CAROLINE:

*Look, pushy. I wasn’t expecting you, you were not expected, and I don’t understand or approve of this invasion so you’re going to explain this to me before I…*

ANTHONY:

What.

CAROLINE:

Pummel… you.

ANTHONY:

I don’t think you’re going to pummel me.

CAROLINE:

I have pummeled before.

ANTHONY:

I’m like twice your size.

CAROLINE:

(re: herself)

Small but mighty. Like a dachshund.

ANTHONY:

A what?

CAROLINE:

They bite. Your heels.

ANTHONY:

Ok. Great. See. I just came here for homework- which I don’t want to do either – but I have to and so do you and here’s my shitty poster board which should prove: one) that this is not a joke, and two) how much I need your help.

*(he reveals a really crappy half-finished, not artistically done tri-fold poster board with a picture of Walt Whitman somewhere)*

CAROLINE:

Wow. That is super shitty.

ANTHONY:

*ThankYouHelpMe.*
CAROLINE:
Help you? Why would I help you? In what planet in what universe would I help with a school project when I’m not, in fact, in school right now. Like at all.

ANTHONY:
I know that. But –

CAROLINE:
Cause I’m kinda sick. Like everyone knows I’m sick and everyone is freaked out about it and no one comes here and brings – what is that?

*(points to his bag)*

ANTHONY:
Waffle fries.

CAROLINE:
And brings waffle fries and bad posters to my house – So why are you bringing poems and fries and posters to me, in my room, in my house – why are you doing anything in my room, in my house right now, guyIdon’tknow whatthehell.

ANTHONY:
Ok. I’m Anthony. Which I might have mentioned. And I have our assignment for American Lit, which she was supposed to email you about. And I didn’t hear back from her or from you, so finally, like an idiot, I just came over, in person, which people still do. So please, please, can you calm down, pitch in, or at least sign the poster so it looks like we worked together.

CAROLINE:
I’m not signing that piece of crap.

ANTHONY:
Then I’m not leaving.

CAROLINE:
Then I’m having some of your fries.

*(Pause.)*

ANTHONY:
Accepted.

CAROLINE:
Well. Accepted. Back.

*I and You*  Gunderson – 2/14/14
(Pause.)

CAROLINE (cont):
Also why did you say that weird “mystery” thing when you came in?

ANTHONY:
Making an entrance, I don’t know, girls are supposed to like poems.

CAROLINE:
Like lovey poems, duh. P.s. That poster is tragic, did you pass preschool? P.P.S. I’m not doing your project.

ANTHONY:
You don’t have to do anything except like – not kick me out right away. Can we try that?

CAROLINE:
I mean. We can try. Gimme fry.

(He offers her the fries. She eyes him. He makes a point of eyeing her back. She offers him a cookie. They eat. He looks at her.)

CAROLINE (cont.):
What.

ANTHONY:
Nothing.

CAROLINE:
You’re looking at me.

ANTHONY:
There’s no one else to look at.

CAROLINE:
Well don’t hover in the corner like a weirdo, you can come in. Come in.

(she starts to make herself look more presentable.)

It’s a mess or – it’s always a mess – whatever.
Don’t look at me.
(Anthony look anywhere but her.
Lands on the plush turtle on her bed.)

ANTHONY:
Ok. Nice turtle.

CAROLINE:
Don’t bring turtle in to this.

ANTHONY:
ComeOn, would you give me a chance here. Why do you assume that you don’t like me?

CAROLINE:
Why do you assume you’re so likeable?

ANTHONY:
Wow, you are impossible.

CAROLINE:
True.

ANTHONY:
Why?

CAROLINE:
What?

ANTHONY:
Why are you impossible?

CAROLINE:
It makes a shitty life a lot more fun.

(Pause. That was meant to scare him away. He doesn’t flinch. He doesn’t look away. He look right at her.)

ANTHONY:
Ok.

CAROLINE:
“Ok?” That my life’s super shitty? ThanksSoMuch.
ANTHONY:
That not what I meant. It sucks. I get that it sucks. I’m just saying that I’m not scared of… it. You’re upset, you push. I get it - I’m saying that I get it.

