

GET IT TOGETHER
by Michael Quinn

February 18, 2018

GET IT TOGETHER

GET IT TOGETHER was produced by the Boston College Theatre Department as half of NEW VOICES 2018 in Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts, in February, 2018. It was directed by Scott T. Cummings, Ph.D.; the set design was by Jenna McFarland Lord; the costume design was by Jacqueline Dalley; the lighting design was by Jeff Adelberg; the sound design was by George J. Cook; the production manager was Russ Swift; and the stage manager was Olivia Painchaud. The cast was as follows:

MARY HEWITT Noelle Scarlett
HAROLD KRUGER Tristan Horan

CHARACTERS

MARY HEWITT — 19 years old
HAROLD KRUGER — 20 years old

TIME

The Time is early January, 2018.

PLACE

The Play takes place in a bedroom of a house
in Wynnewood, Pennsylvania.

A NOTE ON SIMULTANEOUS DIALOGUE:

Dialogue laid out side-by-side is meant to be spoken simultaneously. Dialogue in the left-hand column should not cease for dialogue in the right-hand column to begin. Actors are meant to speak over one another.

GET IT TOGETHER

A cold Saturday night in early January, 2018. A dark spare bedroom, formerly occupied by a sister of the kid hosting the party. It's decorated girlishly, but not obnoxiously so. Pastel walls, a few artistic embellishments. There's a bed, a desk with clothing piled atop it. There's a lounge chair or lovesack of some sort. There are two windows on the far wall. There's music playing outside, sounds of people talking. There are a few footsteps outside, scuffling against the door until it opens.

HAROLD KRUGER steps inside. He wears autumnal clothing, things to intentionally make him look bigger: a thick sweater, a flannel, a jacket, boots. He's twenty, formerly very emotional but he's found the one benefit of young adulthood to be a chemical calm. He still feels moments of intense emotion, but he tries to be cool — perhaps in an attempt to retroactively correct the spaz people knew him as in high school. He's finding a new footing as a capable human being and a go-getter, which carries over into his personal life: he wants to have fun and he'll make it happen himself. He enjoys following things through for the sake of the experience, even if that means bearing the resulting distress and gentle numbness that has grown over time, also a contributing factor to his blooming sureness in himself. He steps into the room and lets the hallway light guide him. He swings his backpack onto the bed and goes back to the doorframe.

HAROLD. Yo, are you coming? *(Beat.)* Hey.

MARY. Yeah, I'm coming, sorry.

MARY HEWITT is nineteen. She wears something a little hipper than him, a result of her time in the city. She grew up steadily, but hadn't felt confident in the person she wanted to be until college, and since then she's been unafraid to experiment. She still feels occasional flashes of the quieter, sadder person she used to be — and as a result doubles down on a newfound harshness. She too shares an appreciation for experiencing things, but doesn't have the same desperation that Harold does, and is able to stay truer to herself and her feelings and opinions. She does her best to keep a cool demeanor, using irony to mask what might be otherwise completely honest. She comes to the door and stands before him for a moment.

MARY. I was talking to Chelsea.

HAROLD. Cool. *(He steps into the room and turns on the lights.)* How's she?

MARY. She's good. She said that New York's a lot of fun obviously, but she misses Philly sometimes, like the quiet and the people. And Wawa.

HAROLD. Where is she again?

MARY. Saint John's, with Jordan.

HAROLD. Right.

MARY. And she said she didn't think Evan wanted anyone in here.

HAROLD. Oh no. Are you going to rat me out?

GET IT TOGETHER

MARY. No, but I mean, I feel bad.

HAROLD. I've known him since fuckin', since we were *fifteen* in like, O'Brien *English* freshman year. We're fine.

MARY. Are you sure?

HAROLD. I knew him when he was still a little Armenian *schoolchild*. Yeah, we're fine.

MARY. (*Stepping into the room.*) Okay. I just don't really know him, so I don't want to like, violate his trust before I even have the opportunity to receive it.

HAROLD. You say that like he hasn't already blacked out.

MARY. I've made some of my better decisions like that.

HAROLD. That's *fiction*.

MARY. I know. (*Pause.*) Is this his sister's room?

HAROLD. Yeah.

MARY. I didn't know Evan had a sister.

HAROLD. (*Looking around the room.*) She's older. She was like, a sophomore in college by the time he started in high school, I think. I remember seeing her here once, when we were sleeping over his house one night over Christmas break. We were like, "Yo, Ev, your sister's hot as fuck." He was like, "Shut up." We were like, "Tell her to make us shut up." (*Beat.*) She moved away to like, Atlanta. I think she does something in HR.

MARY. That's funny. (*A long pause.*) Hey, I have a question.

HAROLD. Okay.

MARY. And I don't want you to be like, offended —

HAROLD. I won't be offended.

MARY. No, or like — feel like you're being *antagonized*.

HAROLD. I'll do my best.

MARY. Okay.

GET IT TOGETHER

HAROLD. Okay.

MARY. Do you remember me from freshman year?

HAROLD. Of college?

MARY. No, of high school.

HAROLD. (*Thinking.*) Freshman year.

MARY. Yeah.

HAROLD. Maybe — maybe, did we meet at like, Beer-B-Q sophomore year?

MARY. No. Freshman year. Think autumnal.

HAROLD. Uh.

