Webs

by

2015 TheatriQ Ensemble

Dreams of Hope
CHARACTERS

Logan and Paris
PARIS a youth, close to 18
LOGAN a youth, in high school
MIKE Logan's father
CASEY a librarian, a friend of Paris
MARTY a barista, a friend of Casey
LOGAN'S MOM away on business

Mythology
NONA one of the three fates, spins the thread of life
DECIMA one of the three fates, measures out the thread of life
MORTA one of the three fates, cuts the thread of life, when it's time
ATHENA goddess of wisdom
ARACHNE defiant mortal, a weaver
TYPHON a terrible monster
APHRODITE goddess of love
EROS Aphrodites's son
SYLVIA RIVERA
MARSHA P. JOHNSON

Internet Odyssey
NARRATOR guides the "internet Odyssey
ONE ONLINE a youth as represented on the internet
ONE IRL a youth surfing the web

Sparkly Tampon
SPARKLY TAMPON a band of queer and allied youth

Raising Funds
MAX a queer youth
PENELOPE a queer youth

On the Road
TY a queer youth
Beck a queer youth

Stealing Likes
ONE queer poc social media user
TWO bad ally
THREE social media user
FOUR social media user

Selling Identities
VENDOR person selling ally identities
ONE person distressed by the easy selling of ally identities
TWO person buying ally identities
THREE person buying ally identities

Emoji Connection
WINTER youth using tumblr
DEIS youth using tumblr
PARIS (teen) enters a public library.

LOGAN (teen) enters their room.

Paris sits and opens a book, leafing through the pages.

Logan opens their backpack, takes out the same book. They sit and open to a book-marked page.

Paris finds their page.

PARIS, LOGAN, AND THE FATES
(transition from Logan and Paris to the Fates)

Athena, the goddess of wisdom, was the daughter of Zeus. She was said to have leaped forth from his brain, mature, and in complete armor.

Paris laughs.

LOGAN

So weird.

NONA, DECIMA, and MORTA, the Three Fates, are revealed. They take over the telling of the story as Logan and Paris read to themselves.

Rigid, tableaux, classic.

NONA

She presided over the useful and ornamental arts, both those of men—such as agriculture and navigation—and those of women—such as spinning, weaving, and needlework.

PARIS AND LOGAN

Ugh!

DECIMA

She was also a warlike divinity; but she only favored defensive war. She had no sympathy with Ares' savage love of violence and bloodshed.

PARIS

Alright.

MORTA

There was a mortal called Arachne, who had attained great skill in the arts of
weaving and embroidery. Many thought that Athena herself had taught her.

NONA
But she denied this. She did not want to be thought of as a student, even the student of a goddess.

DECIMA
"Let Athena try her skill with mine," she said,"if I loose, I will pay the penalty." Athena heard this and was displeased. She assumed the form of an old woman and went to give Arachne some friendly advice.

MORTA
"Challenge your fellow-mortals as you will, but do not compete with a goddess," said Athena in her disguise. "I advise you to ask forgiveness for what you have said."

NONA
Arachne stopped her spinning and looked at the old woman with anger.

DECIMA
"Keep your counsel. I am not afraid of the goddess. Let her try her skill, if she dare."

MORTA
"She comes," said Athena, dropping her disguise. All the bystanders paid reverence.

NONA
Arachne alone was unafraid.

A text message sound cuts through the scene. The whole chorus stops, looks around. The sound continues until both Logan and Paris locate their phones.

THE FATES
(text)
Hey. What you up to?

LOGAN
(text)
Homework.

PARIS
(text)
At the library.

PARIS AND LOGAN
(text)
You?

THE FATES
  (text)
  Not much. Is everything alright?

PARIS AND LOGAN
  (text)
  Fine. Talk later?

THE FATES
  (text)
  Cool.

  *Logan and Paris put down their phones and pick up their books.*

NONA
  Athena gave no further advice. They proceeded to the contest.

DECIMA
  Athena wove images about the displeasure of the gods at mortals who dared to challenge them. These were meant as warnings to Arachne to give up the contest before it was too late.

PARIS
  Oh, please.

MORTA
  Arachne filled her web with subjects designedly chosen to exhibit the failings and errors of the gods, showing in particular the evil tricks that Zeus played on mortals.

LOGAN
  Nice!

PARIS
  Badass.

MORTA
  Arachne's work was wonderfully well done, but strongly showed her boldness and disrespect for the gods. Even Athena had to admit that Arachne was skilled.

NONA
  Yet the goddess still felt angry. She struck Arachne's weaving and tore it in pieces. Athena then touched Arachne's forehead and made her feel guilt and shame.
"Live," Athena said, "guilty woman! And remember this lesson, both you and your descendants, to all future times."

She sprinkled Arachne with a magic potion, and immediately Arachne's hair came off. Her body shrank, and her head grew smaller and smaller. Her fingers stuck to her sides and served for legs.

Athena had transformed Arachne into a spider.

There is a knock at Logan's door. MIKE (40's) pokes his head in.

Hey, dinner's ready.

Thanks.

CASEY (50's), a librarian, approaches Paris.

What are you reading?

It's for school.

We're learning about Mythology.

Nice.

It's so weird.

Yeah. Which myth were you reading?
PARIS
  Arachne. It's the one where Athena turns this person into a spider.

CASEY
  Oh yeah.

PARIS
  I don't get what Athena's deal is. So, Arachne wants to brag, let her brag. She earned her skills.

CASEY
  What about Athena's skills?

PARIS
  Athena doesn't have any skills.

CASEY
  But isn't she supposed to be the best weaver there is?

PARIS
  She is the best weaver, but it's definitely not skill. Arachne has skill.

CASEY
  How is Athena's weaving not skill?

PARIS
  Because she was born with it. She was born with everything you could want. She jumped straight out of Zeus's head.

CASEY
  Oh.

PARIS
  She was born with so much privilege and 'skill' that I don't think her weaving counts. It's like the world was made for her, just the way she is.

  Pause.

CASEY
  I get the impression you're thinking about this a lot more deeply than your school requires.

PARIS
  Yeah. I suppose you're right about that.

CASEY
  That's a good thing.
Beat.

PARIS
   Paris.

Pause.

CASEY
   ...is a beautiful city.

PARIS
   No. I meant my name.

CASEY
   Huh?

PARIS
   My name's Paris.

CASEY
   Alright then. You can call me Casey, Paris.

PARIS
   Nice to meet you "Casey Paris"

CASEY
   You got jokes, do you?

PARIS
   Several.

CASEY
   Is this the only kind of myth they're teaching you?

PARIS
   What do you mean?

CASEY
   I mean you said Mythology, but this book's just on Greek myths. Where's the rest of the world? They got myths too.

PARIS
   I guess they do... You got any books like that around here?

   Pause.

CASEY
   No...not really. I mean, we got a couple, here and there, but they're all vague and
whitewashed. If you want the all encompassing pan-Asian book of mythology, I guess I could point you in the right direction, but you're better off doing your own research.

PARIS
Isn't that what the library is for, research?

CASEY
Yes...but the library is also reflective of our Euro-centric culture.

PARIS
Are you allowed to talk like that?

CASEY
Why wouldn't I be?

PARIS
You're a librarian.

CASEY
We contain multitudes.

PARIS
Yeah.

CASEY
I haven't seen you around here before. Do you come to this branch a lot?

PARIS
I haven't been here for a while.

Casey sees some of Paris's drawings on the table.

CASEY
Wow, are these yours?

PARIS
Yeah?

CASEY
You drew these?

PARIS
Yup.

CASEY
They're really good.
Athena appears behind Casey, an authority figure. Paris sees her and is afraid.

Paris looks up at the clock.

PARIS
  Shoot! Is that time right?

CASEY
  Yup, I think so.

PARIS
  Shoot. I gotta go.

CASEY
  Parents expecting you home?

    Pause.

PARIS
  Um, bye.

CASEY
  Okay. Hopefully, I'll see you around here again.

PARIS
  Yeah.

CASEY
  Good to meet you, Paris.

PARIS
  You too, Casey.

  Paris finishes gathering up their things and runs out.

INTERNET ODYSSEY

 IRL: One. Online: One, Two, Three

IRL One walks onto the empty stage.

IRL ONE
  Alright, how bout some tunes then?

