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The Staggering Heartbreak of Jasmine Merriweather

A comedy

By Don Zolidis

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One-act comedy
5F 4M, plus ensemble, flexible

When her lab partner in AP Bio offers to dissect a fetal pig for her, Jasmine Merriwether is pretty sure it's love. But after seven weeks of bliss, her boyfriend dumps her and she's sent into a hilarious and awful tailspin that lands her in In-School Suspension. A comedy about picking up the pieces of a broken heart.

Cast of Characters

JASMINE, not a Disney Princess, 17

BRENDAN, who seems almost perfect

JASMINE'S MOM

JASMINE'S DAD (can be played by the actor playing DRAKE)

DRAKE

MALE DANCER, (played by the actor playing DRAKE)

FEMALE DANCER (can be played by JASMINE)

MISS SNEAD, (can be played by the actress playing JASMINE'S MOM)

MR. HOAG, (can be played by the actor playing BRENDAN)

SCIENTIST (can be played by the actor playing DRAKE)

The Staggering Heartbreak of Jasmine Merriweather was originally performed by FPD Theatre at First Presbyterian Day School in Macon, Georgia, on May 17, 2013. The production was under the direction of R. Andrew Strickland and featured the following cast:

JASMINE ..... Maisy McDonald

JASMINE'S MOM ..... Megan Huggins

JASMINE'S DAD ..... Nicholas Shealy

BRENDAN ..... Adam Gorman

MISS SNEAD ..... Megan Huggins

SCIENTIST ..... Nicholas Shealy

MR. HOAG ..... Adam Gorman

DRAKE ..... Nicholas Shealy

THE TROUPE OF INTERPRETIVE DANCERS

Cullen Cummings, Kaitlyn Skidmore, Megan Huggins, Nicholas Shealy

(Lights up on the bedroom of JASMINE.)

JASMINE *(to the audience)*
Some of my very first memories are of my parents fighting.
(Lights up on JASMINE'S MOM and DAD, mid-argument.)

JASMINE'S DAD
Two hundred dollars for a purse?! What is wrong with you?

JASMINE'S MOM
That's what they cost!

JASMINE'S DAD
I'll make you a purse for two hundred dollars!

JASMINE'S MOM
Ohhhhh sure like that's gonna happen! That would require getting off the couch and turning off the television!

JASMINE'S DAD
That couch is nicer to me than you've ever been!

JASMINE *(to the audience)*
When I was nine, they sat me down.
(They approach, separately.)

JASMINE'S MOM
Your father and I need to talk to you.

JASMINE'S DAD
I just want to say that this isn't your fault.
(JASMINE'S DAD leaves.)

JASMINE
And that's when I stopped believing in love. My Mom ended up dating a series of guys – there was Chuck the dentist –
(JASMINE'S MOM is getting ready for a date.)

JASMINE'S MOM
How do my teeth look? Do my teeth look okay? He's going to be looking at my teeth. Do you think he's going to judge me because I don't floss?

JASMINE
There was Richard the contractor guy.

JASMINE'S MOM
You're really going to like this guy. He's going to fix our dry wall problems.

JASMINE
Andy the guy who was looking for a job.

JASMINE'S MOM
I'm not even excited about this.

JASMINE
And Paul, who was like in the mafia or something.

JASMINE'S MOM
He's not in the mafia.

JASMINE
What does he do then?

JASMINE'S MOM
He won't tell me.

JASMINE
See that screams mafia to me.

JASMINE'S MOM
Maybe he's in the CIA.

JASMINE
Or maybe –

JASMINE'S MOM
Turns out he had a wife in California. And he was a lawyer.

JASMINE
Bad on all counts.

JASMINE'S MOM
Let me tell you something about love, sweetheart.

JASMINE
I don't want to hear it Mom. I really don't.

JASMINE'S MOM
No this is good – I've been thinking about this for a while.

JASMINE

Last time you wanted to tell me about love you ended up crying in my room for two hours.

JASMINE'S MOM

Yeah. But now I got a handle on things. And I'm sorry about that. My therapist says that was emotional blackmail and I shouldn't force that on you.

JASMINE

Thank you.

JASMINE'S MOM

Okay. So… love. There comes a time when you have to get some perspective. And the perspective is this: We're all gonna die. So it really doesn't matter. Okay? All right. You up for a bedtime story?

