

START

JENNY

There are no Ivy League's in the South.

SISSY

*(just really, personally offended by this)*

WHY NOT?

JENNY

I don't know!

SISSY

Why are there no Ivy League's in the South, Jenny?!

JENNY

They are all in the North East.

SISSY

WHAT? Like that's- I don't know-but like, if you grow up in the South and can't afford to go up there, then you can't get a good education. And if you can't get a good education, it's like, like, like you are stuck in this like poor place for the rest of your life!

JENNY

Yeah. I know.

SISSY

But that isn't fair!

JENNY

What does this have to do with anything?

SISSY

The thirteen colonies man. They get everything. All the glory. They think they are better than everyone else. I bet they all skate too! Like on ice! Can you imagine? Because they are educated and rich and drink their tea *hot* like it's Britain or something. The revolution is over!

JENNY

What is going on with you?

SISSY

I'm sorry you couldn't get into an Ivy League school, Jenny. I'm so sorry.

JENNY

I didn't apply to an Ivy League school. And Tulane is a great school.

SISSY Sc. 1 2/3

47

SISSY

Because you knew they would hold it against you. Being from here. They think they know you. They think they know Momma. Momma wanted to go to New York, but she couldn't, so now she hates the South, just like everyone else. Try not to sell yourself short, okay?

JENNY

I'm not.

SISSY

Good. That's all that matters to me. I'm protecting you, Jenny. I'm protecting you and Charlie. Don't worry.

JENNY

This conversation has gotten too far ahead of me.

SISSY

*You should try it some time. Being a feminist.*

JENNY

This was all about the feminist thing?

SISSY

And the connotation fits. I had a connotation fit because I am a feminist and I just don't think that anyone understands that part of me. I want to rage like the hulk. Or the monster. The monster, Jenny! My monster is so scary.

JENNY

I thought we were over this.

SISSY

And I thought we were over you and Charlie not believing anything I say. It's fine. It's on me and I get it. Maybe if you tried to see things like I see them...but you don't.

JENNY

I am sorry if I don't see the point in monsters. Is that actually what the connotation was about?

SISSY

You're the same as you were but different.

# SISSY Sc.1 3/3

JENNY

...?

SISSY

You just look like you don't roll around on the floor enough. You should roll around on the floor more.

JENNY

...thanks, Sissy. Maybe you should go to bed. Go lay in my room and get some sleep.

Jenny pushes Sissy towards her room. Jenny walks to Charlie's door and knocks loudly. Charlie swings the door open, annoyed.

## END

CHARLIE

What.

JENNY

What the hell is wrong with Sissy?

CHARLIE

What?

JENNY

She is acting insane. Calling herself a feminist-

CHARLIE

Nothing wrong with that, but, okay.

JENNY

She is dancing in the middle of the night, and obsessing over that damned monster.

CHARLIE

Shit. Shit shit shit. Yeah no umm, I think she is taking Momma's medication. After you left, Sissy would have these night terrors and Momma couldn't handle it, so she gave her some -

JENNY

Pill bottle pillows. Shit.

CHARLIE

She probably just took one for bed.

JENNY

Does she normally get all agitated like that?

Cockroaches

Charlie pulls Sissy's hair. She yanks it hard, pulling her to the ground.

SISSY

She didn't take you with her! You were going to leave with Jenny, but she didn't take you, and now you know.

CHARLIE

Know what?

SISSY

Jenny is just as selfish as Momma.

Charlie pours her soda on top of Sissy.

**SCENE Transition:** "His growing lack of concern for the others hardly surprised him, whereas previously he had prided himself on being considerate." - FK

Time passes slowly.

Or maybe we are just seeing the world as Sissy sees it. Cruel and dark and lonely. A world with retreating light. But Sissy believes she is still fast enough to catch it. Something scuttles along the roof. Sissy tilts her head up to hear it. She begins picking at her skin, wiping the soda off with a towel. She takes a chair from the table. After a moment, she climbs up on top of the medicine cabinet. She grabs an orange pill bottle.