MARY. Harvest Moon dance. Twenty-eleven.

HAROLD. Oh my god —

MARY. Yeah?

HAROLD. Duh, fucking duh. You were the girl who broke her ankle during “Born This Way.”

MARY. What? No, that was Anna Manzo —

HAROLD. I’m kidding, I’m kidding. Mary fuckin’ *Hewitt*, duh. How did I forget that? That was a sick night. We talked for like an hour in the hallway and every Prep kid kept asking if we were hooking up and I was like, uh, I’m fifteen, I don’t think I can sustain an actual erection for more than thirty-five seconds.

MARY. A lot of hypothetical detail there, but yes.

HAROLD. Goddamn, that’s a crazy thing to forget.

MARY. Yeah it is. I wasn’t sure if you were pretending to not remember downstairs.

HAROLD. No, no, I seriously forgot. Wow, we spent so much time talking about shitty Philly bands and you could’ve exposed my tween angst at any moment.

MARY. You could’ve exposed me!

GET IT TOGETHER

HAROLD. You knew the nascent Harold Kruger, that's so scary.

MARY. I know.

HAROLD. Sorry, I really do my best to like, block out all of that shit. Like anything pre-seventeen in my mind was burned away in this massive purging. It's the only way I can function.

MARY. I understand that, like a lot.

HAROLD. I was like, an actual *child*.

MARY. Well I was *literally* prepubescent.

HAROLD. That's so funny, that's so goddamn funny. This is such a reunion now. This is the belated sequel.

MARY. That's what I was thinking this entire time! But I didn't want to be like, "Hey, remember that freaky girl with the bangs that wanted to talk a little too eagerly about *The Catcher in the Rye*? Because that was me."

HAROLD. I told you I was going to text you and —

MARY. And you never texted me, yes. A genuine ghosting. You *fuck*.

HAROLD. A haunting in Lower Merion. That was really fucked up.

MARY. Yes.

HAROLD. I was such a dick, I was like a *primordial fuckboy*. But I thought about it, I'm serious. I remember sitting in the back seat of the car on the way home and my date was leaning on my shoulder, and I was thinking about what I was going to text you. *(Pause.)* And then I guess I never did.

MARY. It's fine. I didn't want it to be like, a *thing*. I just thought it was funny.

HAROLD. Well it's definitely funny.

MARY. Good. I'm glad. *(A long pause.)*

HAROLD. You look so different now.

MARY. Yeah, I really dropped the whole Catholic schoolgirl aesthetic. Kilts out, chokers in.

GET IT TOGETHER

HAROLD. I mean you look, like, *good*. Like, *fuck*.

MARY. Thank you.

HAROLD. I honestly saw you and was like, “Alright, that’s not happening, guess I’ll go find someone uglier.”

MARY. That’s like, really fucked up and very decidedly *unprogressive* but I’m sure you meant it to be sweet.

HAROLD. I did. Sorry.

MARY. It’s okay. (*Beat.*) It’s funny because I see photos of other kids from school now, and they’re all like *fratty* or whatever, and I think, how the fuck did I deal with these people for so long? I feel like my tolerance for people I don’t actually like has just disappeared completely.

HAROLD. Yeah.

MARY. And like, I spent so long trying to *impress* these kids or like, be *friends* with them — people I actually had nothing in common with and like, didn’t even really *like*. Like what the fuck was I *doing*? You know?

HAROLD. To a certain extent, yeah.

MARY. And then I come home and I immediately come to a party with those exact people. And I’m back to feeling like that weirdo I was in high school. It’s *so* fucked.

HAROLD. ‘Fucked’ is definitely — definitely the term.

MARY. Yeah. And then the initial bad experience I had with a guy, like my base *trauma* or whatever, is at a party and filled-out and talking to me. I’m definitely letting down my fifteen-year-old-self, but also fuck that girl.

HAROLD. Right. I try not to think of what kid-me would think of my life. School’s better?

MARY. School’s really good. I mean, I definitely acknowledge that it’s like a joke to think of myself as a functioning adult considering I drink almost daily and wake up at eleven-thirty every day, but I definitely enjoy the faux-independence of the whole arrangement.

HAROLD. Yes, totally.

MARY. Like, *do* have to self-schedule, *don’t* have to pay for health insurance. And I’ve met people that I think are actually like, my *type*. And I get nostalgic about high school friends, but then I come

GET IT TOGETHER

home and I almost immediately want to be back at school like, dorm-drinking and talking about Margaret Atwood.

HAROLD. Very academic.

MARY. It is, though. It's like a *symposium*.

HAROLD. Yeah. (*Beat.*) I don't know what a symposium is.

MARY. It's like in ancient Greece, a bunch of aristocrats would sit around and drink and philosophize. Like in Plato's *Symposium*, where we say they were talking about non-romantic love but they were actually talking about grown men fucking adolescent boys.

HAROLD. Is that what that book is about?

MARY. Yes. And it's not a book, it's a dialogue. Or a text, I guess. They started reading it again in the Renaissance and they were like, "There's no way that they're actually talking about having sex with young boys in this part where they describe the process by which they have sex with young boys." That's how we got Platonic love.

HAROLD. That's heavy.

MARY. Yeah. (*Pause.*) Sorry I brought up literal pedophilia when you were trying to hook up with me.

