

# ART GETS WHAT IT WANTS

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## **SYNOPSIS**

Glen and Julie, two artists high on ego and short on stability, embark on a doomed collaboration that destroys their friendship — and the fabric of the universe.

## **CHARACTERS**

**GLEN** (he/him)

**JULIE** (she/her)

**HANNAH** (they/them)

**TYLER** (he/him)

## **NOTES**

[[Bracketed text]] can be changed, improvised, or cut depending on production/casting.

## PART 1: A PIECE OF WORK

*Glen, anxious but collected,*

*a little douchey in a smart-guy way, enters.  
His clothes are casual and tasteful.*

*He waits for everyone's attention, then  
begins:*

GLEN

Hello everyone. Thank you thank you  
Thank you, oh sit down! My god. Thank you for coming.  
My name is Glen, and the play is called *Art Gets What it Wants*.  
Uh, before we get started, here is my pre-show spiel:  
fire exits are here and here – please take a minute to turn off your phones –  
please consider making a donation to the very kind folks at [[First Kiss]] –  
who have made all of tonight's show possible – thank you so so much.

*(He tries to start applause.)*

This is a show about conflict.

Sometimes, when you grow up in a high-conflict household, you start to conflate  
any type of friction, healthy human friction, with total catastrophe. You don't learn  
that conflict is actually vital, like, evolutionarily we need it in order to grow. For  
our relationships and our art.

But it's hard and it's scary – and it's easier to avoid or ignore it –  
but you're supposed to write towards fear, so: this is a show about conflict.  
It's also a show about death?

When I started writing it I was coming to terms with the fact that I will die, and you  
will die, and neither of us know what that will feel like.

I mean all of this had crossed my mind before, but, I hadn't had to think about it  
in earnest until, well,  
it happened to me. So.

This is a show about how I would literally rather die than live out the long-term  
effects of a conflict with someone I love.

Final note: CONTENT WARNING.

Please be advised that this show deals with subject matter that some may  
consider Troubling and even Triggering. I will now list every potentially upsetting  
thing that happens in this play, in order of appearance...

*(he takes out a notecard from inside  
his blazer)*

Which you may then check off on your Bingo Card inside your program  
Kidding. Um, so this performance features violence, simulated sex, and strong  
language; and contains discussions about the following:

*(He looks at it closer for a second.)*

Um, I think this is...wrong...

It says "penis vagina, penis vagina?" Which is not – it's not.

*(He flips the card over.)*

Okay here we go.

We uh, we talk about a lot of stuff in this play, like mental illness and grief and sexual abuse and sexual dysfunction and suicidal ideation and, and internet radicalization and porn and snuff and generational trauma and in general we say and do some really bad things to each other.

But you trust me. Right? You trust me. I would never mean to hurt you.

Give me your hand and it will be okay.

*(beat)*

Scene One. Glen and Julie sit in a bar that is swanky but has bad acoustics.

They have to strain a little to hear each other, or be heard:

...

*Julie sits down with Glen, getting her purse situated. She's in a ratty sweater and Docs.*

GLEN

So what did you think?

JULIE

Well ...  
*ugh*

GLEN

You can be honest

JULIE

I feel like every narrative is a trauma narrative now.

All this bitter recrimination, like – everything is about people behaving a certain way because of their trauma, like people are constantly just recreating their own trauma on different scales, and I can't help but think – number one, what an exhausting way to exist in the world, and number two:

If everyone is traumatized...is anyone traumatized?

GLEN

I think everyone *is*, is the thing.

JULIE

But then if I have to accept that people we hate are just as traumatized as us then how am I going to be the most Valid, Glen?

No but really, am I making sense? It's boring – I'm literally so bored I could die – I thought you were very good, though. There are no small parts.

Oh and that girl in the jumpsuit,

GLEN  
Hannah?

JULIE  
She was not good.

GLEN  
Oh uh she uses they/them pronouns.

JULIE  
Well *they* were not good at acting. Where did you guys find them?

GLEN  
They're a musician mostly, from what I can tell.  
They're like internet famous. Like one million views on TikTok

JULIE  
Of course.

GLEN  
Which is actually not great for TikTok but that went into the decision I am sure

JULIE  
I think they were being kind of flirty with me when you introduced us.

GLEN  
Um yeah maybe. I think they just have a very...flirty affect

JULIE  
I can never tell. I'm the worst. Are we being gay or are we being friendly?

GLEN  
Yeah...  
So, I don't know if you know this, but like, back in the day, in school, I had a – I don't know, I had a phase, I guess

JULIE  
Oh no. I've heard all about it.

GLEN  
You heard about my slutty phase?

JULIE  
I had multiple friends who hooked up with you.

Oh  
GLEN

Including Madison Schaffer.  
JULIE

Oh God. That sucked because we had to play a married couple after  
GLEN

That was the first time I saw you in anything.  
JULIE

I was terrible  
GLEN

The play was whatever. But you were –  
JULIE

Ugh, I had to do the accent / and  
GLEN

No, I wanted to say something to you after.  
But I was there to see Madison so it would have been a bit of a dirtbag move  
JULIE

Ah.  
GLEN

It's funny we were never friends.  
JULIE

Oh shit. That is my agent over there  
GLEN

Your what?  
JULIE

My friend who is an agent sort of. Hey man.  
GLEN

*Tyler has entered. He's well dressed and a bit oily.*

Holy shit.  
TYLER

*(Glen goes for the hug–)*

No, no, don't get up.

*(Tyler claps him on the back.)*

Ho-lee shit. Where have you been? Have you run away from me?

GLEN

Not at all, ha ha

TYLER

You look good.

GLEN

Thanks. So uh...

*(beat)*

TYLER

*(re: their empty table:)*

Can't even get a drink around here anymore!

GLEN

Well – I have been experimenting with sobriety recently

TYLER

Well you can't even get your freaking Coke and lemon wedge around here anymore

*(Glen does a weak courtesy laugh – Julie blanches at this.)*

How's your dad?

GLEN

He's uh...he's fine, I guess,

JULIE

*(to Tyler:)*

Hi. I'm Julie by the way – I think we may have met actually –

TYLER

*(he's not even rude about this, just stating a fact. also, probably drunk.)*

Well obviously I don't know who you are.

JULIE

Ah

GLEN

Julie, is a very cool writer friend of mine, she's like, very much a cool downtown alt-lit girl

JULIE

Haha well I really don't identify with that / whole

GLEN

She has this amazing essay that just got published ... you know those personal essays that are about something personal but like, inter-spliced with obscure facts or research about something that doesn't seem thematically related but totally is? So hers is about the mating habits of woodpeckers versus like moving out after her mom died

JULIE

It's actually uh. Well sure yeah it's nonfiction, sure. It was a story...based on a real thing that happened. But it doesn't really have anything to do with the real event. Anymore.

GLEN

And anyway, we've been working on a thing.

TYLER

A thing?

GLEN

Yeah. We have the first bit down already, it's about / um—

TYLER

I love things.

GLEN

It's gonna blow your dick clean off.

TYLER

Oh buddy, I know it.

GLEN

Can I send it to you?

TYLER

Send it to me.

GLEN

I'm gonna send it to you.

TYLER

Please please send it. You would not believe the stuff I have to read at work— Delicious (*chef's kiss*) finally (*mwah*) some good fucking FOOD



Ha ha  
GLEN

Listen I / better go and  
TYLER

Hey man, it was good to see you.  
GLEN

Yes. Eat. Eat eat eat.  
TYLER

You're really gonna read it?  
GLEN

I'll text you.  
TYLER  
*(Tyler goes.)*

Wow.  
GLEN

That was smooth.  
JULIE

He was a total jerk to you just now.  
GLEN

Yeah but –  
JULIE

I've known him forever, he's always been a chode  
GLEN

Really it's okay. I mean he said he'd read the script.  
JULIE

Hey, I'm sorry; I misspoke about your story.  
GLEN

No it's okay.  
JULIE

I just figured, since it talked about having a dead mom and *you* have a dead mom I figured it was, you know, about you.  
GLEN

JULIE

It's always about us a little bit though, isn't it?

