

SCENE 1.

[SYDNEY and IZZY are sitting at a café together in silence. They have just gotten their coffees. IZZY is flipping through a newspaper. SYDNEY looks distracted. She tries hers.]

SYDNEY:

I knew I shouldn't have ordered a cappuccino. I guess it's just too much for them to process.

[Without looking up, IZZY hands her a part of the newspaper. When she doesn't take it, IZZY looks up.]

IZZY:

Do you want the Comics section?

SYDNEY *[after a long look]*:

I want them to bring my food.

IZZY:

Is everything okay? You seem a little off. You kept saying you wanted to try this place, I would have been fine with going back to our usual...

SYDNEY:

I'm just... all I ordered was a cappuccino and a scone. It's really not that hard.

IZZY:

It's busy today.

[She doesn't respond, just glances back and forth for servers and tries to get their attention.]

Is your coffee really that bad?

SYDNEY:

I really need something else.

IZZY:

What do you need? Here, let me get someone's attention.
[to a passing waiter] Hey, excuse me... sorry, where's our waiter...

SYDNEY:

Don't.

IZZY:

I'm sorry. You just seem unhappy.

SYDNEY:

I know. You don't have to say sorry. You didn't do anything.

IZZY:

You're right. I'm sorry. Oh, now that was awkward.

SYDNEY:

What time are you picking me up tonight? [he stares at her.] Izzy.

IZZY:

I thought we weren't doing anything until tomorrow.
Party's on Friday, right?

SYDNEY:

Today is Friday.

IZZY:

So when do you want me to come? Seven?

SYDNEY:

Actually. I want to talk about... [gestures to the space between them] ... this.

IZZY:

This?

SYDNEY:

Yes.

IZZY:

The table?

SYDNEY:

Our relationship.

IZZY:

I know. *[She laughs eagerly. Sydney doesn't. Izzy stops to drink.]*

SYDNEY:

I think we have an imbalanced relationship.

IZZY:

What does that mean?

SYDNEY:

It means I'm putting more into this than I'm getting out of it.

IZZY:

... What does that mean?

SYDNEY:

Okay, this morning, before we got here, I had to call you four times before you woke up. I feel like all I ever do with my life is keep you organized, and I've already told you a thousand times that-... if you would just listen-... I need more than this.

IZZY:

We weren't even doing anything else today.

SYDNEY:

Maybe you weren't. Look, if you want to continue to be in a relationship with me, you need to put more work into it

than just asking me where your phone charger is three times a day.

IZZY:

You don't need to do that. I'm an adult, too.

SYDNEY:

Where's your charger right now?

IZZY:

... My place?

[SYDNEY climbs onto the table and crawls across their drinks. She reaches into Izzy's shirt and pulls out her heart. Her chest spurts and within a minute, blood is all over her clothes and Sydney's hands. Once she has ripped it completely loose, she drops the heart on the table.]

SYDNEY:

I'll be at your apartment by six to drop off your stuff. Including your charger. Don't come to my apartment. *[glancing at all the blood]* I just got the carpet cleaned.

[She gets off the table and shakes off her hands.]

SYDNEY *[to server offstage]*:

Can I get a to-go bag?

IZZY *[struggling]*:

And some more napkins.

[Blackout.]

SCENE 2.

[In dim light, we see two women having sex.]

SAL [breathless]:

Where do you want me to go?

MILLIE:

What? Like off the bed?

SAL:

Like left or right?

MILLIE:

Oh... I guess to the right... your right... no never mind, my right...

SAL:

I can go faster?!

MILLIE:

Was that a question or... Yes!

SAL:

Yes?!

MILLIE:

Yes, faster!

[She increases the speed.]

MILLIE:

Yes! Faster!

SAL:

I can still go faster-

MILLIE:

Oh fuck!

[Increased noises on both sides, the bed shifts, then a loud splat is heard. They stop moving. Silence.]

SAL:

... Did you just come?

MILLIE:

Well...

SAL:

Like, a lot?