HAROLD. It's okay.

MARY. You can like, scrap all of that in your head.

HAROLD. No, it was cool.

MARY. Seriously?

HAROLD. Yeah. You like, know things. And clearly think a lot. It's like, really cool.

MARY. Well. Thank you. Sometimes I get antsy and have to just vomit some weird information at someone to calm my nerves.

HAROLD. So what do you study?

MARY. Um, English. But I try to branch out, so I do some theology stuff, some sociology stuff.

HAROLD. What do you want to do?

GET IT TOGETHER

MARY. Jesus. I don't know. (*Beat.*) You go first.

HAROLD. Why?

MARY. Because I need time to make something up.

HAROLD. Okay —

MARY. And if you say “hedge fund manager,” you have to leave.

HAROLD. (*He laughs.*) Okay. I don't want to be a hedge fund manager.

MARY. What do you want to be?

HAROLD. I want to be a financial analyst.

MARY. Oh.

HAROLD. I'm kidding, I'm kidding. I want to be a programmer.

MARY. Like computer science?

HAROLD. Yes, I'm a dirty CS kid.

MARY. That's cool.

HAROLD. Is it?

MARY. Yes. Do you know, like, where you want to work?

HAROLD. Well I'm not smart enough to work at like, the big ones, so I'm trying to work at some start-ups in the Northeast — in like, Boston or New York — before I move out to California.

MARY. That's so cool.

HAROLD. Thank you. So your turn.

MARY. I guess I want to be a poet. Or a director. Or something.

HAROLD. Are you serious?

MARY. Yes.

HAROLD. Those are all like, very cool. You write poems?

GET IT TOGETHER

MARY. Yeah.

HAROLD. You have to read me one.

MARY. You know that I, like, hate that so much.

HAROLD. What?

MARY. Being the two kids who go off into a room together and then read poetry to one another in the middle of the night.

HAROLD. I'm not reading you shit. This is not a mutual artistic endeavor. This is like, I'm like an abusive spouse sitting you down at the end of the night after too many drinks, read me your goddamn poetry or I'll prevent our children from ever having healthy romantic relationships.

MARY. That was horrifyingly specific. You're fuckin' psychotic.

HAROLD. I wish you knew how deeply that just satisfied my ego. I'm shuddering.

MARY. Okay, okay. You can hear my poem. *(She takes out her phone.)* Do you want the uh, the weird or the violent?

HAROLD. Those are the only two categories?

MARY. For the reading, yes.

HAROLD. No erotica?

MARY. That's my performance art.

HAROLD. *Fuck.*

MARY. Thank you. Pick.

HAROLD. *(Beat.)* The weird.

MARY. Okay. *(She scrolls. A moment.)* It's called "My First Cadaver."

HAROLD. Cool.

MARY. "My first cadaver came to me, he / looked like a person you'd see on / a rooftop, see their silhouette against / a sky, looming over you like / memories of a dream, half-certain / about the voice — did it sliver / or did it sip words? He was sweating / formaldehyde and gin, I laid / the body

GET IT TOGETHER

before me and crawled / up the skins and knees until I felt / the tendons snap, eardrums crinkle, / and he had given me my drinking water.” (Pause.) That’s it.

HAROLD. That *wasn’t* the violent one?

MARY. Not for me.

HAROLD. Who’s it about?

MARY. My ex-boyfriend.

HAROLD. Actually?

MARY. Kind of. Not really. I don’t know, I kind of hate it.

HAROLD. No, why would you?

MARY. It feels like, too vague — like more posturing than expressing.

HAROLD. Well don’t hate it. It’s really good. It’s intense — that line with ‘skins,’ in the plural? That’s really interesting. Like, the word itself is sort of unsettling.

MARY. Yeah, I was thinking it’s like just the skin on each of my legs — so then just ‘skins.’ And then it’s like, how many layers do we have and how do we apply a definite *singular* to this part of ourselves that is sort of perpetually shedding and growing. Like, how many skins do you have before you hit muscle?

HAROLD. I definitely had not thought about that before.

MARY. But I dunno, I always sort of hate the stuff I’ve written when I reread it. I’ll probably edit this more.

HAROLD. It’s good. It’s cool. It’s like, hot. I definitely have a thing for literary girls.

MARY. You mean I’m not the only girl to read you her poetry?

HAROLD. You are. I mean I’m like, into the *idea*. I should’ve snapped in approval and lit a cigarette.

MARY. You don’t speak like you study computer science.

HAROLD. How should I speak? In ones and zeroes?

MARY. No, keep speaking like you are.

GET IT TOGETHER

HAROLD. It's good?

MARY. *(She nods. A long pause.)* So is BU fun?

HAROLD. Yeah. I hated it at first, but it's a lot of fun when you find the right crowd. Plus, weed's legalized in Massachusetts now so it's like, like in theory I could just blow blunt smoke in a cop's face.

MARY. Oh, do you smoke?

HAROLD. Yeah. Like a lot, I guess.

MARY. Oh.

HAROLD. Do you not?

MARY. I, like, tried. I think I'm just bad at it.

HAROLD. I don't believe that. I thought everyone at Temple smokes like, a lot.

MARY. It is definitely a more prominent substance. And the culture is definitely in support of just smoking until you're an incoherent mess, or just like, the *scene*. It's like every girl is supposed to be like, "Oh you like the Smiths? You like the Front Bottoms? I guess now you get free and complete access to my vagina."