JASMINE

Mom.

JASMINE'S MOM

What? I'm done with it. I am past love. I am in a post-love state. I am now at the point in my life where I can look back and say – they were all stupid. All of them. All the men I ever dated. They were all terrible, stupid people and I made a lot of poor choices.

JASMINE

You don't really mean that.

JASMINE'S MOM

You're right. Paul was great. His wife thought so too. If only he had been in the mafia.

JASMINE

Anyway, this isn't a play about her. Well, it is a little bit, but mostly it's about me. And this guy.

(BRENDAN enters.)

That's Brendan.

(BRENDAN waves a little off-handedly at JASMINE.)

BRENDAN *(faintly seductive)*

Hey.

(short pause)

I'm Brendan.

JASMINE

My relationship with Brendan began when I was sixteen.

BRENDAN *(still faintly seductive)*

What's up?

JASMINE

Hold on. I can pinpoint the exact moment in time I fell in love with him. AP Biology class. November 3rd. 10:03 a.m.

(A teacher, MISS SNEAD enters. BRENDAN grabs two chairs and puts them side-by-side and sets up a table as MISS SNEAD speaks.)

MISS SNEAD

Today is a turning point in AP Biology children. No longer shall we delve into the mysteries of fruit fly colonies, no longer shall we mindlessly memorize the Krebs cycle! We are beyond that. We are advancing past the mere limits of this… textbook. We are about to go to the grand vista just beyond the horizon – the advancing glimmer of discovery – the very workings of the universe of life itself! Today…. *Today*…. Today will change you. Today will come up to you and tattoo itself onto your consciousness – from now on the person you were before today is dead – and the person you are going to become is wriggling in its birth sack, waiting to emerge from its slimy cocoon and rip its way, screaming and kicking, into the light! Yes! Today…

(Something heavy thuds on the desk in front of BRENDAN.)

We dissect a fetal pig.

(JASMINE is sick.)

JASMINE

Oh… oh this is not good… it's got eyes. It's got eyes and it's looking at me… I think its name is Wilbur.

MISS SNEAD

Partner up! Who will be the Spock to your Kirk? Who will be the Kourtney Kardashian to your Kim Kardashian? Who will be the Run to your DMC?

JASMINE

I don't know who that is.

MISS SNEAD

You are dead to me.

BRENDAN

Hey um… you wanna be partners?

JASMINE

I warn you, I am going to be throwing up most of the time during this project.

BRENDAN

That's okay. I can do all the gross stuff and you can do all the computer stuff.

(JASMIE steps out immediately.)

JASMINE

Ding ding ding! That's when it happened!

BRENDAN

Maybe tonight you can come over to my house and we can type up our report.

JASMINE

Yeah… that sounds good.

BRENDAN

And I'll light some scented candles –

JASMINE

Okay…

BRENDAN

Put *Casablanca* on in the background… I love black and white movies…

JASMINE

Okay…

BRENDAN

And I'll talk to you about my intense feelings about recycling and green energy, all the while rubbing your shoulders when you get tense… I took a class in Japanese massage from an elder named Hakatori Shinotsu, and my fingers are strong… as strong as my soul. Also, did I mention that I dance the rhumba?

JASMINE

Okay…

(BRENDAN takes a lock of JASMINE's hair and puts it behind her ear.)

BRENDAN

I could lose myself in those eyes.

(JASMINE makes little whimpering sound.)

(She waits there for a moment, anticipating a kiss, and then turns out to the audience.)

JASMINE

Our project was nineteen days late.

(short pause)

Even though I went over to his house every night.

JASMINE'S MOM

You're still working on your AP Biology paper?

JASMINE

It's very intense, Mom. It requires a lot of… time. And energy. And… scented candles.

(JASMINE steps out.)

Falling in love is difficult to describe. So I will now show you what it's like to fall in love with a troupe of interpretive dancers, who will perform an original routine based on 1970s rock standards.*

*(*If you're using a small-cast version of the show, you can have her perform the interpretive dance by herself.)*

(Black-leotard clad interpretive dancers emerge. They are very intense.)

JASMINE

And at the same time, I will recite a steam-of-consciousness monologue.

(Light shines on BRENDAN, who stands center-stage.)

(Led Zeppelin's Immigrant Song begins. The dancers begin an intense, high-energy freakout.)

