

# The Girl in the Picture

By Taylor Shann

## SCENE ONE

*JODI and LAYLA in JODI'S room. LAYLA is reading a fantasy book on a beanbag. JODI stands at her door, shouting down to her mother.*

JODI:

Yeah, well, if I *wanted* to go with you to the store, you should have *known that* before you went! It's called *logic*, mom! Get some! (slams door, then screams, venting)

LAYLA:

What was that about?

JODI:

Oh, stupid. My mom keeps saying that we're gonna *fight*, because now I'm a *teenager* and that's what moms *do* with their teenage daughters. So she says.

LAYLA:

... but don't you and your mom get along?

JODI:

I know, right? What the hell? I'm like, it's called a self fulfilling prophecy, and she's like go to your room and I'm like *Mom*, I'm already *in* my room, that's where it all started- I need rant music-(she holds out a cd) Mix A, Mix B, Mix C... you'd think he'd label them...

LAYLA:

Think it'll snow soon?

JODI:

I hope so. A snow day would be *great*. Cause, it'd fund the local economy, all those snow plow guys, and Ms. Glaptits would get a day off and get off my ass about the F'in Hawley-Smoot Tarriff-

LAYLA:

(turns) Glaptits? You mean Ms. Glaydis?

JODI:

(giggles) That's what Joe started calling her. Cause her huge chest goes *glapglapglap* every time she's hovering over you.

LAYLA:

Joe's stupid.

JODI:

No, Joe's smart. Joe's *jokes* are stupid.

LAYLA:

Joe's stupid.

JODI:

Whatever. He's tall and he doesn't make fun of me, that's- (turns up the volume) Hot. This is hot.

LAYLA:

This is *loud*.

*JODI laughs and begins to rock out. LAYLA smiles, watching.*

JODI:

See, the socioeconomic undertones of this song, is the right of girl rock to rock out. And *that* is what matters. (Turns on Computer) So, what are you getting me for Christmas?

LAYLA:

Jews don't celebrate Christmas.

JODI:

C'mon, Lay! This is America! Everyone celebrates Christmas! Even the Athiests give presents!

LAYLA:

I'm not getting you anything for Christmas. You don't celebrate Christmas.

JODI:

You celebrate Christmas.

LAYLA:

My parents just ask me for a list of what I want, and I give it to them and I get some of it. Then we go see a movie. Very religious and holy, I assure you.

JODI:

I'm getting you something for Christmas. (to the tune of the song) CHRIST-Mas, CHRIST-Mas-

LAYLA:

I'm not stopping you. (gets up and leaves, Jodi doesn't notice)

JODI:

What are you getting me for Christmas? Na na na na na na. What are you getting me for CHRISITMAS? Na na na na na na-(turns towards where Layla is, stops) na. Na.

**SCENE TWO:**

*Layla and Jodi on Instant Messaging. Stage this as you will.*

JODI:  
ChicFluxRock22 has signed on.

LAYLA:  
Eowyn1R2RTA: hi

JODI:  
ChicFluxRock22 : hello.

LAYLA:  
Eowyn1R2RTA: how friendly/unfriendly.

JODI:  
ChicFluxRock22 : what do you prefer? howdy? hihi? hola?

LAYLA:  
Eowyn1R2RTA: you've said them all before

JODI:  
ChicFluxRock22 : I like to mix it up. hello is acceptably cheery, I feel. does it need the exclamation mark to work?

LAYLA:  
Eowyn1R2RTA: I think the period conveys chilliness in IM. a hello there or hello, smiley face, or even just hey... even hello, no period, has a certain shortness, that, ironically, is not found in

JODI:  
ChicFluxRock22 : well, let's start over. Hey hey, Layla Johnson! Smiley face. Or even, Grinning Face! How'sa by you?

LAYLA:  
Eowyn1R2RTA: hello.

JODI:  
(beat) ChicFluxRock22: I see what you mean.  
ChicFluxRock22: Hey, layla.

LAYLA:  
Eowyn1R2RTA: what?

JODI:  
ChicFluxRock22: Merry Christmas!

LAYLA:  
Eowyn1R2RTA: Would you shut-

JODI:  
ChicFluxRock22 Has signed off!

LAYLA:

Eowyn1R2RTA: Damn.

