Friday at the end of the day but like, I assume it was about scholarship stuff-

CASS: Izzo's not on a scholarship-

DIA: I thought she was like recruited-

CASS: Not for rugby, we can't recruit we're not part of the division-

DIA: Wait so like you weren't-

CASS: I was recruited for track and field-

DIA: Oh-

CASS: I joined rugby to like, off season, whatever sorry, Izzo went in?

DIA: Yeah.

CASS: Are you sure?

DIA: Yeah I said hi she didn't hear me I don't think-

CASS: And no one else from the team went in.

DIA: Not while I was there.

CASS: FUCK.

DIA: I thought Izzo was like-

CASS: This whole thing is like-

DIA: Oh my god-

CASS: Wow. WOW. Ok.

DIA: Do we- who do we tell?

CASS: Ollie. We have to tell Ollie.

DIA: I don't- uh. I don't think it's gonna be received super well coming from me-

CASS: Right. Right sorry.

DIA: They were kind of a dick to me-

CASS: Well they're obviously getting fucked over in like-

DIA: Yeah but like-

CASS: Sorry, you're right- sorry.

*Beat.*

CASS: Who do we. I don't know what to do with this I feel like I'm holding a- uh nuclear weapon or- something-

DIA: We- I feel like Emma? Would maybe-

CASS: Yeah. Emma.

DIA: Like we don't have to tell her to tell Ollie but like she's gonna know how to like, handle-

CASS: Ok. How do we phrase-

DIA: I don't know she seemed really nuts about Izzo already I don't think we have to be super delicate-

CASS: Ok-

DIA: So like-

*Cass pulls out her phone.*

CASS: Ok.

SCENE SEVEN: Interstitial Three, Sunday Scaries

*Becca video. She plays "Just Give me a Reason" by Pink. She holds up a series of signs and points to each one.*

*1: Sometimes*

*2: The world wants you to pretend*

*3: Like you're fine*

*4: But you're not fine*

*5: And all you can do*

*6: Is put on a happy face*

*7: But the biggest smiles*

*8: Hide the deepest scars*

*9: And the brightest stars*

*10: Fall the fastest*

*11: On July 13<sup>th</sup> we lost a light*

*12: Tonight we remember*

*13: Tonight we hold close*

*14: And we don't forget*

*15: Please if you're struggling*

*16: Reach out*

*17: Drugs: 1-800-662-HELP Suicide: 1-800-273-TALK Eating Disorders: 1-800-931-FOOD*

*18: RIP Corey Monteith*

*19: Forever. Our Quarterback.*

*The texting phone-tree takes its course:*

*Cass and Dia text Emma on Cass's phone.*

*Emma's phone dings. She reads it. Emma texts Renata to tell Ollie.*

*Renata's phone dings. Renata texts Ollie.*

*Ollie texts Izzo.*

*Izzo's phone dings.*

SCENE EIGHT: The Tower

*Ollie reaches the top of the stairs of Jewett Tower. Izzo's sitting there.*

IZZO: Did you know this is the highest point in Dutchess County?

OLLIE: That's a myth.

IZZO: Ok.

OLLIE: Izzo.

IZZO: Yep.

OLLIE: I was told- Renata told me that you went to Mike-

IZZO: Renata's an idiot-

OLLIE: Renata is your friend-

IZZO: Ok.

OLLIE: Renata told me that you went to Mike DiBiccaro and you lodged the complaint.

IZZO: Ok. So.

OLLIE: So what I'm trying to understand is why she would say that.

IZZO: Why do you think.

OLLIE: I don't know that's- that's why I'm coming to you.

IZZO: I don't have new information for you-

OLLIE: I'm trying to- is this a, is Renata accusing you because it was her the whole time, is this- did Cass make up something and tell Renata to tell me, what's- I need you to tell me what's going on.

*Beat. Ollie stares at Izzo, begging.*

OLLIE: Please. Please tell me what's happening.

IZZO: I don't know why Renata would tell you that.

OLLIE: Ok but she did-

IZZO: I don't know how Renata could have known.