JASMINE *(very quick)*

Does-he-like-me does-he-like-me I'm-not-sure-that-he-likes-me. I'm freaking out over here and look at him he's so cute and he's going to marry me and we're going to have three kids and we're going to eat ice cream every day and never get fat and I can wear stretchy pants and he's going to love stretchy pants guys shouldn't wear stretchy pants – but I love you I love you I can't tell you that but if I did tell you that I loved you and you said it back that would be like the most awesome thing in the history of the universe – like rainbow unicorn chocolate chinchilla bacon cherries! Bacon cherries doesn't sound good. You're better than bacon. I wish I could create a swimming pool filled with marshmallow fluff and you and me could go swimming together and then eat all of it and then roll in a bucket of puppies afterwards. When I look at you I see universes and stars in your hair and in the dimples in your face and they're like comet explosions ripping across the solar system at just under the speed of light, trailing a lightning cataclysm of reflected mermaid tail awesomeness. I love you I am the happiest person in the universe there is no one in history who has ever felt like this before they were all stupid idiots and we are the best thing ever.

(She stops. The dancers slump to the ground, exhausted.)

Yeah. It was kinda like that.

JASMINE

Dear Diary. Day 46 of the era of Brendan.

(JASMINE'S MOM enters.)

JASMINE'S MOM

Ohmygosh who are you? What is this stranger doing in my daughter's room?

JASMINE

Ha ha. Very funny, Mom.

JASMINE'S MOM

Shouldn't you be video-chatting with your boyfriend, or video-texting, or face-timing, or doing all of those things at once?

Skipping Forward

(Pause. She looks at him.)

BRENDAN

Oh.

JASMINE

I mean… okay I'm all nervous now… I know it's only been seven weeks, and I think that some people would probably say it isn't possible in seven weeks but I think those people just have miserably small hearts or something – like they're incapable of experiencing what we're experiencing, so… so… I. Love. You.

(She smiles.)

(She waits for a response.)

(She waits for a response.)

BRENDAN

Um…

JASMINE

Not exactly the response I was looking for, but I'll take it. I "um" you too.

BRENDAN

Well –

JASMINE

No. I'm rushing things. I'm rushing things. I'm being dumb. I shouldn't have said that so soon. And obviously you're not ready to say that to me yet even though you seem like a person who's really in touch with your feelings because you like recycling and hybrid cars or whatever – but those things are not the same as love and I probably shouldn't have equated them in my mind – and you know what? You know what I was thinking? There was a lot of formaldehyde in that fetal pig, so I probably inhaled like a tub of it in Bio, so obviously that has made some sort of apocalypse in my brain and I have lost of lot of brain cells – so that's why I said what I said just then, and I know you're thinking, like, "oh no she's freaking out – my girlfriends is freaking out' but I'm not freaking out – I'm freaking out a little bit I can't deny that – but I am not majorly freaking out because I believe in giving you space to arrive at the same place I'm at. You need time. You're like a sloth. You're slowly climbing the tree, and you're on your own timetable, and I'm like a squirrel and I have raced to the top of the tree, and I'm just like partying and looking around and like "this is most amazing thing you could possibly imagine!" and I'm jumping up and down and saying, "get up the tree, get up the tree", but you can't race up the tree because you're a sloth, you're not a squirrel, and sloths can't run. So you're eating, you're munching on like saplings or whatever and you're on your way to the top of the tree, and because you're a sloth it's not like I can run down the tree and pick you up and carry you to the top of the tree – you'd crush me, I'd be dead, I'd be a dead squirrel, and you wouldn't even notice because you've got your sloth hair in your eyes. Should I shut up? I should shut up. Is this bad? Are we in trouble? Tell me we're not in trouble.

BRENDAN

I really like you.

JASMINE

Okay. We can build on that. Although I have to say that I suspected as much since you've been kissing me every day for seven weeks but we'll set that aside for the moment.

BRENDAN

I do. I do like you. But…

(JASMINE stops and listens.)

Uh… there's not really an easy way to say this. But…

(pause. BRENDAN is trying very hard to say this.)*

I think we should break up.

(pause. JASMINE is very still.)

You know I thought we were just kinda having fun, and… obviously… that's not really what you were thinking… I mean I think you're great but – I'm not in love with you – and… the longer this goes on the more you're gonna get hurt, so I think the best thing would just be – you know, rip the band-aid off. So… so yeah.