JODI:  
ChicFluxRock22 is no longer available.

LAYLA:  
Eowyn1R2RTA: I know!

JODI:  
ChicFluxRock22 is no longer available.

**Scene Three:**

*Back in Jodi's room, late. Layla's on a sleeping bag, rooting through her backpack. Jodi lays in her bed, staring up at the wall.*

JODI:

Can it be like, fun for them, you think?

LAYLA:

Can what be who where?

JODI:

The *asking*. The walk over. The (hand gesture) "Gee I was *wondering*... if you're not doing anything on *prom night*?!" Gee, what the hell am I doing on Prom Night? Twiddle twiddle twiddle twiddle my thumbs, that's what I'm going to do, idiot.

LAYLA:

No one says Gee anymore.

JODI:

Joe's gonna ask me out.

LAYLA:

Joe's stupid. (finds her book, pulls it out)

JODI:

But he keeps turning away, he's like, avoiding me, which means I know- I think I know- he likes me, I guess, I don't know. (beat) But he's gonna ask me. (beat) No one makes six Mix CDs for someone lightly. (beat) I mean, those CD-R things are expensive. Right?

LAYLA:

Allow me to hypothesize the following: The wrong person asking, you are.

JODI

If he doesn't ask me, Martin will-

LAYLA:

Martin's stupid.

JODI:

No, Martin, is, like, a G.D. idiot savant, except he's just an idiot. And he's- (sits up) Well he's not my first choice and neither is Joe, but Joe I will *choose* to say, Why No, I'm not doing anything. How delightful of you to think of-

LAYLA:

All boys are stupid.

JODI:

(looks at Layla) We're not in the 7<sup>th</sup> grade anymore, Layz.

LAYLA:

(flips a page) As I get smarter and older, I find only confirmation in my beliefs.

JODI:

(grabs the book flips through it quickly) Elves, Orcs and Starships. Oh my! (drops it) I can't believe you're re-reading this. Even in the 7<sup>th</sup> grade, this was my least favorite.

LAYLA

(patiently finds her place again) Boys are stupid, Elves are cool.

JODI:

I mean, *yes*, boys are stupid, but, stupid and cute, some of them, not Martin *definitely* not Martin, but through that stupidity, there is a sort of... you become-

LAYLA:

Stupider.

JODI:

(stands) You're in a mood. And it's 'less intelligent'. I think. Don't let my mom hear you saying stupider, I'll, like, never hear the end of it. (shuffles through her CDs) What to play, what to play...

LAYLA:

(stops rooting, looks up) Hey.

JODI:

You know what, I *like* Marcy Playground. I don't care what people say.

LAYLA

Um. About Christmas...

JODI:

Oh! Damn it! You! Hold on! Hold on!

*Jodi runs into her closet. Layla pulls out a small box wrapped poorly. When Jodi walks back in, Layla hides the package.*

JODI:

Damn it Damn it Damn it! It's still downstairs. Hold on- don't go anywhere-

LAYLA:

(smiles) Where would I go?

*JODI runs downstairs. LAYLA stops smiling, looks at the mirror at herself. She stands, moving the light, holding the present. She puts it down on the bed, looks at the mirror. She turns her head, lifts her chin up to a certain angle, moves her hair to the side. Pause. Using the her other hand, she turns down the light next to the bed and looks again. Finally, a smile.*

JODI: (offstage)

Now I know I don't celebrate Christmas -(Layla spins, knocking the light over) and neither do you really and we've gone through this for the last three years but I got you a present anyway so shut the hell up and take-

LAYLA:

(thrusts the gift out) Merry Christmas!

JODI:

I knew! I knew you couldn't resist! You didn't have to- neither did I, but- you go first! You go first!

LAYLA:

... (opens it) a picture frame.

JODI:

(giant grin) It's got a *dradle* on it.

LAYLA:  
Yeah. Yeah I got that.

JODI:  
Well, I thought you should know that my people killed your people's God so you could get it!!

LAYLA:  
Very... kosher of you.

*They both crack up, Layla takes her present out of the bag as Jodi hits play on the CD player.*

JODI:  
Now me! Me!

LAYLA:  
I thought...

JODI:  
What- (opens it, stops, looks at her) Oh.

LAYLA:  
I thought, like, um. Real presents. So.

