

Cracked

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List of Characters (in order of appearance)

KRISTEN - college student, in her early 20s, from New Jersey, Asian American.

KYLE- paralegal, in his early 20s, from New York, American.

TIME – present, Christmas Eve, around 8 pm

PLACE - The underground metro station of Uptown & Queens, New York. The station appears to be under maintenance.

Act ISCENE 1

At rise: KRISTEN sits on the edge of the platform near the tracks onstage, with a flask filled with gin in hand. KYLE enters.

KYLE

Kristen? What are you doing here? This station is under maintenance.

KRISTEN

Oh, hi, Kyle. No wonder it's all nice and quiet down here... (*stares*) until now.

Drinking, duh! For god's sake, can't you find someone else to torture on this fine Christmas Eve? Or have those years of copying my math homework in high school not been exciting enough for you? LEAVE ME ALONE.

KYLE

It's all water under the bridge now, Kristen. Grow up. (*beats*) ...Are you high?

KRISTEN

Uh, I'm literally *not* high right now.

KYLE

You are high as a kite. (*frowns*) Kristen, it's almost Christmas, why are you here? Do you even live in the city? There won't be any metros in this station. You should go home.

KRISTEN

I crashed here last night since I got kicked out. (*stares*) Don't grill at me, Kyle, it's none of your business. If you know the station is under maintenance, what are *you* doing here?

KYLE

I didn't know that until I got here and I was heading...doesn't matter. I'm not going to leave you all alone in a metro station, drunk and high on Christmas Eve. What kind of monster do you think I am?

KRISTEN

What's the catch?

KYLE

There is no catch. We've graduated for years, all that high school stuff is water under the bridge. Just let bygones be bygones.

KRISTEN

Uh-huh.

KYLE

Look, Kristen. I'm sorry for the way I acted. (*sighs*) Growing up, people have so many opinions of me. I know I'm not mad smart, and apparently "the only thing that Kyle's good at is playing hockey", so no one thinks I will excel in law not even Father. I've been working so hard, even on Christmas Eve and he STILL thinks I'm nothing while he's dead-ass bowling in the East Hamptons.

KRISTEN

Great! Am I supposed to comfort you now? Give you validations and solve your daddy issues?

KYLE

I said I'm sorry for my past mistakes! I'm trying to make it up to you. What else do you want me to do?

KRISTEN

Just forget it, I've had enough of your sorry not sorries. What do you want with me now?

KYLE

Why do you always assume the worst of me?

KRISTEN

Because you gave me reasons to?

KYLE

You are just like everybody else — I was going to call you an Uber. You know what? I might as well let you rot here although it's mad brick outside.

KYLE begins to leave. KRISTEN looks up.

KRISTEN

Wait, Kyle. (*sighs*) Come back.

KYLE turns around.

Sorry, I know you were just trying to help. I guess...old habits die hard. But why are you here? Where's your chauffeur?

KYLE

Well, Father cut me off. He disapproves of my choice of going pro for hockey, so I had to work for him since it was payback for "being a college dropout" and he declined my offer to play for the Rangers behind my back. (*stares*) Anyways, I'm going to the firm now to deal with a case, absolutely clueless 'cause my client is Asian...

KRISTEN

What? (*frowns*) What's with the grilling today?

KYLE

I mean...don't you speak Asian? I could really use your help.

KRISTEN

What?

KYLE

I said, don't you speak Asian?

KRISTEN

What does that even fucking mean?

KYLE

Aren't you from Asia?

KRISTEN

No? I'm literally from New Jersey.

KYLE

Well, you sure don't look like it. Don't you at least speak a little Asian?

KRISTEN

That's like asking people from Africa if they speak African.

KYLE

Well, do they?

KRISTEN

No, you fucking moron.

KYLE

Dude, why are you so defensive?

KRISTEN

What are you talking about? I'm literally Martha Stewart of the Upper East Side.

KYLE

But we are in midtown...and who is Martha Stewart? Does she do crack too?

KRISTEN

Martha Stewart is...never mind. I'm not on crack.

KYLE

You know, as a fellow member of the Asian community, I'm disappointed in you for doing crack.