GLEN

I guess.

JULIE

But I try really hard not to write anything that would mess up my relationships with other people. Which sucks because that's where all the good stuff is. I'll just have to wait until everyone I know is dead.

GLEN

Yeah

JULIE

My mom – was kind of a huge bitch. Sometimes. She could be. I mean I wasn't abused, I wasn't even neglected, just, you know. Raised by someone who couldn't control her emotions and it was scary.

GLEN

I know what you mean

JULIE

So like...I write about it with all this distancing and metaphors because I still can't say what I really want to say – which is that I'm still very sad and always will be, but also, I don't cry about it anymore because there was only one person who could really *make* me cry.

And she's dead.

So.

You said that drinks are comped here?

GLEN

Yes. Uh. My dad knows a guy...

JULIE

Okay. I'm going to have a martini.

GLEN

Are you a martini person?

JULIE

I don't know!

*Suddenly Julie is two martinis deep.*

JULIE  
I love you, dude.

GLEN  
Same.

JULIE  
Genuinely I could keep talking with you like this like, forever.  
I just think what we're doing is really cool and potentially we could make lots of cool things, together

GLEN  
We will.

JULIE  
I'm drunk but. Can we talk about the play

GLEN  
Yeah

JULIE  
I've been dying to talk to you about the play all week

GLEN  
Let's do it.

...

*New scene. Less wacky. Realism.*

*Julie makes a phone call; it rings and rings.*

*Glen enters his apartment with a bottle of whiskey dipped in wax. He tries to cut the wax off with a pocket knife – he is a knife guy – but it slips and he cuts his thumb.*

GLEN  
Ow

*He peels the wax off with his fingers. The process is slow and wax gets everywhere.*

*Julie leaves a voicemail:*

JULIE

Hey so  
 For what it's worth: I do not hate you  
 And it is so unbelievably messed up of you to accuse me of hating you.  
 I am – I am entitled to my feelings. I am allowed to get upset.  
 I am allowed to get upset. I am allowed to get upset and I cannot believe how –  
 careless and fucking snide the two of you can be and I'm allowed to think that.  
 Okay? Okay. So I'm – I'm not driving down tonight. Maybe in a few days. I'd  
 probably just ruin things.

*(Her phone starts to ring.)*

Jesus Christ – oh it's just Glen.

*(She takes a breath, picks up.)*

GLEN

Julie Julie.

JULIE

*(straining to sound normal)*

Hey it's late. What's going on?

GLEN

I didn't think you'd pick up. Merry Christmas.

JULIE

Oh screw you

GLEN

You said your dad's Catholic, right

*He goes about bandaging his thumb while  
 talking on the phone.*

JULIE

I'm really not in the correct headspace right now for this

GLEN

So did you get TWICE as many presents?? It's okay, you can tell me.

JULIE

Seriously I'm not in the mood.

*(Pause. She sniffles.)*

Merry Christmas.

GLEN

Aren't you supposed to be...caroling?  
Midnight mass?

JULIE

Well clearly I'm not.  
Aren't you supposed to be getting Chinese food and seeing a movie?

GLEN

That's offensive.  
But yeah basically that was what I was going to do. Wanna come over?

JULIE

Um

GLEN

I can also leave you alone and...let you do whatever it was you were going to do  
before this drunk dial

JULIE

You don't sound drunk

GLEN

Pre drunk

JULIE

I don't actually know what I was going to do. This whole situation is fucked.  
My dad –

*Julie paces Glen's apartment.*

JULIE

Like okay. There's all this vintage Pyrex in the house that's borderline impossible to replace, right. And it's not dishwasher safe because of the paint! But she put it all in the dishwasher and then she piled all of it upside-down in a plastic bin, from lightest to heaviest on top, and she was so proud of this she sent a picture of it to me like, "yayy I reorganized for you :)" And I was like, fuck!!!  
And yes, technically it was my responsibility to deal with it upon moving out which I didn't do but like – these were my mother's things, they belong to me, not –  
So I'm like Dad. I'm happy that you're happy, but I'm not okay with people touching her stuff, I want to handle it myself because nobody else knows how. And he's like "you just hate me don't you" And I'm like I never said that. And he's like I wouldn't say it if you didn't act like it, you just get this disgusted look on your face, you're always looking for a reason to attack me, blah blah–  
But it'll blow over is the thing. In less than three hours it'll all go back to normal because I think he'd literally rather die than deal with a prolonged conflict

GLEN

Sorry can we hold. Hold that thought. Yeah Hi I want to place an order? Yes. 330 E 33rd. Two orders of wonton soup.

Crab rangoon.

Buddha's delight.

And uh, beef lo mein?

Yeah that's it. Actually can I get a Coke?

*(to Julie)*

Do you want a Coke?

JULIE

No, too much sodium.

GLEN

Two Cokes and...and some lemon wedges if you have them? Thanks

Yeah, you can just meet me at the desk, the – yeah, the guy will let you in.

Alrighty, thanks.

*(He hangs up.)*

20 minutes.

JULIE

Why didn't you just do Postmates?

GLEN

Fuck the middleman, we order direct.

JULIE

Right. Cool

*(then)*

Hey so why aren't you with your...where's your...person?

GLEN

I haven't seen her in like three weeks.

JULIE

How come?

GLEN

You don't want to know.

JULIE

Tell me!

GLEN

She...ugh. Last time we hooked up, she kinda asked me to...do something that I was not okay with.

JULIE

What, like during...?

GLEN

We didn't discuss it beforehand, and it threw me – cause I feel like I'm kind of a...I'm like this non-threatening, doughy, softboy, like, I didn't think someone would look at me and think, ah yeah, he must watch a lot of porn and have a lot of violent thoughts, he'll be cool with choking, I'm just gonna spring that on him in the middle of –  
Sorry. Sorry. Gross. I know.

JULIE

Wow. That was very feminist of you.

GLEN

Well that's the thing, was it actually *un*-feminist of me to deny her that out of some, like, misplaced sense of ethics? Or was I actually kind of a victim? Of assumption?

*(Julie rolls her eyes at this.)*

Anyway that's not – really why we broke up. But.

JULIE

What was the real reason?

GLEN

Um, whenever I talked about what I was working on she would get kinda cagey and I figured it was just cause, you know, writers are annoying and I was annoying her –  
but eventually, I pressed her on it and she said she was weirded out by – or she was *confused* rather, by our relationship

JULIE

*Our* relationship? As in you and me?

GLEN

Yeah, I thought it was stupid too.

JULIE

Really stupid.

*pause*

JULIE

Do you want to try writing tonight?

Maybe not tonight

GLEN

...

*They eat Chinese food from containers and drink.*

GLEN

What, you've never seen a beheading video before?

JULIE

Um, no?

GLEN

Do you want to?

JULIE

No!

GLEN

How is a 2 minute beheading video taken on a flip phone worse than a true crime podcast where it's like, languidly described for an hour.

JULIE

It's absolutely not the same.

GLEN

*(podcast voice)*

"The investigators found Jessica's entrails tangled in the rafters of the barn house..."

JULIE

Sorry, sorry, let's get back to the beheadings??

GLEN

Okay well it's not like I still sit down and watch them regularly. But for instance I spent a few years on this one forum. Me and all these guys, some of them with like, thirty thousand posts to their name, these total losers trying to out-poison each other. Who could absorb the most gnarly, ugly, low-res 2000s fetish porn without letting it get to you? You weren't supposed to like, derive any enjoyment from it. Or disgust. You weren't supposed to feel anything. No reaction besides "yeah I've seen that one already."



It's all very ironic, because part of this must have something to do with being Jewish, right? Those Holocaust photos they showed us in school—weren't they trying to prepare us, for something?