*Jodi runs over and hugs her. Layla doesn't know what to do.*

JODI:  
I *can't* believe you- oh my god, nothing I got this year was that cool- (she pulls it out, it's a digital camera)

LAYLA:  
I mean, you don't have to go all Gandalf crazy over it, my dad got an extra so he-

JODI:  
I mean, this was what I like really wanted and- hey- was this planned? Did you know I was getting you that crappy frame?

LAYLA:  
No.

JODI:  
Oh my god you got me a camera and all I got you was a crappy frame. I am the worst friend ever.

LAYLA:  
(smiles) sa'bright

JODI:  
The hell it is! Ummmm... look, (opens the box) put in the batteries! Now! (goes to her CD pile) You're getting a present right now.

LAYLA:  
That's really not...

JODI:  
Smashing Pumpkins, STP, Saaaaaaa- (finds it) tana! Santana- pressing play, batteries in?

LAYLA:  
Um.

JODI:  
Picture and a dance! (takes her hands, forces her to dance, it is awkward)

LAYLA:  
Hey...

JODI:  
Listen to the lyrics! (sings along) "Well it's too late to say you're sorry..."

LAYLA:  
sorry...

JODI:  
"How would I know? Why should I care?"

LAYLA:  
(beginning to relax) care...

JODI:  
"She's not THEEEERRREEE!!" (lets go of Layla, jumps on the bed and dances, shouts over the music)  
They don't make rock like this anymore. This was like, Rock before Rock was Rock! Oh! (turns off the music) A picture! A picture for your crappy frame, give me the camera-

LAYLA:  
I don't want a picture.

JODI:  
Hush.

LAYLA:  
I'm just saying, is all, I don't need-

JODI:  
Hush and get in the picture. (she does, Jodi holds the camera out for both of them) Best Christmas ever!  
Mazel to-

*The camera goes off, with the flash. Right in their eyes.*

JODI:  
Ow!

LAYLA:  
Jodi, I think I blinked.

JODI:  
I think I'm *blind*.



## SCENE FOUR

*Back online.*

LAYLA:

Eowyn1R2RTA has signed on.

Eowyn1R2RTA: Hey, J. You there?

JODI:

Away Message from ChicFluxRock22: Despite all my rage I am just a rat in a cage. Despite all my rage I am just a rat in a cage. Despite all my rage I am just a rat in a... CAAAAGGGGE!!! Bullet With Butterfly Wings, The Smashing Pumpkins. Hellz yeah!

LAYLA:

Eowyn1R2RTA: I gotta tell you, I've been listening to the album, both discs and iiiiii just don't get it.

Eowyn1R2RTA: I mean, I get that he's angry. But I don't get the... point?

Eowyn1R2RTA: Especially not when I'm trying to write, cause... I mean. Hey. Enya works better for fantasy than rock. What can I say?

Eowyn1R2RTA: C'mon, J, where are ya? Come back to the land of the online dead! Weeeee missssss yooooouuuuu, weee miss-

JODI:

Away Message from ChicFluxRock22: Despite all my rage I am just a rat in a cage. Despite all my rage I am just a-

LAYLA:

Eowyn1R2RTA: Yeah, yeah, I get it.

Eowyn1R2RTA: Meh.

Eowyn1R2RTA: You know what it is? Even the angriest these guys get, it's still about love, getting it or losing it or whatever-

Eowyn1R2RTA: and if it's not elves, I'm just not interested. No rock star's gonna kill himself over me, not unless I go bullemic.

Eowyn1R2RTA: Alright, I'm out. Fly, fly fly away-

JODI:

ChicFluxRock22 is no longer away. ChicFluxRock22: Lays!

LAYLA:

Away message from Eowyn1R2RTA: Meh.

JODI:

ChicFluxRock22: Joe asked me out! I'm going to prom! Seven Mix Cds, Seven! AAAAAAAAAA! Call me!

ChicFluxRock22 has signed off.

SCENE FIVE

*Jodi's house. They're both dressed to go out. Well, Jodi is dressed for a rock concert, and Layla is at least dressed to go outside. Jodi stands in front of the mirror.*

LAYLA:  
So, technically, he didn't actually ask-

JODI  
He asked me to a rock concert a month before. If that's not a commercial for the real thing then, like, what is. And I know that's a shallow thing to say, shut up.