MILLIE:

Well, that wasn't-

SAL:

I'm gonna turn the light on.

[Sal turns the light beside the bed on. Millie is lying with her head over the edge of the bed. Her skull has come open. Part or all of her brain is lying on the floor under her in a bloody pile.]

MILLIE:

Did you just... fuck my brains out?

SAL:

You said go faster.

MILLIE:

I need my brain more than I need my vagina, you moron. You focused on the wrong organ.

SAL:

I didn't mean to!

MILLIE:

I sure hope not! Has this ever happened to you before?

SAL:

No. I should ask you the same thing.

MILLIE:

What? Shut up. Hang on.

[She feels around her head and starts to turn around to look at her brains.]

SAL:

Wait, don't move, what if that's not safe?

MILLIE:

I don't think-

SAL *[interrupting, laughing]*:

Ha, you CAN'T think, get it?

MILLIE:

Shut up! I was going to say I don't think it's like a concussion. I need to get up.

SAL:

Do you want to go to the emergency room?

MILLIE:

No. I'm not going to a hospital and explaining this.

SAL:

I can help. What do you want me to do?

MILLIE:

It might be too intimate-

SAL:

Well, think of how we got here.

MILLIE:

Good point.

SAL:

Can I just push them back in?

MILLIE:

You can try.

[Sal gets on the floor next to the pile of brains.]

MILLIE:

Certainly not without washing your hands.

[Sal exits for a moment. Sound of washing hands.]

SAL:

You know, that's what you told me to do tonight before we got into bed.

MILLIE:

I'm careful about my most valuable parts. Clearly not careful enough, though.

SAL:

What's that supposed to mean?

MILLIE:

What?

SAL:

Never mind.

[She comes back and sits down next to the pile of brains, inspecting it for the best approach.]

MILLIE:

Hurry up!

SAL:

I guess your patience is somewhere in this pile.

MILLIE:

Yeah, so is my sense of humor. What's taking you so goddamn long?

SAL:

Sorry, I just want to do this right. I screwed up this night enough as it is.

[A moment of silence as Sal thinks and Millie lets her think. Sal starts to stuff a handful into Millie's ear.]

MILLIE:

Am I really the one who's brainless here?

SAL:

Yeah, that won't work.

MILLIE:

You know, actually, I can do it myself. I just realized I'm not really comfortable with you doing this. You can just go.

SAL:

I can't just leave you alone after this happened... after I did this to you.

MILLIE:

Wouldn't be the first time.

SAL:

So this *has* happened before? A little warning would have been nice.

MILLIE

I didn't think talking about that time I got cerebral fluid on my quilt would turn you on.

[Sal says nothing, goes to the bathroom and comes back out with a few paper towels.]

She starts a process of cleaning the brains off, but this quickly results in just blood, some goo, and ripped paper towels getting everywhere. Millie sees the struggle.]

MILLIE:

I'm sorry. I didn't think it would happen again. I thought it just happened that one time with some asshole because I felt awkward and had no clue what I was doing at the time.

SAL:

I'm sorry, too. I should have been focusing more on you. I could tell your heart wasn't in it.

MILLIE:

It's that obvious, huh?

[A moment of silence. Sal laughs.]

SAL:

Get it? Your heart's not in it? Cause it's your brains...?

MILLIE:

I get it.

[She tries not to laugh, but very soon completely loses it, pleasantly surprising Sal. Soon her laughter starts to sound like crying.]

MILLIE:

I'm really sorry. You were obviously expecting something casual for both of us and I ruined it. So much for trying to avoid being awkward. I'm crying and you've got the wrong fluids all over you and-

SAL:

We don't have to be casual if you don't want to be. I think sometimes it's harder to be casual about this stuff. [*Sal reaches out to grab her hand. This makes it covered in brains.*] Oh, gross. Sorry.

MILLIE:

It's okay.

[*She looks around and finds hand sanitizer. While Sal talks, she rubs some of the brains with it.*]

SAL:

You weren't the first to ruin being casual. I always try really hard to... make girls feel good and then it just backfires. You shouldn't feel bad about it. I mean... don't lose your head over it.