  Online One, Two, and Three descend from the back to line
up in front. IRL One studies the three for a second before tapping on Online One's head quickly. Music plays, IRL one makes a face, they tap Online One's head again, the music stops.

IRL ONE
  Nope.

IRL One taps Online Two's head. A different song plays, IRL One briefly considers it before tapping Online Two's head again. Music stops.

IRL ONE
  Not today Satan, not today.

IRL One taps Online Three's head as a last try A Sparkly Tampon song plays (??)

IRL ONE
  Now that's what I'm talking about!!

The music continues to play, but all three Online Personas disperse in different directions. IRL One pulls out their cellphone and starts walking across the stage.

IRL ONE
  Find Cafes near me.

ONLINE ONE
  Starbucks located 4.6 miles away.

IRL ONE
  What, that's far!

ONLINE ONE
  Crazy Mocha located .3 miles away.

IRL ONE
  Load directions

Online Personas spread out sporadically. As IRL One passes each Online Persona they point towards the next and say a direction. After IRL One Passes they disperse

ONLINE TWO
  Turn left here
ONLINE THREE
    Turn right here

ONLINE ONE
    Continue walking for three hundred meters until you arrive at destination

IRL ONE
    Open: Tumblr

ONLINE THREE
    You have three new messages.

IRL ONE
    Open inbox.

ONLINE TWO
    Hi sweetie! Click on the ads in my sidebar to-

IRL ONE
    Delete! Next message?

ONLINE ONE
    Well frankly I find it disgusting how problematic your-

IRL ONE
    Anon hate. Delete! Next?

ONLINE ONE
    Hi! This might be awkward but I just. Haha I really love your blog! How are you today?

IRL ONE
    Oh. Haha hi. I'm doing good. Thank you how are you? Post to public blog.

LOGAN'S HOUSE - DINNER

Logan sits at the dinner table.

Mike enters with a bowl of pasta.

MIKE
    On today's menu we are having pasta!

LOGAN
    My fav.

MIKE
    So, how's school?
LOGAN
   It's ok I guess

MIKE
   Meet any new people?

LOGAN
   No... what do you mean?

MIKE
   Like any girls you want to tell me about?

   _Logan coughs on the pasta._

MIKE
   Or boys, boys too.

LOGAN
   Dad.

MIKE
   What?

LOGAN
   No, there's no one.

MIKE
   You'll tell me, right, if you meet someone.

LOGAN
   Yeah.

MIKE
   Even if it's just a friend?

LOGAN
   Yes.

MIKE
   What happened to that one kid.

LOGAN
   Jesse?

MIKE
   Yeah, Jesse.
LOGAN
  I don't know. Nothing.

MIKE
  He doesn't come around any more.

LOGAN
  He's been busy.

MIKE
  That's too bad. He seemed nice.

LOGAN
  Yeah.

  Pause. They eat for a minute.

MIKE
  Maybe if you didn't spend so much time online, you would meet more people IRL.

LOGAN
  IRL?

MIKE
  Am I saying it right? In real life?

LOGAN
  Yes? Where did you hear that?

MIKE
  I read the internet too.

LOGAN
  Oh, Dad.

MIKE
  What?

LOGAN
  I miss mom.

  Pause.

MIKE
  Yeah. Me too.
LOGAN
    Has she called?

MIKE
    Not since we talked with her last week.

LOGAN
    Any emails?

MIKE
    I'm sure she's just really busy getting settled.

LOGAN
    Yeah.

Pause.

MIKE
    Hey, are you okay?

LOGAN
    Yeah.

MIKE
    Mom is fine. She'll be back to visit in a few weeks.

LOGAN
    I know.

MIKE
    You've been really quiet lately. Where'd my guy go?

Pause.

MIKE
    You'd tell me, right, if something else was wrong?

Pause.

LOGAN
    Yeah.

SPARKLY TAMPON 1

Naming the band. The members of Sparkly tampon brainstorm what to call their band via a group/online conversation.
What platform do they use? Text? Kik? Skype?

What names do they talk about?

What other drama/things do they talk about?

PARIS AND LOGAN MEET

Logan is in their room.

It's unclear where Paris is.

Logan finishes their writing and posts it to Tumblr.

Paris pulls out their phone, starts looking at Tumblr.

Paris reads Logan's poem.

LOGAN

(posted to Tumblr)
The dead are the dead
and the living
are the living.
If you're not one
or the other,
where do you fit in?
Pick a side,
pick a dream,
pick a life to live.
The options are limitless,
if you choose from the list.
I change.
We change.
Never only alive,
ever completely dead.
But when forced into a decision
we weren't given the choice to make,
we became much less than
who we are.
If you're not one
or the other, where do you
fit in?
Loss of identity in structure,
Loss of life.
#personal #genderqueer
PARIS

(Reblogging Logan's poem)
Wow. Really cool poem. It almost feels mythic. Also #genderqueer?

LOGAN

(sent as fan mail to Paris)
It's actually based on these myths I had to read for school.

#genderqueer. Yes. I think. Confused. (sad emoji). Also, FML.

PARIS

/responds to fan mail)
Cool! I'm actually reading myths for school right now too. Are we in the same class?

Sorry to hear you're feeling crappy about stuffs. I know being queer can be hard. But it's also pretty flipping awesome! (thumbs up emoji)

Tumblr talking sux. Here's my kik if you need someone to talk to.

Logan takes out their phone. The conversation continues over kik.

LOGAN

(kik message)
Hey, this is Logan from Tumblr. Myths.

PARIS

(kik message)
Hey, Logan. This is Paris, lol.

LOGAN

Hi Paris! I guess we're reading the same book in school.

PARIS

Getting cultured.

LOGAN

So, not to be invasive, but Where do you live?

PARIS


LOGAN

No way!
PARIS
Way.

LOGAN
I live in Washington.

PARIS
Like DC?

LOGAN
No, Washington, PA. It's pretty close to Pittsburgh. My dad actually works up in Pittsburgh.

PARIS
Oh, cool!

LOGAN
Yeah.

PARIS
Do you ever come to Pittsburgh?

LOGAN
Sometimes.

PARIS
What do you think of these myths?

LOGAN
They're interesting, I guess. I think parts of them are really dumb. They're so gendered.

PARIS
Amen. And patriarchal.

LOGAN
Patriarchal? How so?

PARIS
It's like really gender oppressive, like cis-gender men are at the center of everything.

LOGAN
Oh, yeah. You're right!

PARIS
Maybe you should rewrite them.
LOGAN
    That's actually a really interesting idea.

PARIS
    Do you write a lot?

LOGAN
    Yeah. It helps me with things.

PARIS
    Yeah. That's why I draw.

LOGAN
    You draw?

PARIS
    Yup. Check it out. (sends link)

    Logan looks.

LOGAN
    Whaaaa?! This is amazing. You're really good.

PARIS
    Thanks.

    Mike pokes his head into Logan's room.

MIKE
    How's your homework going?

LOGAN
    (to Mike)
    Fine.

MIKE
    Put the phone away. Hit the books.

LOGAN
    (to Mike)
    Ugh.

LOGAN
    (to Paris)
    I gotta go. But It was cool meeting you!

PARIS
    You too, Logan. Let's talk again soon!
LOGAN
   (to Paris)
Sounds good.

MIKE
   Now, Logan.

LOGAN
   I'm doing it.

   *Logan puts away their phone.*

   *Paris does the same.*

   *Mike exits.*

   PISCES - 1

   *Logan takes out their Mythology book.*

   *Mike sits with his phone. He stares at it, clearly agitated.*

   *Finally Mike decides to dial a number.*

   *The phone rings and rings.*

THE FATES AND LOGAN
   (Logan fades out as this goes on.)
   One day, Aphrodite and her child Eros were in the woods. They loved to play among the trees, the soft ground under their feet.

LOGAN'S MOM
   Sorry. Looks like you missed me. Just leave me a quick message and I'll get back to you ask quick as I can.

NONA
   Very quietly at first, and then growing louder, they heard a rumble in the distance.

MIKE
   Hey honey, it's me...again. I just wanted to say sorry about the last time we talked. I am proud of you. I just- We miss you.

   *Mike hangs up the phone.*

DECIMA
   As the sound grew louder and louder, Aphrodite realized who it was. It was the
terrible monster Typhon.

Logan starts to imagine that they are Eros; Mike is Typhon; and their mother is Aphrodite.