LAYLA:  
There's nothing left to say.

JODI:  
Would you *get up* here and *take a look*. (Layla grunts and stands) How do I look?

LAYLA:  
Trampish.

JODI:  
Honestly?

LAYLA:  
Honestly? Whorish. As your friend? Trampish. (turns to sit)

JODI:  
Sttttaayyy up here. I'm going to trampify you if it kills me.

LAYLA:  
Shut up.

JODI:  
Would you just look- look in the mirror, focus! There. (beat) What we have and what we show. That's what my bubby says. When she doesn't make me feel guilty for existing.

LAYLA:  
I get this crap from my mom, J.

JODI:  
I'm just saying! You've got this cool, cool natural beauty-

LAYLA:  
Oh, Natural. Natural. And I've got a lovely personality, too.

JODI:  
And if you just tarted it up a bit, I mean... Joe said Martin was coming.

LAYLA:  
Thank you and goodnight (jumps onto beanbag) Have fun

JODI:  
What is the problem. Lady Dracula?

LAYLA:

Look... I just-

JODI:

What?

LAYLA:

I just don't like looking at myself, that's all.

JODI:

Layla! That's... I mean that is so f'd up I don't even know where to start.

LAYLA:

When the light hits here. (moves her head) When it's right there. And it puts my cheeks into shadow. And the hair falls here. Like yours? (looks in the mirror) If I could stay like that, at all times. I'd be alright. But the light doesn't hit there, and my hair is the rebel army trying to break away from Hoth and I take the world's worst picture. So. (sits in the beanbag) I am content to be a bucket of grease covering a bag of ideas.

JODI:

That is so beyond f'd up. (beat) Bucket of Grease?

LAYLA:

Covering a bag of ideas. Jessica, in English. Bucket of Grease Covering a Bag of Ideas.

JODI:

(looks away) Well. She's an idiot. (beat) Are you coming?

LAYLA:

I believe there's more to life than sitting at home and wondering what combination of vintage t-shirt and jeans will make some boy I don't even like want to make a move.  
As this is still America, I fully respect your Constitutional right to believe otherwise.

JODI:

Ah-ha... but I *do* like Joe.

LAYLA:

Me? Talking about me? It's not all about you. Not all the time. (beat) I-

JODI

(pulls out her camera) I want tonight to be fun. I really do. And I want you to be there. (beat) And I sort of already paid for your ticket.

SCENE SIX

*Back to the IM.*

JODI:

ChicFluxRock22: Hey, you there?

LAYLA:

Away Message from Eowyn1R2RTA: Aragorn: Are you frightened? Frodo: Yes! Aragorn: Not frightened enough! What, exactly was Frodo supposed to say? Yes, I'm crapping my boots? Face with tounge stinking out.

JODI:

ChicFluxRock22: Why'd you leave?

ChicFluxRock22: Hello??

(beat)

ChicFluxRock22: Layla

ChicFluxRock22: you got my on my knees...

ChicFluxRock22: : *laayyylllaaaaa*...

ChicFluxRock22: I had a great time, hope u did too

(turns halfway)

ChicFluxRock22: oh, hey some great person gave me a camera, and then I took a picture of me and this great person

ChicFluxRock22: but then *she* left...

ChicFluxRock22: so I couldn't show her the picture

ChicFluxRock22: so.

ChicFluxRock22 wants to send a file: "jlconcert03.jpg."

ChicFluxRock22: accept.

ChicFluxRock22: accept the file, biznitch!

ChicFluxRock22: oh crap, I think I just deleted them off the camera

## SCENE SEVEN

*JODI's room. JODI is playing the guitar, LAYLA sits, stonefaced, reading.*

JODI

(practicing guitar) You know, I don't care how loud I'm playing album. If it's music from my Dad's CD collection, I really don't think it qualifies as teenage rebellion. (Layla says nothing, flips the page) And tab here for a C... (twang of the guitar) Yeah. That, sounds just like Paul McCartney. (twang) It's like Mom, it's Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds, it's not like it's advocating drugs or sex, and she's like, that's *exactly* what it's advocating, and I'm like- index finger to third string (twang) It's like, it's a song about a freakin *girl in a boat on a river*. I mean I know it's a metaphor but really mom, it's beautiful, you should hear what some of my CDs are about. (twang, sigh) Now I have to buy all my Radiohead CDs again. Or have Joe just burn them for me. He-

LAYLA:

GOD! Joe, joey, joe-joe- joesph, Jehovah, joe-halla, your mama joe, it's raining Joe do you ever stop with the JOE!?

