

**3:00am**

*Frances alone. On her knees.*

FRANCES

In the name of the father, and of the son, and of the holy spirit.

Amen.

I don't really *need* to say things to you, right?

You can hear all my thoughts

Right.

So I guess I don't really have to *say* anything.

...

...

...

...

Did you hear that?

...

...

...

What about that?

...

One more?

...

...

...

Um.

Okay.

God ...

Daddio

...

Fuck. Okay can I just be honest with you here?

I think these people have you all wrong

I don't think even half of them really know what like

...

Whatever like

What ... what *glory* feels like

Like that *thing* people say that they feel when they "experience God."

Glory, grace, divinity, salvation, whatever

...

I don't think they're experiencing anything close to what I've felt just kissing a girl.

I don't think it even scratches the surface.

So I guess I don't blame them for misunderstanding

...

...

...

But I don't know how Joan-

I don't know how anyone

Who has felt that

That glory

Could reject it

...

I guess that's exactly what they say about you, huh

**7:00pm**

*EDITH, CAMILA, and JOAN seated at three school desks in a classroom that has been out of use for some time. Not for ages, just for a couple years. The last person to take a class in there either just graduated or will this year. There are four desks, one of them empty, each of them thoroughly vandalized; a teacher's desk, bare; a rolling chalkboard; a bookshelf filled with multiple identical copies of the Bible; and a crucifix above the teacher's desk. Camila taps on her phone. Edith and Joan chat.*

JOAN

So, Sister Bernie MADE the lasagna.

EDITH

Oh.

*They laugh.*

EDITH

So, no vegetarian option then.

JOAN

No, she made vegetable lasagna too.

EDITH

... Vegetable lasagna?

JOAN

Carrots and peas / and broccoli

EDITH

No no no no

JOAN

I didn't think she would! I was just saying things.

EDITH

Of COURSE, she / would.

JOAN

I said, "I dunno maybe the meat layers could just be veggies" And her eyes just LIT up.

*Camila puts her phone to her ear.*

CAMILA

*Mira, ya te dije* bro, I'm sleeping here! ...

~ Ay Papi, don't talk to me like that

I can't!

Yes!! I'm already in. I can't go. I ca- ... Oh?

*She turns away from Edith and Joan. They just watch.*

Yes, I want it! ... I don't know it's been two months, bro. If I ... *coño*, let me finish- Just hang on

*She turns back around.*

Heyy.

JOAN/EDITH

Hey

CAMILA

So hypothetically if I had to quickly step out...

JOAN

You aren't allowed to leave the building until sunrise tomorrow.

CAMILA

At *all*?

EDITH

Sister Bernie is guarding the door like a gargoyle.

CAMILA  
*(To Edith)*

I don't know you.

EDITH

Oh. I'm Edith. I'm a junior...

CAMILA

Why?

EDITH

Why...am I a junior-

CAMILA

Why are you here and you're a junior.

EDITH

Oh, I'm not really a part of it, I'm just gonna-

JOAN

Yes you are! She is.

*She looks toward the door*

Dinner is still finishing up in the lower church / and we're still waiting on Frances but-

CAMILA  
*(Back on the phone)*

Stoooppp

....

No. Just two girls

I don't even know.

Yeah, one of them.

...

I'll sneak out.

EDITH

Frances? Is in this group? Frances from your grade?

JOAN

Yeah. You've met?

EDITH

Yeah. I mean. No, not really. She was supposed to be my sophomore sister freshman year, and she stood me up at the mixer.

*Camila chuckles*

CAMILA

The mixer.

EDITH

So yeah, I don't like *know* her. But I know her. Everyone knows her.

CAMILA

I don't.

EDITH

Well, you just started here, didn't you?

CAMILA

Well, if *everyone* knows her, I feel like I would've heard about her. What is she like a model or something-

JOAN

**I think.** Let's just start intros so we'll be ahead of schedule and have more time to hang out. And hopefully Frances will be here soon and you'll both meet her. Sound good?

CAMILA

/Sure

EDITH

/Yes!

JOAN

Great! So um

*She shuffles papers around in her binder and then*

Hi! Hi. Welcome to your senior retreat. Yay! This is an opportunity for you all to assess your relationships with God and each other and with yourselves an-

*Frances opens the door. Joan looks up and falters for just a second. Frances crosses to a desk in a thick quiet, then Joan smiles.*

JOAN

Hi Frances.

FRANCES

Hey Joan. Hey guys.

*She puts her bag down. It's quiet. They're all watching her.*

FRANCES

Sorry I'm late. I didn't miss uh anything important, did I?

JOAN

No, we were just gonna start intros. You're right on time.

FRANCES

*(Still digging around in her bag or taking off layers or something)*

Well, that. Is just wonderful.

