

Webs

by

2015 TheatriQ Ensemble

Dreams of Hope

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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

ACT 1ARACHNE

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.

PARIS

Jerk.

DECIMA

"Live," Athena said, "guilty woman! And remember this lesson, both you and your descendants, to all future times."

NONA

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.

MORTA

Athena had transformed Arachne into a spider.

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

MIKE

Hey, dinner's ready.

LOGAN

Thanks.

LIBRARY - PARIS MEETS CASEY

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

CASEY

What are you reading?

PARIS

It's for school.

PARIS

We're learning about Mythology.

CASEY

Nice.

PARIS

It's so weird.

CASEY

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

The members of Sparkly Tampon answer fan questions in a Youtube video. Red

RED

Alright, so we're Sparkly Tampon and we're answering your question in this video.

AVERY

So buckle in for a wild ride

KEIRAN

(flips hair)

Yeah.

RED

Alright so first question is from twitter user PoeCanGetIt "What is your favorite color" Well, this one time I was on a first date. We were at the park. And I noticed my date eyeing up some cotton candy. So, I quickly ran over and bought them some. When I handed it to them, this blush came over their face. It was the most amazing thing, shades of crimson and orange mixed with undertone of purple and-

JORDAN

Wait. What is your favorite color?

RED

Oh. It's black.

KEIRAN

Ok. It's me.

(sighs)

HoneyNoNo said "How can I deal with dysphoria while menstruating. Frowny face." A hot water bottle. Wear your favorite hoodie. Remind yourself that you're sexy.

(flips hair)

PATRIA

AnimeIsEvil wants to know "My friends keep kinkshaming me?? How do I deal?" Be free. Be proud. Be kinky.

AVERY

Our next question is from renting_love. "How did Sparkly Tampon get it's name?" Well it all happened during a very late night. We were doing our normal thing, ya know, chillaxing and all and shooting the breeze through fun and interesting topics such as "Wow, why are periods so stigmatized?" and also "Wow, why are convos around this so cissexist?" So we started jamming on those thoughts and came to the conclusion that not only did we want tampons to be discussed, we also wanted them to shine.

JORDAN

And our last question, is from NotJustACityInFrance. "Why is sex positivity so important to you?" Woah, kinda a loaded one there. A thing I do a lot is I try to imagine myself a few years ago. Without any resources, without any guidance, with no general idea of how to go about exploring my body and identity. And I want to make sure no kid ever has to feel as lost as I did then. So that's why sex positivity is important to me. I want to help protect the kids of today, while still honoring my own past.

RED

Well alright then!

AVERY

Like comment and subscribe!

PATRIA

And check back in for new materials. We're releasing a song very soon!

KEIRAN

Yeah.

(flips hair)

Do that.

JORDAN

Love you

ALL

Bye!!

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,
 never 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

Pennsylvania. Pittsburgh.

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 as 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.

Perfectpinkpenelopeperson 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

Suuure. Authenticity. Gotcha.

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 jt.

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

Uhhh, 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

Ummmmm...???

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

Alright. Picture sending. Dignity dying.

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

Nooooooooo. 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.

PARIS

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! Aaaaand 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

My name is 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

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

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.

Mike/Typhon appears again.

Aphrodite/Logan's Mom releases Eros' hand. Eros/Logan is left alone, with Typhon/Mike closing in.

The myth fades.

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 in 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.

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 your 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 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 loud, 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 themselves. 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 Typhon. 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 goood 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's music video.

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.

LOGAN

Yeah.

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.

Pause

LOGAN

I'm glad you're in my life.

PARIS

I'm glad I'm in your life too. I mean, where would you be without my talents and good looks?

LOGAN

The moment? That thing we're having? You're trying to ruin it but it's not working, Paris. I appreciate you.

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.