KRISTEN

You are not Asian and I'm not on crack. If anything, I'm cracked.

KYLE

Speak for yourself. Why are you throwing your life away, Kristen? Weren't you valedictorian and finished grad school level math before senior year?

KRISTEN

Shut up, you are not my mother! Just because I'm Asian, doesn't mean --

KYLE

Then why are you high and drunk on Christmas Eve?

KRISTEN

Because I'm fat.

KYLE

Huh?

KRISTEN

I'm literally doing it to lose weight. *(sighs)* Happy?

KYLE

You got to be kidding... You are anything but fat.

KRISTEN

I'm dead-ass serious right now, okay? Why do you think I'm homeless on Christmas? You know what all my relatives say when they saw me the day I came home to visit?

Kristen, you fat and no hair. Kristen, why no boyfriend?

Kristen, you disgraceful, why you no the MRS degree?

So I told her, *Ma! In real life, people don't get married in college.* You know what she said to me? *Oh, real life? I will show you real life.*

Then she kicked me out.

KYLE

Are you serious? No jokes?

KRISTEN

Do I look like someone who jokes?

KYLE

Fair. *(nods, signals KRISTEN to pass the flask. KRISTEN hands it over. KYLE sits down beside KRISTEN.)*

Must be hard, growing up with judgmental parents who dictate your self-worth.

KRISTEN

Parent, actually. My Pa literally died of doing molly when I was, like, five, so we moved to New York ever since.

KYLE

That's tough. *(beats)* But you know what your relative said was not true, right? You are not a disgrace.

KRISTEN

I feel like one.

KYLE

How come?

KRISTEN

I never do things right. Ma always says things like *how Daren got 100 on English and you only 95? Natalie made \$20K starting company and what you do this summer?* Oh yeah, and she said I dressed like a prostitute, so I had to go to homecoming in a hideous sweater. Grandmas won't even wear that shit.

KYLE

Oh, that homecoming where you hid in the restroom and cried? Michael laughed at you for that.

KRISTEN

Of course, he did. *(rolls eyes)* You were such a jerk back then. What did I ever do to you? If anything, I saved your ass by tutoring you math.

KYLE

I'm sorry, I just wanted to be popular *(sighs)* I used to believe that I was on top of the world because I'm good at sports. And yeah, I remember. That one time when you finally got tired of my BS.

KRISTEN

You were the worst. I literally wrote 43 and you said the answer was 4B. But you weren't bad at math at all. You just needed a little time.

KYLE

You really should be proud of yourself. I passed the class because of you.

KRISTEN

Really? I thought you literally got, like, a 30 on the test.

KYLE

Now I couldn't possibly give you the satisfaction now, could I?

(takes a sip)

You know, I ran into Mr. Miller couple weeks ago near Rockefeller.

KRISTEN

Mr. Miller? I thought the Millers moved to Glendale.

KYLE

I thought it was Avondale. But yeah, he was there, I swear. Saw him with my own eyes.

KRISTEN

What was he doing there?

KYLE

Looking at the Christmas tree. It was Carla's favorite place.

KRISTEN

Carla? Was she there too?

KYLE

The daughter? You sure do remember what happened to Carla, no? Or are you too high for this?

KRISTEN

I don't quite recall...might have, like, smoked a tad bit of weed...*(grins, signals KYLE to hand over the flask and takes a sip)*

KYLE

(KYLE shakes his head and grabs the flask from KRISTEN)

Mr. Cho? Carla Miller? You?

KRISTEN

Me? No? *(frowns)* Oh! My god! The one that got molested by Cho but was too scared to sue the school so I did it for her. But no one believed us because they literally said she only did this because she wanted attention, so she jumped off the Brooklyn bridge?

KYLE

Yes, how do you not remember any of this? You fought for her when you two weren't even friends.

KRISTEN

Well, she was the only one who stood up for me once when I got bullied by you prep jocks. We were besties... *(looks down)* When it went down, Cho threatened to leak their sex tape if she sued.

KYLE

Really?

KRISTEN

She was terrified and she begged me to stay silent, but I couldn't...*(stares)* I tried to help her, you know.

KYLE

What happened?