*She sits.*

FRANCES

So.....Hi, I'm Frances-

JOAN

Oh, we haven't started it yet.

FRANCES

Oh. Well. Can I-

JOAN

I'm leading us.

FRANCES

Why?

JOAN

*(Smiling)*

Because I'm the group leader. My name was on the sheet that told you which room you were staying in.

FRANCES

Oh, wow. Sorry. Thought it was there for another reason.

*Camila laughs. Frances glances at her.*

JOAN

No, this is your group. I'm your group leader.

FRANCES

Coo-

JOAN

So, we're all here. We can start now. I have some questions for everyone, and we'll just go around and then have a conversation about why we're here tonight.

*Edith pulls out a notebook and pen.*

JOAN

Oh, you don't have to take notes, Edith.

EDITH

I know. I want to. For when I lead next year.

JOAN

Okay. Just um. People are gonna share personal things tonight-

CAMILA

Uhh who's people?

FRANCES

Yeah.

JOAN

Okay. Just don't write any sensitive info down, Edith.

EDITH

*(Writing)*

Mhm, of course.

FRANCES

Man, she's writing all our secrets down are you kidding?

EDITH

I'm not! You haven't even said any / secrets!

JOAN

Okay! Hi. My name is Joan. I'm your senior retreat leader tonight. Welcome to your retreat group. There will be some larger class activities that happen with Ms. Murray and the nuns, but think of these people as like your homebase, your pod, your safe place.

*They look around at each other.*

There are two questions for this intro part. I'll go last for both, so is it okay if we start with you Edith? And then go around.

EDITH

Oh. Yeah, okay.

JOAN

Soo what is your name, tell us a bit about yourself, your interests, any siblings, any- Oh, it says college plans here, but you don't have to have an answer for that.

EDITH

It's okay. I do.

Um.

Hi. I'm Edith. I'm a junior. Not a senior. I'm trying to be a group leader like Joan next year so I'm here this year. Interests um...I like reading. When I can...I like Shakespeare ummm

FRANCES

*(A realization)*

Oh my god.

JOAN

Frances

FRANCES

No, no. Are you the Edith that was supposed to be my like little sister buddy person?

EDITH

...

Yeah.

FRANCES

Shit. I am so sorry I never showed.

EDITH

Oh. That's / fine.



FRANCES

I was an asshole back then. Distracted as fuck.

*A glance at Joan. Maybe.*

EDITH

It's okay. It was a stupid event. Nobody wanted to change out of their uniforms to have a "pajama party" at three pm.

FRANCES

*(Laughing)*

*That* was the theme? I-

JOAN

Hey sorry. We should probably..get back to the

EDITH

Oh! Right. Yeah. Sorry.

Um. Edith. Junior. College plans...I. Want to go to an Ivy League school for English. I don't care which one.

CAMILA

Wow. Ambitious.

EDITH

Yeah.

FRANCES

Cool.

EDITH

Thanks..

JOAN

Do you wanna go Ca...mila?

CAMILA

Sure.

I'm Camila. Cam. I just transferred from St. Ignatius this year.

FRANCES

Noooo way. Hey, lemme ask you something. How does it feel to go to a school with a good soccer team now, huh?

CAMILA

Yooo watch your mouth

JOAN

Guys

FRANCES

Come on, Joan. Don't act nice.

Y'know she kicks girls in the shin sometimes.

JOAN

I do not. We just have a better team that's all.

CAMILA

Cause you're all a bunch of cheaters

FRANCES

/ NO WAY

JOAN

/ WE ARE NOT

CAMILA

Alright alright.

So you're both on the team then?

FRANCES

Yeah.

Yeah, we play for the same team.

Right Joan?

*Oh.*

JOAN

Right.

**8:00pm**

*The four seated in a circle on the floor playing  
UNO.*

CAMILA

And I...  
Have  
This

*She puts a card down*

FRANCES

And I  
Have  
Sex with your mom every night

*She puts a card down.*

JOAN

Jesus

CAMILA

Ha ha ha ahha a

FRANCES

Ahhahah

EDITH

What?

*They keep playing. Quietly.*

JOAN

Should we each share a fun fact about ourselves?

*Collective groans.*

JOAN (CONT'D.)

I don't like burps. But not farts. I'm fine with farts

CAMILA

I can burp on command

JOAN

Don't. Do it. I'll actually murder you

But no Joan! Murder is a sin!

FRANCES

Stop

JOAN

Oh my god

*Cam burps.*

JOAN

*Joan gags.*

That was NOT me.

EDITH

No one thought / it was you.

FRANCES

We can all see you.

CAMILA

Oh. I-

EDITH

You're not invisible, Edith.

JOAN

At least not literally.

