

# SAY 'NO!' TO ONE PASEO

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## CHARACTERS

Ree/Reena/Regina : they/he (but not publicly, yet)

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B/Britt/Britney : she/they

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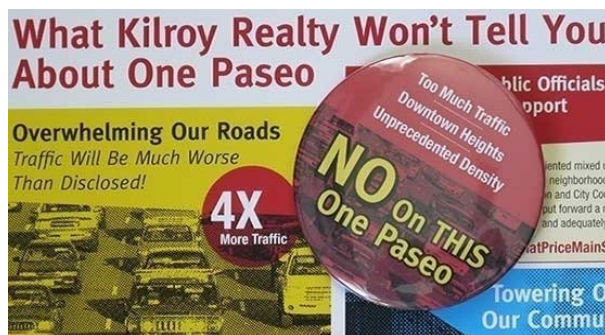
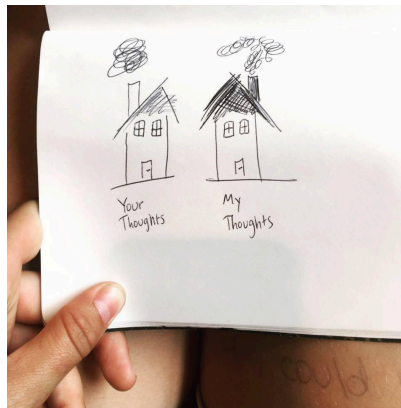
Nely (NEL-ee) : she/her

## SETTINGS

a developing suburban neighborhood by the ocean

*Spanning 20 years*

2005 – 2025



**RATING: Age 17 and up**

A note: All minor characters are to be played by adults. The story is about learning how to see yourself and each other for who you really are. It matters because it is a depiction

of how unconditional love grows as we grow. I'm sure there is a better way to say this.

## **CHARACTER BREAKDOWN**

Ree/Reena/Regina : they/he (but not publicly yet.) Born: 10/23/95, mixed-race, South-East Asian

Curious about their body. Genderqueer. Grows up in the shadow of their wild older sister and under the rigid thumb of their Aunt. Ree matures quickly and wants nothing more than to break out of their stifling situation. Ree clings to B and her family for comfort and stability while fighting against their romantic feelings for them. Ree is the middle child. Their younger sibling lives with a different fostering family. Their mother is dead. And their father is MIA. Ree does well in school due to motivation to get out and really live. Ree is a writer and a truth shaper... They are self-identified as the funny one. They are musically inclined. Ree is short for Reena and Reena is short for Regina but Ree hates their full name. Ree is also short and has a massive rack. Ree will eventually get a massive reduction but probably not full top surgery.

B/Britt/Britney : she/they. Born: 4/5/95, mixed-race, South-East Asian

A late bloomer whose curiosity about their sexual identity is catalyzed by their relationship with Ree. But this cheerleader is for sure a queerleader. She is a dancer just like her Ma. She is also a hypochondriac, just like her Ma. She struggles in school because she has a hard time focusing. To avoid growing up a lonely, mixed-race, only-child of divorce, B's mom invites Ree on family trips. B relies on Ree to feel emotionally secure especially when B disappoints their mom... B finds planning for the future difficult... Especially if the future may not include Ree. B is not curvy and neither tall nor small. B is easily persuaded. After high school, she becomes a single mom even though she never walked her dog when she was growing up. She will become a yoga teacher at a bougie boutique studio. But she will never leave home. At times, she lies to everyone including herself.

Nely (NEL-ee) : she/her. Born: 1/21/97, mixed-race, West-Asian, Jewish

Two grades younger than Ree and B. She has three older sisters. Nely is the youngest by more than a decade between even herself and the next closest sister. Nely struggles in school due to lack of motivation in that particular direction; but she is hella smart and deeply perceptive. Nely is an artist in all disciplines and in all aspect and all senses of identity. She especially loves visual art -- photography, painting, mixed, digital and multimedia. In her spare time she likes to make Youtube makeup tutorials, emo music videos, and video diaries of her cat. Nely is not gay at all in any way but she is an ally. Nely is the tallest of the group and is also curvy. Nely is a quiet, curious observer who needs extra alone time during the group hang outs. She is a compulsive truth teller.

## FRESHMAN YEAR - WINTER - 6 PM

The sound of the ocean and then the sound of coughing. [ Hey you, the reader: don't tell, but B, Ree, and Nely are outside smoking on the roof. ] B, 14 but *almost* 15, wears something like soffe shorts and a push-up bra from Victoria Secret and socks. Ree, *just* turned 14, wears something like boxers and an open robe (no bra) and is barefoot. Nely, *three days* from 13, wears something like a flannel over a zipped sweat jacket, black jeans, and Vans.