JULIE

Glen...

*(beat)*

That is psycho.

GLEN

No, no it's not.

JULIE

You're a sick fuck!

GLEN

I am a sick fuck, I'm just saying, there is historical precedent. Think of all the people only last century who regularly / witnessed

JULIE

No, this is a uniquely 21st century problem, a self-hating Jew addicted to online torture porn. Actually a whole generation of men. What are you all preparing for? The day you have to carry it out yourself?

GLEN

The day we have to witness it. Because it's coming. I want to be ready for that.

JULIE

Nope. Nope. That is bullshit.

GLEN

Okay, fine. Maybe it makes me feel better to know that I made it out, I am functional, and those people are probably still on that forum, in their basements, irrelevant. And I don't...tell people this shit regularly. For what it's worth. Because I am normal now. Okay? I am normal. I have a BFA. And good habits. And a thriving career. And a girlfriend who blocked my number because I am just so, incredibly normal.

*(Pause.)*

JULIE

I mean, I don't know, it could be worse.

GLEN

Thanks.

JULIE

I'm sorry I said you were psycho. I don't – that wasn't cool. You're a nice person.

GLEN

Thanks.

JULIE

And you seem normal.

GLEN

So do you.

JULIE

Just a couple of normals.

...

*They are both on the floor now. Drunk,  
comfortable with each other. Julie is writing:*

JULIE

And then he exits.

GLEN

Staggers.

JULIE

He staggers off into the night.

And she's like "if you don't come back here THIS INSTANT" ...  
and then she's like ah fuck it and goes to the cocktail cart

*(she mimes pouring a drink)*

gunk gunk gunk

GLEN

Oh that's so fucked. That's good

JULIE

It's ridiculous and funny but it's fucked because then he – he – he –

GLEN

We don't see him again.

JULIE

YEAH

GLEN

We know what's going to happen. We know what's happening.

JULIE

Yeah.

*Julie keeps typing feverishly.*

*Glen is very very tired.*

JULIE

I mean that's the thing.

It makes so much sense that they'd leave it on some stupid note, that their last conversation is just so, un-cinematic, because that's what happens – all tragedy is inherently a little ridiculous right? Like how you think of death as just being one event, like, the show is over and you get to go home. But. It just keeps going on and on. They cease to be a person and you just have to deal with cleaning up. Like. All the shit that gets left behind to the living. The physical strain. My back was in knots after sorting through all my mom's – and I found out all this stuff that I wasn't supposed to know about,

GLEN

?

JULIE

Yeah like, her diaries from high school. Diet pills. Sexy clothes. At one point I was going through the bathroom looking for the good beauty products and, I found out she had vaginismus.

*(She laughs at this.)*

Like what the fuck! You're not supposed to have to live with that knowledge –

GLEN

What is vaginismus?

JULIE

It's like when your...it's when your vayeña is not receptive to guests

GLEN

Ohhh

JULIE

And I mean I also have. Had it. And we both alluded to it before, one time, cause it came up on a TV show we were watching but. We never had a real talk about it I mean why would we talk about it, we didn't ever talk about... It made me so sad to have to think about this after the fact.

GLEN

Julie  
I don't think that we should sleep together.

JULIE

Um. Wow. That's not where I was going with ... yeah, um. That's not what I meant I don't think.

GLEN

Sorry.

JULIE

But why not?

GLEN

Because – I don't know because you're great and I love you or whatever

JULIE

oh

GLEN

I don't wanna mess that up why would I mess that up

*A very long pause.*

*Glen falls asleep.*

*Julie goes back to her laptop.*

JULIE

*(typing fast)*

We shouldn't sleep together. Oh. Beat. Why not. He's like  
Well I don't know, because you're wonderful and I love you, why would I  
I don't wanna mess it up why would I mess it up.

"Why would I fuck that up?"

She's like: oh

*(beat.)*

Fuck.

*(she closes the laptop.)*

That's good. That's pretty good.

Ah fuck

*(an even longer pause)*

Okay I'm fine.

*She looks at Glen, who is deep asleep. She gathers her things and leaves.*

...

*Outside a coffee shop. Julie talks into her phone.*

JULIE

Hey good morning bud. Just wanted to make sure we –  
That you were – we both got kinda uh...

*(she thinks, then decides to lie:)*

I don't remember anything at all do you? I mean I woke up at home with minimal bruises so it couldn't have been that bad but. I'm a total lightweight. I like barely even remember at all. Um well. I ended up patching things over with my dad, so. I'll probably see you after the new year? I'll see you when I see you. Okay. Hope you're alright. Whenever you see this. Drink some water! Love ya

*(she cringes)*

Fucking stupid

*Hannah enters.*

JULIE

Oh hey it's you???

*During this: Glen wakes up. He sits up and scrolls through his phone, answers a few texts. He listens to Julie's message. When it's over he drinks some water.*

HANNAH

Sorry?

JULIE

You're Hannah right? From / the

HANNAH

Oh, do you watch my videos or...

JULIE

No no from the thing, the play, with Glen. Hi. I'm Julie. Sorry that was weird I didn't mean to / just

HANNAH

Oh no it's okay! I remember you now.

JULIE

Yeah! You were really good.

HANNAH

Really? You're not just saying that?

JULIE

No of course not, I wouldn't lie. If I thought you were bad I would've just said like...what a cool show or something, and then changed the subject

*(beat)*

Are you here to get coffee? Do you want to get coffee?

*(Glen has the urge to vomit and runs offstage.)*

HANNAH

Sure!

Yeah I actually...I only asked if I was good because, I think I kind of quit theater.

JULIE

Oh! Really?

HANNAH

Yeah I ripped the door off the Titanic and I'm floating away. Sorry Jack

JULIE

Well good for you honestly

HANNAH

Yeah, I mean, I don't know. Just for now. I'm focusing on my music. I get more attention doing dumb stuff online than I ever did with the acting stuff, you know

JULIE

*(unenthused)*

Cool. That must be nice. Just getting to put your work out there.

HANNAH

Oh. To be honest with you it's totally spiritually poisonous and is making me hate everyone

*Glen returns. He wraps himself back up and tries to sleep.*

HANNAH

What about you? Are you working on anything?

*Julie debates for a moment, then:*

JULIE

Yes, as a matter of fact

...

JULIE

*(to us:)*

And then a short amount of time did pass

*We transition into a video call between Glen and Julie.*

*Julie keeps fidgeting and fixing her hair.  
Glen keeps staring at the corner of his screen.*

and then like

wow

Anyway I'm sorry, it would have been lovely to hang out with you after, but it would have made it a really long night, I had to babysit these two kids and AGH wow talk about – something I don't want – kids – ha ha – And anyway I had no idea you were even coming, to the show.

GLEN

Well that's because I didn't tell you I was going.  
But um I thought it was really good. Really good.

JULIE

Haha well you know, nothing new under the sun

GLEN

No, you should be proud!

JULIE

Thanks. I guess I am, just, y'know.

GLEN

So what did you want to talk about?

JULIE

Well, I just uh, I don't know. I have some Malignant guilt I suppose over what happened between us?

GLEN

How do you mean?

JULIE

When we tried to work together.  
I was like – in a phase where I was acting really crazy / and

GLEN

What? No, you're not crazy.

JULIE

I feel crazy and I was just – not being generous to the people around me  
I even felt protective of the thing we were ostensibly doing together,  
I really always wanted it to belong to me  
and for you to be my...I don't know

GLEN

Look, collaborations are tough. But all that work – that does belong to you –  
I'm not, like...  
I guess that if we're being honest I just wish you'd told me you were going to like.  
Recycle the stuff that we wrote.  
Or like, use details from real conversations  
that we had.

JULIE

That's – is that really your takeaway?

GLEN

What do you mean?

JULIE

I – I kinda apologized to you hoping you would apologize to me.

GLEN

Why do we have to apologize to each other? I don't understand.