CAMILA

Shit. That was so mean, oh my god.

FRANCES

Cam, apologize / ... Apologize!

JOAN

It's fine..

EDITH

Okay, I'm sorry I-

CAMILA

*She feels her bra.*

Sorry wait, I'm getting a call.

JOAN

What! You were supposed to give me your phone!

*Camila scoots her desk to the other side of the room to take the call. As if that does anything. She lazily holds the phone in between her shoulder and her ear.*

CAMILA

Yeah, yeah I'm still here. Are you here? ... Yeah, it's the corner of 235th. The sign says Holy Agony.

FRANCES

More like Holy *F*agony. HEYOOOOOOOOO

*She lifts her hand for a high five. Edith giggles. Frances offers the high five to her Edith lifts up her hand, but Frances points at her. Playfully accusing. Edith locks eyes with Joan. Oh no.*

EDITH

WHAT? No, I just thought it was funny.

JOAN

It was funny. Now stop

*Joan slaps Frances on the arm.*

FRANCES

OW

*She hits her back then flinches in anticipation.*

JOAN

You...

*They play fight. It's a little...too comfortable. Edith peeks at one of their UNO decks. Quickly, it gets too real. Their faces get too close.*

CAMILA

Ok. **Okay.** Okay, bye.

*Joan breaks the trance before Frances.*

JOAN  
(*To Camila*)

So, what was that?

CAMILA  
Nothing. My friend is just um bringing me something I left at home.

JOAN  
/I told you you-

FRANCES  
(*Prancing over to her*)  
Ohhh sure yeah. So what are you getting? Weed? Are you getting weed? Cause if you're getting like WEED weed I'll pay you-

CAMILA  
/ No

JOAN  
/ NO! no weed on retreat.

FRANCES  
Joan, I'm so sorry to break it to you, but there is absolutely positively weed on this retreat right now. Perhaps, it is even with us  
in  
this  
room

EDITH  
Are you high right now?

FRANCES  
Who's to say? So Cam-

CAMILA  
It's not weed

FRANCES

So what is it

CAMILA

It's like this Scandinavian nicotine thing.

FRANCES

"Scandinavian nicotine thing?" Where are you from?

CAMILA

Oh y'know.

EDITH

You smoke nicotine? Like cigarettes?

CAMILA

Yeah. Welcome to the world, Edith.

FRANCES

So this Scandinavian nicotine thing, do you chew it?

CAMILA

No

FRANCES

You suck on it?

CAMILA

No

JOAN

So you swallow it. Like a pill.

CAMILA

No, you don't swallow it

EDITH

So what do you do with it?

CAMILA  
It just stays in your mouth

EDITH  
So you put it in your mouth-

FRANCES  
That's what she said  
HEYOOOOOOO  
*She holds her hand up for a high five*  
Can you actually high five me this time?

EDITH  
Okay..  
*They high five.*

JOAN  
That's sweet.

FRANCES  
A kiss too? Pretty please?

EDITH  
/ What?

JOAN  
/ WHAT

FRANCES  
I'm just kidding! It's a joke. I'm not **GAY** bro

EDITH  
You're not?

JOAN  
She is

FRANCES  
Whaaaat? How did you know?



JOAN

ANYWAY. Your Scandinavian nicotine sounds interesting, Cam, but you can't leave the school and you can't bring it in here.

CAMILA

BOOOO. Why are you being so boring, Joan?

FRANCES

Yeah, Joan, you're being boring and making us all sad. Look at Edith she's crying!

*She nudges Edith and she fake cries.*

CAMILA

She's so sad!

EDITH

I'm so sad.

JOAN

We're just gonna have to actually do retreat stuff at nine...

FRANCES

**Joan.** Joanie. Sweetheart. This is the only time you will ever be a senior and get to hang out, and do fuckshit, and *sleep* in this place instead of doing school stuff in it and you STILL want to follow the rules?

JOAN

I ...

CAMILA

She's right. C'mon, Joan.

FRANCES

C'monnn Joan

EDITH

I feel like we're gonna get in trouble.

*Frances nudges her hard.*

EDITH

C'mon Joan.

FRANCES  
*(Starting a chant)*

...

Joan, be cool.

Joan, be cool.

Joan, be cool.

FRANCES/CAMILA/EDITH

Joan, be cool.

Joan, be cool.

Joan, be cool.

Joan, be cool.

JOAN

OKAY. Okay. Let's go, Cam.

CAMILA

Oh, so you're gonna come... with me?

JOAN

Yeah...

CAMILA

Okay...

*Hmmmm.*

JOAN

You two behave.

EDITH

Of course, Joan.

FRANCES  
*(mocking)*

Of course, Joan!

JOAN  
*(re: her watch)*

Okay, uh, back by nine for a group share. Yeah?

