

Sappho's Hum

*Soph sitting on curb outside of Walgreens smoking a juul or maybe a cigarette.*

*Erin comes out of Walgreens with a bag to sit next to her after a few moments.*

Soph: You get everything?

Erin: Ya

Soph: Need any help?

Erin: No you're not my mommy (grabs juul).

Soph: I know, I know that. I'm not trying to micromanage or anything I was just—

Erin: Chill. Breathe. Jesus.

*Soph grabs juul back.*

Erin: I said breathe not be a greedy bitch damn.

*Both laugh.*

Soph: So. Okay. Are you feeling okay? (Beat) That was a dumbass question I'm sorry. Um should we—

Erin: Should we what?

Soph: Like should we call the cops or a community organizer—I don't fucking know. Fuck I'm sorry.

Erin: No I'm not calling anyone.

Soph: Okay.

Erin: I'm not.

Soph: Okay.

Erin: I don't really give a fuck about him anyway. I never did.

Soph: Ya that's—that's good.

Erin: I mean it's her that fucked with me.

*Soph stares at Erin*

Erin: What is that shocking or something—

Soph: No no not at all it's that she's um—

Erin: She's what?

*Soph laughs.*

Erin: Wow

Soph: I'm sorry

Erin: Nah you're being a cunt.

Soph: I mean she's your big, Erin. I know you're supposed to be close in whatever societal "buy your friends" standards you're clinging to for whatever fucking reason but come on. Gracie? She invited you to join a skin care pyramid scheme over Insta DMs I mean fuck. You are—you are not in the same atmosphere as her.

*Erin seems pissed but at the last second laughs too.*

Erin: Fuck you. You're right. You didn't have to say it but you're right.

Soph: I know.

*Erin rolls her eyes.*

Erin: (like someone is forcing her to say this) Okay fine sometimes I miss last semester.

Soph: Woah. Um. You don't have to do that.

Erin: No I do I think I do.

Soph: Okay.

Erin: Really.

Soph: You don't have to convince me I mean I believe you I guess.

Erin: It's just a whole different fucking dimension at the house. I mean I don't know if it's my like internal misogyny or something but like fuck— Gracie just, she turned into this—this thing—that...

When I was like eleven, my best friend Sammie poured Draino in this girl's sprite at a sleepover. She like vomited it up and almost fucking died. She didn't even have a reason to do it, really. She just did because she could, and she wanted to. It was—it was like that.

Sophia: (overlapping) Oh my god

Erin: Gracie just had like this desperation, or maybe something like darker, so fucking deep in her she like *needed* me to do it. She needed to watch him fuck me. She needed every single sorority bitch and their golf team dates to watch, right there. On the fucking dancefloor. I mean if I didn't I wasn't a real sister, so. (Laughs sarcastically) Which obviously means everything to me.

(Beat) If I didn't I uh--I thought she was going to kill me. Seriously. Like I literally thought she was going to pull out a knife and kill me.

Soph: Jesus Erin.

Erin: (increasingly in her memory, very grand) And he- he was eating it the fuck up. Taking it all in like we he was performing some inhumane act at a-at a fucking Greek amphitheater. Like it was his fantasy above all fantasies. To show her, him. Him and me. And see her just fucking drool over it.

*Silence.*

Soph: I'm sorry. I wish I could-I am so fucking sorry. I think I'm kind of stupid and I don't think I know you. Anymore at least. Nothing I say is gonna be right. Or mean anything. So. (Beat) I mean does she want to fuck you or something? I don't get it--

Erin: Um no...

Soph: I mean I don't know it seems like she's fetishizing you- like she wants to fuck you. So does she want to fuck you? I mean I understand that I'm a "stalky PC bitch" but like I care about you and I don't think you should--

Erin: Okay Sophia okay. Please. Please just don't do that. Anything but that.

Soph: I'm sorry. You just like-I don't think you get it.

Erin: Get what, oh my God.

Soph: You are fucking precious. You are a full fucking human. I see you and I just-fuck. I don't know.

There was this day, um in August. Before you moved. We like inhabited this space, together, for months. But it felt like I was like watching from outside of this snow globe or something you were living in. That day, you like came home, crying, and I pretended not to see it. Like I always did, with everything. Sometimes I convinced myself you were a ghost. I just kept my headphones in. And you like sat at your desk and looked in the mirror. And it was like something was just-missing. And you started to do your makeup, but there were still tears running down your face and I wanted so fucking bad to just wipe them away and I don't know--do fucking face masks and watch a movie or something like we were fucking thirteen and at a sleepover but I just--I couldn't. I physically couldn't move my lips to ask and I--

Erin: Why?

Soph: Because I--

Erin: I wish you would've.

Soph: (she breathes for the first time the entire film) Okay. I'm just really fucking scared. Like of all of it. Every millisecond is stuffed with like years of me being just like so confused.

Erin: I don't think I'm scared.

Soph: How?

*Erin stands.*

Soph: What are you--

Erin: Get up loser. I'm not gunna *not* get my dance tonight. *The two dance, somewhat awkwardly, with only the hum of the street light scoring underneath them.*

*Erin gently puts her hand under Soph's chin for a sweet kiss.*

*Soph pulls away slowly and stares at Erin. She cries, sits down in some sort of shock or numb processing of thoughts.*

*Erin gets on her knees and wipes away Soph's tears. Eventually they end in the following position (ad lib, maybe Soph goes to get something from her bag to calm her down). Erin left, Soph right.*