JODI:

(after a beat) This next one goes out to my number one fan... It's called (twang, she sings) *Overrreaccttingg... gg... that's all I got.* (Layla throws something at her) What? What? It's *conceptual*. (nothing) C'mon. That was funny.

LAYLA:

Are you going to Prom with Joe?

JODI:

Yeah. (clicks her tongue, Layla says nothing.) And. Yeah, I said yes. I mean, Why shouldn't I? It's not like time. like. stops or starts on the decision. It's just Prom. You wear a pretty, pricey dress and everyone takes pictures and then... you kiss a little and tell them to back off and you go home and then you have school in two days. (smiles) He's gonna wear a white tux, he said. And. We're gonna. He said Martin would ask, you. If he knew you'd say yes. So. (beat) Okay. Well. I'm gonna go to sleep. And. (stands, at a loss) I guess. We'll talk tomorrow. Or. Not. (turns off the light)

LAYLA:

Can I use your computer?

JODI:

Sure. Just turn off the monitor when you're done. (Layla begins typing, Jodi stares up) Layla? If it's a deal, I mean. You're my best friend, you know?

*Layla stares at the monitor, says nothing.*

SCENE EIGHT

*On IM:*

JODI:

ChicFluxRock22 has signed on. (beat)

ChicFluxRock22: Hey, Layz?

ChicFluxRock22: You there?

LAYLA:

Eowyn1R2RTA: hey

JODI:

ChicFluxRock22: what's up with the pictures?

LAYLA:

Eowyn1R2RTA: which

JODI:

ChicFluxRock22: the pictures on my computer? That are now significantly different?

LAYLA:

Eowyn1R2RTA oh, I photoshopped some of them

JODI:

ChicFluxRock22: Yeah, I can see that- awkward face.

LAYLA:

Eowyn1R2RTA: yeah I changed the lighting- the focus was way off

JODI:

ChicFluxRock22: Look, the issue isn't

ChicFluxRock22: I mean, sure, lighting fine

LAYLA:

Eowyn1R2RTA: Okay, so, I cut Joe out of one of them, haha-

Eowyn1R2RTA: sorry

JODI:

ChicFluxRock22: are you actually pretending you don't know what I'm talking about?

ChicFluxRock22: Layla, you cut yourself out of my pictures

LAYLA:

Eowyn1R2RTA: ?

JODI:

ChicFluxRock22: Photoshopped, whatever. All the concert photos of us- you're not there

ChicFluxRock22: not like *cut* out, like you were never there- altered

ChicFluxRock22: did you change these when I was asleep?

LAYLA:

Eowyn1R2RTA: no

JODI:

ChicFluxRock22: these are the only ones I have, I deleted them off the camera

ChicFluxRock22: Layla, what the hell? seriously  
ChicFluxRock22: are you pissed at me? Did I do something?  
ChicFluxRock22: Layz, talk to me

LAYLA:  
Eowyn1R2TA: when you're at prom, can I stay at your place? Wait for you to get back

JODI:  
ChicFluxRock22: you're not going?

LAYLA  
Eowyn1R2TA: I'd really rather be somewhere so my parents don't ask  
Eowyn1R2TA: and I'll be a safeguard, if you don't come home I'll call  
Eowyn1R2TA: Joe alarm system, smiley face (beat)  
Eowyn1R2TA: I'm sorry about the pictures it's just a thing but I really need somewhere Eowyn1R2TA: I  
want my parents to stop asking I'll make it up to you ok? please  
Eowyn1R2TA: if it's not a deal  
Eowyn1R2TA: and I need the camera

JODI:  
ChicFluxRock22: k  
ChicFluxRock22 has signed off

SCENE NINE

*LAYLA sits in JODI's room, waiting. She has put on a slight bit of makeup, and hugs her usual hoodie sweatshirt over a simple black dress. She looks over at the mirror, stares hard. Then we hear JODI coming up to the room.*

JODI: (offstage singing)  
No one told me about her, The way she lied  
Well, no one told me about her- la la na nacried

*LAYLA clicks something on the computer, then stands, smiling nervously. JODI stumbles in, giggling and singing at a whisper.*

JODI:  
Well, it's too late to say you're sorry, How would I know, why should I care  
Please don't bother trying to find her (closes the door, points at LAYLA) She's not theeeeeeeeeeeere...