*To Frances*

Be nice.

*Camila and Joan exit through the door. Frances and Edith sit in awkward, awkward silence.*

EDITH

Hey, there's toothpaste on your shirt.

FRANCES

No way.

*She looks down. There isn't.*

Oh.

*She looks at her confused then goes to her bag. More awkward silence as Frances digs around.*

EDITH

/ They're not gonna get caught right?

FRANCES

So Shakespeare h-  
Who? Oh them?

EDITH

Yeah

*Frances makes an 'I don't know' noise.*

EDITH

Aren't you like. An expert at this stuff?

FRANCES  
*(Chuckling)*

At what, doing bad things?

*She pulls a wax pen from her bag.*

EDITH

Well

FRANCES

Hey, I'm actually sorry I stood you up at that sister thing.  
I kinda hate this place. So events like that are-

EDITH

Me too.

I hate it too. Fuck this place.

FRANCES

Yeah...

*Frances offers her the pen. She declines.*

EDITH

I don't think we were a good match anyway.

FRANCES

Why's that?

EDITH

I mean. You're cool and...and

FRANCES

Hm. And. Gay?

EDITH

Well

FRANCES

Yeah it was-

EDITH

So do you like...have a crush on Joan?

FRANCES

What?

No

EDITH

Oka-

FRANCES

I don't.

EDITH

Okay.

FRANCES

You know they paired us cause I did the play freshman year.

EDITH

No way.

FRANCES

Yeah. [insert play and role]. Gave me a reason to cut my hair.

EDITH

Mm.

FRANCES

*Offering the pen again.*

You sure you don't want any? 'Nother thing we could have in common

EDITH

Umm

FRANCES

C'mon let your sister introduce you to some drugs.

EDITH

Uh. Yeah. Yeah, okay.

*She takes it.*

FRANCES

Just breathe in. Like you're inhaling through a straw.

*Edith smokes, then coughs, then laughs, then coughs some more.*

9:00pm

*Frances, Camila, and Edith seated with their eyes closed. Joan circles them speaking. Maybe Frances opens her eyes and looks at Joan for a sec, then closes them again.*

JOAN

Now I want you to think about a time in your life when you knew what God was calling you to do, but you did otherwise. What did that feel like? What did you choose instead? Why did that other thing feel more important than eternal life?

Let those questions simmer for a second and then someone can share. And feel free to ask me to repeat anything or ask any questions.

FRANCES

/ I'll go

CAMILA

/ I can share.

JOAN

Oh! Uh Frances. Go ahead.

FRANCES

Okay. One time I had a huge physics test.

EDITH

Not Dr. Molina...

FRANCES

Ohhh you know it.

But yeah, I had one of those stupid Molina tests and I didn't know *anything*, and I had to study. But the night before and the morning of when I should've been, I just snuck around. To this classroom actually, and made out with a girl instead.

...

So uh yeah I rejected God's call to study.

JOAN

And...do you think you know why?

FRANCES

Because it felt good.

*She opens her eyes.*

FRANCES

Does that answer suffice?

JOAN

...

Sure.

Camila. Go ahead.

CAMILA

Uh okay.

It's kind of a long story.

And it doesn't really have anything to do with right and wrong. But it was...a call.

I guess.

There was this. Uh nun. At my old school. Sister Dominic.

We all called her Sister Dom ... stupid

She was young. Like not young young, but young for a nun. And she was cool and funny

And that sucked cause like

Like it sucks when a nun is actually cool cause it's like. Okay, you're still extremely not cool

EDITH

Yeah...

CAMILA

But she was just.

I think it may have started the day I first saw her out of her habit. I guess it never occurred to me that nuns could wear anything else. Which is stupid, but they wear them for *everything*. Like there are pictures of the nuns at like the Vatican, and everyone around them is in tank tops and shorts, and they're still in their habits! And if you're wearing all that fabric in the fucking desert then it just can't be by choice, can it?

But anyway, that day.

When it started.

She was wearing *jeans*. Jeans and this pale-yellow button-down shirt. I think it was gingham...

...

And I could sort of see her-

The sun hit her in this way that I could see her bra through the fabric... The gingham.

And it was the same bra I was wearing.

And-

EDITH

Wait.

CAMILA

What?

EDITH

Did you get kicked out of your school for like...having sex with a nun?

CAMILA

No. Jesus. No. I-

FRANCES

You totally came onto a nun. You're a fucking / legend.

CAMILA

I didn't-

FRANCES

This is just gold.

JOAN

Guys. Let her finish.

CAMILA

Thank you. Joan. Um.

I didn't come onto her.

I liked her. I just spent a lot of time with her.

I didn't really have a lot of friends.

We'd talk about like life, but we'd also gossip ...

