

Rick makes himself scarce.

SUSAN: Yes?

MONA: Could you get me some Vaseline? The monitor is chaffing.

SUSAN: Sure.

MONA: And an orange juice?

SUSAN: Yup.

Susan obeys her daughter. Mona starts to cry.

SUSAN: Honey.

Susan wraps Mona in a hug.

SUSAN: Honey. What's wrong?

MONA: I'd rather be in jail.

SHIFT

SCENE 3

Jay and Mona

It's late at night. Mona is going through her backpack. She grabs hold of something and pulls up a Ziplock baggy of Magic Mushrooms. Light shines out of the baggy. She is about to eat a bite then stops. She runs down the stairs and comes back up with Jay who is putting on a helmet.

MONA: Why do you have a helmet?

JAY: Cuz.

MONA: Cuz why?

JAY: Last time I did them I fainted.

MONA: Oh, shit really?

JAY: Yeah, it wasn't a big deal.

MONA: You sure?

JAY: It's a low blood pressure thing.

MONA: Well -

JAY: I don't want to faint and hit my head or some shit.

MONA: Right on. A drug helmet.

JAY: Whatever.

MONA: Did you have fun the last time you did them?

JAY: Not really.

While Mona is talking, Jay eats 2 stems and a cap.

MONA: These are better. The best. My friend Saffron forages for them on Saturna Island. He lives there alone with some wolves. He's kinda weird cuz' he only comes to the city once a year to sell them. Severe social anxiety and culture shock. He calls the city a "concrete cage".
Also, they are really strong so you should only have like, a stem.

JAY: *(Chewing)* I had more than that.

MONA: Oh. Well...fine. I will too. I'm sure it's fine.

JAY: K, thanks.

Mona eats the shrooms. Jay goes to leave.

MONA: Wait... where are you going?

JAY: To my room?

MONA: Wait... stay up here. We should hang out. At least for a bit. I'm like the cool big sister giving her bro some drugs.

JAY: ...K.

Jay goes to the couch and takes out his phone.

MONA: What are you looking at?

JAY: Instagram

MONA: Instagram is a waste of time.

JAY: I know.

Beat.

MONA: Can I look with you?

JAY: Uh...

MONA: *(giving him a look)*

JAY: Fine.

Mona goes behind the couch and looks at Jay's phone.

MONA: Who is that?

JAY: Who?

MONA: That?

JAY: Melissa?

MONA: Wait. Your girlfriend Melissa Buckley from high school?

JAY: Ex-girlfriend.

MONA: Jesus, what happened to her face?

JAY: I think maybe she got like injections or somethin'?

MONA: Melissa Buckley got fillers? She's nineteen. What the fuck does a nineteen-year-old get fillers for?

JAY: I dunno. To feel better about herself?

MONA: Well, she looks insane.

JAY: Yeah...

MONA: Do you *like* that look?

JAY: I dunno.

MONA: Pornstar-baby-fuck-face look? (*Impression – holding her lips open and putting on a porn-esque voice*). “I’m a feminist, promoting body positivity. Drink this tummy tea and lose 30 pounds of diarrhea in a week, hashtag every body is beautiful.”

JAY: Please don’t do that voice ever again.

MONA: (*porn-esque voice*) What? This voice? You don’t want your big sister to -

JAY: Ew. Shut up.

MONA: (*laughing*) I’m sorry. It’s just insane. Do you know labiaplasty’s are the most popular procedures in plastic surgery? *Your* friends are getting their labia’s cut off because everyone in porn has them cut off so instead of a full lippy vulva... it’s just a hole. A fucking fuck-hole.

JAY: Can we not talk about it?

MONA: Fine.

Silence.

JAY: So, like... how long are you imprisoned here for?

MONA: A year.

Jay makes a face.

MONA: What?

JAY: Nothing.

MONA: Well, it’s obviously something.

JAY: It’s just...a year is a long time.

MONA: Believe me... I know.

JAY: Like, for mom and dad.

MONA: Oh.

JAY: You’re...you’re kind of... a bully.

MONA: A bully?!

JAY: I mean... yeah.

MONA: In what way?

JAY: You just sort of get loud at everything.

MONA: And...

JAY: And it sort of sucks the air out of the room.

MONA: How does that make me a bully?

JAY: It's like... this is mom and dad's house... you know?

MONA: I know.