MORTA
Typhon stood taller than any mountain. His head brushed the stars. A hundred snakes sprouted from his shoulders. And from all their mouths came every sound imaginable and unimaginable, making a powerful roar.

NONA
Aphrodite took Eros by the hand and they ran away as fast as they could. As they ran, the noise of Typhon's approach got closer and closer.

DECIMA
Finally, Aphrodite and Eros had run so far that they reached the shores of the Great Sea.

MORTA
Knowing that the terrible Typhon would soon be upon them, Aphrodite and Eros leapt into the water. At the last moment, they changed themselves into two fish and swam away to safety.

Logan comes back from their imagination.

NONA
Zeus later heard about this story. He was so impressed that he immortalized this great escape by placing the figures of the two fish among the constellations. These are called Pisces.

Logan closes their Mythology book.

RAISING FUNDS
Renting_love, Max, creates a post to their Tumblr.

MAX
Hey guys. Sorry to be doing this, I feel like I ask a lot from you guys already, but this is a donation post. If you like my blog and want to see it continued in book bigger and better ways maybe send a few dollars my way. Thanks.

Perfectpinkpenelopepeerson clicks on the link and donates a few dollars.

PENELOPE
(Private message, sent anonymously)
Hey renting_love! Sending you some love (and money LOL) Sorry it's only a few dollars, things are tight, but I appreciate what you do! X3 -Pen
Max

(Public reply, username: Renting_love)
Thank you :3 No, really, even a bit helps and I'm so excited to see people supporting me. If you ever need anything HMU!

Max posts news articles on their tumblr. Penelope likes and reblogs them.

Penelope

(Private message, sent anonymously)
Hey again, I played your song at our school club and they loved it! Thanks! They wanna know if there's any way to continue supporting you! -Pen

Max

(Public reply, username: renting_love)
OMG OMG. Wow! Yeah! Come off anonymous!! Thank you!

Penelope

(Private message sent from Perfectpinkpenelope)
You said come off anonymous :3 This is Pen.

Max

(Private message, username: Renting_love, continues in this way)
Thank you so much for everything! What type of club do you belong to? OFC you guys can help with anything.

Penelope

I belong to a social justice club. I try to find stuff that's relevant and you music was relevant!

Max

That's so cool! Do you focus on any specific issues?

Penelope

No, we try to cover as much as we can. And, well, a recent thing we've been doing was trying to support young queer artists and their work. So, um, yeah! We wanna help promote your fundraiser!

Max

I fit the bill I guess. That's so amazing. Is this a college thing?

Penelope

It's a high school group. We do a lot though we really do! I take it you're in college?

Max

No haha, I wish. Same as you. High school, 10th grade. Broke.
PENELOPE
   Same, haha. We'll let's talk promotion! I'm Penelope and I'm here to help!

MAX
   I'm Max and I really appreciate it :)

PARIS AND LOGAN - 2

A few days later. Paris is right outside of the library. Logan is at home. They are talking on kik.

LOGAN
   (Kik message)
   Okay, you ready for the first one?

PARIS
   (Kik message)
   There's going to multiple?

LOGAN
   For the sake of authenticity.

PARIS

LOGAN
   Alright, snapchat me a picture of you holding up an apple.

PARIS
   Apple? I don't eat apples.

LOGAN
   You don't have to be eating the apple you just gotta be holding it.

PARIS
   But I don't like apples! Can't I hold up a grapefruit or something instead?

LOGAN
   Paris that defeats the purpose. You're suppose to send pictures of yourself with specific things so I can verify that you're not a catfish.

PARIS
   I prefer to identify as a sea cucumber actually.

LOGAN
   Oh God, you're actually catfishing me.
PARIS  
I am not catfishing you!

LOGAN  
A fraud I'm talking to a fraud. How old are you really, Paris? Thirty?

PARIS  
Try [age] instead.

LOGAN  
Forty? Fifty?? I knew I should've listened to my dad, the internet is full of predators.

PARIS  
Ughh, I'm not catfishing you. I just ain't got any apples. Can't you think of something else?

LOGAN  
Hmm.. Okay. Send me a picture of you... Holding up the vulcan salute.

PARIS  
Now that I can do. [holds up vulcan sign] Eat pray love.

LOGAN  
I think it's "live long and prosper" actually.

PARIS  
Did I not say that?

LOGAN  
You're not even smiling in the picture.

PARIS  
I like to maintain a mysterious allure.

LOGAN  
You look nice.

PARIS  
Okay, your turn. Confirm yourself. Send me a picture of you.... ummmmm...

LOGAN  
Ummmm...???

PARIS  
I'm thinking don't tush me.
LOGAN
Tush.

PARIS
Shut up.

LOGAN
Tush!

PARIS
It was a typo!

LOGAN
Hey hey I get it. No tushing you.

PARIS
:/

LOGAN
8)

PARIS
Send me a picture of you... Kneeling on your kitchen table, arms raised to the heavens, asking God for forgiveness.

LOGAN
Wtf.

PARIS
You said be specific!

LOGAN
I said specific not biblical!

PARIS
Well are you gonna do it or not?

LOGAN
I'm not getting on the kitchen table.

PARIS
The floor will work.

LOGAN
You're such a brat.

PARIS
Thank you.
Logan kneels down and snaps the picture.

LOGAN

PARIS
   Paris satisfaction through the roof.

LOGAN
   Ugh

PARIS
   !!!!!

LOGAN
   Satisfactory?

PARIS
   Cute!

LOGAN
   Me?

PARIS
   !!!!!!!!

LOGAN
   lol

PARIS
   !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

LOGAN
   Okay you wanna do one more?

PARIS
   Yeah sure!

LOGAN
   Send a video of you doing the soulja boy dance

PARIS
   What? How old is that?

LOGAN
   Old. D'you know it?
PARIS
God no pick something else-

LOGAN
Come on. You know. Soulja boy all up in this oohhh [dancing along] WATCH ME CRANK IT WATCH ME ROLLLL! NOW SUPERMAN THAT-

PARIS
[laughing embarrassed] NOOOOOO!!!

LOGAN
Come on show me your dance moves

PARIS
Noooooo. Can't we just. You know. Skype.

LOGAN
Oh.

PARIS
I mean, we have the technology

LOGAN
We can make this happen.

PARIS
Heh. Ready when you are.

LOGAN
Camera ready.

PARIS
Pistols loaded.

LOGAN
And we are-

    Skyping begins.

PARIS
Live.

    A moment when the two are seeing each other on camera for the first time.

LOGAN
Hi.
Hi.

ON THE ROAD

Ty fumbles their way to their seat and almost immediately plugs their phone in.

TY

Alright charger work your magic

In only a few seconds their phone comes to life. Following that is a barrage of skype, text, kik, and line messages.

TY

Oh no.

BECK

(message after message)
did you say your phone was dying?
what percent is it on now?
are there ports on the bus
hellooooooooo
oh wait is it dead now
how long until you get here :000
text me when you can!!
and charge your phone next time!!!!!!!

Ty laughs out on a sigh and start to message Beck back.

TY

Yes, I did say my phone was dying. It's at a whopping 6% now. Wait 7% and rising (go Ty go!) Yes. Hello. No. I'll be there in 7 hours and forty minutes. I'm texting you right now, silly! Aaaand I forgot whoops! Did that answer all your questions?

they check their phone from the comfort of their own bedroom. Smile at the messages.

BECK

I suppose so... for now

TY

Ooh spooky.

Ty looks up as the loud speaker of the bus crackles to life.
BUS DRIVER
Hello and welcome aboard the Gigabus. We'll be arriving at our first destination: the lovely Cincinnati shortly. After that we'll head on west to Columbus, drop a few folks off around Cleveland, a quick detour to Pittsburgh and finish on up in good ole Philadelphia. Until then enjoy the free wifi, gorgeous view and...

*The driver's voice fades away.*

TY
Are you excited?

BECK
What? Me? Excited to see my friend after only FOUR YEARS of online exclusive communication? Nahhhh

TY
I know. Boring and uninteresting.

BECK
You might as well skip your stop and go to Philadelphia

TY
Or maybe I'll head on over to lovely Cincinnati!

BECK
It'll be a journey for you! One full of adventure and courage and love!