*<*Author's Note: Resist the urge to make BRENDAN the "bad guy." This is more painful if he's actually a nice guy and telling the truth here, and trying as much as he can to spare her feelings.>*

JASMINE

Well I respect your opinion, but I think that's really stupid.

BRENDAN

I'm sorry.

JASMINE

Nope that's just dumb. You are a dumb person.

BRENDAN

I'm really sorry I didn't think we were gonna go so fast –

JASMINE

You were the one who kept inviting me over here! Why didn't you call me and say, "by the way, you should know that I'm a robot and have no feelings whatsoever, so let's limit our contact to once a week!'

BRENDAN

Look, I don't want to hurt you.

JASMINE

Whoops! Missed out on that one already! Guess what? I'm hurt! `Who could've possibly have foreseen that?' `Oh us women we're so hard to figure out!'

(JASMINE gets up to vent.)
You know what? You're the one who handled the pig. Obviously the formaldehyde got into your brain. Otherwise you would be capable of feeling human emotion instead of turning into this Frankenstein monster that you are – dang it. Dang it. Really? You're dumping me? Just like – boom! See ya!

BRENDAN
Sorry.

JASMINE
Stop saying sorry!

BRENDAN
Sor – I apologize.
(JASMINE sits back down, spent.)

JASMINE
Do you mind if I have a breakdown?

BRENDAN
Do you want a hug?

JASMINE
You're gonna hug me? What the heck is wrong with you? You don't hug someone after you dump them!

BRENDAN
Well I just – I don't know.
(They sit.)

JASMINE
I guess I should go home.

BRENDAN
You don't have to go home.

JASMINE
Well it's not all that much fun here anymore. It used to be fun and now it's not.

BRENDAN
Sorry.

JASMINE
If you would've waited to break up with me we could've made out for a while.

BRENDAN

I know. I didn't think that was fair though.

JASMINE

Oh.

(Pause.)

Would it be really pathetic if I stayed here and did my homework?

(Pause.)

BRENDAN

I think so.

JASMINE

I'm doing it anyway. I don't care what you think.

(JASMINE starts taking out her homework. She pauses then steps out to speak to the audience.)

Don't judge me, okay? So, yes, staying to do math homework was kind of pathetic and stupid. And I know that I was doing it in the hopes of –

BRENDAN

Hey? What's the answer to number fourteen?

JASMINE

Three times the square root of x divided by y squared.

BRENDAN

You're right! You got it right! I take back what I said earlier. I do love you!

JASMINE

You do?

BRENDAN

Yes!

(He leaps forward to kiss her.)

JASMINE *(to the audience)*

Yeah, that didn't happen. Instead it was more like this.

(She sits next to BRENDAN.)

(They sit in silence.)

(She whimpers a little bit. He looks over at her. She stops whimpering.)

(They go back to work.)

(She whimpers a little bit more. He looks over at her. She stops whimpering.)

JASMINE *(to the audience)*

And this is what it feels like inside.

(The INTERPRETIVE DANCERS enter. Same romantic music that played in the beginning of the scene plays.)

(FEMALE DANCER (can be JASMINE) dances out happily, ballet-style.)

*(MALE DANCER strides up to her. Mimes taking out harpoon. Shoots her through the chest. FEMALE DANCER collapses violently. Music stops.)**

**(This is funniest if someone – probably the actor playing JASMINE, makes sound effects. It could even be through a microphone.)*

(MALE DANCER mimes taking out large saw. He saws a large circular hole in FEMALE DANCER'S chest. Removes heart with large sucking noise.)

(MALE DANCER considers heart. Drops it on the ground. Stomps on it repeatedly.)

(FEMALE DANCER crawls towards wreckage of heart. Just before she can get there, MALE DANCER takes heart, mimes creating a blender. Sticks heart into blender. Hits one button. Then hits puree. Stops it. Takes off lid. Pours liquefied heart into mouth.)

(MALE DANCER gargles with the liquefied, mangled heart like it's Listerine. Spits it out.)

MALE DANCER

Sorry. Didn't mean to hurt you.

(Lights change.)

(JASMINE speaks to the audience.)