A window leads from the rooftop and opens onto B's bed which is covered in a mix of clothes they were wearing earlier and dress options for later. B's bedroom is a time capsule, walls covered with memories in the form of Polaroids, photo booth strips, 5 gum wrappers, stickers, old pom poms and a Carmel Valley High School Falcons cheer uniform hung up on a hanger neatly, a hand drawn image of Jennifer Beals on the poster for Flashdance, an Apple laptop etc. B has some distinct signs from the neighborhood stating: "Stop One Paseo, it's too big for the Valley"... Serving as ironic eclectic decor to defy her Ma.

B climbs in through her window feet first and goes straight to her bathroom to spray herself with perfume. Downstairs, B's mom is throwing one of those parties where the middle-aged 'single' folk like to mingle. A lot of wealthy laughter can be heard... Ree climbs in through the same window head first and goes to their pile of stuff on the floor. Nely climbs in through the window sideways. Music is playing from her phone. She stays put on the bed. Ree and Nely are singing along and B is bobbing her head like she knows the song too... Ree is sprawling on the floor and going through their Jansport backpack. They rip off a piece of duct tape exposing a hole where they retrieve a bag of weed. Nely's phone dies and the music stops. The ocean can be heard again.

Nely turns on the TV and pulls up a recorded episode of *The Proud Family*.

B

Nely, ask *before* you turn on the TV.

NELY

You always have the TV on.

B

And take your shoes off the bed. Nely.

NELY doesn't budge. B removes NELY's shoes from off of her feet. NELY throws her hand into a bag of some crispy onion topper that has written across "ASK FIRST BEFORE EATING" and fists a mass of fried goodness straight to the mouth.

B

And don't make *crumbs* on my bed!

NELY

I can't hear you.

B

We gotta get ready, Ree.

REE

I thought you wanted to pack another?

Ree gives B *more* weed.

The theme song plays, "You and me will always be tight..." as B packs *one* more bowl and puts the remaining weed in a box labeled "Time Capsule." She takes *one* more deep and good hit and grabs the pillow Nely's feet were on; she smothers her own face as she exhales. B offers the pipe to Ree who shakes their head, waving away the smoke.

REE

That doesn't work smell-wise. You need to do the dryer sheet technique like I taught you.

B takes another hit then bolts to the bathroom and exhales into a home-made sploof.

NELY

Bro, why does she always get *more* weed when it's almost *my* birthday...

REE

Isn't your dad your plug?

NELY

Oh, yes. I have that to look forward to whenever he decides to return from his post-divorce midlife crisis globe trot.

REE

I've given you so much weed dude. Come on. At least you have a dad.

Nely takes a hit off the pipe, ghosting the exhale.

B returns with her perfume— Daisy by Marc Jacobs— and sprays the air. She then gets to work turning up piles of stuff in her room looking for—

B

I can't find my eyeliner.

NELY throws B's eyeliner at her. B wipes off the tip of the eyeliner on NELY's pants.

B

Ree, come here.

REE crawls over to B. B grips REE by the chin— REE jerks away.

B

Stay still or I'm gonna stab you.

B holds REE by the chin again, guiding their face up to put eyeliner on REE.

REE

Ow.

B

Stop moving. It hasn't even touched you yet don't be dramatic.

NELY

You're doing it wrong. Go in her waterline.

B

I *am* in her waterline. You're twelve.

REE

If there's water on the line how will the liner remain lined??

B

It looks so good.

B hands REE a Bubble Mini Dress from the pile on the bed.

REE

This is a *shirt*. Give me something I *won't* hate.

B

Just try it *on* please? It's our first dance—

NELY

No it isn't. It's just a dance.

B

First *high school formal* dance.

NELY

Who cares.

B

I care. You know as a cheerleader, I take pride in *hosting* the winter formal. It's special. When you get to high school, you'll get it. Let me dress you this once, and if you hate it you can wear whatever you want at the rest of the dances for the rest of your life.

REE

Where's it from?

B

Ma's closet. But the new boutique before that. I bought the dress for her birthday but--

B rips the tag off.

REE

So it's expensive.

B

She's clearly never worn it.

REE puts on the bubble mini dress.

B

Your tits—

REE

Hate.

B

At least *have*.

REE

At least tall.

B

At least small.

REE

At least *you* could possibly pass-ibly go topless.

B

At least you don't *have* to wear make up.

REE

No one *has* to wear make up.

B

Look:

B turns REE to their reflection in the closet mirror door, hugging them from behind.

REE

And?

B

*See* you.

REE isn't looking at their own reflection REE's looking through the mirror at B.

REE

I feel like I *look* different in the mirror than how you *see* me in real life.

NELY

A little actually.

B

That's not something you say out loud.

NELY

Not in a bad way just... You do *look* different in the mirror.