MILLIE:

I'll try to be open-minded.

[*Sal sits on the bed and they carefully start to put them back, almost cuddling, both women giggling intermittently. Fade to black.*]

SCENE 3.

[IZZY is sitting on a park bench. Her shirt is torn and bloody with a gaping wound on his chest and he is pale and sad. The heart that SYDNEY had torn out is crudely attached to her sleeve. KAYLA walks up to her. IZZY is happy to see a girl coming to talk to her.]

KAYLA:

Hi there! Sorry to bother you, do you know how to get to Main Street?

IZZY:

Yes, it's right over- *[she accidentally whips her wrist too fast in her direction. Blood splatters on the girl's face. She screams and runs away.]* ... Sorry! It was a bad breakup! Do you want a napkin or...?! *[She looks at the wound.]* Some people just can't handle a girl who's open.

[Blackout.]

SCENE 4.

[SAL is at a bar, a friend's party, something like that, generally satisfied and surrounded by people and music but not overwhelmingly so. NICKI wanders in. Maybe Nicki knows that Sal is going to be there, but maybe Nicki is trying hard not to be seen looking for her. Sal spots Nicki first, spends a moment really considering not talking to her, but for some reason:]

SAL:

Nicki. Hey.

NICKI:

Hey! Oh, hey! Sal! I didn't know you'd—how do you know Millie?

SAL:

We went to college together.

NICKI:

That's cool. She and I worked together.

SAL:

I know. I remember.

NICKI:

You remember that?

SAL:

That's how she introduced you.

NICKI:

Right.

SAL:

Can I start over?

NICKI:

What?

SAL:

I managed to already make this awkward somehow.

NICKI:

I think that was me.

[SAL spins in a little circle, as if to refresh the conversation.]

NICKI:

Nicki. Hey.

SAL:

Sal. Hey. What are you drinking?

SAL:

Rosé.

NICKI:

Rosé?

SAL:

Yeah. Is that... cool? It's what the kids these days are drinking. Haha.

NICKI:

That's so... cool, but, I thought you said you didn't like wine.

SAL:

When did I say I didn't like wine?

NICKI:

That time I texted you. Like six months ago. After I spent the night for the first time. You said in bed that night you needed to test out a new scone recipe. And I said I loved

scones. And I said that I could come by that weekend and bring some wine. And you said.

SAL:

I said I loved rosé. So what's the problem--

NICKI:

So then I texted you the next day and you never responded. And I called the day after that. And Facebook messaged too. And it said you read the message but never responded. So then I decided to try to just leave you alone. But I got drunk a couple weeks ago. And messaged you again to point out you hadn't responded to me for six. Months. And that if you didn't want to have wine and scones with me then you could have just said so, you didn't have to spend that one night staying up until dawn talking to me and planning our next three dates and pretending like you wanted to have wine and scones with me. But you just texted back and said, *[scrolling through messages]*

SAL:

I know, I'm sorry, this was a dick move--

NICKI *[reading the message]*:

"Sorry, the thing is, I don't like wine."

[An awkward silence. Nicki just stares at the wine in Sal's hand. Sal stares anywhere else.]

SAL:

I wasn't the last one to respond then. So I didn't technically ghost you. So it's not totally--

NICKI:

Except then I said that I would have brought whatever you liked if you would have only told me.

SAL:

Oh.

NICKI:

Yeah.

SAL:

I just didn't see that message. I promise that's all.

[Nicki reaches down into her skirt or shirt, she pulls out a long gooey red cord, like an umbilical cord.. or maybe not, just something from deep within her. She offers it to Sal, who does not take it.]

SAL:

I shouldn't have ghosted you. I'm sorry. But I really just didn't know what to do. I couldn't think of something to say that wasn't more hurtful in my mind than just not responding. But I should have figured that you deserve honesty and to figure out what's more hurtful for you. You really did nothing wrong. It was just me. Not wanting to commit. And not knowing how to say it. And I'm sorry because you obviously think we had a connection and I should have respected that.

