

Okay
Taylor Mac

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Stephanie steps up on the toilet

TRISH

Hello? Anyone in here? Trinity come on. What are you waiting for? He can't follow you in here. Don't flirt with him. Come on.

the door has been shut

TRISH

You are such a loser magnet. Like hello - "The thing you are seeking is seeking you".

TRINITY

(enjoying this)

Totally.

TRISH

Check under the stall.

TRINITY

All clear.

Trish AND Trinity go into the bathroom stall to the left of Stephanie.

TRISH

I am so ready to get the fuck out of here.

TRINITY

Totally.

TRISH

I mean I can handle your stalker boyfriend and the dorks and the classes and all, it's just the whole like cheese factor of being *in* high school you know. I mean it's all so fucking brutal.

TRINITY

Totally.

Trinity snorts a bump.

TRISH

Here give me that, I want to do another one. No I need to do another one, I'm like so fucking dependent on doing another one in order to get me through this hellacious evening of like... pinkness.

Trish does a bump

TRISH

I mean I could handle the idea of getting together and having a community, like that's a fucking valid desire right, to celebrate you're community, but like why do we have to have themes in order to do it. Fucking mythology. Fucking Leda and the Swan. Zeus turns into some... heterogeneous group of animals and impregnates women. Like hello, what kind of fucked up information are we perpetuating here. But then it's totally polytheistic which is like so much better than having some holy-roller derby for Christ, but like getting together to just have community isn't enough. But then you're supposed to be proud of being a part of a community and I'm like so not proud. It's like all those people waving all those American flags and I'm like okay, okay, okay, okay I get it we're all from the same country, I mean it's like such the thing to do, like suddenly there's this wave of fucking acrid bandwagon patriotism wafting through the country and people are selling baby American flags for like two dollars when you know they only cost two cents and were made by some factory of Taiwanese premi-babies in their make-shift bamboo incubators. And like people from New York, or not even from New York, are wearing T-shirts that say "I survived the Attack on America" and I mean it's all so fucking tacky, like what kind of person would profit off of a disaster like that, I just think it's totally abject but also totally like the American way and so it's kind of charming in that, "I've been brain washed to think this is the best place on the earth to be" kind of way, but like I've come to realize that Americans are just a fucking tacky breed, like also cool and quirky but like totally just tacky, like if you give them a chance they will totally fuck it up. Like sometimes it feels like 98% of the country are made up of some dead skin cell scraping from like Antonin Scalia's ass.

TRINITY

Tota-

TRISH

No, no, no, no, no, no, no, wait, wait, wait, wait, wait, wait, like some crony is following him around with a dust pan sweeping up his nose hairs and shipping them off to some secret laboratory in Salina, Kansas and thus America was born. But like how do I know it's the best place to be, I mean where have I been beside like Canadian Niagara Falls?

(continuously talking while
pulling up her dress to get
out her cigarettes that are in
her thigh-high hose)

I mean, all I ask of my president is that he be smarter than me right. I mean he's a fucking C student, I mean I'm a fucking coke head and I don't ever study, I mean like ever, and I still get A's, I mean how hard is it?

Trish holds out her cigarette for
Trinity, who takes a drag

TRINITY

Totally.

TRISH

(still holding out the
cigarette)

I mean I get it right, I know I'm a total parody, like I get it, the way we all talk and our vast amounts of privilege so like who am I to judge right

(taking back the cigarette)

but like I'm not trying to be the president of the United States either. I mean kids are still shooting each other in high schools right, that hasn't like suddenly stopped has it? Like preemptive strike hasn't suddenly solved that problem right.

(dumping the cigarette in the
toilet)

Like my parents are worried when I say I have school events to go to - they don't want me in some large gymnasium, they're afraid some Star Trek freak is gonna open fire on the whole fucking school, and like my mom is grounding me for every little thing, like leaving a fucking cereal bowl in the fucking sink right, and I know it's just so I won't go out on the street where I might get hit by some bio-nuclear war cloud and I'm all,

(getting out her cocaine)

(MORE)

TRISH (cont'd)

"Mom if I'm supposed to go it is way more likely I die from an overdose" and she's all, "Honey don't be morbid".

Trish does a bump.

