

START

HEATHER MCNAMARA

My sort-of boyfriend...

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(HEATHER MCNAMARA)

...killed himself because he was gay for his linebacker. And my best friend seemed to have it all together, but she's gone too. Now my stomach's hurting worse and worse, and every morning on the bus I feel my heart beating louder and faster, and I'm like, "Jesus, I'm on the frickin' bus again 'cause all my rides to school are dead."

Lights have converged on HEATHER MCNAMARA. The room is eerie and still. **END**

I FLOAT IN A BOAT
ON A RAGING BLACK OCEAN.
LOW IN THE WATER
AND NOWHERE TO GO.
THE TINIEST LIFEBOAT
WITH PEOPLE I KNOW.

COLD, CLAMMY AND CROWDED,
THE PEOPLE SMELL DESPERATE.
WE'LL SINK ANY MINUTE,
SO SOMEONE MUST GO.
THE TINIEST LIFEBOAT,
WITH PEOPLE I KNOW.

EVERYONE'S PUSHING,
EVERYONE'S FIGHTING,
STORMS ARE APPROACHING,
THERE'S NOWHERE TO HIDE!
IF I SAY THE WRONG THING
OR I WEAR THE WRONG OUTFIT
THEY'LL THROW ME RIGHT OVER THE SIDE!

I'M HUGGING MY KNEES
AND THE CAPTAIN IS POINTING.
(angry)
WELL, WHO MADE HER CAPTAIN?