HAROLD. Right. *(Beat.)* Well — I have some in my bag.

MARY. Oh.

HAROLD. Yeah. Do you want to do that?

MARY. Um, sure.

HAROLD. You sure?

MARY. Yes.

HAROLD. *(Getting his bag.)* Okay, I'll show you how and everything. I've taught like, a bunch of people. I'm like a professional marijuana educator — I should move to Colorado and give classes. It's all in the breathing. *(He takes out a grinder, bowl, lighter.)* You just want to breathe in and hold it, right there, then exhale. Holding it in is key. *(Pinching weed from the grinder into the bowl.)*

MARY. Okay, I think I can do that.

GET IT TOGETHER

HAROLD. You definitely can. Everyone kind of sucks their first time anyway, so don't worry about it. I was there once, believe it or not. And I'll do the shotgun — that's this little hole on the side — for you, so you don't have to worry about it. You just sit back and enjoy, and try not to freak out. Which you won't, because I'm here, and because my fuckboy days are mostly behind me. *(He has finished packing it.)* Okay, ready?

MARY. Yes. Wait.

HAROLD. What?

MARY. Shouldn't we like, not smoke weed in Evan's sister's bedroom? Like, the smell?

HAROLD. Don't worry about it.

MARY. No, that's not a good answer.

HAROLD. No, Mary, we shouldn't smoke weed in Evan's sister's bedroom, but it's cold outside and I'd rather not be anywhere else right not except for here, with you, with a bowl packed and ready to go. Emphasis on the you part, not the weed part.

MARY. Okay. Show me, then.

HAROLD. Okay. *(He holds up the bowl.)* I know it looks like a dick, whatever.

MARY. It does.

HAROLD. You're gonna purse your lips and I'll hold it for you, I'll tell you when to inhale. And just keep going until I tell you to stop, then I'll tell you to hold it, then I'll tell you to exhale. *(Beat.)* Do you want to watch me first?

MARY. Um, yeah.

HAROLD. Alright. Wait.

MARY. What?

HAROLD. We need music.

MARY. Oh.

Harold removes a Bluetooth speaker from his bag. He puts it on the other side of the room and connects his phone. He puts on a song, something with an upbeat tempo and melancholic lyrics, e.g. "Golden Days" by Whitney. Harold nods his head to the beat, maybe mouths the words.

GET IT TOGETHER

HAROLD. Okay. *(He places the bowl to his lips, lights it, inhales, takes it away from his lips, and exhales gently. He's smooth.)* See?

MARY. Mhm.

HAROLD. Okay, you'll do it fine. Here. *(He places the bowl to her lips. He holds the lighter.)* Ready? *(She nods gently.)* Okay, start inhaling. *(He lights it.)* Keep going. Okay, now I'm gonna take the bowl away, just keep inhaling clean air, just clean air. *(He imitates. She does so.)* Now hold it. *(Pause.)* And out. *(She exhales smoke and starts coughing.)*

HAROLD. Good! That's good. Coughing means it's working, I'm not kidding. Cough like it's goddamn yellow fever.

She nods, coughing more. He puts a hand on her back. She tries to smile at him, still coughing. She stops, finally. They look at each other. He puts a hand on her thigh. She breaks away in another coughing fit. He smiles. She notices.

MARY. What?

HAROLD. I'm just happy. *(A long pause. Harold gets the bowl, lights it, and takes another hit.)* Are you feeling it? Do you want another?

MARY. *(She shakes her head.)* I think I might be feeling it.

HAROLD. Take another.

MARY. Why?

HAROLD. Because I know you're not. I'm guessing you smoked once and like, got stuck in your head and thought everyone knew you were super high. It won't be like that.

MARY. It won't?

HAROLD. No. Promise.

MARY. Okay. *(He holds the bowl to her lips and helps her smoke again. She coughs after the hit, less than last time. A long pause.)* Did you actually think about texting me after the dance freshman year or is that bullshit? Because you were with, um, Emma.

HAROLD. *(Pause.)* Yeah. Yeah, I did think about it.

MARY. You were with her for like, three years.

GET IT TOGETHER

HAROLD. We were on and off for a while but yeah, we started officially dating junior year and it was like two and a half years. *(Pause.)* I don't know. Yeah. I did think about texting you. Does that make me an asshole? I was fifteen.

MARY. It was a while ago. I guess it was a dumb question.

HAROLD. *(Pause.)* No, I'm sorry. It wasn't. Yeah, I did. And I guess if I'm being honest, I thought about you for a while after that. And I'm not saying that you became like some vision in my mind of a perfect lover or some bullshit like that, I'm just saying that I thought about you, and like, that you were the only person with a wrist corsage instead of a bouquet and you talked to me about that Hold Steady song for like fifteen minutes straight — honestly a *monologue* — and you had like five hundred notes on your phone. And I was like, "That's a lot of notes," and you were like, "You don't have that many?" and I tried to play it off because I didn't want to seem like a moron. I don't know, it was just like, talking to you, I felt like a different person for an hour. And sometimes I feel like I'm so stuck with myself. It's like, sometimes when you're with someone and you're young like that, it feels like as soon as the world was opening up in front of you, it closed. *(Beat.)* I don't know.