TRISH

It's all cause my cousin Jimmy, like Loser-Freak-Had-To-Take-The-G.E.D.-Twice-In-Order-To-Get-His-High-School-Diploma-Jimmy, is like sitting around stoned out of his mind, watching TV when like this ad for fucking cooking school comes on the air and suddenly his vocation his fucking calling, like hits him across the head right, and so he quits smoking pot,

TRINITY

Tota-

TRISH

no, no, no, no, no, no, no, wait, wait, wait, wait, wait, he quits smoking pot and gets accepted to this restaurant school in the city and takes up the fucking frying pan or skillet or whatever cause he suddenly has this dream to be this awesome chef right and like he's good right, like I tried his food one time and it was fucking special you know like he was one of those people that have something good going on inside them and he fucking found it, like one out of every million people, so he's at the top of his class and they send him off to do this externship, which is like an internship only externally, and cause he's so hot in the kitchen and works so fucking hard, so like eighty hours a week fucking hard, and obviously has a gift you know, they send him to Windows On The World. Windows On The Ground Zero Fucking World and now he's floating around Brooklyn mixed up in some cloud of asbestos.

(During the following Trish
pulls up her dress, and pulls
down her underwear so she can
go pee.)

And so like now we have to take care of my aunt, who's like a total wing-nut, ever since she had to take DNA over to this building so in case they find his eyeball they can tell us he's dead or whatever, give it to us in a box and we can give him a proper burial and I'm like, "Who the fuck cares about a proper burial", I mean what the fuck is this the Greek's, like I'm Antigone trying to bury her brother so he won't go to limbo.

(MORE)

TRISH (cont'd)

I mean, why put people through that kind of shit, like we need a certificate to know someone's dead I mean I will never forgive the country for loving their paperwork more than their people.

TRINITY

Totally.

Trish motions for Trinity to get around her and hold her hand, keeping her balanced hovering over the toilet so she doesn't have to touch down while she goes.

TRISH

Here, here, here, here, here, careful.

She pees.

TRISH

I mean I get that it's good for people to have something to do, like they wouldn't let us dig, like we couldn't go dig, so at least we can like look for his dental records packed up in the boxes in the garage, at least we can like stand in line with like other grieving people and like grieve,

Trish has stopped going to the bathroom and straightens herself.

TRISH

And Jimmy's mental, Pepsi addicted brother turns eighteen and enlists in the army cause somehow he thinks that killing Iraqi people will make up for terrorists blowing up his brother, only they don't send him to Iraq right, cause like he has this problem where he wets the bed occasionally and I guess they don't like queers or bed-wetters in the army. And for a while he just

(MORE)

TRISH (cont'd)

hung around the house wishing he were dead, so the doctors put him on this combination of Zoloft and some drug that helps you hold your bladder so he could go to war but because he's so like caffeinated all the time, he couldn't focus on whether or not the Zoloft or the urine drug were helping right, so then the doctors put him on this combination of Zoloft, bladder drug and Ritalin, because apparently he can't get better if he can't focus on the fact that he's happier and in control of his bladder, except all the drugs combined with the Pepsi have some weird effect on his kidneys, so then he can't like pee at all, like he starts sweating his pee out of his pours, which is so fucking disgusting that it just makes him sadder and so they up his anti-depression medicine and they give him this hopefully temporary tube thing crammed up his penis so he can have the appearance of being able to piss correctly and they make him go to all these anniversary support meetings for loved one of victims of 9-11. Fucking 9-11 twenty-four seven, and now he just hangs out, swathed in some cheap cologne, with all these victims and his Zoloft and his bladder drug and his catheter and his Ritalin and his liter of Pepsi and his very determined focused smile on his face, like "yes I'm happy, I'm HAPPY. I'M FUCKING HAPPY.

(slight pause)

And I went with him to one of his support group meetings, because like, obviously he needs some support right, and they have these dogs that have these signs attached to them that say like "Pet me I'm a support dog", 'cause some wacko shrink thought that if you pet some codependent beast it will like suddenly take some pain away and then I notice that one of the support dogs is a Doberman Pincher, fucking Doberman Pincher, fucking attack dog Doberman Pincher and like this giant concrete mushroom cloud of like tackiness or like people trying so hard with their patriotism and revenge and good intentions and fear and prayers and organization and money and medicine and love and fucking mythology theme metaphors - trying so hard to make everything right and valid in the face of destruction and just fucking it all up, like making it all worst - it just hit me and I just couldn't take it I just fucking cried and cried and cried 'till like snot was coming down my nose and I made a complete fool of myself and my cousin was like, "It's okay Trish" but it's not okay you know it's like so not okay.

The door opens

TRISH

Shit. Shhhhhh.

(standing on top of the toilet)

I so don't want to be caught in here.

TRINITY

(on top of the toilet)

Totally.