TY
Idk, Beck. Sounds a bit boring on my own. I didn't spend 50 dollars on a bus ticket to NOT see u

BECK
(They laugh.)
What do you want to do when you get here

TY
I assume there will be hugging

BECK
And a fair deal of squealing maybe.

TY
I should drop my bags off at your place before you drag me around the city

BECK
You're only staying a week, Ty, please tell me you didn't over pack
TY
Over packing is a social construct and represents yet another hegemonic societal ideal that we need to strive to unlearn.

BECK
Omg. I'm gonna kick your butt when you get here. That's some grade A BS right there.

TY
Seven hours thirty six minutes.

BECK
Omg I can't believe this is happening

TY
I know I know. It's. Well it's surreal! Who thought that I'd still know the same bratty emo teen from DeviantArt four years later

BECK
Should I be offended at that?

TY
I was also a bratty emo teen. It's okay I understand your suffering.

BECK
Did I message you first or did you message me?

TY
A lil bit of both I think. I commented on your art work. You messaged me saying thank you. Idk how it progressed from that polite and socially awkward affair to me waking up at five am to ride on out to Pittsburgh just to see your slightly less emo teen butt, but here we are

BECK
How much longer? Are you there yet? Ty!! Hurry!!

TY
Only seven hours thirty four minutes left.

LIBRARY - PARIS AND CASEY

Casey sits at their desk.

Paris enters.

PARIS
Hey.
CASEY
  Hey! How is my favorite city in France?

PARIS
  (exasperated "if i had a dime for every time someone joked about my name" voice)
  Really?

CASEY
  No, not really. Versailles holds a special place in my heart.

    Paris sits and takes out their drawing supplies.

PARIS
  Is there free snacks here today or what?

CASEY
  Oh. Well yes. The Spanish Club is hosting a lil' somethin later on.

PARIS
  Nice.

    Casey looks at Paris's drawings.

CASEY
  Uh, why is that one blue? Is that the cyclops from the odyssey or something?

PARIS:
  No, no. this isn't school related.

CASEY
  Are they your characters?

PARIS
  No, it's from a show, Steven Universe.

CASEY
  Are they monsters or... ?

PARIS
  No, more like, gay space rocks. I mean, it can be interpreted like that...

CASEY
  Gay?

PARIS
  Yeah.
Pause.

CASEY
   What's the show about?

PARIS
   A bunch of stuff, mostly space rocks saving the world.

CASEY
   Sounds interesting. (Beat) Paris, I'm not sure I appreciate you calling a TV show gay for laughs. especially in a space that I worked hard to maintain safety and inclusivity.

PARIS
   It's not for laughs.

CASEY
   Then why would you use that word?

   Pause.

PARIS
   Um, because this show represents queer identities, and that is important to me.

   Pause.

CASEY
   Oh. Oh! Sorry.

PARIS
   Okay.

CASEY
   Well, it sounds like this is a show I'll have to check out. Those identities are important to me too.

PARIS
   Oh. Oh!

   Pause.

PARIS
   To be clear. Did we just come out to each other?

CASEY
   Yes. I think that's what just happened.
PARIS
  Okay. Cool.

  Pause.

CASEY
  So, how are the Greek myths going.

PARIS
  Fine. Depressing.

CASEY
  Yeah.

PARIS
  And they're all so... Euro-centric.

CASEY
  Hah, good word.

PARIS
  I wish sometimes that I could read something about... I don't know...

CASEY
  Someone like you.

PARIS
  Yes.

CASEY
  I might have some recommendations for you. You wanna talk about a goddess--
  have you ever heard of Marsha P. Johnson or Sylvia Rivera?

PARIS
  No. Who's that?

CASEY
  There's a zine you need to be reading. Hold on.

STEALING LIKES

ONE, TWO, THREE, and FOUR stand in a line.

One holds a sign that reads, "Allies should act as body guards: They should stand up for victims of prejudice and discrimination, but they shouldn't steal the spotlight." One holds out their hand in a "thumbs-up."
ONE

Allies should act as body guards: They should stand up for victims of prejudice and discrimination, but they shouldn't steal the spotlight.

Two touches One's "thumbs-up" hand to like the post.

Two then takes the sign/post and holds it up with their thumb out for likes.

TWO

Allies should act as body guards: They should stand up for victims of prejudice and discrimination, but they shouldn't steal the spotlight.

One stands with their hand out for likes.

Four runs to Two and touches their hand.

FOUR

That is such a great idea! You are so smart and progressive.

TWO

Thank you, I appreciate the support. I really think that people just need to help other people out, you know?

Three crosses and touches Two's hand too. A crowd of FOLKS follow and do the same. They all murmur agreement about the post as they form a line to comment.

THREE

How did you come up with this idea? It's really great.

TWO

I don't know, honestly- it just came to me. I was just thinking about how unjust and unfair the world is, and how important it is to try to make a difference. I just want everyone to be equal.

One drops their hand, notices what's going on with the others. One crosses to them.

ONE

Wait a second. I just posted this in my status. Those are literally my exact words.

TWO

Ah. No. These are my ideas from my head. Get your own.

FOUR

Yeah, how could you claim that those are your words when clearly (his or her) status, like (he or she) just wrote those.
THREE
It's not nice to steal other people's ideas.

FOUR
Yeah.

*Folks in the line turn to one another, murmuring agreement.*

ONE
What I don't understand is why you're getting more attention than me from the same post. Is it because you're white and I'm not? Is it because you're cis and I'm not?

TWO
You're accusing me of being smarter than you just because of my gender and skin color? You're blaming me for what I can't control? I'm sorry you're not white, I'm sorry you don't have a normal gender when I do. That's just how we were born. You can't judge how smart I am based solely on what I look like. Grow up.

ONE
Seriously?! You are completely missing the point...

FOUR
Maybe you're the one missing the point... We're the ones being sensible.

ONE
You know what? Fine. You're right! Stealing other people's ideas is really unacceptable.

*One posts picture of their status, emphasizing the time that the post was put-up.*

*One exits. Folks slowly exit, looking a mixture of upset and confused. Two slowly lowers sign, looking down to the ground.*

**GETTING READY**

*Paris stands in front of a mirror in a public rest room.*

*Logan looks into a mirror in their bedroom.*

*Various youth do the same.*

*Paris pulls out their phone and snaps a selfie.*
Throughout the following, the images from the myths reappear. Athena turns Arachne into a spider. Typhon chases Aphrodite and Eros to the sea.

THE FATES, PARIS, AND LOGAN

They stand in front of the mirror. They say, "Why am I afraid?" Why do I care what others think?"
Then they think about the names they were called or the looks people gave them. Because they're black, because they're queer, because they're trans. They think of all the people before them that have been shamed for being who they are by everyday citizens, by family members and by higher authorities. Then they look in the mirror and think I'm not good enough. And then they say it out loud. "I'm not good enough." And then they believe it. They believe what everyone's telling them. They're not good enough, they're a waste of space. So they change out of the clothes that make them feel most them, and take off the makeup. So that they look how everyone thinks they should look. And then they go outside, feeling horrible about themselves because who they are on the inside has to stay hidden and can't really be shown. Trust, hope, faith. We work endless hours. We walk our streets afraid to turn the corner. We look in those broken mirrors that tell us we're not good enough. My fear is walking outside the house dressed like me. Why am I afraid? Why do I care what others think? I'm trapped. You are killing people like me everyday.
Do you hear the names of my sisters.
Yazmin Cash Payne, Penny Proud, Keyshawn Blige, Maya Hall. Do you hear our names?
Who are we?

*We are left with the fish and the spider.*
SYLVIA AND MARSHA

Paris reads the zine that Casey gave them.

SYLVIA RIVERA
    My name is Sylvia Rivera. I started dressing in drag in 1961. The era before Stonewall was a hard era. There was always the gay bashings on the drag queens by heterosexual men, women, and the police. We learned to live with it because it was part of the lifestyle at that time, I guess, but none of us were very happy about it. We would always dream that one day it would come to an end. And we prayed and we looked for it. We wanted to be human beings.

MARSHA P. JOHNSON
    We want to see all gay people have a chance, equal rights, as straight people have in America. We don't want to see gay people picked up on the streets for things like loitering or having sex or anything like that. STAR originally was started by the president, Sylvia Rae Rivera, and Bubbles Rose Marie, and they asked me to come in as vice president. STAR is a very revolutionary group. We believe in picking up the gun, starting a revolution if necessary.