MARY. I was so fucking annoyed my date gave me a wrist corsage instead of a bouquet. *(A long pause.)* Aren't you still with her?

HAROLD. I guess. Kind of. Yeah.

A police siren whirs outside; some lights flash in the window. Mary jumps and Harold goes to the doorway to look. There's commotion and any music downstairs silences.

MARY. Is that the police?

HAROLD. I mean — presumably.

MARY. Fuck, oh *fuck*.

HAROLD. What? What? You're fine, everything's fine.

MARY. I can't get caught, I can't get cited, that would be like so fucking bad, I'd be fucking *dead*.

HAROLD. You're not gonna —

MARY. I'd lose my scholarship —

HAROLD. You're not *doing* anything.

MARY. What?

HAROLD. You're not doing anything illegal.

GET IT TOGETHER

MARY. I'm fucking underage drinking and smoking fucking *weed!*

HAROLD. It's decriminalized!

MARY. In Philly, not in *Wynnewood!*

HAROLD. The cops can't come inside unless they have a warrant, which they don't —

MARY. What if they *do?*

HAROLD. They *don't!*

MARY. Oh, how do *you* know? Because last time I checked, you're a fucking computer *science* kid, not some fucking pre-law nutjob! You can't *program* your way out of *jail*, Zuckerberg!

HAROLD. Why the *fuck* would the Lower Merion Police Department give that much of a shit about anything going on *here?* You're completely freaking out. Jesus fuckin' Christ, sorry I thought you could handle literally the *lowest level* of illegal substance. You're not gonna willingly go outside to get cited. Even if you do, who fucking cares, I've been to court, it's nothing.

MARY. Because they have nothing better to do than bother low-level lawbreakers like *us!*

Maybe I will, maybe I'll fuck this up for all of us just because I *want to!*

MARY. You've been to *court?*

HAROLD. What? Yes.

MARY. Are you fucking *kidding me?* Are you some kind of *criminal?*

HAROLD. For a fucking *parking ticket*. (*There's knocking at the front door of the house. They both stare into the hallway.*) Stay here. I'll be right back. Don't come downstairs.

MARY. Why are *you* going?

HAROLD. Because Evan is probably beyond fucked up. (*He goes out.*)

MARY. Fuck.

She looks around nervously. She walks over to the door and tries to listen to what's going on downstairs. She gets increasingly anxious. She grabs the beer bottles around the room and hides them. She looks at the bowl and grinder that Harold left. She hurries over to them, grabs them, walks to the window, opens it,

GET IT TOGETHER

and throws them out. She leans down for a moment to feel the outside air on her face. A cold rain begins falling. After some time, Harold returns.

HAROLD. Dude, hide, *now*. They're *coming*.

MARY. *Fuck*.

Mary leaps into a hiding spot behind the bed or desk or somewhere. Harold bursts out laughing.

MARY. What? *What?*

HAROLD. I was fucking with you.

MARY. Oh my god, you're such an asshole.

HAROLD. You fucking sprang into action, that was seriously impressive. We're fine, we're fine. Evan's kicking some people out, the cops don't care. Noise complaint.

MARY. You're a dick. Should we leave?

HAROLD. No, we're fine.

MARY. Sorry I called you a nutjob. I guess.

HAROLD. No, I'm sorry that I was, you know, much ruder than that.

MARY. I feel kind of uncomfortable with staying, if the party's winding down anyway.

HAROLD. It's just, like, a police-mandated recess of festivities. We'll open another case in like a half-hour. It's only like, twelve-thirty.

MARY. We should go. How are you getting home?

HAROLD. I wasn't planning on going home tonight. Ev said I could stay here.

MARY. Well, okay. But I barely know him, so —

HAROLD. Just stay for like, another hour.

MARY. Well Chelsea was going to drive me home.

HAROLD. Evan can drive you home in the morning.

GET IT TOGETHER

MARY. I don't want to put that on him. Plus I barely know him. Plus he's like, *slammed*. And will be tomorrow morning.

HAROLD. Do you *want* to leave?

MARY. Well...

HAROLD. Well what?

MARY. Maybe. Okay? God forbid.

HAROLD. *(Pause. He shakes his head. Sits down.)* I'm sorry. I'm being an asshole.

MARY. What? You're alright.

HAROLD. No, I always — I always fucking do this. I just get too, too invested into a single night and I become, like, this over-insistent douchebag that just, like, craves alcohol and attention.

MARY. You're not. *(Beat.)* My dad likes me to be home kind of early when I'm on break, but I want to stay. I'm serious. Like yeah, you're kind of a maniac and I'm not really sure what your whole *deal* is, but I'm having fun.

HAROLD. Are you sure?

MARY. Yes, I'm sure I'm having fun. I'm usually acutely aware when I'm not.

HAROLD. Are you sure you want to stay?

MARY. *(Pause.)* Yes.

HAROLD. Okay. *(Pause.)* So you also want to be a director.

MARY. Or an acting coach.

HAROLD. Really?

MARY. Yeah.

HAROLD. Not an actress?

MARY. No. I like, like, the fine details. I like paying attention.

HAROLD. That's interesting. I used to act.

GET IT TOGETHER

MARY. I thought you did the plays, yeah.

HAROLD. And we used to call ourselves 'playboys,' yeah. We should've been euthanized.