JULIE

Glen, you made me feel insane. What you did, / was

GLEN

What I 'did?' I don't understand, did I like, do something to you?

JULIE

You stopped talking to me.  
I kept texting you and texting you



I'm pretty sure I texted at least thirteen times in a row nothing nothing nothing just a screen full of blue. Hoping – do you know how insane that makes a person feel. You had me constantly refreshing that Google doc to see if you'd maybe looked at it, and realizing that you didn't care anymore, and that you couldn't even bother to tell me the truth – that hurt! It hurt.  
And I still don't understand why, like – you decided you didn't want to fuck me?

GLEN

Whoa. Hey. That's not fair, / I was–

JULIE

The invitation, the alcohol, it was all so calculated.

GLEN

You were sad and I was trying to be your friend. Okay?  
I mean Christ, Julie, you won. You've had a very nice success, and you didn't need me. I mean who would give a shit anyway if they knew it was just [[some mediocre white guy's]] perspective...

JULIE

I really don't want to go there with you.

GLEN

But that wasn't your story to tell. About the beheading videos.  
I never said you could use it.

JULIE

Fine, tell it yourself, tell it better.

GLEN

I might. Do you know how it felt? Sitting in my seat and realizing you'd taken a horrible, unspeakable thing, something I told you in confidence – that you'd just plucked it out and spun it into dialogue? That was hurtful. That was a breach of trust. It would be one thing if you did that to your girlfriend, or a family member, but doing it to another writer is – it's stealing, it was violating/

JULIE

Yes, totally, sorry I'm such a predatory bitch, I'm such a grifter.

GLEN

No you're not.

JULIE

You are no better – you are just as bad as me. You told me all that awful shit about yourself and then you get mad at me for – it’s your narrative Glen, you were already selling me on some story about yourself so that I would – so I would trust you.

GLEN

You are a – wow.  
You are a forever victim. You know that?

JULIE

And it’s ugly what we created anyway, whatever it was that felt important and exciting is just so so boring to me now, I look at it and it’s like this black smeary mark on the page, like a bug stained SMEAR –

GLEN

I don’t know what to say. I hurt you and I’m sorry. But I don’t know what you want. Do we just never talk again after this? Stop existing to each other? Because we can do that, but I don’t want that, and I don’t think you / want that either

JULIE

I don’t know. No.

GLEN

Do you want another apology?  
Do you want me to apologize over and over and over or – what *do* you want because I don’t know how to heal this wound that you have.  
Should I suffer? Will that make you feel better?  
Do you want to have sex?  
Tell me what to do.

JULIE

No.  
No. No.

*(She crumples. She starts to cry.)*

GLEN

I – fuck  
It’s okay. I shouldn’t have – I’m sorry, okay?

JULIE

I’m sorry too.  
You can have a co-credit if you. A “based on an idea by.” If you want.  
Would that—

*Suddenly a light fixture falls onto Glen's head and he dies.*

Oh holy shit. Glen!

...

*A call between Julie and Hannah.*

*Julie is externally very calm and internally on fire. Like she's still fresh in the trauma as she recounts it.*

*Glen watches this play out from the floor, fully conscious.*

HANNAH

You were there? When it happened?

JULIE

Yeah.

HANNAH

Holy shit.

JULIE

Yeah.

Well, I was on a Zoom call with him, but yeah.

HANNAH

What did you – how did he – sorry.

I just.

What I meant to say was you're a really sweet person and what happened sounds awful and you can like, talk to me about it if you want to – or don't, if you don't want to, just, I want to offer a space to / uh...

JULIE

No, no. It's okay. He, um, I don't know, it was sudden, and I couldn't quite tell what had happened – if he was dead or unconscious – so I called 911 not really knowing what else to do.

And it took what felt like forever but was only like...

*(she checks her phone)*

Here.

The call was only ten minutes, wow. Because he's basically across the street from the hospital.

Anyway the paramedics come, the super or somebody lets them in and ... it looks so absurd, ten of these fuckin ... dudes. These like (she starts laughing) these big burly first responder guys

HANNAH

Yup. Yup. Yup. I know those guys. I have had like – eight big meatheads lifting my grandmother off the floor before, / I get it. Ack.

JULIE

Yes! Just these absolute Chads, and they're ripped, they're all doing Crossfit, it's like the Village People have come over to Glen's apartment. Ahh...

Ha.

And anyway one of them comes over and shuts the laptop. And that's it until uh,

*LOUD ass music; a kaleidoscopic karaoke screen washes over Glen.*

*He remains prone on the floor. Then slowly pulls himself up to sitting.*

*He touches his head; he's fine. No blood.*

*He puts his glasses back on.*

*He gets to his feet.*

## **PART 2: I THINK THIS IS THE ONE**

*Time resets. Glen stands around, confused.*

*Julie re-enters with a cigarette.*

*They're both younger, and awkward.*

JULIE

*(kind of garbled at the end)*

I thought you were really dead.

GLEN

What?

JULIE

I said, I thought you were really good.

GLEN

Oh. Thanks?

JULIE

Yeah, Madison was telling me to uh, waive any and all expectations but I really thought it was quite strong.

GLEN

Madison's good.

JULIE

Yeah, she is good.

*(clears her throat)*

I actually was here to see her but now I can't find her.  
It would be kind of a dirtbag move to leave.

GLEN

Hey are we –  
I just want to make sure, you're Julie, right?

JULIE

Yes. And you are Glen.  
...I've heard you are uh quite the cocksman.  
Do you want a cig?  
*(She offers him the pack.)*  
Don't take that one! It's bad luck.

...

*They're super drunk.*

JULIE

I'm always saying to her you're in the BIGGEST city with the most INTERESTING people

GLEN

ayyyy it's New York! Greatest Fuckin City In The World

JULIE

One of the greatest fuckin UNIVERSITIES in the World, and yet you're segregating yourself to only fuck dudes who are trying to be the next [[River Phoenix?]] No offense, man.

GLEN

Nah.

JULIE

But just be more original MADISON! God, if I / were her I'd  
*(ding ding ding)*

GLEN

Shit, look out–

*A bike speeds past them. Glen pulls Julie back.*

JULIE

Jesus Christ.

*(shouted)*

You can't bike on the fucking sidewalk!

*(Glen is freaked out.)*

Are you okay?

GLEN

Yes.

Sorry.

JULIE

You're fine, why are you sorry?

*(laughs)*

Has anyone ever died getting hit by a bike?

GLEN

Yes.

At least one person a year here, I read.

JULIE

Are you serious?? I could have been the one!

*Weak laughter. They catch their breath.  
 Beat.*

GLEN

Anyway

[[River Phoenix]] is dead.

JULIE

Yeah, that's what I'm saying.

GLEN

I had [[*Stand by Me* on VHS]] and probably watched it like eight hundred fuckin times but I still didn't know who he was, I didn't really *get it*, and now I get it, and it's like

Why don't we appreciate these people more when they were alive

JULIE

...I think he was very appreciated?

GLEN

Or – or David Berman, how the hell had I never listened to a David Berman song until after he was dead. And now there's all this hero worship for all these people who like maybe would have lived, if

I'm not saying they'd have lived if people had been nicer to them but

Where was all the enthusiasm when they were alive

*(He's genuinely emotional and this makes Julie uncomfortable.)*

I know that's reductive or whatever but it's just sad cause when I think about dying I'm like, well fuck. I achieved nothing

*Julie laughs at this. Glen laughs too.*

JULIE

I was kind of attracted to you before you said all that.

*Glen laughs harder.*

GLEN

Wait, really?

JULIE

Please don't be weirded out.

GLEN

I'm not.

JULIE

Really?

GLEN

I'm seriously not.

JULIE

Okay.

GLEN

To be totally honest, I thought you were a lesbian.

JULIE

Oh, psh. I'm like a hard five on the Kinsey scale?

GLEN

Cool?

JULIE

You're in the 90th percentile of attraction! Feel special!