NICKI:

We did have a connection.

SAL:

We did.

NICKI:

You know it.

SAL:

Can I start over?

NICKI:

Sure.

[Sal does her little circle.]

SAL:

Hey.

[Nicki offers the connection. Sal takes it, gets kind of bloodied, but then gives it back.]

SAL:

Nicki, I'm sorry. But I don't feel I can take this right now.

[Sal wipes her hands and exits. Nicki is left alone. After a long pained moment, she starts to exit too, leaving the connection in a long path behind her like a wedding train.]

[End of scene.]

SCENE 5

[*SYDNEY enters in a bathrobe, messy hair, general post-coital look.*]

SYDNEY:

I've really got to get going soon.

JORDAN [*from offstage*]:

Stay a while.

SYDNEY:

It's been a while for me. Hey, can I borrow a shirt from your closet? Mine's a little—

JORDAN [*running over*]:

Hold on. I don't have anything clean in there. It's a total mess.

SYDNEY:

I don't care. I dated Izzy, remember? I'm used to messes. I'll drop it off after I do some laundry and stuff later, I promise. I just need something to throw off the whole walk of shame look.

JORDAN:

Hey, you just got out of a relationship. No one will judge. That's how we both got over it when you broke up with me.

SYDNEY:

Jeez, I didn't sleep with that many people. My total body count in my life has to be less than ten.

[*She tries again to open the closet. Jordan holds it shut.*]

If we're going to be actual friends with benefits again then we can't have weird secrets, Jordan.

[She opens the closet. A huge trunk or suitcase is there, with a range of blood stains old and new. There might be a puddle under it.]

When I used the phrase 'body count', I was totally kidding... like I meant sex, not... did you kill people to get over me?

JORDAN:

Look, Syd, you're not exactly nice when you break up with people. It took a lot for me to get over it.

SYDNEY:

What did I say?

JORDAN:

We're having a good time, and this is kind of heavy, let me go out and get some bagels.

[Sydney ignores her and goes to open up the suitcase. Jordan steps in.]

JORDAN:

Stop, it's just-- It wasn't what you said to me, it was what you didn't. Everything was fine for months and then you just said out of nowhere that it wasn't working and I wasn't good enough and you just left! I kept trying to figure out what I did, or didn't do, I had to stop thinking about it somehow. So I distracted myself... I started a collection.

[Sydney goes to open up the suitcase again. Jordan lets her. It's full of hearts of all different sizes, colors, states of decay. Some are all shriveled up.]

SYDNEY:

There's... a lot in here.

JORDAN:

You know that feeling of having a lot of something but just not the right one?

SYDNEY:

What's the right one? Mine? Well, mine's not gonna be thrown into some pile. You can't have it.

JORDAN:

Oh no, I don't want yours. Not anymore. That was one good thing I realized after you broke up with me.

[Sydney is putting on her own clothes.]

SYDNEY:

You're fucking welcome.

JORDAN:

Don't care about walk of shame outfit anymore?

SYDNEY:

No. That reminds me... I don't think this whole friends with benefits thing is gonna work out after all. Thanks for a great night.

JORDAN:

Why are you so mad at me? You're the one who said no weird secrets if we want to be friends. We can be friends.

SYDNEY:

I'm not friends with someone who thinks collecting hearts is a hobby. You know, stamps are a much healthier option.

JORDAN:

You and I could be friends with benefits. I can take this kind of talk. Not like Izzy. I doubt you'll see much of her again.

SYDNEY:

You don't know shit about Izzy.

JORDAN:

I know she can't take an ounce of what you gave me when you dumped me. If it was anything close, she'll never fully recover.

[Sydney exits.]

JORDAN:

You got a little red on you!

SYDNEY *[from offstage]*:

One of those is a liver!

[Intrigued, Jordan inspects the suitcase.]

JORDAN:

Kinky.

[Blackout.]

SCENE 6.

[NICKI and KAYLA walk in with coffees from the café, towards a bench a little ways away from the café. Kayla has a very full backpack.]

