

BRIELLE. I'm not even saying that I want to I just— (Sighs.)

I'm talking about you, now. OK? At least finish your first semester. See if you make the team.

SAM. 'Cause everything will be better then?

BRIELLE. 'Cause people will treat you different. If you make it.

Scene 4

(SHARLENE sits alone. She is on the phone with her mother, who is lecturing her about how her friends take advantage of her.)

SHARLENE. I know.

...

Mom, I know—

...

Well, I promised to drive Clarice home for one thing.

...

Because it's freezing outside. And I don't want Clarice to have to walk back to her apartment in the dark all by herself. There could be somebody out there.

...

Well, I think I'm blessed to have them, too.

...

Mom—

Mom, it's not a contest. We're all blessed.

...

OK. I'll text you when I leave, but I'm going to drive slow because of the deer, so don't freak out if I'm not home in exactly thirty minutes.

...

OK. Love you, too.

(She hangs up. She might stare at her phone for a second. But. Who else would she call?)

MADDY enters through the back door in her coat.)

MADDY. That was my entire stash for the weekend, and they are smoking it all right now. Why didn't somebody tell me she's an expert bowler? Who bowls? Even. It's so weird that all you guys know how to *bowl*.

SHARLENE. I wish everybody would come inside.

MADDY. I know. It's fucking freezing outside. And the front door is locked. Who even is going to come in here?

SHARLENE. I wish you guys wouldn't do that stuff.

(But MADDY's phone dings and she doesn't hear this. She pulls it from her pocket, looks at it and speaks to it.)

MADDY. Can't you understand that I am not answering you? My ex-boyfriend. Or not. I don't know. Were we even dating? *(Yells at phone.)* He won't fucking leave me alone!

SHARLENE. Does he want to get back together?

MADDY. He wants to know if I'm OK.

SHARLENE. Why? What's wrong?

MADDY. It's— *(Sighs.)* His name is Ryan. And we met at this party at his residence hall. But he's not a freshman. He's an R.A. And I thought he was really cute and really funny. Like he should have busted up the party but he said he'd look the other way as long as nobody "put an eye out." Which—admittedly that would make him seem like kind of a huge dork? Except he said it with just enough irony that I thought it was hilarious so I laughed really hard and he kind of noticed and he kind of smiled. At me.

But nothing happened because I got completely wasted and

I hooked up with this other guy who—I don't even know. Like I woke up in his bed but I still had my underwear on so I don't know—

(*Stops.*)

SHARLENE. Did you drink so much you passed out?

(*MADDY nods.*)

MADDY. But even if he did do something ... what am I gonna do? Tell somebody?

(She thinks what would happen if she did that. The whole process. The futility of it all.)

They'd just say it was sloppy sex. And I still had my underwear on, so.

(*Recovers.*) Back to my point about Ryan.

We were playing Purdue on Saturday, so Friday night we were going around to all the frat houses, but it was pretty lame until we got to this one house and Ryan was there. And he just smiled this huge smile when I came in and he said, "I was hoping I'd run into you tonight." And I said, "Me too!" And we went out on the patio and talked for a really long time and they were passing around this Kool-Aid/Xanax punch that had more Xanax in it than I take in a year.

Which—as an aside—this girl on our hall had a Xanax withdrawal last week. It was so ugly. It made me completely rethink any ideas I ever had about going off it.

So I was totally shitfaced at this point, and I told Ryan I didn't want to wake up my roommate, so Ryan said I could come back to his room—which is what I was aiming for—and we got together that night. Then the next morning he said he had to meet up with some people he was going to the game with, but he would text me after the game and we

could go to some parties together and he did. He texted me right when he said he was going to. And that whole week I spent every night in his room.

And I'm a fool for love, right? And I thought, "Oh we're a couple." You know? Like I was even thinking I could bring over a toothbrush.

But then the next week I kept texting him and he wasn't texting me back. But I didn't freak, at first. At first I was trying to be all casual and just see what was up. But then finally I did lose it and I was like, "Did I do something wrong? Are you breaking up with me?" And he finally texted back and it said, "I didn't know we were dating."

Which—OK, so maybe we weren't dating or maybe I made too much of something, but this is how you tell me you don't want to spend time with me anymore? In a fucking text?! So I didn't answer. Because—I have some pride. And really, I never would have talked to him again except that month I didn't get my period. And the next month I didn't get my period and I was like, great.

SHARLENE. Are you pregnant?

MADDY. I *was* pregnant.

SHARLENE. You had a miscarriage?

MADDY. No.

SHARLENE. Oh.

MADDY. So I texted him when I found out and said you are definitely responsible for this because I haven't been with anybody else—

(Stops again. Thinks again.) Except for that one guy but nothing happened with him.

It had to have been Ryan because that first night we were so fucked up we didn't use a condom and he knew that. So I said, "You have to step up, asshole." And either to his credit