B

I like the way you look in a dress.

Ree moves their focus momentarily to Nely who is staring almost through the mirror like a window, not at anything in the room.

REE

Nely, what's wrong?

NELY doesn't make any indication that she heard that.

B

She can't hear you.

REE

Nely. Nely—

NELY

I really like my nose. I think that's the only thing about my face that I like.

BRITT

The *only*?

NELY

She's *so* literal.

REE

She's not *metaphorical*.

B

I'm *right* here.

NELY

We can't see much of ourselves. Like I can't take my eyes out and look at myself. Just hands and arms and legs and boobs and feet. But I can kinda see my nose. I have my dad's nose. Everything else we never really see do we?

B

Ooooh. It all makes sense now! Why we all like hate our bodies... But Ree, I still love your boobs even if you don't! That's *the* one. Don't take it off.

REE grabs hand-me-down Vans. B wears clean Converse high tops.

NELY

You both look really pretty.

B

Take our picture.

NELY

Ree, don't stand like that. You're gonna hate how the photo looks if you stand like that.

Ree adjusts. Final poses.

B

We'll take pictures of you when it's your turn to go to formal dance, promise.

[TRANSITION]

Photobooth is open on B's computer. The last thing recorded was a video of Nely and B. It plays on full screen:

It's summertime. Music plays in the background... Something like Pussy Cat Dolls or 3OH!3... B and Nely are wearing swim suits and have wet hair. They are eating take out Thai BBQ in B's bedroom.

NELY

Man oh man, what to do, what to do. I want juicy meat but I want soup too!

B

Thai BBQ! It's the best of both worlds! Moats of soup and boats of beef!

They start dancing to the song that was playing in the background until B's Ma enters (off screen) saying "girls, where is the food? you were supposed to eat downstairs and share—" and they get self-conscious, knocking over *all* of the food.

They all stare at the mess and then B cuts the video off as Ma starts to say “that’s why you eat at the table!”

Nely records a new video. It’s a YouTube makeup tutorial. Music in the background could be Tokio Hotel or Modest Mouse or something like that...

3, 2, 1 goes the Photobooth:

NELY

Sup. This is emo cheerleader make up.

Nely records herself doing her own makeup.

NELY

If you break your eyeliner it’s okay just take the broken part and put it on your face. Like this. See, no wasted product.

Nely puts on B’s cheer uniform. It’s too small.

NELY

Obviously there’s the uniform. But if you don’t have that, to make it cheerleader you just get some pom poms and if you don’t have pom poms you can make some out of your mom.

Nely jumps on the bed.

NELY

Ra Ra Ree, Kick him in the knee.  
Ra Ra Rass, Kick him in the  
Other knee!

Something on the uniform rips.

NELY

‘til next time.

The video cuts off as she shuts the laptop.

LATER - 11 PM

The lights are off. B self-swaddles in her comforter— makeup still on but streaked now. She turns on the TV Show That's SO Raven. REE enters pulling stuff out of clutches stolen from downstairs—left by adults too inebriated to realize. Contents include— credit cards, pill bottles, a dental dam—

REE

You were right. There's lots to get when they forget. Look a dental dam. Look. Look—

REE sticks their tongue in it then continues to expose the loot: two bags of coke in a cigarette case, perfume—

REE

Who do you think this belonged to? Like who was actually planning on using it... This smells like old people. Rich people are weird.

B

Middle-aged people are weird. Rich people are just careless.

B goes deep into the covers. REE rips the covers off.

REE

Awaken creature!

B

Stop.

B pulls them back over her head. REE gets in. REE and B form a fort in the blankets, they use their limbs to hold up everything up.

REE

For the record, the way that whole thing went down was really dramatic. I don't think forgetting to brush your teeth is like forgetting to wipe your butt like ma and Nely said... It's not that serious. It's more like forgetting to put on deodorant. She just says things and doesn't really filter. But--

B

I don't wanna talk about it. She can be my mom's friend since she likes her better anyway.

REE

But like, you don't need to talk to Nely like that... Next time, just say yeah. I'll brush my teeth bro. Literally just even if it's just like a couple seconds like one, two— Why do you look so sad?

B

I can't see myself so I can't say why I look sad.

REE

You can't say why you *look* sad but you can say why you are sad.

B

I'm not sad. I just have sad-looking shit-colored eyes. The girl that makes fun of me for being stupid cause I'm Asian said that.

REE

You mean Lex? Racist bitch. She's fucking lucky her mom didn't swallow her. You look like you're gonna cry.

B

I'm not. I'm just having behind the eye bites.

REE

You mean the feeling of crying?

B

I wanna smoke.

REE

Where's the grinder and the dryer sheets I gave you?