MARY. At least that's kind of clever.

HAROLD. Thank you.

MARY. *(Beat.)* You should do a monologue for me.

HAROLD. What?

MARY. Do a monologue for me and I'll like, critique it. You'll give me this really invested, incredible performance and I'll just tear it apart, you know? Like life.

HAROLD. I don't have anything memorized anymore.

MARY. Seriously? Nothing?

HAROLD. I told you, mental purge of everything from back then.

MARY. Then make something up.

HAROLD. Ugh. No. I hate this.

MARY. What?

HAROLD. I hate making things up — I'm just, I'm literally no good at it.

MARY. I don't believe that.

HAROLD. You don't have to believe it, it's a fact.

MARY. Okay, then a scenario.

HAROLD. A scenario?

MARY. Yeah. Yeah, let's say... okay, I'm pregnant. And you have to convince me not to keep the baby.

HAROLD. That's literally so heavy.

MARY. This is high drama, Harold. High fucking stakes.

GET IT TOGETHER

HAROLD. Okay.

MARY. Okay?

HAROLD. (*Starting to act.*) Yeah, I just... I know that you weren't expecting this, and believe me I wasn't either. And I know, I know that it's hard — and I fucking *love* you, okay? I really fucking *do* — but I just don't think it's realistic to, you know, to go through with this.

MARY. What?

HAROLD. We can't do this, Mary. We're so *young*. You know this isn't a good idea. And I wish, I swear to god I fucking *wish* we were older and married and employed and like, doing this *right*, but we're not. You know we're not ready. And we both know it's not a good idea.

MARY. So what? What do we do?

HAROLD. You know what we do.

MARY. What, Harold?

HAROLD. You *know*.

MARY. Say it, then, Harold. Say the fucking *word*.

HAROLD. Don't do this.

MARY. I'm not gonna do it if you can't even fucking say it.

HAROLD. You need to get an — an a—...

MARY. What? A fucking *abortion*?

HAROLD. Yes, Mary, you need to get a fucking *abortion*. Because you're not going to be a fucking teen *mother* or something. You're not *like* that. You're going to get an abortion and go to school and have a *career*.

MARY. Real easy for you to say. Real fucking easy.

HAROLD. Yeah, maybe it is. But that's fuckin' *life*. This is how it *works*. Okay? But I will take you and I will wait with you and I will be with you —

MARY. (*On "with."*) But you're not going to reach inside of me and — goddammit.

HAROLD. Don't make this harder than it has to be. Please.

GET IT TOGETHER

MARY. I was going to name him after you. Or her, after your sister.

HAROLD. Don't do this.

MARY. What? You don't want to know the only thing I've been thinking since the fucking *test*?

HAROLD. Mary. Mare, *goddamn*. Don't *fucking* do this, *please!*

MARY. It's so fucking *easy!* And you just, you're gonna walk away from this and me and never have to look back! But I'm still here and I will have to *live* with this. Don't you *get* that?

HAROLD. I get it, Mary. I fucking get it. I know. But you know how you'd rather live, you know that if you were looking back thirty years from now you'd be happy that you had *your* life to live. Forget about me. I can't do this to you.

MARY. Maybe. Please. I — Harold.

HAROLD. Look into my fucking eyes. Don't look away. Don't even glance. You know how this works, and I know I don't get it, but I know *you*. If you want me to be here, I will be here, but you were made for more than dying in the same place you were born. (*He is kneeling before her.*) Mary, please tell me you know this is right.

Mary goes for him hard and tackles him to the ground, making out with him. After some time, she rolls off of him and they lie there together, connected at the fingertips. Breathing.

HAROLD. Fuckin' A.

MARY. That was really good.

HAROLD. You think so?

MARY. Yeah, definitely. I mean, a little melodramatic but you really went for it, and I respect that.

HAROLD. Thank you.

MARY. I mean you should definitely pick up, like, an extracurricular or something.

HAROLD. (*He nods. Beat.*) Did you hide my bowl?

MARY. Oh. (*She laughs.*) I, uh —

HAROLD. Did you — (*He gestures to the open window.*) Did you throw it out the window?

GET IT TOGETHER

MARY. I'm really sorry.

HAROLD. (*Going to the window.*) I mean this un-offensively, but you *might* qualify for some anti-anxiety meds or something. Pop a couple Xans. (*He sticks his head out the window, then retracts it.*)

MARY. I can go get it.

HAROLD. No, no, it's fine. I think we both have too much self-respect to go out in the rain and scrounge through the bushes looking for drug paraphernalia. At least I do, at the moment.

MARY. Sorry.

HAROLD. It's alright, it's alright. Are you okay?

MARY. I just get — I get really anxious sometimes. Normally I'm like, fine, but sometimes I freak the fuck out and just become this, like, tornado of terrible decision-making.

HAROLD. Yeah, I used to get really — like *that*. I honestly think, like, the chemicals in my brain finally balanced out when I turned twenty. I've been a lot better since then. At least, I *think* I have.

MARY. Maybe that'll be it for me, then. My teenage angst will evaporate and I'll become a competent human being.

HAROLD. When's your birthday?

MARY. April. (*Silence.*)

HAROLD. That's so funny you threw my weed out the window.

MARY. I'm sorry.

HAROLD. Don't be. (*Pause.*)

MARY. So my mom lives in, um, in Florida now.