GLEN

I ... do?

JULIE

But seriously don't worry. Obviously there is nothing going on here.

GLEN

Do you want there to be?

JULIE

No.

I don't want you to think of me that way because I think I'll lose some of your respect.

Which is not to say that you don't respect women of course.

Which is not to say that –

Well I don't always feel like a woman, frankly, and I don't want to be filed away in some catalog of things you regret, or don't remember. That's all.

Should I fill out a comment card...?

GLEN

Yeah, I'll send you the Google form.

JULIE

And – I'm drunk. But. For the sake of disclosure. I've only ever had sex with like three people. And there have been uh, mechanical problems in the past. And my mom knows about everyone I've ever slept with. And she already knows who you are because I told her about Madison / and

GLEN

I thought your mom was dead.

JULIE

No.



Oh okay. GLEN

Why did you think that? JULIE

I don't know. GLEN

*Beat.*

GLEN  
Do you want to...  
You go first.

JULIE  
Do you want to—  
Oh, sorry, no, you go first.

I have this idea. GLEN

Mmhmm JULIE

GLEN  
This insane idea. And I'm afraid if I don't get it all down right now I'll lose it forever. And I feel like if we wrote something together it might be really cool. And I was wondering if you wanted to, maybe. Is that weird?

JULIE  
No!  
No, let's do it.

GLEN  
Okay.  
What were you going to say?

JULIE  
I have ketamine

...

*A rehearsal room. Julie and Glen sit behind a table side by side and watch. Hannah is reading from a page of printed sides.*

HANNAH

But I don't think we should sleep together

GLEN

Oh. That's not what I meant.

HANNAH

Sorry.

GLEN

But why not?

HANNAH

Because you're...because you're great, and I love you, or whatever

GLEN

Oh

HANNAH

I don't wanna mess that up; why would I mess that up?  
*(an uncomfortable pause...)*

GLEN

Right well very cool. Ahem. Sorry I think we're good to move on, I just really have to go to the bathroom if you'll excuse me ha ha sorry yeah  
*(he goes)*

JULIE

Yeah very cool. Any questions for us? Things you wanna know about?

HANNAH

I mean  
the queerness is very much THERE for me

JULIE

Oh yeah?

HANNAH

I mean it's not stated but it's so clear  
There's real love between them. That is very much palpable to me  
But it's pretend love, it's the type of love that happens between people who aren't actually ready to be, or don't even want to be, intimate with someone, where – there's flirtation but it's safe because nothing will ever happen.  
Unless something does happen?? So there's danger too.  
And ultimately I don't know, it feels like such a ... joyful rejection of all the ...

ancient paternalistic patriarchal bullshit we're used to hearing about from our teachers – I mean the character is funny, she has agency

Right  
JULIE

Is she a little gay too?  
HANNAH

Um – ha ha – I dunno, probably –  
*(Glen re-enters.)*  
Hey. Welcome. We were just talking / about

Oh I wanted to ask when you got back. Did either of you...have moms with vaginismus. Or have it yourselves  
HANNAH

Ha ha. No.  
GLEN

*Julie indicates "well...no...kind of?"*

Ha ha. Creative license.  
JULIE

Because sometimes it's like, a PTSD response so I was wondering if that was also in the text...  
HANNAH

Oh wow. No. I hadn't actually heard about that.  
JULIE

Yeah. I mean not always. It could also be a sign of like poor emotional hygiene, or anxiety around sex but...I mean if you want to include me in this Process (and I hope that you do!) I'd just be curious to know. For the character.  
HANNAH

Um, we'll let you know!  
GLEN

Okay. Well you have my number.  
HANNAH

Bye.  
JULIE

HANNAH

See you.

*(Hannah goes.)*

JULIE

She was fine.

GLEN

Do you think that this scene sucks? Be honest.

JULIE

What? No. It's a big, important scene. I like it.

*(then)*

It does feel really familiar.

GLEN

I was just about to say that. I'm worried that I stole it from something else. Some other play maybe.

JULIE

Okay. Let's Google it to be safe, then.

*(typing on her phone:)*

"Theatre" ... "play" ... "mother" ... "vaginismus"

hmm

"Theatre ... review" ... "mother had vaginismus"

Um, no, I'm not getting anything. But i know what you mean – it's familiar –

Let's try [{"Jesse Green,"}] "vaginismus."

Maybe a TV show?

GLEN

Are you sure it wasn't something you told me?

Um. We might have been fucked up at the time.

JULIE

Maybe. I mean it's, it's possible.

*(beat)*

Oh my God I hate my life.

GLEN

What? Why?

JULIE

If I told you that, genuinely I am so sorry. I don't like being that person but I can't help it. I don't like to talk about myself, because then I end up telling people about my defective pelvic floor – that is so humiliating! Jesus.

GLEN

Look, the whole thing needs work. We can cut it. I – As a Man, I feel / weird

JULIE

No! Art. It's art.

I just

I don't want my parents to –

They don't need any additional stress.

I know you're probably like, how much could I possibly believe in the work if I'm concerned what they think, but –

GLEN

No, I get it. You don't have to explain.

JULIE

Let's not fuck with it. For now.

GLEN

Okay. About Hannah.

JULIE

Before we get into that, do you think they were flirting with me earlier?

GLEN

They seemed into you, yeah.

JULIE

I don't know. They might just be really friendly.

GLEN

I think they were too...effusive in that scene.

JULIE

Agree.

GLEN

They were doing a thing with the arms and the ... the face that I didn't really like

JULIE

I know what you mean, like

*(does a version of the arms/face.)*

I mean, could we just get Madison to do it?

GLEN

Madison Schaffer?

JULIE  
Glen, you sly dog.

GLEN  
What!

JULIE  
Don't play coy with me. You know. Madison Schaffer. Our mutual friend Madison Schaffer who has had your dick / inside her

GLEN  
No, I know, just – Madison is doing a masters in social work. I think she quit acting.

JULIE  
Wait, really?

GLEN  
I just assumed you knew.  
*(suddenly defensive)*  
It's not like we had a serious relationship or anything. Like we don't keep in touch. I saw on Facebook.

JULIE  
Fuck. This is so demoralizing. Do you think I can vape in here?

GLEN  
Julie Julie. Don't give up yet.

JULIE  
Forget it, I'm going to buy a pack of cigarettes.

GLEN  
Who are you, my dad?  
Julieeee I swear to GOD if you do not Come Back Here this Instant –  
*(beat)*  
Whoa

JULIE  
What

GLEN  
Why did that feel so familiar. What is that from

JULIE  
???

GLEN

Sorry I feel a little  
whoa

*(he realizes something for a second  
and then his brain immediately  
blocks it out)*

um

JULIE

Oh, calm down. I'll get you a seltzer

*She goes. He stays.*

*Julie takes a hit off her vape. Doesn't see  
Hannah still standing around.*

HANNAH

You are definitely not allowed to do that here

JULIE

Oh. Oh my god sorry

HANNAH

I'm just kidding. I don't care. Hey I have a question

JULIE

Yeah?

HANNAH

Did I just completely fuck that? Back there?

JULIE

Uh

*(she cringes; she's been caught.)*

Listen—

HANNAH

Oh wow. Wow, I beefed it didn't I. I shouldn't have said all that stuff

JULIE

No – I mean/

HANNAH

About how I wanna like be part of the Process, like, that really wasn't appropriate

JULIE

No I appreciate it. I do.

HANNAH

Look, when it's wrong it's wrong. We are all big kids. But. I'd be happy to talk about the text more if you...I could send notes or...

JULIE

Do you want to talk right now?

HANNAH

Um, sure?

JULIE

I think we should talk right now.

HANNAH

Cool.

JULIE

Hold on.

*Julie pokes her head back in the rehearsal room. Glen is still there, rearranging papers, kind of freaking out.*

JULIE

Hey, actually I changed my mind. I'm gonna go.