NICKI:

Thanks for coming. I know you're super busy.

[They sit. As soon as they do, Kayla starts taking out supplies to work with—piles of papers, folders, a couple pencils, a stapler.]

KAYLA:

No problem. I mean, I'm no busier than usual. I was so happy you called. It's nice to see you again.

NICKI:

How are classes going?

KAYLA:

I've been pretty stressed. But I guess that's just how grad school is. That's what everyone says at least. So I guess I just need to get used to it.

NICKI:

Just get used to being stressed?

KAYLA:

Coffee is life.

[She makes some sort of awkward joke, like a worship gesture, with her coffee, forces a laugh. Nicki doesn't really comply.]

Midterms will be done soon. Summer semesters are always a little unexpectedly packed. I like to get as many credits in as possible.

[A little uncomfortable with no verbal response, Kayla reaches for her hand.]

Is everything okay?

NICKI:

No, but, I mean, yeah. It's not... you. Sorry if that makes no sense. I'm just bad at talking today. Or every day.

KAYLA:

That's okay. I like talking to you anyway.

[Pause.]

NICKI:

Yeah, you too. [*She clearly spends a moment waffling, then makes a painful decision.*] So that's why I actually wanted to talk to you today.

KAYLA:

Yeah. Of course. Let's talk. What's up?

NICKI:

Kayla, you have a lot going on.

KAYLA:

No more than usual.

NICKI:

I would hate to distract you.

KAYLA:

I like it. Like I said, I like talking to you. It's always great. It always makes me feel so much better.

NICKI:

Well, that's the thing, I don't know if it's always making... me feel better.

[*Kayla's face changes as she realizes the direction this is going in. She starts to reorganize all her work. She moves most of it out*

of the line of fire. Nicki sees this and begins talking more urgently.]

Kayla, you're great to talk to, and be around. You're honestly one of the sweetest people I've ever gotten to know. And people just... aren't really nice in dating these days.

[Wordlessly, Kayla grabs her stapler and with a loud gooey click, staples their hands together. Nicki, obviously pained, continues.]

So I thought you deserved me being honest. That's why I'm here. Because you deserve that. You deserve niceness.

[Another staple. Nicki jumps up, tugging Kayla's hand upward.]

Better! Ouch! You deserve better than this! Better than me!

[This clearly enrages Kayla. She jumps up and attempts another staple on their arms. Nicki trying to tug away makes all the pain worse.]

KAYLA:

I don't want better! I want you!

NICKI:

You shouldn't want me! You should want to focus on yourself!

[Kayla staples their hips together.]

And school! And partying! And having fun and making friends and coffee and all that!

[Another staple to the hips. Nicki is desperate.]

You need so much better than me...

[Another staple. Blood drips between them.]

Because you just need SO MUCH and it's too much for me!

[Kayla is crying. One more staple at the hips. She drops the stapler and with one hand, pries it open. It's empty.]

KAYLA *[between tears]*:

It ran out.

NICKI *[trying to hold back her tears]*:

Look what you did! My jeans are ruined!

[TEEN 1 tries to pull away from TEEN 2, but it's too painful. They both fall to the ground, blood seeping out of their hands and hips.]

KAYLA:

I tried so hard for you!

[A gruesome noise and more blood as TEEN 1 uses her good hand and tears her hand away. TEEN 2 cries out.]

NICKI:

I'm sorry, but I can't try that hard in a relationship. I can't take your pain right now. *[She detaches their hips. It's extremely painful for both of them.]* And you can't take mine.

KAYLA:

But I love you!

NICKI:

I need to be alone. I think you do too.

[Nicki leaves. Kayla is left crying and clutching her wounds. She limps back over to the table and puts her work back in her backpack. Before she puts the stapler away, she takes out a new box of staples and refills it.]

[Blackout.]

SCENE 7.

[MILLIE comes into her apartment. Very drunk from a night out of drinking, she searches for more alcohol to keep it up. Her phone rings.]