Sylvia and Marsha part here, Sylvia talking about Stonewall and Marsha talking about STAR.

SYLVIA RIVERA
    You could actually feel it in the air. You really could. I guess Judy Garland's death just really helped us really hit the fan. People started gathering in front of the Sheridan Square Park right across the street from Stonewall. People were upset -- "No, we're not going to go!" and people started screaming and hollering.

MARSHA P. JOHNSON
    We haven't even been holding STAR meetings recently. Like Sylvia doesn't have a place to sleep, she's staying with friends on 109th Street. We still feel oppression by other gay brothers. Gay sisters don't think too bad of transvestites. Gay brothers do. I went to a dance at Gay Activist Alliance last week, and there was not even one gay brother that came over and said hello. They'd say hello, but they'd get away very quick.

SYLVIA RIVERA
    I remember someone throwing a molotov cocktail. I don't know who the person was, but I mean I saw that and I just said to myself in Spanish, I said, "Oh my God, the revolution is finally here!" And I just like started screaming, "Freedom! We're free at last!" You know. It felt really good.

MARSHA P. JOHNSON
    I think if transvestites don't stand up for themselves, nobody else is going to stand up for transvestites. If a transvestite doesn't say I'm gay and I'm proud and I'm a transvestite, then nobody else is going to hop up there and say I'm gay and I'm
proud and I'm a transvestite for them, because they're not transvestites. The life of a transvestite is very hard, especially when she goes out in the streets. I've almost lost my life five times; I think I'm like a cat.

SYLVIA RIVERA

The cars were being turned over, windows were shattering all over the place, fires were burning around the place. It was beautiful, it really was. It was really beautiful. I wanted to do every destructive thing that I could think of at that time to hurt anyone that had hurt us through the years.

LOGAN'S HOUSE - COMING OUT

Mike is typing on a laptop. logan enters.

LOGAN
Hey, dad?

MIKE
Hey, Logan. What's up?

LOGAN
I need to tell you something. It's important.

Pause.

MIKE
Okay.

LOGAN
It's not easy to talk about.

MIKE
I know.

LOGAN
You do?

MIKE
I know you're gay, Logan.

LOGAN
No, that's not what I was going to tell you, and I'm not gay.

MIKE
Oh, so you're bi?

LOGAN
Please, just listen.
MIKE
Okay, go for it.

LOGAN
I don't know how to talk about this... but... I, um, I've wanted to tell you this for a long time... it's just really hard...

MIKE
Now I'm nervous. Did you kill someone?

LOGAN
No!

MIKE
Phew. So, what's going on?

LOGAN
Dad. I'm not who you think I am.

MIKE
I know who you are. You're my son.

LOGAN
No... I'm not your son. I'm not a boy.

Long pause.

MIKE
Oh Logan, is that what you think?

LOGAN
It's not something I think. I'm trying to tell you who I am.

MIKE
Logan, you're (age). It's a confusing time. I know how it can be.

LOGAN
You don't know anything about this.

Pause.

MIKE
Well, tell me about it.

LOGAN
Sometimes, I feel like a girl... and, sometimes I feel like a boy.
MIKE
    Okay.

LOGAN
    It's confusing for me.

MIKE
    Yeah.

LOGAN
    I think, I identify with the word genderqueer.

MIKE
    Gender queer? What is that?

LOGAN
    It's a word that describes how I feel, like I don't fit in a gender binary.

MIKE
    A what?

LOGAN
    A binary, like girl or boy. Gender is a social construct.

MIKE
    Is this from online? From that Tumblr site?

LOGAN
    Just listen, okay. When people are born, they take a look at your junk and they tell you who you are and they call you "he" or "she" and they expect you to be who you are because of that. But what is that based off of? Nothing. Gender is not something someone else should force on you.

MIKE
    That's just not how it works. Boys and girls are different. If you had a sister, she'd be completely different from you.

LOGAN
    If you told her she was different from the day she was born, then yeah, I bet she would be different.

    Pause.

MIKE
    Why can't you just be gay?

LOGAN
    I'm not gay.
MIKE
You don't like girls though.

LOGAN
This isn't about who I like. This is about who I am.

MIKE
I don't even know what the hell that means.

LOGAN
You're not even trying.

MIKE
I am trying! I accept that you like boys, that's okay! I love you, but I don't understand this.

LOGAN
Dad.

MIKE
You spend too much time on the internet. That's where this is coming from. People make up all kinds of stuff on the internet. You can't believe everything you see.

LOGAN
I am not making anything up. I am finding words to describe how I feel. I have felt disgusted and generally uncomfortable for years. And I finally found out where this pain is coming from. I've hated myself.

Typhon appears.

MIKE
Logan. I raised a son. I know it's hard to live up to that responsibility, and with your body changing. I need you to be brave. It's just you and me right now. I need you to be a man.

LOGAN
No, Dad.

MIKE
Excuse me?

LOGAN
No. That's not who I am.

MIKE
You are my son.
LOGAN
Please don't call me your son.

MIKE
I need to go.

Mike exits.

Logan picks up their phone, dials.

It rings and rings.

LOGAN'S MOM
Sorry. Looks like you missed me. Just leave me a quick message and I'll get back to you as quick as I can.

Logan throws their phone.

PISCES - 2

Paris is in the library. They read from the Mythology book.

Aphrodite/Logan's Mom appears. Logan becomes Eros again.

PARIS AND THE FATES
One day, Aphrodite and her child Eros were in the woods. They loved to play among the trees, the soft ground under their feet.

NONA
Very quietly at first, and then growing louder they heard a rumble in the distance.

DECIMA
As the sound grew louder and louder, Aphrodite realized who it was. It was the terrible monster Typhon.

Mike/Typhon appears again.

MORTA
Typhon stood taller than any mountain. His head brushed the stars. A hundred snakes sprouted from his shoulders. And from all their mouths came every sound imaginable and unimaginable, making a powerful roar.

NONA
Aphrodite took Eros by the hand and they ran away as fast as they could. As they ran, the noise of Typhon's approach got closer and closer.

Paris yawns and closes their book, takes out their drawing
Aphrodite/Logan's Mom releases Eros' hand. Eros/Logan is left alone, with Typhon/Mike closing in.

The myth fades.

DECIMA
Zeus later immortalized this great escape by placing the figures of the two fish, pisces, among the constellations.

Logan begins to pack their bag.

CASEY AND MARTY

MARTY (40's) stands behind the counter at a coffee shop.

Casey enters.

MARTY
Hey, you!

CASEY
Oh Hi.

MARTY
Long day?

CASEY
It's over.

MARTY
It's over for you.

CASEY
Right, sorry. You closing?

MARTY
Yeah. But I'm feeling good. Putting good energy out into the world. Your usual?

CASEY
Can I switch it up?

MARTY
Sure?

Casey considers.
CASEY
Can I please have a tall peppermint mocha with no whipped cream?

MARTY
No whipped cream?

CASEY
No.

MARTY
Well, that's no fun.

CASEY
I came here for coffee, not judgement.

Marty laughs and starts making the mocha.

MARTY
Rough day stacking books?

CASEY
Extremely. We're still trying to get things back together from the renovations.

MARTY
Sounds rough.

CASEY
Also, I'm worried about this kid that's been coming in lately.

MARTY
Oh yeah?

CASEY
I might be wrong, but I think they might not have consistent place to stay right now.

MARTY
What makes you think that?

CASEY
Little things. They're queer. I found out the other day in an interesting conversation. Have you ever heard of Steven Universe?

MARTY
Yes! That show is the best.

CASEY
Why am I always the last to hear about this stuff?
MARTY
Because you've always got your nose in some Gayatri Spivak book or something.

CASEY
Good point.

MARTY
So, what are you going to do?

CASEY
I don't know. I want to try and put them I touch with some resources, with (name of non-prof). I don't know if it's my place to say anything. I'm pretty sure they're eighteen. And I also might be wrong. I don't want to scare them away.

MARTY
That's a hard one.

CASEY
They're really smart and so talented; they like to draw.

MARTY
Nice!

CASEY
You'd like them.

MARTY
I think a kid that goes to the library in this day and age will be just fine.

CASEY
I wish that was always true. I don't know.

MARTY
I say keep doing what your doing, be there if they need someone to talk to. That's all you can do, right?

CASEY
I guess.

Pause.

CASEY
Oh! And you know that Zine you and Callie made together?