GLEN

We have the space for another two hours –

JULIE

Okay, well, go ahead if you want, but I'm calling it a night.

GLEN

Are you fucking kidding me?

JULIE

I think we kind of hit a wall. Okay? I'll text you.

GLEN

Okay.

*She goes off with Hannah.*



Jeez...

HANNAH

JULIE

He's just cranky because the play is bad

HANNAH

Aww. No it's not.

JULIE

No, it's bad. We don't even have a title. It's just: Untitled Glen and Julie Project.

HANNAH

GlenJulie Glen Ross

JULIE

Oh that's good. I'll use that

HANNAH

Yeah people will love that. That's not a confusing Google search at all

JULIE

Prime SEO

HANNAH

Oh baby that is some *prime* SEO

JULIE

How about uh, Long Day's Journey Into Trite.

*Hannah thinks of one, starts to say it, and then cracks up.*

HANNAH

Who's Afraid of Vagina Woolf

*they have a giggle fit.*

JULIE

No but, I think it's bad right now because it comes from, it's presented from, a place of self-consciousness, which can be...a little insufferable, it's a little neurotic

HANNAH

No, no, I think that's its charm  
I think it's kind of adorable really

*Hannah is flirting. It's working.*

JULIE

Shut up

*(both being silly:)*

HANNAH

I do. Yeah! Yeah, I said it!  
I fucking said it!

JULIE

Nuh-uh.  
Nuh-uh!

*Glen's phone starts to ring. It's a FaceTime from Tyler. Glen tries to find a better angle to hold his phone from and maybe fixes his hair a bit. Then picks up.*

GLEN

Hey, what's up?

*Tyler starts to speak but a loud, weird, pixellated sound comes out instead. Maybe we return to the karaoke lighting.*

GLEN

I can't hear you – are you at a bar or / something?

TYLER

Hold on /

*(speaking directly into the phone)*

how about now?

GLEN

Sorry?

TYLER

Can you hear me now?

GLEN

Sort of. Sorry

TYLER

Okay, epic. So, I read the –

*The loud noise starts up again.*

GLEN

Tyler?

*It becomes unbearable. He hangs up. He puts his head on the table for a while. Then gets to typing.*

...

*Julie and Hannah drink at a bar.*

HANNAH

I think you're better than him.

JULIE

Oh come on.

HANNAH

No, for real

JULIE

You are saying that because you are trying to seduce me

HANNAH

Well I am but – I wouldn't say it if I didn't believe it and if I didn't believe it I wouldn't be talking to you right now.

You don't have to hitch yourself to the Glen wagon just because.

JULIE

Just because what?

HANNAH

Just because...he's a...[[straight(...???) white sorta doofy cis man?]]

JULIE

I mean, he is that. But I don't know. I just have this feeling about him. I had this – dream – or maybe more like a premonition of myself once. Where I had created something meaningful with Glen and I was very happy. And honestly it felt real, like, I'm almost convinced it *is* real. I see the contours of the room and the smell of the air conditioner and, I can imagine the exact suit he is wearing. Every detail to the button. It's so strange. What a fucking guy. I just feel like I have to.

HANNAH

Look: I think sometimes it's tempting to latch onto men or write about men because men are more canonical and universal or whatever but. I hear *your* voice and I think it is way more interesting than like, an approximation of an important man's voice, you know?

JULIE

I didn't know that was what I was doing.

HANNAH

I mean it's unconscious, we all have to unlearn it.

JULIE

Okay well what is my "voice" then.

HANNAH

What I'm saying is there is a space for your perspective. There's all kinds of weird lesbian art out there. People are making it right now in this very neighborhood. You could...you could work with me.

*Something about the last part gives Julie the ick –*

*the flirty energy fizzles out, like if you dropped a match in a puddle.*

JULIE

Hannah – no one cares about what I have to say. My expectations are low because I'm not delusional.

HANNAH

I care.

JULIE

No you don't. I mean maybe you do. But you're boring. You're boring! And you are not the Velvet Underground, okay. There is nothing original about what we're doing here. "This neighborhood?" This entire place has been paved over into Disneyland for people like us. Because our parents can afford it.

HANNAH

I'm aware of that.

JULIE

I get that you care, very much, about like, promoting the existence and sanctity of Weird Queer Lesbian Art, but talk about a yoke, a plow I'd be dragging behind me for the rest of my life. Seriously! I don't want to belong to some niche that begins and ends with a dumb little anthology.

HANNAH

So you *do* want to be a man.

JULIE

No??

HANNAH

No, I mean, that's fine; you wanna be important, you want prestige; you wanna have a big, hard underline under your name in the textbook and move everyone to tears over how hard it is to be a man who is masculine but also...sensitive

JULIE

No

HANNAH

And everyone will go "ahhh wowww he's just like me for real..."

JULIE

No!

It's not that. I don't want to put all my shit on the sacrificial pyre for ten minutes of attention. I don't want to debase myself just to prove that I exist.

HANNAH

So basically you're a poser.

JULIE

Yes! Exactly! I *am* a poser. I am a phony! Koo koo kachoo! Merry Christmas!

*Suddenly she doubles over and starts coughing up blood.*

HANNAH

Whoa –

JULIE

No it's fine

*She staggers to the floor. Hannah goes to her side.*

HANNAH

*(looking around)*

Can someone please / call an am –

JULIE

You gotta tell Glen because, because I remember now, tell him I remember what it was from, and that you gotta – we have to go back because

Julie. Julie shhhh  
 HANNAH

I really think we're gonna get it right this time. I do  
 JULIE

Oh my God  
 HANNAH

I think this is The One  
 JULIE

**PART 3: ART GETS WHAT IT DESERVES**

Oh my God!  
 TYLER

...  
 GLEN

Oh. My God.  
 TYLER

Yeah, hey.  
 GLEN

You still exist  
 TYLER

What happened? What did I do wrong?  
*(They hug.)*

What do you mean?  
 GLEN

You stopped talking to me???  
 TYLER

I've just been busy  
 GLEN

Is that it?  
 TYLER

Yeah. It's just been a crazy, uh...  
 GLEN

TYLER

I read the thing, your thing with Julie

GLEN

Oh?

TYLER

It's kind of a non-thing I would say?

GLEN

Sure – wait,

TYLER

I mean there were things I liked, and there were things that I thought were a little...???...but I don't know if they were yours or hers, so I can't speak to –

GLEN

Total dramaturgical enmeshment. One hundred percent collaborative.

TYLER

Well

I love that, first of all

I just, I don't think it's a great fit at the present moment but like – it's so great to see you. Sorry. God. I just wanna get that out of the way / before...

GLEN

Sure. Sure.

TYLER

I really do miss you. Aww.

*(He's not being fake here;  
something's genuinely welled up.)*

You stopped talking to me.

GLEN

I'm sorry

TYLER

Luckily my feelings weren't hurt

GLEN

Ha ha ha. You don't have feelings.  
It's good to see you man.

TYLER

Dude

I am So Sick of The Grind. Of the Drama. No one's fun anymore, what happened to fun, I'm so bored I could DIE.

I mean I'm grateful, we're blessed, obviously

GLEN

Yeah

TYLER

Like seriously, do you know how lucky we are

GLEN

Super lucky

TYLER

So unbelievably lucky. And I do feel guilty sometimes. Because of the...

GLEN

Because of the money

TYLER

The money and the position and all of that but like. I'm sure you get that.

GLEN

Oh yeah. Of course

TYLER

Yeah. So how *is* your dad?

GLEN

Oh, you know, he's...

TYLER

He's doing the whole "hi my name is Dad and I'm an alcoholic" thing?

GLEN

We say "substance abuser" but yeah

TYLER

"Substance abuser" sounds badass. I know it's supposed to be de stigmatizing or whatever but it just kinda makes him sound cool as shit

GLEN

It's really not cool



TYLER

We were spoiled.