JASMINE

So. Three steps to becoming the new me to show Brendan that he was wrong and stupid. Part 1. Work out all the time and get rocking body. Wear super-tight clothes. Make him cry. Part 2. Dominate school, get straight A's, go to Harvard, become famous scientist, and wait for this moment –

(SCIENTIST comes out with envelope.)

SCIENTIST

And the Nobel Prize in Biology goes to…

(The SCIENTIST opens the envelope.)

Jasmine Merriweather!

(JASMINE leaps up to accept the little statue.)

JASMINE *(running around, arms in the air)*

Woo! Woo! Heck yes! Nobel Prize! Woooo! Score!

(She runs up and high fives the SCIENTIST.)

Thanks. Thank you for this. I'd like to thank the Nobel Committee for recognizing my amazing contributions to world knowledge. Yes, the cure for cancer was pretty sweet. So yay us! I'd like to thank all those people out there who believed in me… my Mom, my Biology teacher in High School, my professors, my amazing husband who happens to play in the NFL and is also a great Dad and does so much for charity, and… who am I forgetting? Um… wait for it. Wait for it.

(The "you need to get off the stage" music starts to play)

Wait, wait, guys I'm forgetting someone. Oh yes – I'd like to dedicate this Nobel Prize to my ex-boyfriend, Brendan. You blew it. You totally blew it. You could've been with *this*, but you chose not to. So chew on that. For the rest of your stupid miserable homeless life. Cause I just won this sucker. Woo! Nobel Prize! I'm going to DisneyLand!

(Lights change.)

And Step 3 if Steps 1 and 2 don't work. Get new even better boyfriend. So, after three sick days where I wasn't really sick, I went back to school.

(Bell rings for school. The classroom comes back out.)

MISS SNEAD

All right people let's take our seats.

(BRENDAN enters and sits down.)

(JASMINE enters, looks around, then sits down next to BRENDAN.)

BRENDAN

Hey.

JASMINE

Hey? *Hey*?! Is that what you have to say to me? Hey?! You're not permitted to say hey to me anymore! I thought we were going to take a break from each other and you just break out the "hey" as soon as you see me! You know what?

(BLEEP.)

And another thing –

(BLEEP.)

And then I'm gonna –

(BLEEP BLEEP BLEEP.)

(Pause. Everyone is shell-shocked.)

MISS SNEAD

Could I see you in my office please?

JASMINE

You sure?

MISS SNEAD

Yep.

JASMINE

O-kay.

MISS SNEAD

Bring your things.

JASMINE

Right.

(To the audience.)

So I got two days of ISS. That's In-School Suspension in case you're wondering.

(JASMINE'S MOM enters on the phone.)

JASMINE'S MOM

ISS? What for?

JASMINE

Apparently I said some things that were not appropriate for school.

JASMINE'S MOM

What?

JASMINE

To quote from the incident report –

(JASMINE takes out the Incident Report.)

"Jasmine Meriweather used fourteen swear words in a twenty second parade of profanity that froze my blood. Several of the other students in the class needed to go to a safe room and receive counseling. She also appears to have even invented some new swear words by combining several existing swear words in a clever manner."

JASMINE'S MOM

Do you need me to like post bail or something?

JASMINE

No. Just thought you should know.

(She hangs up. Lights change to ISS.)

So. The ISS room was located in the basement. It was actually the old fallout shelter. No windows. No cell phone reception. It was where the dangerous elements of the school were banished.

*(MR. HOAG enters. He is fearsome. DRAKE enters upstage with his own table. *If you have a larger cast, you can have other students as well, who look like criminals.)*

MR. HOAG

I'm gonna say this once and I'm not gonna repeat myself. You people are the dregs of humanity. You are scum. If any of you toad creatures attempt anything, I will personally administer a headlock of such force that I will choke the stupid out of you. You know what I do at night? Mixed Martial Arts. You know what I do on weekends? Mixed Martial Arts. You know what I

Skipping Forward

JASMINE

What?

MR. HOAG

Is that noise?

JASMINE

No.

(MR. HOAG lets it slide.)

(A loud ticking noise.)

DRAKE

Pssst.

JASMINE

What?

DRAKE

What time is it?

JASMINE

Eleven nineteen a.m.

(To the audience)

Two hours passed.

(The clock ticks again.)

DRAKE

What time is it now?

JASMINE

Eleven thirty-one a.m.