MARTY
Yeah! The one about STAR, about Marsha and Sylvia? Love that one.
CASEY
I gave it to them.

MARTY
Really? That's amazing!

CASEY
I'm curious to hear what they think.

SPARKLY TAMPON 2

Sparkly Tampon has had their first gig. They talk about where else they want to perform. They think about performing at more radical locations.

How can they use their music to affect change?

How can they become more socially active?

LIBRARY - PARIS AND CASEY STAR

The next day at the library.

Casey sits at their desk.

Paris storms in, throws the zine on Casey's desk.

CASEY
Hi, Paris.

PARIS
Where did this come from?

CASEY
A friend of mine made it, actually.

PARIS
How come I've never heard about this stuff before? How come I didn't learn about it in school? Why is there not a holiday devoted to Sylvia and Marsha? Christopher Columbus? Seriously?! Everyone should know about them! Did you know that she died? Marsha, she was found in a river! The police said she killed herself, but it was definitely murder. I didn't sleep. My phone is almost dead. I stayed up reading every blog and website and wikipedia article I could find! Why am I not being taught this in school? Did you know that they helped people living on the streets? (Beat) Um, can I charge my phone?

Pause.
CASEY
Sure. Did you want me to answer any of those other questions?

PARIS
Did you know her? I mean, Marsha. Marsha P. Johnson?

CASEY
A little. I'd see her around, when I was living in New York, just met her once. Mainly I would hear about her. Stories and tales and legends.

PARIS
Legends? she's a real person not a legend.

CASEY
That's the problem with you youth. Categories categories categories. You wanna talk 'bout binaries and blurring the lines, but you're still working within the same constraints as everyone else.

Paris
So, what was she like?

CASEY
Marsha was a trip. Marsha was a blur.

PARIS
What do you mean?

CASEY
I mean she'd see your labels and she'd see your talking and she'd disregard all those categories for what she intended to do. You know those gaudy earrings that pop up in costume stores, ugly as all sin?

PARIS
Mhm.

CASEY
The store says earrings but she says hair accessory. Things don't have to stay what people say they are. Earrings are for hair, flowers are an outfit, and drag queens are people.

PARIS
Yeah.

CASEY
She'd talk about all sorts of things. Not all of it clicked together or made the most sense, but it was there and it was in you and you felt her words.
PARIS
   She'd didn't make sense? Like how?

CASEY
   Well, you know, she had visions-

PARIS
   So she was crazy-

CASEY
   Who says someone's crazy and someone's a saint? Who gets to make that
   distinction because I'd like to meet 'em.

PARIS
   Yeah.

CASEY
   So, I take it you liked the zine.

PARIS
   There were some problems.

CASEY
   Of course.

PARIS
   Like, the way they kept calling everyone transvestite, no matter what. That's so
   wrong. And how they said transgendered, with the "ed." Really offensive.

CASEY
   That's all true. It's also good to keep in mind that times change, words change,
   people change. Sometimes you have to learn the language of the past to appreciate
   where you're going.

PARIS
   Cue PSA music.

        Casey laughs.

        Pause.

CASEY
   Living on the streets has changed.

        Pause.

        Athena appears once again.
CASEY
  Paris. Where are you staying right now?

PARIS
  What?

CASEY
  Where are you staying?

PARIS
  What? Why?

CASEY
  I just want to know if you're alright.

  Pause.

CASEY
  Tell me you're alright and I won't bug you.

PARIS
  I'm alright.

  Pause.

  Athena grows larger.

CASEY
  You know that if you ever need anything I'm right here to help, alright? I'm gonna give you this card.

  Hands Paris a card.

CASEY
  This has my number on it. I volunteer with an organization that can help, if you ever need it.

PARIS
  Alright.

  Paris gets up to go.

CASEY
  Where you going? There's snacks again tonight.

PARIS
  I gotta head out.
CASEY
Paris.

PARIS
I got somewhere I gotta be.

*Paris exits.*

*Athena fades.*

**PARIS AND LOGAN - 3**

*Paris is walking away from the library.*

*Logan is at home.*

*Logan takes out their phone, messages Paris.*

LOGAN
(Kik message)
Hey.

*Paris takes out their phone, looks at the message.*

PARIS
(Kik message)
Hi.

LOGAN
How you?

PARIS
Adults need to mind their own business.

LOGAN
For real.

PARIS
How's your face?

LOGAN
Can you Skype?

PARIS
Uh oh. Sure. In a minute. I have to get to internet...and my phone is about to die.

*Paris looks around, sees a coffee shop. They walk to stand outside of it.*
PARIS  
Coffee shop located.

LOGAN  
Moving to Skype.

*Paris and Logan turn on Skype.*

PARIS  
Hi.

LOGAN  
I came out to my dad.

PARIS  
Whoa.

LOGAN  
Yeah.

PARIS  
How was it?

LOGAN  
Not good.

PARIS  
Oh. Sorry about that. Are you okay?

LOGAN  
No.

*Pause.*

PARIS  
I wish I could help somehow.

LOGAN  
I'm thinking about leaving.

PARIS  
Like running away?

LOGAN  
Yeah.

PARIS  
Really? Did your dad threaten you?
LOGAN
No, not really.

PARIS
You sure?

LOGAN
Yeah, he wouldn't do that.

PARIS
Are you sure you're safe?

LOGAN
Yes, I think so.

PARIS
Ok.

Pause.

LOGAN
My bags are packed.

PARIS
Why would you leave?

LOGAN
Because I don't want to be where I can't be myself.

PARIS
Are you being kicked out?

LOGAN
No.

PARIS
So, where are you going to go?

LOGAN
I don't know yet. I was thinking actually that I could come to Pittsburgh. I was going to ask if I could stay with you for a few days.

PARIS
Logan. That's not going to work.

LOGAN
Why not?
PARIS
I know it's hard. And I'm never going to tell anyone to stay anywhere that feels at all unsafe. But it sounds like you're fine. Could you try to talk it out with your Dad?

LOGAN
What? No! I can't believe you would say that.

PARIS
I'm trying to look out for you. You don't know how hard it is.

LOGAN
Oh, and you do?

PARIS
Yeah. I do.

Pause.

LOGAN
What do you mean?

PARIS
Ugh, what is happening today? I don't want to talk about it, alright!

LOGAN
Ok.

PARIS
Listen, I'm sorry your coming out didn't go very well. But don't do something stupid just because you don't feel like having a hard conversation. I have to go.

LOGAN
Fine. Bye.

Paris and Logan both hang up.

SELLING IDENTITIES

VENDOR sits behind a desk.

VENDOR
Come one come all, come get your political identities.

ONE crosses, looks confused.

TWO approaches Vendor.
TWO
Hey, what do you have today?

VENDOR
Well today, we have thin ally, white ally, pretty popular, minimum contribution ally, trans ally, gay ally, and feminist ally.

TWO
Oooo, I got that last week. I'm an awesome feminist.

VENDOR
Well, here's one I've been selling a lot. Queer allies are really popular. you know.

TWO
I don't have that one yet!

Vendor hands Two a piece of paper.

VENDOR
Here you go.

TWO
Thank you!

VENDOR
Makes you a better person.

TWO
Yep!

Fans self with the paper.

THREE approaches.

VENDOR
Hey, how are you today?

THREE
You got solidarity with black community in stock?

VENDOR
Yeah, yep we definitely do. So, you're a better person now.

Vendor hands Three a piece of paper.

THREE
Yasss! Slay on Fleek You got it BAE!
ONE
Excuse me. That's kind of appropriative.

THREE
I have black friends.

ONE
Um...

TWO
I am such a good ally. Oh my goodness. It's like I'm one of them. But sometimes it's like, what about the straight people?

ONE
I'm not sure that's how it works actually. I mean, like, you can't just like, sell identifiers.

VENDOR
Why not?

ONE
Well, when you become an ally an identifier like this, you need to do continuous work and keep moving. So it's not enough to just label ourselves and then have it as a show.

VENDOR
So, you're saying that you have to actually do what you say and not just claim it.

ONE
Yes.

Vendor pauses, considers. They pull out a piece of paper and read from it.

VENDOR
I would like to offer a sincere sentiment of feelings about what happened with regard to what may or may not have been communicated via our communications channels. As a sign of solidarity we would like to offer a 5% discount on all our ally representation services and offer to donate all proceeds of the next 45 minutes to "various organizations."