GLEN

Our dads let us put whiskey in our Cokes when we were kids, Tyler. In their place of business. That's not okay.

TYLER

Yeah, but, that's how dads are

GLEN

No it's not, that's not normal.

TYLER

It's not like he did anything bad to you, right?

GLEN

No

TYLER

You did some bad things to yourself though, maybe?

GLEN

Um—

*(suddenly terrified:)*

What...what do you mean?

TYLER

Like you had to go to the ... hospital because

GLEN

Oh. Oh. Yes. Yes. Because I tried to kill myself,

TYLER

right

GLEN

yes. yeah. I thought you meant the other thing

TYLER

What other thing

GLEN

Your dad never told you about the other thing?

That happened?

In his place of business?

TYLER

Bro, my dad did *not* tell me things.

GLEN

Okay. Do you want to hear about my thing?

TYLER

I love things. I'm all about things.

...

*Hannah phases into the present reality:  
sitting on their bed in their room. They don't  
notice Julie beside them at first.*

JULIE

Hey

HANNAH

*(startled)*

Oh fuck

JULIE

Are you okay?

HANNAH

No – I mean – I thought you were – you'd –

JULIE

What?

HANNAH

Nothing

JULIE

What??

HANNAH

*(still completely freaked:)*

No, nothing.

JULIE

Oh God. I said something wrong

HANNAH

No

JULIE

I've totally fucked this haven't I. I really like you and I'm doing a really bad job / at

HANNAH

No! No. It's just. Oh my God, forget it.

We are having a fun and sexy time and I'm being super normal.

JULIE

Do we need to have like

the lesbian pre-game seminar about all of our sexual hangups and traumas

Cause I can block out like an hour for that if you want.

I'll go first: I have vaginismus

HANNAH

That's incredibly common. If that makes you feel any better.

JULIE

No but like it's hardcore, one time I got a pelvic exam. Feet in the stirrups. Doctor

starts coming down to take a look, *bam*. My knees involuntarily like *snap* back

together. He comes back up he's got a bloody nose

HANNAH

*(laughing at this)*

Oh my God.

JULIE

I'm not kidding. The speculum, it went *flying* and like, it clatters across the floor /

HANNAH

Oh Christ

*They both crack up.*

JULIE

But it's under control now! I see a physiotherapist: basically I lie on a table and she fingers me for three dollars a minute,

HANNAH

Wow

JULIE

and it sort of works. So if you want to try...getting in there...I'm happy to, it just, it requires some patience

HANNAH

Okay. Good to know  
I mean...well, fine: Pretty much every time I have sex with someone, something terrible happens after.

JULIE

Terrible like what?

HANNAH

Uh, you know.  
The day I lost my virginity there was this hit and run at a street fair that killed like four people, and my parents were freaked out because they thought maybe I was there, but I wasn't, I was at my girlfriend's house  
And then the second time I was with my girlfriend, my grandmother had a stroke  
And then the *third* time, my dog died  
And so I was quite literally celibate for years because I was afraid that every time I fucked someone I was throwing the universe out of whack. Then I finally worked up the nerve to be with someone again and immediately: *their* dog dies  
I could give you like, several other examples  
I have sex...my college roommate gets 5150'd  
I have sex...boom, my brother's got a DUI  
I have sex and then bam I got appendicitis  
And like I get that all kinds of weird shit happens in life but  
I sincerely think I might be cursed. So. That's what you're dealing with.

JULIE

Well  
Okay. Thank you for the caveat.  
We can still make out right

HANNAH

I think so  
*(they attempt to start making out but then Julie starts talking.)*

JULIE

I am literally never this direct

HANNAH

Me neither

JULIE

I never feel this strongly about anyone

HANNAH

Really?

JULIE

Yeah I mean I think about sleeping with people all the time, like occasionally right after meeting them but. It's not real. You're very real

HANNAH

You ... wanted to hook up right after you met me?

JULIE

Yes, very much

*(they collide again)*

but this is the thing like, usually the person is not the least bit interested and I am actually just getting off on the unavailability of it all like some kind of – mm

*(and again)*

But you're not like that. You're fully available. You're so nice to me.

HANNAH

Well I like you.

JULIE

Do you actually?

HANNAH

Yes.

*(the intimacy escalates over this next bit.)*

GLEN

The first year my parents were divorced I got a state-mandated summer vacation in my dad's condo. And he was in the office a lot so I'd come with him and he'd park me in some random cubicle

TYLER

Sure

GLEN

And God it was awesome. Big beige monitor running Windows XP. The golden age of digital piracy. Limewire and Newgrounds and all those sketchy torrent sites with every game, album, movie you'd ever want, for free. Hours on end to myself. Every day. Thirteen year old boy. I got up to some degenerate shit.

JULIE

Hey uh I think your nose is bleeding?

*Hannah sits up. Dabs at their nose and sees blood.*

Huh. Weird

HANNAH

Do you get nosebleeds a lot

JULIE

Not really, no

HANNAH

Maybe the air is just really dry or something

JULIE

Are you squeamish about blood?

HANNAH

No –

JULIE

Are you a vampire? Is that why I never see you during the daytime?

HANNAH

An emotional vampire, maybe

JULIE

Taste it.

HANNAH

Ew, what?

JULIE

Either taste it or I'm getting up and getting a Kleenex.

*Julie licks the blood off Hannah's philtrum.  
She might laugh.*

What does it taste like

HANNAH

Blood. Copper.

JULIE

*Hannah puts their hand between Julie's legs.*

Mucus. Sweat.  
Do you actually like me?

HANNAH

Yes! I just said yes.

JULIE

Why?

HANNAH

Seriously. I'm about to top for you and you're giving me a whole essay prompt?

JULIE

I don't know who I am to you. I don't know who I am to anyone.

HANNAH

You're Julie.

There is no self. The self is something they made up like two hundred years ago to sell vibrators and opium.

You do not have a self.

Does that make you feel better?

*They continue.*

GLEN

And then sometimes late at night he'd be drunk and invite me in and let me try a little watered-down scotch and I'd feel, truly, truly like part of him. Like. He never talked about what had happened to his family. I mean I could do the math on what *might* have happened but if I asked, he got mad.

We had no shared connections at all besides like, Dad Stuff, like, "listen to this Bob Dylan album" – and even so. Did I love it because it was Bob Dylan or because it contained some secret history of, some explanation for my dad.

So anyway I decided to get better at drinking.

I found a lot of DeKuyper schnapps in the supply closet. Different flavors for different holiday parties. And I'd work my way through them. All day long. For who knows how long. It could have been a week, it could have been the entirety of that summer. Then I got really miserably sick. My mom caught wind and took me home. And they found this little cache of sticky bottles and probably a ton of weird porn on the desktop and

TYLER

Can I stop you for a sec, is that okay

GLEN

Okay.

TYLER

Why are you telling me this story. I don't get it.

GLEN

What's not to get, it's like, my personal vaginismus of the soul

TYLER

I mean why are you telling me this in the larger context, in the world of the play or whatever. You were a child and you experienced shame. So what? This is the thing – this is the problem, and maybe this is me, but –

*(he thinks on it for a second)*

Other people's shame is not as profound to me as it is to them.

*Around this time, Hannah digitally penetrates Julie. It all seems fine.*

GLEN

What?

TYLER

And that's my problem with Julie's thing, the essay, whatever it was that I read. Locked up vagina! Dead baby bird! Ironic detachment! Great. Evocative, even. But is it interesting? No. Is it funny? No. Because no one's fun anymore, what happened to fun, I'm so bored I could die.

GLEN

Why do you keep saying that

TYLER

It's from *Sex and the City*.

It's from a YouTube clip of *Sex and the City*.

A lady says that and then she falls out of an open window and dies.

HANNAH

Are you okay?

JULIE

Um

HANNAH

Do you want to stop? We can stop.

*Hannah stops.*

HANNAH

Oh um. I think you got your / period?