And then people started getting in trouble for the things I told her about.

Cheating and skipping class and smoking in the bathroom and stuff.

Dumb little things I thought were like. Between us.

Which was stupid to believe, but I don't know

I just trusted her, I guess.

But everyone figured I was snitching to her because people saw me with her.

And so. To answer the question.

*I felt a call* to just tell people the truth.

Tell them I told Sister Dom their business... but I just couldn't bear the thought of everyone hating me and thinking I was weirder than they already thought.

So I really...really lied.



...

And I told people she was like  
taking advantage of me

...

And I thought. I don't know, I'd be a victim and she'd just be asked to leave the school and I'd never see her again. I didn't think about it. I just started telling people.  
I have a problem with that.

...

Clearly.  
But um anyway the end of the story is that the school asked *me* to leave and not her.  
So.  
Yeah, I guess that's what happens when you don't answer a call from God.

EDITH

Wow...

CAMILA

Sorry, that was a lot. I didn't mean to...

JOAN

No, no it's okay. Thank you for your honesty.

*Camila stops engaging, faced with the gravity of  
telling that story for possibly the first time.*

JOAN

*(Searching)*

So that story is um. A good example of God as...the truth. A call from God as a call to be honest.

FRANCES

Jesus, Joan. Give it a rest. Look at her.

CAMILA

It's okay, you guys. It's not like she actually did.

EDITH

The fact that they made you leave though..

CAMILA

Consequences of declining God's call. I guess

FRANCES

No fuck that. Fuck these nuns.

CAMILA

Yeah.

FRANCES

Not actually though.

*They laugh.*

JOAN

*(Gently)*

Confession is gonna start in a few minutes if anyone is interested. I'll be there. If you wanna join me.

FRANCES

Pass.

CAMILA

Same.

EDITH

I'll go.

**10:00pm**

*Joan alone.*

JOAN

Forgive me father, for I have sinned.

...

I told Sister Bernie to make that vegetable lasagna.

And then when I excused myself from dinner, I told her I was going to pray and prepare before my group got there. But really I just wanted to get to the room early to see if ...

...

I um ...

*Now Edith.*

EDITH

Um. Hi. I've never actually

Oh!

*She unfolds and looks at a pamphlet.*

Uh. Forgive me father for I have sinned. Okay.

Um.

I don't know!

I uh. Well, last week I saw an answer key on Sister Josephine's desk, and I looked at it and the test hadn't happened yet and I.

Well, I memorized the answers.

Because she wasn't in the room yet!

And now I know them, but also, I *would* have eventually known them all anyway. So it's fine, right?

...

So I guess I cheated.

JOAN

I don't really know what I did. I know it wasn't a good thing though.

EDITH

I'm not Catholic.

Is that a sin on its own?

I guess that's something else to confess.

Is doing confession when I'm not even Catholic a sin technically?

So can I confess in confession to...doing confession?

Ugh, sorry. Don't answer that. Sorry.

JOAN

Sorry.

I know there's a lot of people waiting. I'll hurry up.

EDITH

I just thought it'd feel good to say all the wrong things I've done and for someone to tell me it's okay that I did them.

...

But now that I'm here I'm drawing a blank.

I can't think of any wrong *things*.

I don't know what they are. Itemized. That's really hard. How are you supposed to-

I can't name them, but I know they're there because I *feel* so wrong all the time.

JOAN

I did something really manipulative and conniving.

EDITH

I guess I told a lie. About why I came here.

JOAN/EDITH

I'm honestly surprised I pulled it off.

*Just Edith.*

EDITH

I had to fill out an application to come on this retreat.

Cause I'm a junior.

This is a senior retreat happening right now. All these girls are sleeping in the school.

It's a crazy thing.

But I had to express "special interest" in leading the retreat next year to go early.

...

Ms. Murray told me I could technically graduate early if I did this. And no one really graduates early, but I thought if anyone did it'd have to be me. Right?

So when the application came around and it asked why I wanted to attend the retreat I couldn't just write "to graduate early" because that makes it look like I don't like it here.

...

Even though I don't.

At all.

So

I wrote that I wanted to "get to know God better"

...

...

...

The only people I've gotten to know better are these girls sleeping in the same room as me.

...

I guess I also told another lie earlier. It's stupid I-

I told this girl Frances she had toothpaste on her shirt even though she didn't.

It was supposed to be a joke, but she didn't laugh she just looked at me weird when there wasn't anything there and then walked away.

...

I don't know why I thought. I thought like saying something random would make me more... Interesting to her.

I feel like she thinks I'm boring.

Like I'm doing a bad thing by being boring.

Especially in the face of her being so...

Not

Boring

...

...

Is being boring a sin?

