

SAY 'NO' TO ONE PASEO

Written by

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RIP

BlockBuster, skinny jeans, Razr cell phones, and the shoes you used to write on too.

Dedicated to **queer** leaders

(formerly known as cheerleaders.)

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CHARACTERS

REE [NA] : they/he
&
B [RITT] : she/they

SYNOPSIS

As two kids grow up and drift apart, their city evolves through so-called improvements, transforming into a place that no longer feels like home.

Somewhere between that love letter to your best friend and the ode to your own self-discovery, is a story about how we change—regardless of wanting to—and how we inevitably revert (and sometimes want to).

Can unconditional love exist between two people who love each other differently?

Spanning 15 years – ages 9 to 24

SETTINGS

San Diego, California
&
Chicago, Illinois

2005 – 2020

BRITT

I wish I had a sister. Not a real sister like I don't want
My mom to get pregnant. I just wish you lived here...
I wish you were *my* sister.

REENA

I wish I lived here too.

BRITT

We can do this again?

REENA

Yeah for sure B.

BRITT

B... That's me. Then you... You're Ree.

REENA

I like that. I've never liked my name. I—

BRITT

Your name's at least *interesting*. Mine's just plain.

REENA

You're more interesting than your name. And now I'm Ree and
You're just B.

BRITT

Starting forever
Now.

2010: FRESHMAN – AGE 14

REE

But you said *were not supposed to share*—

B

Stop moving.

REE

Ow.

B

I haven't even touched you.

B puts eyeliner on REE.

REE

OW.

B

It looks so good.

REE

Why'd you have to put it inside my eye?

B

That's your waterline.

REE

Won't the water from my eye wash it off then?

B gives REE a dress.

REE

Give me something I *won't* hate.

B

Just try it *on* please? It's our *first* dance let me dress you this once and if you hate you can wear whatever you want at the rest of the dances for the rest of your life.

REE

Where's it from?

B

Mom's closet. But that new boutique before that.

REE

So it's expensive.

REE puts on the 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. Look:

REE

And?

B

See you.

REE

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

B

A little actually.

REE

Better or worse?

B

Neither, just... you do *look* different in the mirror.
But I like the way you look in my dress.

B looks at herself in the mirror.

B

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

REE

The *only*?

B

The *Only*. We can't see much of ourselves. Like I can't take my eyes out and look at myself. Just our hands and arms and legs and boobs and Feet.
Everything else we never really see do we? It all makes sense now:
How we're *all* like... unsure or insecure but...
But I still love your boobs even if you don't.
That's the one. Don't take it off.

[LATER... POST DANCE]

A horror movie and drunk voices can be heard
coming from down the hall.

REE

B?

REE goes to exit—

B

You can stay.

REE

You look sad. Why?

B

I don't know. I can't see myself so I can't say why I'm sad.

REE

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

B

I didn't say I was sad. I just look sad. I've seen my face too.
It's not like any of them are wrong or making stuff up. I just wish
She didn't have to like... *Agree* with them. In front of them...

REE

They're *all* drunk and annoying.

B

Don't you feel like you're on a boat? Like when you drink vodka.
If I keep my eyes closed I don't feel it as much...
Are you just standing still in the middle of the room?

REE

Yes.

B

You can lay...

REE

Do you want me to?

B

I'm laying you could also be laying, too.

REE lays in bed with B.

B

She likes Lex better than me. It all started at the dance studio when it was still there...

REE

The Coffee Bean?

B

Now... Then she just kept forcing us to hang out.
“Practice with her!” I can’t get rid of her.

REE

Fuck Lex. Where’s the grinder I gave you?

B

In the Time Capsule from summer before sixth grade.
She even likes *you* better than me—

REE

B your mom doesn’t like me better... She just...
Feels sorry for me.

B

Well she *should* feel sorry for me too.

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.

REE grinds weed.

B

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 my mom's handwriting.

REE offers the pipe to B.

REE

As a consolation?

B

Remember when I finally learned about Santa?

REE

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

I don't cut my toenails.

B

Neither do I.

REE

I know I can feel your talons. What? What??

B

Dance with me!

THEY dance together.

B

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

REE

You want me to freak with you *too*?!

B

Well do you remember 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 in the jacuzzi or—
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 Corey and Reed came over.

B

I gave them handjob 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.

B

...

REE

When I had my foot up like...

B

You were diddling??

REE

Not intensely. That's why your mom was always like *Feet down girls...*

B

Have you had sex before?

REE

Yeah.

B

With who?

Travis. REE

Which Travis? B

Tall Travis. REE

Ew he's old. Did you like it? B

He was getting me weed for free. REE

What does actual sex feel like? B

Constant pressure inside. REE

Like reverse birth? B

How the fuck should I know? REE

Did it feel good? B

Mostly just in my head REE

What do you mean in your head? B

Like to be feeling it... The other way. REE

Like fucking you as him... Fucking you? B

I don't know. REE

B

...

REE

What? What??

B

What about us?

REE

Us...
Feels different.

B

Different how?

REE

Like pants.

B

Like pants?

REE

Like pants...That fit just right. That don't sag in the butt too much
Or give you muffin top. Pants that feel good.

B

You're my best friend Ree.

REE

Ditto.

B

I just wanna make sure you know that.

B kisses REE.

REE

...

B

What? What??

REE kisses B.