

FREAK

by Naomi Iizuka and Ryan Pavelchik

Scene 1

(The parking lot in the early morning before school begins. SKATER BOY skates in circles. SURFER GIRL sits reading a beat up copy of Ovid's "Metamorphoses." She looks up from her book.)

SURFER GIRL. Check it out: if you could make a statue of anything, like anything in the world, and you could make the statue like all of a sudden come to life, what would you make?

SKATER. A Ferrari, candy apple red. And then I'd sell it, buy a van, a couple of boards, two tickets to Indo. Indo would be dope.

SURFER GIRL. Yeah, but you can't sculpt a Ferrari.

SKATER. It's like a hypothetical. You can do anything you want in a hypothetical. Why?

SURFER GIRL. I just read this story.

SKATER. What story?

SURFER GIRL. It's just this story about this guy. He's like this sculptor and he's really lonely, and so he makes this girl like out of marble or something, and she comes to life and they hook up.

SKATER. That's cool.

SURFER GIRL. Kinda. I mean it's also kinda creepy.

SKATER. You think that guy, you think he ever touched a chick's body before?

SURFER GIRL. You mean before the whole statue thing?

SKATER. Yeah.

SURFER GIRL. I don't know. Maybe he like brushed up against some lady on the street. He's supposed to be all pure of heart which I'm guessing means like he never, you know. Well, you know.

SKATER. I bet the chick he made was all like tweaked cause he never touched a girl before. I bet she was all tweaked underneath.

SURFER GIRL. What do you mean?

SKATER. You know, like...tweaked.

SURFER GIRL. I know what like tweaked means, what do you mean by tweaked?

SKATER. What? You want me to like spell it out for you?

SURFER GIRL. Yeah.

SKATER. Well, it'd be kinda like, like...

SURFER GIRL. You don't even know.

SKATER. How do you know I don't know?

SURFER GIRL. I know.

SKATER. You don't know.

SURFER GIRL. I know.

SKATER. That's so cold.

(The NEW GIRL stops near them. She takes out a large pack of gum, unwraps each piece and fills her mouth with gum. She tilts her head back to chew the massive wad without drooling. She chews and chews. She blows a gigantic bubble, pops it and sucks it all back into her mouth. Then spits the wad into her palm and carefully shapes a little human figurine.)

SKATER. Whoa.

SURFER GIRL. Nice.

NEW GIRL. Nice.

SKATER. That was sick. You're —

NEW GIRL. Sick.

SKATER. Yeah.

(The NEW GIRL walks away.)

SKATER. Who is that?

SURFER GIRL. She's this new girl. I think she's maybe like an exchange student or something.

SKATER. Wow. *(Beat.)* You know, I think the statue, it came to life cause the guy took one look at her, and he was like blown away, cause she was like no other girl he ever knew, and he wanted her worse than anything.

SURFER GIRL. It's just a story.

SKATER. What if it's not? I mean like, what if it's not just a story? What if it's like bigger? What if it means something?

SURFER GIRL. I don't know. Don't get all philosophical on me. It's way too early in the morning.

Scene 2

(The sound of a whistle. The high school swimming pool. Morning swim practice is finished. SWIMMER is getting out of the pool. ROCKER BOY is waiting for him.)

ROCKER BOY. Nice Speedos.

SWIMMER. These are for speed not style, Band Boy.

ROCKER BOY. I'm bringing the cut-off jean shorts back.

SWIMMER. Nice Capri pants.

ROCKER BOY. Capri pants aren't all frayed at the bottom.

SWIMMER. At least they're not Daisy Dukes.

ROCKER BOY. Daisy what?

SWIMMER. That hot chick on Dukes of Hazard? She like wore these short shorts? Never mind.

ROCKER BOY. These aren't short.

SWIMMER. They're Capri pants.

ROCKER BOY. You'll be sporting them in six months.