HAROLD. Yeah?

MARY. Yeah. It's just funny, because I'm like, sitting here, and it's cold and gross and very excessively Pennsylvanian outside and she's probably like, breathing beach air in her sleep. I always think to myself that the universe seems so much bigger during winter, like the stars seem farther away. The sky is blue at night during the summer and during the winter, it's black. And there's so much distance between you and everything else. Like, I mean, it's because it sucks being outside in the cold and it feels like it takes longer to get places, like even just from the car to the front door. My house is on Rebel Hill, over in, like, Conshohocken, and some nights I get out of my car and I look

GET IT TOGETHER

out over all the houselights and streetlights, and then up at the stars, and they're all sort of shimmering in this sea of just nothing, and I think that I'm so alone in this and there's no other way to look at it. And I don't mean that in a bad way or anything. That's just how it is — you're only ever going to see things through your own two eyes, and as close as any other person gets, it's still just skin against skin.

HAROLD. (*Long pause.*) Yeah, you're probably feeling the weed.

MARY. Shut up.

HAROLD. I'm kidding. That was fuckin' heavy, but I think it's true. I mean I get it.

MARY. Do you actually?

HAROLD. It makes sense.

MARY. Okay.

HAROLD. Why's your mom live in Florida?

MARY. She lives in Boca with her, like, boyfriend. He used to be a contractor up here but he's like a complete beach guru at heart, so she moved down there with him a couple months ago. I live with my dad here when I'm not in school. They're like, separated.

HAROLD. Oh, I'm sorry.

MARY. No, no, like it's actually fine. It works out and they're both like, good with the arrangement. It was kinda rough when I was, like, fourteen, but I'm fine now. I'm closer with my mom — we still talk like almost every day on the phone. My dad's good, we're like, good housemates.

HAROLD. That's good.

MARY. Are your parents still, um, still together?

HAROLD. Yeah, I guess technically. Honestly it sometimes feels more like a legal arrangement than a marriage, but I've always told myself I was lucky they still lived together, even if they don't sleep in the same bed.

MARY. I've been there. It's hard.

HAROLD. I mean, I'm in school now. I'm removed from it. But then I come home and it's like — ah fuck.

MARY. Yeah.

GET IT TOGETHER

HAROLD. So. Yeah. I don't know.

MARY. *(Pause.)* Hey, will you listen to this song?

HAROLD. Sure, what is it?

MARY. *(Getting up.)* I've been listening to it a lot recently and I dunno, I just want to share it. *(She gets the speaker and connects her phone.)*

HAROLD. Okay.

MARY. *(She plays the song. It's something slow, a bit morose, e.g. "Chelsea Hotel 2" by Leonard Cohen. She turns off the light in the room. It's dimmer, but they are still visible.)* Come here.

HAROLD. Okay. *(He follows. She takes his hands and they begin to dance together, slowly. After some time, she presses her body into his, and they step together gently. She breaks away from him, almost laughing, and turns the light back on.)*

MARY. It's a good song, right?

HAROLD. Best fuckin' song I've ever heard.

MARY. Do you like me or are you just messing around?

HAROLD. Honestly, I like you, but you should know that messing around constitutes like, ninety-percent of my existence.

MARY. But you like me.

HAROLD. Yes.

MARY. And you have a girlfriend.

HAROLD. *(Pause.)* Yes.

MARY. So that's an issue.

HAROLD. I'm aware.

MARY. And yet you're still here.

HAROLD. It's like, one of the more fucked situations in my life.

GET IT TOGETHER

MARY. Explain.

HAROLD. It's just, like — I think we both know that we should've broken up when we went to school, but we didn't. And now we're stuck in this in-between, like half-off at school and together at home. We're stuck thinking of when we're going to leave — like when I'm at school, I wait to come home. Then when I'm home, I can feel the time just creeping up on me. And we just hurt each other and act like we don't, and... I don't know.

MARY. That sounds like bullshit.

HAROLD. Yeah, I guess it is. *(Beat.)* I didn't go to court for a parking ticket. I don't even have my license.

MARY. Did you get cited?

HAROLD. Uh, no.

MARY. What was it?

HAROLD. Simple assault.

MARY. What the fuck?

HAROLD. Yeah. It was Easter weekend last year, and I was home and visiting Emma at Penn. We went out to a party, and I was already like, kind of pissed off. I get anxious about flying —

MARY. Me too.

HAROLD. Yeah. And I wasn't sleeping well, so I was sort of exhausted and she kind of dragged me out to this party. And we're in some kid's apartment, and it's getting crowded. Anyway, this *guy* shows up that I guess she like, hooked up with at some point earlier that year. Which is like, whatever. But he's fuckin' talking to her and I'm just staring at them from the other side of the room, just getting so fuckin', so fuckin' mad. She was trying to just be polite to him and escape the conversation, but he wasn't getting the point and he's just this classic New England asshole — and he reaches down and grabs her ass, and I was just like, *fuck this*. And I — god fuckin' dammit — I was in this weird phase where I was trying to be this fuckin', this fuckin' tough guy all the time. So, I walk over, and I didn't even say anything, I just tapped him on the chest to get him to turn to me and I swing for his fuckin' face. He goes down and Emma is like, shouting at me and every fucking guy there has a hand on me. The kid was on the ground with just this nice cut in his cheek, and I remember just looking at him, with all these fucking hands all over my body, just being like — I'm a fucking idiot. *(Pause.)* Someone called campus police on me, which is pretty fucking lame, and the kid's family — whatever. Gave me a hard time. No previous incidents, good school, so, you know, I got off basically fine. Could've been worse.