Can I ask God to make me not boring?  
To fill me with things and jokes and quirks and the capacity not to care like Frances has. And  
Cam has.

Or the capacity to...enjoy caring...like Joan has.

...

Sorry.

This got out of my hands. I uh

Yeah I guess. I guess I'm boring.

I guess I just need God to make me

Something

Something. Just anything.

I feel like this place has made me nothing and

I don't want to be nothing anymore. I want to be something.

*Just Joan.*

JOAN

I put someone in my group for this retreat on purpose.

Or

I guess I put everyone in the group on purpose, but I had a

An uh

Ulterior motive, I guess.

I put her

Um

...Frances

In my group on purpose to try and fix things because I really really fucked up our friendship.

Sorry. For swearing.

...

She was my best friend.

And then this joke that we had just got out of hand.

...

It didn't feel wrong at the time because we were *joking*.

And then

At some point

We weren't-

She wasn't.

I-

We didn't ever like ...

But we-

I don't really know what I was doing at all.

I just. Now when I look at those places we'd go and I sit in there and I look at her and I feel gross.

And stupid.

And

...

Sad

...

She deserves lots of love and care but I just

I just can't be like her

I don't wanna be like her

I don't want people to see me the way they see her

...

...

...

But it all just felt so good.

...

...

...

And so I feel like I just need God to unburden me. To just cut out the part of my heart that makes me do deceitful things like this

That makes me want to be with her

I just need him to take it away and show me what I am supposed to do.

What's actually important.

Because it feels like it's her, and I know that it can't be.

...

So maybe I just need him to take everything away, actually.

Just take everything. And

Let

Me

Be

Blank.

**Still 10:00pm**

*Cam flips through a Bible while Frances arranges the desks and tries draping a blanket over them.*

CAMILA

No fucking way this is in the Bible. Listen to this.

FRANCES

Do I have a choice?

CAMILA

“When Delilah saw that he had told her everything, she sent word to the rulers of the Philistines, ‘Come back once more; he has told me everything.’”

FRANCES

*(Occupied with building the fort)*

Okay...

CAMILA

So the rulers of the Philistines returned with the silver in their hands.

*She starts inching toward Frances.*

And after putting him to sleep on her lap,

*She looks up*

Samson.

FRANCES

Right.

*Camila goes back to reading.*

CAMILA

‘She called for someone to shave off the seven braids of his hair, and SO began to subdue him...

*She puts her hands in Frances’s hair.*

FRANCES

Watch it..

CAMILA

And his strength left him.

*She turns Frances around to face her.*

CAMILA

What do you think that means? His strength left him.

FRANCES  
I think it means his strength left him.

CAMILA  
I think it's kinda sexy.

FRANCES  
Okay.

CAMILA  
Is that how you felt when you cut your hair off?

FRANCES  
Sexy? Yeah.

CAMILA  
...

FRANCES  
...

CAMILA  
You know I've never been in here before tonight?

FRANCES  
Oh yeah?

CAMILA  
You have.

FRANCES  
Not for class.

CAMILA  
So for...

FRANCES  
You heard me earlier  
For like.  
Kissing.



Like kissing?

CAMILA

Yes. Like kissing.

FRANCES

You had sex in here!

CAMILA

Shhhh- Sure. Yeah, I've had sex in here. Spread the word.

FRANCES

I didn't think the girls who went here knew what sex was.

CAMILA

They don't. I do.

FRANCES

Takes two to tango.

CAMILA

Okay. So

FRANCES

Soooooooo. Who?

CAMILA

No one important.

FRANCES

Is she here tonight?

CAMILA

...

FRANCES

Yes.

CAMILA

Is that gonna be a problem?

FRANCES

For?

CAMILA

You? Her? The nuns?

FRANCES

Is it gonna be a problem for you?

CAMILA  
Why would it be a problem for me?

FRANCES  
You tell me.

CAMILA  
There's no problem.  
I just  
Sensed tension. Is all.

FRANCES  
Oh tension

CAMILA  
Yeah, tension.

FRANCES  
Like tension right now?

CAMILA  
*Si, un poco. Tu no lo sientes?*

FRANCES  
No, not particularly. Am I supposed to be feeling what you're feeling right now?

CAMILA  
No, *no necesariamente*. So... what happened with Joan?

FRANCES  
*Quien te dijo que algo esta pasando con Joan?*

CAMILA  
Oh, so now you speak Spanish, huh?

FRANCES  
Just answer my question.

CAMILA  
No one told me anything.  
Joan and I had a really great time while we were getting my nicotine.

FRANCES  
What does that mean?

Ohhhhh *Ella te gusta?*

CAMILA

Weeee just really hit it off.  
She talks about you a lot.

FRANCES

Okay.

CAMILA

And I was just having... thoughts.