CAROLINE:
Ok, I really doubt that you get it. And I’m not “upset,” I’m sick.

ANTHONY:
I’m just saying that I understand why you push people.

CAROLINE:
You don’t understand me, and I don’t “push people”, and you should go.

ANTHONY:
I’m sorry, come on – No – I was trying to say that I see where you’re coming from and – Fine. Be impossible. Be anything you want, I don’t care. I just don’t want to get an F just because I couldn’t convince you that Walt Whitman is amazing, which like all of humanity agrees on.

CAROLINE:
Uh huh.

ANTHONY:
Don’t hate the poem, it’s a good poem, a great poem. A really long old great poem.

CAROLINE:
You’re making it worse.

ANTHONY:
Please just go with me on this. You don’t have to be nice to me, but be nice to Walt Whitman.

CAROLINE:
Wait. Oh god. Ohhhh god. Did my mother set this up? Did she do this? She would totally do this - make up some stupid thing to make me feel involved. I have a life, ok. I text. A lot.

ANTHONY:
I promise I just want an A on this project.

CAROLINE:
Then fix your poster!
ANTHONY:
That was going to be your job!

CAROLINE:
Oh yeah, well, if this is a scheme to make me feel included,
(yelling to her mother)

it’s not working.

ANTHONY:
Whoawhoawhoa, dachshund. There is no scheme. There is a guy with a snack. I am that guy and this is that snack and there is an email and you should check it and maybe find some super clear information and maybe – just maybe – though it seems you really like the high stakes perspective - try to de-freak yourself out.

CAROLINE:
I don’t care if there’s an email, if there is an email it’s gonna be about a book I don’t want to read, and the only good thing about this bullshit is that I don’t have to read anything I don’t want to.

ANTHONY:
Well I do, and I have school in the morning, and I care about school, and I’m sorry you’re sick but and I’m sorry you’re impossible, but you can take your small-dog rage and put in on YouTube because I don’t actually have time for this – ohmygodgirlsareawful.

(Pause.)

CAROLINE:
Girls are pretty awful.

(Pause.)

Also you’re in my room so we should be friends. Facebook. Check it.

ANTHONY:
When in the 5 minutes that I have been here have you had time to friend me on facebook?

CAROLINE:
I haven’t friended you, IForgotYourNameAlready.

ANTHONY:
Anthony.
CAROLINE:

_Anthony_. You have to friend _me_.
Friend me Friend me Friend me.

ANTHONY:

_I will friend you when I’m not in the room trying to be friends with you._

CAROLINE:

That’s weird.

_(A loud, short BEEP in the room.)_

CAROLINE (cont.):

Ugh – are you kidding me?

ANTHONY:

What’s that?

CAROLINE:

Fire thing.

ANTHONY:

Smoke detector?

CAROLINE:

All day. My dad’s out and my mom doesn’t know where any of the _two_ things you need to change the batteries are.

ANTHONY:

Do you want me to help? Or something. Or whatever.

_(Small pause.)_

CAROLINE:

Uh. Yeah. Thanks… newguy.

ANTHONY:

Sure. But I might have to stay… for a minute.

CAROLINE:

You can stay. God, that beeping is becoming – like – part of my spine. Stay. Yes.
ANTHONY:
Thanks. And I fix stuff like this all the time at my house so it’s not a big deal. My
dad is real smart and everything – like professor smart, he teaches at the
university, so he knows nothing that helps change a battery.

CAROLINE:
Well you’re a handy intruder, aren’t cha.

ANTHONY:
It’s not that complicated to fix.

CAROLINE:
It’s housework. I like just figured out what Woolite is.

Do you have a nine volt?

CAROLINE:
Uh…

ANTHONY:
It’s a battery?

CAROLINE:
How many A’s does it need?

ANTHONY:
No. These are the boxy ones. Nine volt.

CAROLINE:
Yeah I don’t know these things. I’ll just text my mom. Not that she’ll know much
more than I do.

(ANOTHER BEEP)

CAROLINE:
(to the alarm)
You are ruining my life.
You see what I deal with? My body hates me, my house hates me, and here you
come with homework.

(He has removed the battery from smoke detector.)