(to the audience)

Two hours passed.

(MR. HOAG has fallen asleep.)

DRAKE

What time is it now?

JASMINE

Eleven thirty-one a.m. Really?

(DRAKE comes over.)

DRAKE

What are you in for?

JASMINE
Should you be talking to me? We're going to get in trouble.

DRAKE
We already *are* in trouble. That's why we're here.

JASMINE
Oh. Apparently I had a dangerously troubling psychotic breakdown this morning.

DRAKE
Cool.

JASMINE
What are you in for?

DRAKE
I killed a man.

JASMINE
And they gave you ISS?

DRAKE
Yeah. Four days. It would've been more, but he was only a freshman. No I'm kidding. I'm here because I refused to take the federally-mandated benchmark test.

JASMINE
Why did you refuse to do that?

DRAKE
It was a protest action against the over-reliance on standardized testing. I'm big into protest actions. I have very strong core beliefs.

JASMINE
Wow. I can see why they're trying to break you of that.

DRAKE
Yeah. I also may have flushed my test booklet down the toilet. But that was largely an accident.

JASMINE
Yeah I can see how that might accidentally happen pretty easily.

DRAKE
So why'd you have a psychotic break?

JASMINE

Oh. My stupid ex-boyfriend said hey to me.

DRAKE

You have an ex-boyfriend?

JASMINE

Yeah. He broke my heart. You ever been in love?

DRAKE

No.

JASMINE

Love is awesome for like six weeks, and then it's like – you ever see the movie *Alien*?

DRAKE

Yeah.

JASMIINE

You know where the alien like explodes out of the guy's chest? That's what happens to you after six weeks.

(she makes the motion of an alien exploding out of her chest.)

Blarrrrgh! And then you're left this like hollow shell of a creature while he goes on with his perfectly normal life and says hey to whoever he wants.

DRAKE

That sounds terrible.

JASMINE

Yup. It is. Like walking death.

DRAKE

I'm Drake, by the way.

JASMINE

Jasmine.

DRAKE

Like the Disney princess?

JASMINE

Don't even talk to me about princesses. I will eat your face.

DRAKE

Sorry. I'm not really a big princess guy anyway. I mean I was – but I had a lot of counseling and I've repressed that part of myself.

(JASMINE looks at him.)

JASMINE

You just think you're so funny, Mr. Charming Guy. You just come over here and you're like "I'll just make a bunch of jokes and flirt with the girl who got dumped `cause I'm super nice and whatever" but in reality you're just thinking "I'm gonna see if I can make this girl fall in love with me so I CAN DESTROY HER HEART."

(short pause)

DRAKE

All right I'll just go back to my desk then.

(He gets up.)

JASMINE *(to the audience)*

Okay. Not my finest moment. I seem to be having a lot of them. Day Two of the ISS Sentence of Death.

(MR. HOAG gets up.)

MR. HOAG

I'm gonna say this once and I'm not gonna repeat myself. You people are the dregs of humanity. You are scum. If any of you toad creatures attempt anything, I will personally administer a headlock of such force that I will choke the stupid out of you. You know what I do at night? Mixed Martial Arts. You know what I do on weekends? Mixed Martial Arts. You know what –

JASMINE *(interrupting)*

Do you literally say this every day?

(Pause.)

(MR. HOAG blinks.)

(He approaches.)

MR. HOAG

Would you prefer it if I varied my speeches?

JASMINE

Well, I mean, for those of us who are here multiple days it would make things easier.

MR. HOAG

What type of speech would you prefer I gave?

JASMINE

Um… you know – one where – you lay out the rules nicely and -

MR. HOAG

I'M NOT GOING TO DO THAT YOU SUBHUMAN TOAD CREATURE!!!! AAAAAAH!

JASMINE

Aaaaaah!

MR. HOAG

AAAAAAAAH!

JASMINE

Aaaaaaah!

MR. HOAG

Do we understand each other?

JASMINE

Not really but all right.

MR. HOAG

Now where was I? I lost my train thought. I'm gonna start over. I'm gonna say this once and I'm not gonna repeat myself. You people are the dregs of humanity.

JASMINE

And so he went on like that. And again –

(The INTERPRETIVE DANCERS pound their heads slowly into their desks.)