*Ollie breaks.*

OLLIE: I don't. I don't understand.

IZZO: I don't understand why it gets to be so fucking easy for you, and no one else- I

OLLIE: I don't- I don't know where any of this is- where is this coming from, Iz? You're. You're my best friend.

IZZO (*overlapping on "where"*): Where could it possibly come from? Who could say, it- really? Am I? Who could have fucking guessed-

OLLIE: I do everything for you, you don't- (*turning angry*) you wouldn't even have a spot on the fucking team if it weren't for me, you're- you're just a weak- you pussy out with everything-

IZZO: Yeah, see, that's the thing, for all of your supposed clit-licking femme worship, you are, at your core, a fucking misogynist, just using the guise of-

OLLIE: This is about- yeah, ok, this is about me not wanting you, because you're too pathetic to get your shit together Iz- I don't hate women, I just don't want you and you're too fucking self-centered to think that MAYBE, there are women who don't look like you-

IZZO: Who don't look like me.

OLLIE: Women who are something other than you. Who aren't disdainful of trying, who aren't apathetic-

IZZO: How would you know? You gave up on being a woman.

OLLIE: You still don't fucking get it. You sure like to pretend you do, so no one fucking calls you out, except for Emma, she sees right through you-

IZZO: I get it, Ollie, everyone hates being a woman, but we fucking do it-

OLLIE: I'm not a woman, Izzo. I never have been.

IZZO: Sure. You're whatever the fuck you want, while the rest of us are-

OLLIE: The rest of us- what the fuck are you- you're the one with the problem, Iz. I am what I want. Full stop. That's it. Why is that so fucking untenable to you.

IZZO: Why should you get to be what you want? What the fuck is so special about you? WHY YOU.

*Ollie stops. They clock the wild hurt, manic hatred in Izzo's eyes, maybe for the first time.*

IZZO: Why you.

OLLIE: Got it.

*Ollie starts to walk away, down the stairs. Izzo paces, all previous calmness gone: Ollie's walking away with evidence.*

IZZO: Oh sure, just walk away, you fucking coward. You can't handle the fact that I might be right about something for once, that I might be RIGHT. I'M RIGHT AND YOU FUCKING KNOW IT. I'M RIGHT. I'M RIGHT.

*Ollie looks back at Izzo, sad for her. Izzo punches a railing, hard. She punches it two more times, with the same hand.*

IZZO: Good luck living your fucking life, you fucking CUNT. You fucking DYKE FAGGOT BITCH.

*Izzo collapses to the floor, her hand almost certainly broken.*

IZZO: I'M RIGHT YOU FUCKING BITCH. I'M RIGHT. I'M RIGHT. I'M RIGHT.

*Izzo is alone, sobbing, screaming on the floor.*

*Beat, and then. Ollie reappears.*

OLLIE: Izzo. I think you need serious help. I think you're seriously fucked up, and you need help. I texted Renata. She's coming to sit with you, and then if she needs to, she's gonna call EMS.

*Izzo is silent, staring.*

OLLIE: I'm gonna stand here until she gets here. Should be like two minutes.

IZZO: I'm right, Ollie. You know I am.

*Ollie ignores her.*

IZZO: You just don't want to admit it. You know I'm right. You know I'm right. Just say it. Just say I'm right and I'll never speak to you again, just say it once, right now, and I'll go away, I'll do whatever you want just say I'm right. Please just say it, once. Just say I'm right.

*Izzo looks up at Ollie. Ollie is staring down the stairwell.*

IZZO: Can you do that for me? Can you do that for your best friend?

*Ollie looks at Izzo.*

OLLIE: You're sick, Iz. You need help.

IZZO: Ok. Ok.

*Determined, Iz stands up, quickly, then runs at the stairwell. Ollie can see where she's going-*

OLLIE: NO! No-

*Izzo launches herself over the stairwell, Ollie grabs for her but can't get a hold. Ollie is left reaching over the stairwell down, as Renata enters.*

*End of play.*