KRISTEN

I told Principal Walter and Carla was furious, so she iced me out. I transferred afterward after losing my only friend and school became insufferable. I lost touch with her family until her funeral.

KYLE

I'm sorry about that. (*beats*) I was quite impressed by your courage, actually. I told Michael to stop messing with you, but I guess that didn't help. Anyways, the school found the evidence a year later and it turns out what she said was true.

KRISTEN

That's so messed up, I can't believe I'm only hearing about it now. What happened to Cho then?

KYLE

Well, according to Michael, he got off the hook and moved to Switzerland.

KRISTEN

But how ---

KYLE

The school covered it up.

KRISTEN

But weren't the Millers friends with you and Michael's? Why didn't you guys help her?

KYLE

Father tried. He talked to Mrs. Miller and attempted to get her one of the best lawyers in the country. Her mother declined the offer and said justice will triumph.

KRISTEN

But it didn't.

KYLE

Yeah.

KRISTEN

Not while she was still alive.

KYLE

No.

KRISTEN leans back against the floor.

KRISTEN

Life, like, sucks.

KYLE

I know. You are such a buzzkill.

KRISTEN

How is this my fault?

KYLE

Well, you are the one that is doing crack right now.

KRISTEN

More like cracked and I'm not...never mind. (*sighs*). Why are you a lawyer now? I thought you always wanted to be, like, Cristiano Ronaldo or something.

KYLE

Paralegal. And Cristiano Ronald plays soccer.

KRISTEN

Okay, then maybe, like, Lebron James.

KYLE

Lebron James plays basketball.

KRISTEN

Potato potahto...(*beats*) Well?

KYLE

Father wanted me to stay in New York and work for him, so I did.

KRISTEN

Since when are you such a papa's boy? (*beats*) Literally, like, the Kyle that I knew, was, like, would rather get expelled than do things other people's way.

KYLE

I mean, I eat pizza on my cheat days.

KRISTEN

That's literally not what I meant. Why can't you just tell your dad that you don't want to be a lawyer?

KYLE

It's paralegal. I don't want to disappoint him. And I'll have to pay him back for tuition...every single cent.

KRISTEN

No...this is not about that. (*sighs*) You are scared, aren't you?

KYLE

I'm not like you, Kristen. I can't just quit and live in a metro station.

KRISTEN

But you do want to play hockey. (*stares*) Come on, Kyle. Don't you miss it? The skates? The people? The triumph you felt after you scored? You were playing for one of the best teams in the country and you were this close to playing for the Rangers.

KYLE

I guess things change. (*sighs*) Look at you, I thought you'd definitely make Forbes 30 Under 30. Instead, you are all drunk and depressed and on crack on Christmas Eve.

KRISTEN

And you, I thought you'd be getting your ass kicked by Leonardo DiCaprio because you stepped on his shoes after you dropped your hockey stick on his head.

KYLE

What?

KRISTEN

What?

KYLE

But at least...we are still here.

KRISTEN

Like here? Like, what do you mean?

KYLE

Like, we are still *here*. Might as well make the most of it...(beats) I miss Carla.

KRISTEN

I do too.

An incoming subway flashes its lights and proceeds toward them. KYLE stands up from the edge of the platform and grabs KRISTEN by the wrist to get her up.

KRISTEN

I thought the station was under maintenance.

KYLE

They must've fixed it. Come on, we have to go home before Christmas.

KRISTEN

Kyle?

KYLE

Yeah?

KRISTEN

I don't think you won't be a good paralegal. I just think you will be an even better hockey player.

KYLE

Thanks. *(smiles)* Maybe you should come to see me play sometime after I talk to Father. And don't wear that ugly sweater of yours.

KRISTEN

I won't. I'll talk to Ma.

KYLE

Promise?

KRISTEN

I'll do it if you talk to yours. You jump, I jump?

KYLE

Jump where? We are in a metro...

KRISTEN rolls her eyes. The metro stops. KYLE and KRISTEN's phones ring, they both pick up.

KRISTEN

KYLE

Ma?

Hello? Father?

KYLE and KRISTEN look at each other.

The coach door opens. KRISTEN and KYLE step into the metro.

End of play.