MILLIE:

Hi, what's up? ... Is it over already? There were lots of people when I left... oh shit. Did they arrest anyone or just break up the- ... now? *[Millie suddenly starts cleaning her apartment frantically]* Yeah, sure, let me just- ... you're downstairs? Already? You remember my address? *[She looks around, decides "fuck it" and just quickly fixes up her own appearance a bit.]* Yeah, the front door should be open.

[JORDAN enters, a little high or tipsy or both.]

JORDAN:

I just saw Sydney at the party. You know she broke up with Izzy?

MILLIE:

When?

JORDAN:

Like, two weeks ago or something.

MILLIE:

Why?

JORDAN:

She said something or other about his heart not being in it.

MILLIE:

That's what my last ex said. He said his heart wasn't in the right place. He wasn't lying. I found it in the toilet a week before he broke up with me.

SAL:

Better than my last ex who said the same thing. I found her heart in my roommate's bed. I tried to tell Sydney everything was gonna be okay but why lie? Break-ups suck. Besides, they'll probably get back together, for like ten minutes at least.

MILLIE:

Did you just have this discussion with Sydney tonight, or when you guys hooked up?

JORDAN:

Who knows. Every conversation with Sydney is the same. It all runs together in a sexy, kinda bitchy blur.

MILLIE:

I wish we wouldn't talk about exes so much when we're together.

[Jordan ignores this and observes the apartment, walking around like a predatory animal.]

JORDAN:

Oh, honey. You cleaned! You know what gave it away? The bed is all made. First thing I saw. *[She reclines on it, messing it up.]* You never used to clean for me. Am I a guest of honor now? If all it takes is some time away, I guess we'll have to ignore each other more often.

MILLIE:

Why do we keep doing this?

JORDAN:

Because we're lonely and the sex is great.

MILLIE:

I just went to a party tonight, it was the third one I've been to this month. Everywhere I go, there are new options. You know Sal? The cute girl with the short hair hanging out in the kitchen all night, looking for a corkscrew? She

offered to walk me back here, just to make sure I got home safe, and I pretended to be too drunk to understand what she actually meant.

JORDAN:

Maybe she actually wanted to make sure you got home safe. Not everyone is just an opportunist like me.

MILLIE:

Sal is not good at subtlety. That's not all she wanted.

JORDAN:

You were never good at picking up on hints. Have you figured out yet that I'm here to fuck and leave before breakfast?

MILLIE:

I always liked that about you--

JORDAN:

Tell me.

MILLIE:

--You have guts.

JORDAN:

That's not always good for me. Sydney pretty much had to hold me back all night. I saw Sal touch your arm and I wanted to go over and punch her in the face. I would have pretended I was drunk. Drunker than I actually was, I mean.

MILLIE:

Did you know when I was seeing a banker for a month or so?

JORDAN:

Maybe.

MILLIE:

Were you the one that keyed their car?

JORDAN:

Maybe. When was that? January? What a month. When's our anniversary again?

MILLIE:

Anniversary of what?

JORDAN:

Fuck it.

[Jordan kisses her. They fall back on the bed, start playing rough, both wrestling for the top, or maybe the bottom, they don't even know. At some point, they break apart just a little.]

MILLIE:

We're so problematic.

JORDAN:

Gross, shut up.

MILLIE:

I can't get away from you. I don't even know why. You know how you said Sydney and Izzy will get back together?

JORDAN:

Yeah, so?

MILLIE:

Does everybody have that one person they keep going back to until one of them moves out of the city? Or until they grow the balls to end it permanently?

JORDAN:

Sydney said she didn't want to be like us.

MILLIE:

Like what?

JORDAN:

Imbalanced.

[Jordan pulls away from their embrace. She clutches Millie's heart now. Jordan looks triumphant; Goldilocks finding the bed or heart that is just right. Millie looks resigned, tired, pained. She pulls Jordan close again.]

MILLIE:

I guess that after all this time, no matter what you do, or who else you fuck, or how mean you are...