JAY: I mean... nevermind.

MONA: No, not nevermind. Tell me. How am I a bully?

JAY: What you're doing right now.

MONA: What?!

JAY: Just like *on* stuff.

MONA: What?

JAY: Fuck. You're just like judging everything.

MONA: Well –

JAY: It's like... I'm at home.

MONA: I know.

JAY: Why can't we just chill?

MONA: I thought we were.

JAY: This isn't chilling.

MONA: Well, what is?

JAY: Just sitting, man. And like... not saying shit. Mean shit or like, any shit.

MONA: What have I said that's mean?

JAY: About Melissa's face?

MONA: Oh, come on.

JAY: Just, like... It was *her* choice.

MONA: I only said that because I don't think it *is* her choice. I think she's been on Instagram so long she feels like dog shit about her flat face and spent all of her parent's money / on

JAY: Parent's money?!

MONA: on filling her face up with toxic waste.

JAY: See?

MONA: But I'm not being mean. I feel bad for her. I liked her flat face.

JAY: Maybe she's happier now.

MONA: I doubt it.

JAY: That's not really feminist.

MONA: What?

JAY: I'm just saying... isn't feminism just like... more supportive than that?

MONA: That's the exact reason I got rid of my iPhone and got this.

Takes out a flip phone.

JAY: You didn't get rid of your phone because of that.

MONA: Um – yeah, I did.

JAY: No. You got rid of your phone cuz you got cancelled.

MONA: No – I mean – Yes, but it was sort of more of a call-in.

JAY: You took over that peaceful protest and tried to smash a police car.

MONA: I was trying / to

JAY: You forced the entire Global Climate March to shut down. People got arrested because of you. People who don't have lawyers for Uncles.

MONA: I was just trying / to -

JAY: The news only covered *your* arrest. Not the protest. Not the message. It's freakin' embarrassing.

MONA: I didn't mean for it to -

JAY: Like, you're a meme now.

MONA: I am?

JAY: To explain privilege.

MONA: Great.

JAY: My friends tagged me in posts about you. It fucking sucked.

MONA: Well, I can't control your -


JAY: You took over that protest. You've already taken over this house.... You're a fucking dictator.

MONA: A dictator?!

JAY: You deserved to be cancelled.

MONA: Okay.

JAY: Like, what happened?

Beat. 

MONA: Remember when I did that earth day video years ago where I played the weather girl? The one that went viral and got, like, five hundred thousand views in a day?

JAY: Yeah.

MONA: That was really exciting because I was like, this is going to change people and make a big difference. But, in the comments section? People wished for my death. People threatened me. They hacked into my Facebook. Someone said, "I hope you get raped and thrown in a ditch". Honestly, that one didn't hurt as much as like hundreds of people saying that they hate the sound of my voice. What's wrong with my voice? Do I have a weird voice?

JAY: It's just trolls.

MONA: Yeah, trolls. But all the people who *liked* the video were probably just sharing it to make themselves look better ~~to their friends~~ and the ones who didn't? They were never going to let a stupid video change their minds. Never. And then, at the march, I was walking with my sign and chanting with everyone, and it hit me: this isn't enough. This peaceful shit is not enough. All the protests, all the donations, all the fundraisers, all the years of my life. All of it... not enough.

Cuz, like, I collected thousands of signatures for the SITE C petition but the dam is being built. And I've been fighting against the Transmountain Pipeline since 2013 and that thing is now 80 per cent done.

Then I saw these two cops leaning against their car, wearing their fucking riot gear and I realized, this isn't just a protest anymore. This is a war. And if I don't fight, nothing will ever change. And this rage like exploded out of me. And I –

JAY: You went full dictator.

MONA: So yeah, maybe you're right. Maybe I deserve to be cancelled. But I've given my life to this shit. I've sacrificed my literal freedom. And those cancel-fucks on Instagram, what sacrifices have *they* made? What environmental work are they doing? Besides using a paper straw in their Starbucks. So the fact that I got their attention. That I pushed them to talk about this shit. It's kind of a win. Even though now I'm stuck here. Fuck. I dunno. Life is fuckin' hard.

JAY: Yeah. It is.

MONA: I don't know what I'd do if I had a mental illness on top of that. You're fucked.

JAY: Thanks.

MONA: I don't know what I'd do if I had a mental illness on top of that. You're fucked.