Note: This is no way as an admission of or claim to responsibility for any actions we may or may not have taken.

One throws up their hands and walks away.

MIKE AND MARTY
Mike is in a coffee shop. It's late. He's staring off into the distance. Marty, the barista approaches.

MARTY
   Excuse me, We're closing in about five minutes.

MIKE
   What?

MARTY
   The shop, we're closing soon. You're fine for now, but in about five minutes I'm going to have to kick you out.

MIKE
   Right. Sorry.

MARTY
   You're fine.

   Pause.

MARTY
   You okay?

   Mike considers.

MIKE
   Nope. I don't think I am.

MARTY
   I'm sorry to hear that.

MIKE
   (with air quotes)
   Have you ever heard the word "genderqueer."

MARTY
   (with air quotes)
   "Yes." I "have."

MIKE
   Yesterday, my son told me that he's not my son.

   Pause.

MARTY
   It sounds like that's hard to hear.
MIKE
Yeah.

MARTY
I can't imagine how hard it was to say.

MIKE
Oh. Yeah.

MARTY
I'm so glad youth right now feel so comfortable exploring the concept of gender. I wish I had people to tell me how I was feeling was okay at that age.

Pause.

MIKE
Are you... genderqueer?

MARTY
No. Sorry. I do identify as (gay, lesbian, or bi).

MIKE
See, that I get.

MARTY
You get?

MIKE
Yes.

MARTY
Are you (gay, lesbian, or bi)?

MIKE
No.

MARTY
Then, no, you don't get it.

MIKE
Oh. Sorry.

Pause.

MARTY
Your fine. What did you tell your kid?
MIKE
I told him that's not how it works. You're a boy or you're a girl. You're not both, and it's not a choice.

MARTY
Did they say it was a choice?

MIKE
They?

MARTY
Oh. Sometimes people who don't identify within the gender binary use the pronoun they. I'm just assuming for your kid. What's their name?

MIKE
Logan.

MARTY
Did Logan say it was a choice?

MIKE
No. I guess not. I don't get it. He always seemed like a boy to me. I think he just doesn't want to be gay.

MARTY
I think Logan probably knows better than anyone. And why would Logan choose this over that?

MIKE
Spite.

MARTY
Does Logan hate you or something?

MIKE
I don't think so. Well, not before yesterday.

MARTY
Hmmm.

MIKE
I guess so. I just don't like this dress-wearing, nail-painting business.

MARTY
Maybe not, but it's really not your decision.

MIKE
It is while he's under my roof.
MARTY
Sure. But how long will that last? How old is Logan?

MIKE
(Logan's age).

Pause.

MARTY
The way I see it, you have limited choices here. You didn't choose your child and
you child didn't choose you, and neither of you choose who you are. But you can
decide to love each other, while you can. Trust me there may come a time when
it's too late.

Pause.

MARTY
Now I'm preaching.

MIKE
Yeah.

Pause.

MIKE
What do I do now?

MARTY
How should I know?

MIKE
You're the expert.

MARTY
I am the anti-expert. And I am nowhere near as brave as Logan. Never came out
to my dad.

MIKE
Oh. Sorry.

MARTY
Water under the bridge.

Long pause.

MARTY
Okay, I gotta close-up.
LOGAN'S MYTH

Posted to Logan's Tumblr site.

Paris reads the post.

LOGAN
This is might be my last post for a while. I'm running away from home. I can't be in a place where I can't be myself. I can't even get support from the people who claim to be my friends. I don't know where I'm going to go, but I'll figure it out.

I have been reading this mythology book for school. I've been thinking about how we keep reading these old stories over and over again and we think they're good or important just because they're old. Well, I want to see myself in the stories I read. So I'm putting myself there.

This is for Paris.

NONA
One day, the young god Logan was walking in the woods. They used to play there among the trees with Aphrodite, their mother. Logan felt the soft ground under their feet, and remembered what it used to be like.

DECIMA
Aphrodite had been called away from Olympus. The world was in danger of falling out of love with itself. All her power was needed to keep the land and the sea from coming apart.

MORTA
Logan spent most of their time alone. They had recently learned that they held a powerful secret. They learned that they had a true name, a name of power. If anyone ever learned that name, and said it out load, Logan might disappear. So Logan kept to themselves and kept their true name hidden from their face.

NONA
"What should I do?" Logan asked out loud. But they were only met with the silence of the woods.

DECIMA
Then, quietly at first and growing louder, Logan heard a rumble in the distance. As the sound grew louder and louder, they realized who it was. It was the terrible monster Typhon.

MORTA
Typhon stood taller than any mountain. His head brushed the stars. A hundred snakes sprouted from his shoulders. And from all their mouths came every sound imaginable and unimaginable, making a powerful roar. No thing could hide from
Typhon, no god, no person, no place, and no secret was safe.

NONA
Logan turned to run away as fast as they could. As they ran, the noise of Typhon's approach got closer and closer.

DECIMA
Finally, Logan had run so far that they reached the shores of the Great Sea. The shore was angry and grey, where the land met the sea. Truly the world was falling out of love.

MORTA
Knowing that the terrible Typhon would soon be upon them, Logan considered jumping into the sea. But at the last moment they turned. They watched as Typhon grew close. Logan looked up into his terrible face. Typhon's thousand eyes probed them, searching for Logan's secret. Logan held on tight.

NONA
As Logan held more and more tightly to the secret name of power, they did something they hadn't done before. They said that name out loud. First they just said it quietly to themself. Then they felt their body grow and change, and Typhon grew a little smaller. They said their secret name louder, and they grew again as Typhon shrank. Logan realized that they enjoyed the sound of this name. They loved this name, their secret name of power. They drew in a great breath and shouted their name as loud as they could.

DECIMA
Everyone one of Typhon's thousand mouths grew silent at the sound of this name. The sea and the land, seeing Logan's love for this name grew calm and saw how they could learn to love each other again.

MORTA
Logan shouted their name once more and they grew as tall as a tree, powerful, and beautiful. Typhon shrank and shrank until they grew scales and fins. They turned into two, small flapping fish there on the shore of the great sea.

NONA
Very gently Logan knelt down and picked up the fish that were Typon. With care Logan set the fish into the sea and they swam away.

DECIMA
Now that they had said their name, Logan found that they had power they never imagined. Logan placed the figures of the two fish among the constellations to commemorate the events of the day.

MORTA
Guided by the light of these new stars and with the world full of love once again,
Aphrodite returned to Olympus, where she lived with Logan in happiness.

EMOJI CONNECTION

Ideas - Speaking like from Bree, Jay, Skylar, Maddie on 11/8/15. What is the second interaction? How will this look on stage?

WINTER
!!!yoo!! this is some gooood fan art!

DEIS
thank you!!!i loved your story!!!!

WINTER
aw ur too kind-screaming-

DEIS
I noticed that your stories have actual queer poc and I really appreciate that

WINTER
yeah in THIS economy it's something hard to find in books

DEIS
yea yea all these people would get so angry that I turn their precious white kid brown even though it makes no sense for them to be white???

WINTER
honestly though...

DEIS
have you been to any queer events before bc I'm looking for some to go to with the gsa at my school

WINTER
oh yeah I've been to some but I don't know where you live so I can't say it's the same over there

DEIS
oh I live in Pennsylvania

WINTER
Wait!!! Where?!??

DEIS
pittsburgh.

WINTER
YOU LIVE IN PITTSBURGH
DEIS
   YES THE HECK I DO DO YOU

WINTER
   LET S MEET UP

DEIS
   OKAY WHERE

WINTER
   IN THE NEXT LIFE

DEIS
   DID YOU

WINTER
   YES I DID. LETS MEET IN AT THE FOUNTAIN TOMORROW AT 1 THATS WHERE THE EVN WILL BE

DEIS
   OKAY

CASEY FINDS PARIS

Under a bridge at night.

Paris sits on a bedroll, coat wrapped around them.

Casey enters.

CASEY
   Hi, Paris.

   Yelps and jumps up from seat.

PARIS
   What the hell are you doing here?!

CASEY
   Paris.

PARIS
   Did you follow me, you creep?

CASEY
   Yes. I-
PARIS
   That's really creepy.

CASEY
   I'm sorry. I shouldn't have followed you. I was worried about you. I am worried about you.

