

Three teenagers sit around a table. ARYA/ACE and MATTHEW are both coloring, while BRIDGET sits and sulks. All three wear hospital gowns. BRIDGET is bored.

BRIDGET

Do they just expect us to sit here all day?

MATTHEW and ARYA/ACE don't look up.

ARYA/ACE

First time?

BRIDGET

Of course. I don't see myself ever doing this again. Is it not yours?

ARYA/ACE

(laughs)

Def not. I'd say it's the...ninth? Yeah, nine sounds about right.

BRIDGET

Goddamn! So you're, like, actually crazy?!

ARYA/ACE stops, looks up, then back down.

ARYA/ACE

This conversation is over.

BRIDGET

What? Why?

ARYA/ACE

I'm not talking to you.

BRIDGET

Fine. Be that way. *(A beat.)* Ugh, I'm sorry, okay? I need someone to talk to. I can't stand this silence.

MATTHEW

I'll talk to you.

BRIDGET

...okay.

*MATTHEW lifts his drawing and presents it.
He has colored in the drawing very poorly.
He's very proud.*

MATTHEW

What do you think? Isn't it amazing?

BRIDGET

Oh... Uh... It's, uhhh, interesting.

*MATTHEW puts his drawing back down and
continues coloring. A small silence.*

MATTHEW

So whatcha in for?

BRIDGET

Excuse me?

MATTHEW

Why'd the coppers catch you?

BRIDGET

What?

ARYA/ACE

He wants to know why you're here, but in "slang."

ARYA/ACE looks up and does air quotes.

MATTHEW

Hey, I'm just trying to enjoy myself, instead of sulking. Like someone I know.

ARYA/ACE

Shut it, Matthew.

BRIDGET

I know what he asked. It's just...isn't that kind of personal?

MATTHEW

No, it's not. We can all tell our tales.

ARYA/ACE

Who is we?