Until –

(Everyone is asleep again, including MR. HOAG. JASMINE stares forward, unblinking, mouth open. DRAKE watches her for a while, then he comes over.)

DRAKE

You seem nice.

JASMINE

Do you mind? I'm zoning out and wallowing in grief.

DRAKE

Cool. Can I join you in that?

JASMINE

No.

DRAKE

You wanna break out of here? I've spent the last couple of days digging a tunnel through the floor with a cafeteria spoon.

JASMINE

Let me explain this to you in terms you can understand: I am in the middle of an emotional apocalypse. You do not want to be speaking to me.

DRAKE

Right. Okay.

(he just sits there.)

JASMINE

So, anyway – life returned to this.

(BRENDAN walks past her. She doesn't acknowledge him.)

So… you don't even talk to me now, is that it? You can't even smile at me?

BRENDAN

Last time I said anything to you you went insane.

JASMINE

So? So now it's like I don't exist?

BRENDAN

What do you want?

JASMINE

I WANT YOUR HEART! Wait – no – you know what I want? I want you to feel one tiny fraction as bad as I feel, that's what I want. I want it to mean something to you. I want you to be miserable, I want you to trudge around the school like a zombie, not even able to shower or shave or whatever – I want you to be a wreck. And you're not. You're not a wreck!

BRENDAN

Sorry!

JASMINE

You should be!

BRENDAN

I'm so glad I broke up with you by the way, because you're nuts.

JASMINE

Oh yeah? Yeah? I'm gonna get a new boyfriend with bigger muscles and he's gonna fight you! Whenever I want! Like all the time he's just gonna fight you! He's in training right now. You know what he does at night? Mixed Martial Arts. You know what he does on weekends?

BRENDAN

See ya.

(He exits. JASMINE waits there.)

JASMINE

To be clear, I wasn't really suggesting that I was dating the ISS teacher. But –

(DRAKE enters on the phone.)

DRAKE

Hello?

JASMINE

Hello this is Jasmine. From ISS?

DRAKE

Oh hey.

JASMINE

So the last two days you've been hitting on me, right?

DRAKE

Um…

JASMINE

No you can admit it. Let's be adults here.

DRAKE

Uh… I guess. Yeah. I think you're cute.

JASMINE

Okay. How much do you bench press?

DRAKE

I don't really know, actually.

JASMINE

That doesn't help. Are you skilled in any fighting techniques?

DRAKE

No.

JASMINE

Are you willing to learn at least?

DRAKE

I did Tai Chi once.

JASMINE

Is that where you like choke people?

DRAKE

No you just salute the morning and stretch.

JASMINE

Oh man. All right fine.

DRAKE

Fine what?

JASMINE

You can take me out.

DRAKE

I wasn't even asking you out.

JASMINE

Yes you were.

DRAKE

No I wasn't.

JASMINE

You can be my rebound guy.

DRAKE

I'm not asking you out.

JASMINE

Well I wasn't even accepting for real.

DRAKE

I just thought you were cute. I had no ulterior motive.

JASMINE

I'm helping you. I'm guiding you through the process of asking me out.

DRAKE

No you're not. You're shoving me through the process.

JASMINE

You need help.

DRAKE

You need more help! I'm gonna hang up now, okay? And I want you to consider your life choices right now.

JASMINE

You really think I'm cute?

DRAKE

I think you're nuts.

JASMINE

Is that cute?

DRAKE

Bye, Jasmine.

JASMINE *(to the audience)*

So I did the only thing I could do.

(JASMINE lies flat on her back. Adele's "Someone like you" (or other weepy lost love song play). JASMINE sings along very loudly.)

JASMINE *(singing)*

Never mind, I'll fiiind, someone like youuuuu…
I wish nothing but the best for youuuuuuu too
Don't forget me, I think I remember you say…
Sometimes it lasts in love, and sometimes it hurts instead….
Sometimes it lasts in love, and sometimes it hurts instead…

(JASMINE'S MOM enters. JASMINE rewinds the music and starts it again.)

JASMINE'S MOM

Honey?

JASMINE *(singing)*

Never mind, I'll fiiiind, someone like youuuuu…

JASMINE'S MOM

Sweetheart?

(JASMINE'S MOM turns off the music.)

JASMINE

Do you mind? I'm wallowing.

JASMINE'S MOM

You've been playing that song for nine hours.

End of Excerpt
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