[It's Millie's turn to pull away. She has had her hand submerged in Jordan's midsection. She pulls out a handful of intestines and whatever else she can get a hold on from deep within.]

I'm still into you.

[Jordan is lifeless.]

End of scene.]

SCENE 8

[Nicki comes back on stage, cleaned up but a little scarred up from the staples. She starts coiling up the red cord. During this monologue, she might enlist the help of someone in the front row to help coil and organize the cord.]

NICKI:

I've been thinking to myself about ghosting. And how it's sort of crazy that we can just do that to each other. And that even though we can, now people choose that so often instead of just picking another option. Something nicer. Or quicker. Or less awkward. And when I say I was thinking to myself about this, I mean I was thinking it out loud to my therapist. And she said that to help me move past what someone did, maybe I should write a letter.

And I was like, but that's not gonna work, because the point is, my messages all just get ignored, or at least not answered.

And she was like, Well, it's not for them. It's for you.

But I have trouble just doing things for myself. I'm trying. We're trying, my therapist and I. Baby steps. So I didn't write it and send it to Sal. But I do want to post it on Craigslist. You know, in that section, "Missed Connections."

[She shows the end of the cord.]

Get it?

"New post—New York, Queens - community --- missed connections. August 1st. Woman for woman. 'You ghosted me hard. I know you didn't mean to hurt me but you really really really did. I know it's hard to find the words sometimes, especially when it doesn't make sense to you either. But I think it's a sort of a common courtesy you should extend to someone you really had an impact on. We slept together, but it was more than that'..."

Or should I just go simple? Really short, like kinda artsy, metaphorical...

"New post—New York, Queens - community - missed connections. August 1st. Woman for woman. No one honestly even likes rosé, so I should have seen it coming."

Haha. No. It'll seem like I'm trying too hard to be witty. Or some Astoria hipster will see it and try to turn it into a play or something.

"New post-New York, Queens - community - missed connections. Dear Kayla. I didn't just ghost you because I thought you deserved an answer. I thought about those times when I said I just wanted a little honesty from people who just disappeared. But I don't think it helped. You deserved honesty but you didn't deserve to get hurt."

[This is a realization. Maybe it stops becoming a post so much as an aside. Maybe she touches one of her staple wounds.]

Neither did I.

"New post—New York, Queens - community - missed connections. August 1st. Woman for woman." ...

[As she thinks out loud, she finds two ends of the red umbilical cord. She simply ties them in a knot.]

Maybe I should just work on myself for a while.

[Blackout.]

SCENE 9.

[IZZY enters, pained, pale, and stumbling around, but what could you expect from somebody whose heart is dangling from her wrist? She's covered in the remnants of trying to attach that heart back to her chest - various kinds of ripped tape, tieline, a chain, string, ripped skin or veins, etc. They are all broken or tangled and gooey with blood or other fluids. The more she moves, the more the gaping wound in her chest leaks. She barely makes it to the door.]

IZZY:

Sydney. Please. Open up.

SYDNEY *[from inside]*:

Who is it?

IZZY:

You know who it is. Come on, I'm dying here.

SYDNEY:

Be an adult for once. Fix it yourself.

IZZY:

I can't. I tried. I even went to the bar and I tried to get these other girls to help me, but they just made it worse. It won't go back in. It won't stay. It just falls out.

SYDNEY:

I don't care.

IZZY *[scratching at the door]*:

Liar.

SYDNEY:

Excuse me?!

IZZY:

You may have ripped my heart out but I know you care. I know that's why you've been ignoring me. You can't stand seeing me in all this pain YOU put me through.

[Sydney pokes her head out from behind the door.]

SYDNEY:

What a load of bullshit. I don't feel guilty, I just feel bad for you. Showing up on my doorstep after fucking around with random girls and all they did was make you bleed even more... disgusting. Look at what you did to my welcome mat!

[She reaches for the mat Izzy is sitting on and clutches her other arm to her chest. Izzy doesn't budge, just stares.]

SYDNEY:

What are you looking at?

IZZY:

What's wrong with your chest?