START

SISSY

(Sing-songy)

Pill bottle pill bottle pill bottle pillows make a good night sleep every night of the week.

The pill bottle spills out in front of her. Four have escaped. She picks all of them up contemplating for a moment. Then-

SISSY

Goodnight, Jenny.

She drops one pill in the bottle.

SISSY

Sc. 2

Hy

39

SISSY

Goodnight, Charlie.

And another.

SISSY

Goodnight, Sissy.

And another.

SISSY

Momma says goodnight. Have a goodnight sleep. Don't you worry. And don't you weep. Pill bottle pill bottle pill bottle pillows make a good night sleep every night of the week.

...

And what do you say? Tell your Momma goodnight.

Sissy cocks her ear out, waiting for a response. Sissy waits until she hears someone say goodnight. And she does hear it.

She swallows the last pill. The world turns the color of Vicodin. She begins dancing around the space, expressing what it is to feel heavy and light at the same time. She plays. She climbs up on the table and starts her own marching band. She crawls around like the creature on the roof. She hides in the curtains and scares us. She jumps in the piles of laundry, and throws it all over the space. She gathers the blankets strewn around the floor and begins running around with them. She runs back and forth across the stage with the sheets traveling behind her. She leaps with them in the air as she runs. It's clumsy and silly, but she probably saw it in a movie once. At some point she pretends to die. She is super overdramatic and she draws it out as long as she can. She feels tired and heavy. Her whole world turns into jello. The vivacity of before is long gone.

SISSY

Ugh! Calm down. Can I tell you something?

Cockroaches



The sound scurries down now to the side of her head. Sissy looks directly out at the wall, past us, as if the creature is right behind us.

SISSY

What do you like so much about the wallpaper? What's so fun about hiding in there?

She crawls over to the wall, and puts her head against it.

SISSY

I still hear you.

Suddenly, her movement is fast. She sits up and makes a silly face at the face watching her. She stares at it. Finally, she sticks her tongue out at it. After awhile she collapses, in jello again.

SISSY

You can't have me. And you can't have my sisters. Because you are too ugly. Boo!

She startles.

SISSY

No fair! You scare me too easily.

She cocks her head to the side.

SISSY

What scares you?

She laughs.

SISSY

Sorry I called you ugly. I like it better when I can look at you. Even if you are...sorry-not easy on the eyes.

Sissy cries, a little overcome.

SISSY

Please leave me alone. I don't want to hear you anymore. Please. Will you stop? Will you stop, please? I'll eat you alive. I will. I promise I will. Please? Please?

SISSY Sc. 2 4/4  
(SLSTFYI)

41

Sissy moves to the kitchen. She falls asleep on the pile of laundry. The lights wax and wane, like a heartbeat. Down. Up. Down. Up. Down.

Up!

Arms from beneath the laundry grab Sissy and pull her under. She hardly has time to scream.

END

---

*SCENE Transition: "The door could not be heard slamming; they had probably left it open, as is the custom in homes where a great misfortune has occurred." - FK*

Jenny is in the living room, pacing. She moves towards the phone. She picks it up for a second, thinks better of it, places it back on the receiver, and moves to the living room, restless.

She looks at the pile of clothes and begins to fold them. She gets through a piece or two of laundry, before it all gets overwhelming again. She picks up a piece of clothing, and immediately drops it. There is something sticky on her hands and she immediately wipes it on some of the other clothes.

Charlie comes in, the door slamming shut behind her. She has a soft smile on her face.

JENNY

Where were you?

CHARLIE

God. You scared me. What's wrong with you?

JENNY

Nothing. I just want to make sure you're safe.

CHARLIE

I'm no safer here with you than I am anywhere else.

JENNY

Comforting.

Charlie nods to the clothes.