PARIS
   I told you I was fine.

CASEY
   I know. How long have you been staying out here?

PARIS
   None of your business.

CASEY
   This is not a place for young people. It's not safe.

PARIS
   Well it ain't a place for old people either. How you gonna fight off burglars with a life alert dangling 'round your neck?

   Pause.

   Casey laughs. Paris laughs with them.

CASEY
   What?

PARIS
   You heard me.

CASEY
   Brat.

PARIS
   Creeper.

   They laugh again.

CASEY
   I didn't think I'd be back here any time soon.

PARIS
   You know this place?
CASEY
This place and places like it. We use to hang around in places like this a lot.

PARIS
You and who?

CASEY
Me and my...community, my friends.

PARIS
Really?

CASEY
Uh huh yup. Under the bridge, back of a store, at the end of a pier. Anywhere and everywhere that we could. Ugly places. Run down sometimes. dirty and rejected. But we still went. Didn't have many options so we still went.

PARIS
You had a community..

CASEY
Don't you?

PARIS
Not really.

CASEY
You gotta have a community.

PARIS
I've looked and looked and there ain't nowhere for me to be me.

CASEY
I hope that's not true. Can I ask about your family?

PARIS
It's complicated.

CASEY
I can relate to that.

PARIS
What's your community like?

CASEY
For the most part dead.

Pause.
PARIS
Oh.

CASEY
But not all. Certainly not all. I would be lost without them. It's hard going it alone.

Pause.

PARIS
I'm not alone.

CASEY
Oh.

Paris holds up their phone.

CASEY
Good point.

Long pause.

CASEY
Listen, it's supposed to be cold tonight. I work for a place, I tried to tell you about it earlier. It's a place for queer folks like yourself, young folks. Can I take you there? You don't have to stay there, if you don't want. No traps or tricks, just check it out.

Pause.

PARIS
Okay.

SPARKLY TAMPON 3

Sparkly Tampon plays a gig that is at a protest.

This section becomes a music video of one of their songs.

PARIS' MYTH

Logan is walking. They have their bag.

Paris is somewhere safe.

Paris takes out their phone.
PARIS
   (Kik message)
   Hey.

   *Logan takes out their phone, looks at the message.*

PARIS
   (Kik message)
   I read your myth. It was really weird. But good.

LOGAN
   (Kik message)
   Thanks.

PARIS
   I wrote one too.

LOGAN
   Really? Did you post it?

PARIS
   No. I wanted you to hear it. Skype?

LOGAN
   Sure.

   *They move to Skype.*

PARIS
   Hi.

LOGAN
   Hey. Where are you?

PARIS
   Somewhere new. You?

LOGAN
   Walking.

PARIS
   Listen. I'm sorry I got mad at you before.

LOGAN
   Me too.

PARIS
   There's stuff you don't know about me.
PARIS
Can you listen to this. Tell me what you think.

LOGAN
Okay.

Paris reads from some paper.

PARIS
A long long time ago there was a kid. There wasn't nothing outstanding about this kid. They couldn't weave the air into song or fight monsters using nothing but a look and their body wasn't magical and neither was any of their skill or talent or soul. They were a kid like any other kid-

LOGAN
but unlike every other kid they were special.

PARIS
Oh, I-

LOGAN
Because they had something otherworldly. Something brave inside them.

PARIS
I'm telling a story. Shhh..

LOGAN
Okay.

PARIS
This kid-

LOGAN
This special kid

PARIS
This special kid, had stars buried in their eyes. Let's call them STAR Kid.

LOGAN
Heh, STAR Kid.

PARIS
Yeah, well they were haunted. Stalked might be a better word. They weren't sure how or where or why, but some demon had taken a liking to the stars buried in their eyes. Now demons are non-corporeal entities. They need someone, a host or
a body, to be able to do what they want. So this demon found a home inside someone STAR Kid loved.

It wasn't obvious at first. But the demon matured as it waited. It tainted the house they lived in. You could feel its presence in the air that was soured black and the walls that seemed to peel and move away as the demon prowled through the halls. It started small and STAR Kid thought it would go away. But like many things, all the demon needed was a tiny push to change everything.

STAR kid had tip toed around the house for what seemed like a millennium, always careful and always safe, but one small misstep is all it took to trigger the demon within to hatch and break out and erupt and explode.

*Paris has to stop for a moment.*

*Logan reaches out to Paris, but physical limitations of the internet won't allow that.*

PARIS

STAR Kid ran. Or maybe they were forced away. The details are a blur, their eyes had been dulled just a tiniest bit, the star's shine suckled away by the demon, and hazed over just a small amount.

At first, STAR Kid had assumed there was a million and one places they could go. They had friends, people that had assured them that they could help them out for as long as they needed, but STAR Kid quickly learned something.

Demons can take the form of many things. The demon kept following STAR Kid from one place to the next. Nothing could compare to it's original form, because STAR Kid didn't stay long enough for the demon to grow too big.

STAR Kid had taken to running and running and running. They hopped from one friend's house to the next, always out before a mom or dad or grandma or uncle could ask about why they've been sleeping on their couch for the last two weeks. And, like all things, eventually they ran out. No more houses, no more "extended sleepovers," just no more things.

LOGAN

There's always shelters though. They could go there.

PARIS

They did. They still are.

LOGAN

And they'll be fine
PARIS
Shelters aren't always safe places.

LOGAN
I didn't mean anything against you-

PARIS
STAR Kid had moved from place to place, each time the demon followed in forms yet unknown. Sometimes it was people, whether ignorant or malicious or just inconvenient. Sometimes it was other things. Like the cold. School work. Curfews and rules and restrictions and adults that push and kids that joke too hard. Demons, small and innocuous in appearance, and demons larger and daunting. It all had the same effect. Take and steal and scrape away at the stars buried in the kid's eyes. What was once brilliant became dull. Not gone, but hazed and subdued.

LOGAN
Permanently?

PARIS
I hope not.

Pause.

LOGAN
It gets better.

PARIS
No.

LOGAN
Sorry, the cis white gay narrative not doing it for you today?

Paris laughs.

PARIS
Not really. But thanks.

LOGAN
No problem.

PARIS
Logan, you don't wanna be homeless.

LOGAN
What am I suppose to do then?
PARIS
   I don't know. Just. Think it over before you make a decision and whatever
decision you make I'll probably support you.

   *Logan laughs.*

LOGAN
   Just probably?

PARIS
   Hey, I don't like to make guarantees. What if you decide to be mean to a puppy? I
can't support that- I mean I guess there could be context and black and white
statements aren't 100% so there could hypothetically be a situation where-

LOGAN
   I'm not going to be mean to a puppy!

PARIS
   Just checking, you know. Maybe that puppy's a jerk.

LOGAN
   You're so weird

PARIS
   Hehe.

LOGAN
   I don't wanna have to stay like this forever and I don't wanna justify this. You
know, bigotry.

PARIS
   Your dad's being a prick. You ain't gotta justify nothing 'bout that.

LOGAN
   I feel like such a jerk. Here I am complaining about my life and then you're- well
you're- I guess I should check my privilege.

PARIS
   Uhh.. No? Logan, I'm not some sort of measuring stick of "oh, I guess my life is
hard, but at least I'm not Paris." I'm not here to teach any lessons.

LOGAN
   Yeah. You're right.

PARIS
   Occasionally that's a thing that happens.
LOGAN
Yeah.

LOGAN COMES HOME

Mike is sitting at the Kitchen table.

Logan enters.

MIKE
Where have you been?

LOGAN
I ran away.

MIKE
What?

LOGAN
But I came back.

MIKE
Okay.

Pause.

MIKE
Logan. I...

LOGAN
You know about me now. You made me feel really terrible.

MIKE
Yes.

LOGAN
I am not going to try to fit in with who you think I should be. I need you to respect me and to respect who I am. I am going to be eighteen soon. So, this doesn't need to work for very long. But while I'm here, that's what I need. Is that going to work?

MIKE
Wow. Alright.

LOGAN
You're not yelling.
MIKE
   Nope.

LOGAN
   Okay.

MIKE
   I don't want to not be in your life. I love you. You are my kid.

LOGAN
   Your kid.

MIKE
   My kid.

LOGAN
   Well?

MIKE
   Well what?

LOGAN
   Does that sound like it will work?

MIKE
   Yes, I think that's going to work.