SYDNEY:

Fuck off, stop staring at my chest. Get off this mat.

IZZY:

But what's wrong? *[She reaches out. Sydney flinches.]* Does it hurt?

SYDNEY:

You need to learn to give less of a shit.

IZZY:

Well, you need to learn to be a better liar. Like you don't give a shit at all.

SYDNEY:

I give more of a shit on how I'm going to get those stains out than what's happening with your heart.

IZZY:

Liar.

[It becomes a tug of war, she going for the mat and he trying to reach out for her chest.]

SYDNEY:

Don't touch me!

IZZY *[laughing at her]*:

Sydney Browning gives a shit!

[She reels back and reveals that she is bleeding slightly from the chest.]

IZZY:

Oh, no. Not you too. I wanted you to feel bad but I didn't...

SYDNEY:

It's okay.

IZZY:

No, it's not.

SYDNEY:

It really is. It's not all your fault. It's an old injury.

IZZY:

An old...? Oh no.

[She opens up her shirt to reveal a scar in the same place as where his wound is on his chest. For the most part, it is clean, an old scar fading away, with one little fresh hole at the bottom of it, dripping a small amount of blood.]

How long?

SYDNEY:

The whole time we were together.

IZZY:

I never saw it. I'm so sorry.

SYDNEY:

It doesn't hurt that much right now, just kind of throbs. See, when you let it sit for a while, it heals up really nicely, but then every once in a while something kinda bothers it. And it opens up... but just a little bit.

IZZY:

Did I ... kinda bother you?

SYDNEY:

Just a little bit.

IZZY:

Will mine close up?

SYDNEY:

Eventually.

IZZY:

How long has yours been like that?

SYDNEY:

I don't know. I try not to keep track of time too closely. You'll drive yourself crazy thinking about "Oh, has it been three hundred sixty five days since I last..." Or "how many hours has it been since the bleeding stopped"... et cetera...

IZZY:

I don't want to keep bleeding forever.

SYDNEY [*buttoning up*]:

You'll get used to just changing your shirt. Wait here, I have something for you.

[She disappears briefly into her apartment. IZZY cleans herself up a bit, taking off bits and chunks of the tape or string or whatever. She is finally realizing how gross she looks. SYDNEY comes back out with a little box of items.]

SYDNEY:

Here's a little mini sewing kit. It's not much but I know you don't have any of this stuff. Just thread some of the needles, shove that mother back in that hole, and stitch until it stays closed. You'll have to stop and start and rethread the needle and wipe your hands. Stuff like that. It'll take a while to do it right.

IZZY:

It's going to be really messy.

SYDNEY:

It doesn't have to look good. The scars will still fade, mostly.

IZZY:

Is it gonna hurt a lot? *[She just laughs.]* When does it stop?

SYDNEY:

You'll just stop noticing one day and then it'll be gone. You'll get reminded of me somehow, maybe in that stupid slow-as-hell café, and it'll open a bit... and you'll have to go into the bathroom and wipe off the blood... carry that sewing kit around for a while because you'll need to patch it up here and there. Here, your phone, and your charger, and your sweatshirt. I have to go, but... you have my number and you can call me if you're having trouble with the sewing.

IZZY:

Thanks, but I think I'll figure it out myself. I really need to at least try. *[She looks at a stain on the sweatshirt - blood.]*

SYDNEY:

Oh, sorry about the stain, I didn't mean for it to... I found your sweatshirt in the hamper and I didn't even realize I was bleeding for a minute. And, uh, don't worry about the welcome mat, I guess.

IZZY *[just notices the stains under her]*:

Oh, whoa, oops.

[Sydney giggles, finding this a little adorable, or at least familiar. Her giggling stops when she clutches her wound.]

SYDNEY:

Yeah, ouch. I hope that doesn't happen every time I see that welcome mat. Good luck, okay? I'll see you around.

[She exits. Izzy pushes herself up and finishes ripping off whatever had failed to attach the heart. She gathers her things, picks up the welcome mat with all of it, and exits. Blackout.]

[End of play.]