GET IT TOGETHER

MARY. That is insane.

HAROLD. I know.

MARY. You're *so lucky*.

HAROLD. I know.

MARY. *Do* you know? My little brother, Ian, he's two years younger than me, he has like, a lot of issues. And he had a couple, I guess, like, *run-ins* with the law. He had a really hard time growing up, like stuff with my dad — and they wanted to send him to like, *literally* to the Milton Hershey School, because they didn't know what to do with him. It's just kind of really fucking frustrating to hear that, you know — and it's not your fault and obviously it's a different situation — but that you got off fine.

HAROLD. I'm sorry. I didn't know that.

MARY. There's just so much stuff that pisses me off, you know?

HAROLD. Yeah.

MARY. Sometimes I worry that I'm going to get angrier and angrier until I can't function. I wish I had a grip on this life, I wish I felt in *control*. And I know that I'm not and I know that no one really is, but that doesn't stop me from *wanting* it. You know?

HAROLD. I know. (*Beat.*) Where's your brother now?

MARY. He's in Florida. He lives with my mom. (*Pause.*) I always think about this thing — when things were really bad with him and he'd just disappear for days at a time doing — whatever. I was staying with my aunt in Cape May for a couple weeks.

HAROLD. Cape May's beautiful.

MARY. I know, it's gorgeous. Unreal that it is a place *in New Jersey*. And so, I met this guy through one of my friends down there, his name was Tom. We started seeing each other, like, daily, going to the beach and biking around — and I remember these couple nights I stayed over his house and we'd fall asleep holding each other and wake up still touching. Then, I don't know, we stopped talking when I came back to PA. I'm not really sure why, I think we just left a conversation dangling and then never picked it back up. Some days or some nights I'll hold my thumb over his name, about to text him — but my thumb can't close the centimeter gap. Because that's dumb, because I should stop thinking about stupid things like that. And I know that if I did end up talking to him, it wouldn't be the same — *he* wouldn't be the same. I know that.

HAROLD. That's really hard.

GET IT TOGETHER

MARY. It's life. You know? I mean it's, like, really okay. I'm here and my family's here and it'll be fine, like existentially fine.

HAROLD. Yeah.

MARY. (*Finally.*) Are you in love with Emma?

HAROLD. Yeah, I guess.

MARY. I want an answer.

HAROLD. What? Yeah, I guess I am.

MARY: It's a relationship. You don't just *guess* it.

HAROLD: Well, I *guess* I do.

MARY. That's such bullshit.

HAROLD. What? Do you really want me to talk about my girlfriend before we, like, fuck?

MARY. That's assuming a lot, but yes, I want to hear about your girlfriend.

HAROLD. Well she fuckin' hates me. For one. And I've somehow ended up in this relationship where we just both — both keep up this years-long conversation that has descended into complete bullshit. I mean, I don't mean we're like awful to each other, I mean we're both *in* this, *together*. And we've bought into this *lie* that says we should be together. And that's it. And sometimes it feels like I'm so fucking, I'm just so fucking *broken* already that I don't know how I'm expected to keep living another fifty years. She watched me have a hissy fit and swing at this random kid that was hooking up with her because of a deal that *I agreed to*, and she still took me home that night — I mean how fucked up is that? What happened to us to make us think this was *alright*? Because sometimes I wake up and I'm lying in bed and things are like, very okay. And then a moment passes and I remember myself, and I remember where I am and *who* I am, and it feels like a million fishhooks clipped into my skin with, like, a million little *weights* on the lines. And that's how every day goes, and at this point — I know it sounds melodramatic — but at this point I just don't even give a fuck anymore. I hate being by myself. I feel lonely all the fucking time. But at this point, it doesn't matter. I just do my work and drink and go to bed. And I guess that's good enough. Maybe that's all there is. I don't know. (*Beat.*) I don't know.

MARY. (*A long pause.*) Just get your shit together, man.

HAROLD. (*Pause.*) Is that really all you're going to say?

GET IT TOGETHER

MARY. I mean, really, just get it together. You talk about your girlfriend for five fuckin' minutes and don't even mention the word 'love.' Don't act like you don't know what to do. You're *smart*.

HAROLD. I guess I'm something.

MARY. I guess you are.

HAROLD. Fuck this. *(He gets up and starts gathering his things.)*

MARY. What?

HAROLD. I'm going home. Where's all my shit?

MARY. Are you kidding?

HAROLD. No, I'm not.

MARY. Because of me?

HAROLD. No, just — just let me go. I can't believe you threw my shit out the window.

MARY. You're not leaving.

HAROLD. What?

MARY. You're staying here.

HAROLD. Are you serious?

MARY. Yes. *(She walks to him and kisses him on the lips.)* You're a bad person.

HAROLD. I know.

MARY. You're a bad person.

HAROLD. *(Quietly.)* I know.

MARY. You are.

HAROLD. *(Almost silently.)* I know.

Mary takes his hands. She leads him to the bed.

Blackout.