FRANCES

Thoughts about what?

CAMILA

*Nada.*

FRANCES

Thoughts about... me? Hm? About me and Joan?

CAMILA

No... *solamente tu*. Only you.

FRANCES

Joan and I were never together. *Nunca.*

CAMILA

You weren't?

*Frances shakes her head.*

FRANCES

She didn't take me as seriously as she takes him.

*She gestures to the crucifix on the wall.*

CAMILA

I see.

FRANCES

I liked your story. About the nun.

CAMILA

I wasn't lying.

FRANCES

I know. That's why I liked it. People here are scared to do bad things.

CAMILA

I've gathered.

FRANCES

You wanna do another?

CAMILA

They'll be back soon.

FRANCES

I know.

CAMILA

Okay.

*Frances leans in. Just as their lips touch-*

EDITH

*Laughing as she opens the door. Joan shushing her*

Helloooo

*Frances LEAPS up and continues working on the fort.*

FRANCES/CAMILA

HELLO

JOAN

Do we look clean of heart?

CAMILA

Well...

FRANCES

You look great.

JOAN

Thank you.

EDITH

What's all this stuff?

FRANCES

This *stuff* is a fort that I worked very hard on while Cam lied on the ground because of a Scandinavian head rush. Please, please. Step into my office.

*She ushers them into the fort.*

I

...

have a proclamation. A proposition. A prophecy, perhaps.

JOAN

So you're a prophet now?

FRANCES

I propose. We skip the rest of the retreat events and just hang out.

JOAN

No.

FRANCES

C'monnn Joan.

EDITH

The rest of them are optional, aren't they, Joan? Until mass at three?

JOAN

...

Yes

FRANCES

Soooo. Pleease be cool, Joan. Please.

CAMILA

I wasn't gonna go to anything else. Personally.

FRANCES

Me neither.

JOAN

Edith..?

EDITH

I don't know. I don't really see a point-

FRANCES

Three to one, Joan. C'mon, do you really wanna hear Sister Bernie tell the Sister Aloysius story for the hundredth time?

JOAN

...no

FRANCES

*(Sweetly)*

Then let's hang out, okay?

JOAN

Okay.

FRANCES

OKAY?

Okay!

OKAY. YES.

Yes. Let's hang out. YES!!

**11:00pm**

*Joan and Edith sit in the fort playing cards. Camila is on the ground next to Frances, sitting up beside her holding a little white packet.*

FRANCES

So I just put it in my lip?

Yeah.

CAMILA

And it makes you high?

FRANCES

Makes your body feel like TV static.

CAMILA

Ooookay, good enough for me.

FRANCES

*She puts the packet in her mouth and wait for a second. Then*

Ahh.

Ow ..

OW

OW OW WHAT THE FUCK IT BURNS

FRANCES

*She pulls it out. Camila just laughs.*

The burn is good!

CAMILA

You are fucking insane.

FRANCES

**12:00am**

*Edith and Camila sit in the fort. Edith braids Camila's hair. Frances is on the ground smoking the pen now. Joan finishes a paper airplane.*

It looks good right?

CAMILA

EDITH

Yeah.

CAMILA

Are you sure because-

EDITH'

Yeah, it looks good.

FRANCES

Guys if my particles were like separating, you'd tell me right?

JOAN

Your particles are separating.

FRANCES

What?!

*Joan throws the paper airplane at her head.*

Ow!

**1:00am**

*Camila and Frances sit in the fort whispering and giggling. Edith doses off at one of the desks. Joan approaches the fort then sees the pair inside.*

JOAN

Oh! Sorry, I didn't mean to / intrude.

FRANCES

*(High)*

Hm? No, what? Just come in.

JOAN

Okay.

*She sits down inside. Frances is cramped between two pretty girls. Nice.*



FRANCES

You guys have pretty hair.

CAMILA

Thank you

JOAN

Um

FRANCES

*(To Joan)*

You're welcome.

**2:00am**

*Joan and Edith sit in the fort. Frances is asleep on the ground. Camila is at a desk mumbling into the phone again.*

JOAN

And every time I saw him...or like especially when I'd see a notification from him on my phone. Oh my god, I would just feel awful. Like I hated him, even though I didn't!

EDITH

Oh..

JOAN

And it just got to this point where I was picking these random fights with him. And before spring break he said to me that nothing he did was ever good enough for me.

...

And I told him that he was right.

And that's so cruel. But he was ...

I just didn't like anything about him by the end of it.

I just don't know why I can't give myself something nice. And sure.

EDITH

Maybe you just know your worth.

JOAN

But I don't.

...

Like what even is that?

EDITH

Yeah

...

I don't either. I don't think.

JOAN

I also just felt so stupid because he was the guy that I stopped-

*Frances stirs in her sleep.*

EDITH

Stopped what?