B

In the Time Capsule from summer before sixth grade. She just likes Nely better than me. Nely is who she hoped for when she had me. Ma even likes *you* better than me—

REE reaches down under B's bed for a box full of miscellaneous Beanie Babies, papers, keepsakes...

REE

B, ma doesn't really like me... She just knows I don't have a mom and she just feels sorry for me.

B

She just keeps forcing Nely to hang out, dinners every night, practice together, carpool, vacations. I miss when *you* would go on road trips...

REE sets aside the grinder and the pipe but can't find the weed. In searching, REE picks up a small object enclosed in a cloth bag that rattles. REE opens it.

REE

What is this dried corn?

B

Baby teeth. One of them is yours.

REE

They sound like a rain stick. Like from music class, remember?

B

Unfortunately, I was always pulled out for special classes when you guys got to do music... When I lost my last baby tooth I was really sad that the Tooth Fairy wouldn't exist any more and so I came home from school one day and all of my teeth were in this on my dresser with a note in ma's handwriting.

REE

As a consolation? She really loves you.

REE offers the pipe to B. B takes a hit. B hits her face with a pillow. REE takes a hit and then hits the pillow with her own face.

B

Remember when I finally learned about Santa?

REE

Last month? You were devastated. And you got your period a week later. I used to put teeth under my pillow and nothing happened. Because I didn't tell my aunt that I lost em so like eventually, after a few days they would get lost in my bed. And I'd like feel it by my feet and at that point, I'd just throw it away.

B

You threw away your baby teeth?

REE

Yeah like a normal person.

B

But that's so sad.

REE

Teeth and toenails are made up of the same shit. We don't glorify toenails with a fairy.

B

Yeah but you cut your toenails all the time and you only lose your teeth once.

REE

Not true.

B

If you don't floss.

REE

Or brush... I don't cut my toenails.

B

Neither do I.

REE

I know, I can feel your talons.

B moves her face as close as physically possible without exactly touching to REE.

REE

What? What??

B

Dance with me!

B pulls REE in by the waist prepared to grind. REE takes B's hand and places their other hand on B's shoulder — ready to slow dance.

B

That's not how you were dancing *earlier*.

REE

You want me to freak with you?!

B

'member what we *used* to do when we were seven?

REE

I lived with my parents still when I was seven. So... We had to be at least nine.

B

But when we would *play*— Like when we were— Did we like *know* what we were doing?

REE

I don't know what we knew— *If* we knew... But maybe we *figured* it out at sixth grade camp? On the bus there we were... But then you squeezed your legs together tight until I moved my hand. Then Jake and Reed came over.

B

I gave them handjobs on that trip. They both fingered me too. And I remember thinking it was nothing like I'd felt before. The worst feeling. And like they were just doing it cause that's what you do. And not anything to do with me. It didn't even really feel like it was me... What they were touching. Like maybe... I was the hands and they were the vagina... Why did we stop being friends?

REE

I don't know... We just got— Into different stuff... *You* asked Lex to be your top bunk... We weren't *not* friends... We just... Stopped being close.

B

Do you ever do what we did but alone?

REE

Yeah.

B

You do??

REE

You *don't*?

B

It makes me feel weird...

REE

Why? It's supposed to make you feel good... I've been doing it as long as I can remember. I used to do it on the road trips. When I had my foot up like...

B

You were diddling??

REE

Not intensely. That's why Ma was always like "*Feet down girls...*"

B

I used to make my Bratz dolls fuck each other.

REE

We all did that. Except they weren't *my* Bratz, they were *yours*.

Have you had sex before? B

Remember that time in the bathroom during the middle school dance? REE

With who? B

Travis. REE

Which Travis? B

Tall Travis. REE

Ree... B

He gets me free weed. REE

He's 18. He graduates *this* year. B

He's 19. He graduated *last* year. REE

That's not good Ree-- B

And yet we... live to tell the tale. The tale of Tall Travis... REE

What does actual sex feel like? B

Like three-ish fingers inside and further in. Constant pressure. REE

Like reverse birth? B

How the fuck should I know? REE

B

Did it feel good?

REE

Mostly in my head. Like to be feeling it... The other way.

B

Like fucking you as him... Fucking you?

REE

I don't know.

B

Do you think Ma is hot? I feel like guys think she's hotter than me. They always yell shit at her when she picks me up from school...

REE

That's disgusting.

B

So, what about *us*?

REE

What *about* us...

B

Us feels different.

REE

Different how?

B

Like pants.

REE

Like pants?

B

Like pants... That fit just right. That don't sag in the butt too much or give you muffin top. Pants that feel good. You're my best friend Ree.

REE

Ditto.

B

I just wanna make sure you know that.

B kisses REE. A soft, lingering *first* kiss.

REE

...

B

What? What??

REE kisses B.