JULIE

Oh shit. Sorry



No it's okay

HANNAH

*Julie scrambles out of bed. If she took off any clothes, she puts them back on now.*

I should go

JULIE

Um – I can get you a pad or a tampon or something

HANNAH

No it's fine. Dah. Sorry. I should go. I don't...I don't think this is going to work out

JULIE

What?

HANNAH

I should go.

JULIE

You don't think it's going to work out?

HANNAH

*Julie feels some regret. Goes over and kisses Hannah for a beat too long.*

Sorry.

JULIE

*Julie goes.*

We just had sex????

HANNAH

*Hannah sits in silence for a long time. They find their phone and start to draft a text. They get stuck and delete it all.*

*Then something strikes them. They put their phone down. Gears are turning.*

HANNAH

...I should write something about Julie.  
I should write something about Julie!

I think that if I write something about Julie and I do it with zero irony or self-consciousness or self victimizing whatsoever it could be really good.  
It could be really good!

*(Hannah starts to write the lyrics on their phone.)*

This Is A Eulogy...For Julie.  
Snuffed out in a coffeehouse...cruelly  
wallpapered with flyers for housing and bands  
and her hands  
...stupid

TYLER

I mean come on man, you're like, my fuckin boy, dude. We are all creators. All of us want – I've been on both sides of the table and I know how much it sucks. It *sucks*. I am only being candid because like, I adore you and love you  
...and honestly I wish that you felt the same way but I know that you don't, so

GLEN

...no, I know  
I know  
...  
yeah  
yeah.  
no, of course  
... same  
...  
...  
right

TYLER

like there was that one time, but, that was not...it was not. Anyway

GLEN

Okay let me get this straight.  
You *would* have sex with me

TYLER

*(not really)*

I mean

GLEN

but you would not vouch for my art.  
Not even, to forward it along to someone who / might make a difference

TYLER

Who would I forward it to?? Who would I forward it to. Who.

GLEN

I don't know, just

TYLER

Jesus Christ. Glen. I don't want to work with you! I want to be your friend again. Okay?

GLEN

You are my friend. You are my very good friend.  
Listen I – I don't wanna do this. I don't wanna – let's forget about it. Okay?  
I'm sorry.  
I'm going crazy, man

TYLER

Okay.  
I'm going to sit at the bar now

GLEN

Okay.

*Tyler goes to the bar.*

*Hannah is there, drinking and typing on  
their phone.*

HANNAH

*(trying out lyrics under their breath)*

and her hands reaching out / they were clutching at nothing / the blood from her  
mouth against / brown green linoleum top / it was pooling / that was Julie

*Tyler does a double-take.*

TYLER

Wait, I know you.

HANNAH

You do?

TYLER

You're like that TikTok songwriter girl with the...

*(vague gestures)*

and I think we live near each other because I've seen you on the train and –  
your skin looks *great* in person, what the hell?

HANNAH

Oh –

TYLER

Oh I'm sorry. Not-girl. I knew that.

HANNAH

It's okay, I'm pretty...

*(gestures to herself)*

I'm figuring it out. Still figuring it out.

TYLER

Right, cool. I'm Tyler.

HANNAH

Hannah.

TYLER

Sorry, am I bugging you

Or are you waiting for someone or...

HANNAH

No, uh, it's fine

Um

*(Hannah is teary. They can't keep it in anymore.)*

You seem really nice – I'm usually not...

*(gestures: "I'm not usually like this.")*

Someone I really cared about just dumped me out of the blue, and...ugh

TYLER

Oh. Oh no. Are you okay?

HANNAH

No

I mean I'm fine but, no...

TYLER

I'm so sorry.

I understand, though.

That...that kinda happened to me just now, actually.

HANNAH

Really?

TYLER

Technically I was the breaker-upper and not the break-up-ee.

And it was more like a friend-breakup...

HANNAH

Oh.

That's not the / same.

TYLER

But like, it was a life long friend who was *kinda* more than a friend but not really. So.

*(then)*

It wasn't even dramatic or anything. It just happened. It was like: oh. So that's the last time we're ever speaking.

HANNAH

Are you sad?

TYLER

Not really?

HANNAH

Why are you not sad?

TYLER

I think people sometimes say things?  
I think sometimes people claim to want you but then they realize they don't want *you*, and then they get embarrassed. You know?

HANNAH

I know exactly

TYLER

Yeah.

*(beat)*

But anyway  
Maybe you'll be glad later, that she broke up with you.

HANNAH

You're probably right

TYLER

I mean it's easier to say that to a stranger.  
I don't know your life.  
Maybe she was super amazing and you totally screwed it up.

HANNAH

Yeah dude, like, what if she was the best person ever.  
What if she crocheted mittens for the poor.

TYLER

What if she sang to demented elderly people

HANNAH

What if she like, rehabbed baby birds and nursed them back to health in her free time and I BLEW IT???

Nah, she sucks.

TYLER

Fuck her.

HANNAH

Fuck her!!! And...and fuck your guy too. I'm assuming it's a guy

TYLER

Fuck him too!

HANNAH

Fuck him too!!!

TYLER

They probably deserve each other.

HANNAH

*(laughing)*

Oh God, don't say that

So uh, what do you do for work?

TYLER

Actually, I'm an / assistant –

HANNAH

Oh –

*Hannah shifts in their chair. They freeze and spasm and wince for a moment. We can't tell what's happening.*

*They clutch at the edge of the bar. Tyler puts a hand on them, concerned.*

TYLER

Are you okay?

HANNAH

Oh my God

My whole leg fell asleep

Owwwww oh my God the tingle

*(They pat Tyler's arm.)*

I'm fine. I'm fine. Gimme a sec.

TYLER

I'm an assistant at an agency but – you know what, I don't want to talk about work. Let's talk about fun, what do you do for *fun*?

...

*Julie enters.*

*Julie has made herself over. She looks really put together now; her hair is smooth, her clothes are new. She sits with Glen.*

GLEN

Hi.

JULIE

Do you want to be my friend again

GLEN

I don't know.

JULIE

Were we ever friends?

GLEN

Of course we were.

JULIE

I stole from you. For a story no one cared about. Which was not my story to tell.

I thought that I.

I thought that if I did it, it would relieve you of something, that you would be unburdened, and maybe you would thank me. And maybe it would save you.

Or both of us.

But now it's just rotting in my computer somewhere because I'm too ashamed.

I'm ashamed and I'm sorry.

GLEN

That's okay.

JULIE  
 Still:  
 I'm sorry.  
 Can you say it back

GLEN  
 Sorry.

JULIE  
 Can you say it again

GLEN  
 I'm sorry.  
 I'm sorry.

JULIE  
 Ta-da

GLEN  
 ?

JULIE  
 We're friends again.

*Maybe they touch hands.*

*then:*

GLEN  
 You shouldn't be ashamed.  
 I never would have told it to you if ...  
 I told it to you, and you made it into something.  
 You should be proud of it. Are you proud of it?

*Julie thinks.*

JULIE  
 No.

*End of play.*

...

*Unless...?*



*Everyone comes back on and begins striking/resetting.*

JULIE

Thank you:  
 for buying a ticket  
 for coming to [[Williamsburg]]  
 for staying up late and listening to me talk  
 thank you for the compliment  
 and for the honesty  
 and the soundboard  
 and the ghosts in the ceiling tiles  
 and all the sad literary interns, thank you  
 and my love for you, which has robbed me of all good sense  
 and the world which owes me nothing  
 and to which I owe something  
 my petty kingdom  
 my many grievances  
 my worldly ambition  
 my jealousy and spite  
 may it light my way  
 may it cleanse me of grief  
 may it get what it wants

*Glen helps re-rig the light that hit him.*

GLEN

Looks good. Thanks

JULIE

thank you for coming  
 really, truly, thank you for coming  
 thank you to the actors and director  
 thank you to our creators and collaborators  
 thank you to our mentors and our enemies  
 now give me your hand