JOAN

*(Looking at Frances)*

Uh. Stopped.

I stopped playing club soccer to spend time with him.

EDITH

Oh

JOAN

Yeah. And I really miss...

Playing...club soccer

EDITH

I would too.

*They sit in silent understanding.*

JOAN

I should um start waking them up for mass.

.,lm

**3:00am**

*Joan, Camila, Frances, and Edith in a row on their knees in silent prayer.*

FRANCES

So, what I'm asking for here is uh

The words

For what to say to her  
What to tell her to make her understand  
Or  
Or you tell her  
Just tell her you don't hate her  
That she could like me and also like you and we can all be friends  
Cause I think we can  
Could you do that?  
Could you just tell her it's okay, please?

CAMILA

*(Rubbing her eyes)*

Could you just make the sun rise faster so I can dip out of here, please?

JOAN

Could you...

EDITH

Could you just make people like me more, please?

FRANCES

Or make me good enough for her to ditch you for?

JOAN

Could you ....

CAMILA

Or make the fire alarm go off?

EDITH

Or get me out of this school, please?

JOAN

Could you

...

JOAN/FRANCES

Could you tell her that I love her? Please?

7:00am

*The sunrise streams into the classroom. Exposing its age and the disarray from the nights' events. Edith and Camila are gone. Joan is tearing down the fort. Frances is asleep at a desk.*

JOAN

Frances.

...

Frances.

*She gets closer. Unsure.*

JOAN

Frances

*Frances mumbles and shifts a bit in the seat, but that's all.*

JOAN

Okay.

*Joan walks over and kneels next to the desk. She nudges her gently.*

Hey...Frances, it's the morning.

FRANCES

MmmI'mmmnotin..mourning

JOAN

No. Frances wake up. It's the morning.

*She wakes up with a sharp inhale.*

FRANCES

Mm what? Hey.

JOAN

Hi.

*They look at each other.*

Where's Edith and ...

FRANCES

It's after seven already. They left.

JOAN

Oh.  
So can go then?

FRANCES

Yeah.

JOAN

Shit, don't mind if I do.

FRANCES

*She gets up. They both pack and rearrange the room in silence.*

Mass was...interesting.

FRANCES

Hm? Oh. Yeah.

JOAN

Never been to church that late.

FRANCES

Yeah, latest I've been is that midnight mass on Christmas when you-

JOAN

No! Do not.

FRANCES

When you

JOAN

*She pretends to pass out then actually trips. They laugh. Frances goes to catch her, but she didn't actually need the help. Awkward.*

*They go back to cleaning and packing. Some more  
silence. Until the room is back to the way it was at  
the start of the night.*

*They face each other when they're done.*

FRANCES

Okay. If you're not gonna say anything then um.

JOAN

Frances...

FRANCES

Why'd you put me your group, Joan? Just. Just tell me why.

JOAN

I  
I'm sorry

FRANCES

Tell me why.

JOAN

I wanted to be able to look back on a good memory before we graduate  
Instead of the bad one  
And I'm sorry that didn't happen  
And we didn't even have a chance to talk  
And I'm sorry if

FRANCES

Who says it didn't happen? Like. Yeah, we didn't sit on my roof and talk for hours, or make out,  
or—I guess that's all we did, actually...  
But I got to see you again

JOAN

You don't hate me?

FRANCES

No. Jesus Christ. No, I don't hate you. You just.. frustrate the shit out of me.

JOAN

So... Do we get to be friends again when we go back to school  
On Monday  
Do we get to be / friends again

FRANCES

Is that what you want?

...

...

To be my friend?

JOAN

I think so

FRANCES

Okay...

Follow up question.

And it's a biggie

JOAN

Okay.

FRANCES

Um.

...

...

Do you wish I was different?

...

...

Like

Like I love you

Okay?

I don't care. I love you.

I don't care.

...

And I just wonder

If we had been anywhere else, at any other school, in any other universe...

Right

If you would still...

Just

Do you

Do you wish I was different, Joan?

JOAN

I-

...

...

FRANCES

You don't have to answer just-

JOAN

I think that I feel like I love you too.

*Frances laughs lightly.*

FRANCES

You think that you feel like?

JOAN

Yes...

And I don't wish you were different at all.

I wish this fucking place were.

*Joan steps toward Frances.*

FRANCES

Yeah.

JOAN

Yes.

*The morning church bells ring.*

FRANCES

...

JOAN

...

FRANCES

Do you wanna go, Joan?

JOAN

Yeah. Yeah, let's go.

FRANCES



Okay. Let's go.

*She offers her hand out and Joan takes it. They exit through the door. An empty, unused classroom. Just as it looked when they arrived.*

END OF PLAY