LAYLA:  
Hi.

JODI:  
(grabs Layla to dance) Well, let me tell you about the way she looked, The way she acted, the color of her hair-

LAYLA:  
Did you have fun?

JODI:  
Her voice is soft and cool, Her eyes are clear and bright, But shes not drunk...

LAYLA:  
I don't think that's the line.

JODI:  
I am, I hiccup. (hiccups, falls back on the bed) Oooohhh... I never thought something so stupid could be so fun...

LAYLA:  
(looks at the computer)  
I have something to show you.

JODI:  
I mean it was stupid, yeah, but, Joe's friend snuck in this swing CD and we were dancing all over the place and Martin, total dork, spilled all of this punch all over his suit, and it was like, so sad and funny at the same time- you were totally right not to go with him-

LAYLA:  
C'mon. I have something to show you-

JODI:  
But you should have gone, you should have gone- it was so, we made fun of the Britney Horowitz and Meredith Miller and- oh. (stares) Wait. This is you, now. There. But that was then. (groans, rubs her head) sparkling grape juice my ass, Joesph William-

LAYLA:  
I put myself back in the pictures.



JODI:

...yeah, I, I got that.

LAYLA:

I'm sorry I took myself out... but now, I'm in there- from the right angle. The right light.

JODI:

But I don't get why you cut yourself out in the first place... and you spent tonight putting yourself back in? That's why you needed the camera? (beat) Layla, this is weird.

LAYLA

(quietly) I did it for you.

JODI:

Yeah, and that's... weirder. (beat, then Jodi laughs) Did Joe put you up to this? He said he'd burn a CD for you, actually, he said you should have come-

LAYLA:

*I don't talk to Joe! When did this happen, when did he infect you- you didn't care at all about this music, you don't like it! I know you don't! It's cause of that stupid boy!*

JODI:

Uh. Yes, I do. Well before. Why are you shouting at me?

LAYLA:

Joe. Joesph. Yeah, nice *Jewish* boy with a last name like Gallagher!

JODI:

Whoa, mom-cop, I'm not going to *marry* him. He's just my boyfriend.

*A silence.*

LAYLA:

Boyfriend. You let him *kiss* you?

JODI:

Maybe.

LAYLA:

You let him get you *drunk* and feel you up?

JODI:

What is *wrong with you!*? I went out and had a good time on my prom night, like you're supposed to! You stayed here and screwed with photos from a rock concert! What am I supposed to do with that, Layla? What am I supposed to say other than f off!?

LAYLA:

(sits, quietly) I'm sorry. I took myself out, but I put myself back in. For you.

JODI:

It's, fine, I just don't understand... any of it. (Layla hugs Jodi, suddenly) Oh... okay. It's alright. Layz, why are you crying? (Layla holds tighter, Jodi stiffens) Oh. I. Oh.

*Layla moves in to kiss Jodi, Jodi expects this and turns her cheek, not unkindly. Layla sags, kisses her on the cheek. Jodi gently disentangles herself.*

JODI:  
Layz. Go home.

LAYLA:  
I wanted...

JODI:  
Go home. It's okay.

LAYLA:  
I put myself back in the pictures.

JODI:  
I appreciate it. Don't think I don't. Really.

LAYLA:  
But I-

JODI:  
You're my best friend, Layz. (beat) My only best friend. Now go home.

*Jodi turns off the light.*

**SCENE TEN:**

*Over IM. Late.*

JODI:  
ChicFluxRock22: Hi.

LAYLA:  
Eowyn1R2RTA: Hello. (beat)

JODI:  
ChicFluxRock22: I just want to say- backspace backspace backspace. It was really messed up when-  
backspace backspace backspace- you're still-

LAYLA:  
Eowyn1R2RTA: It's no big thing. I'm not going to slit my wrists or kill your mom. I wish you and Joe  
luck. So, luck.

JODI:  
ChicFluxRock22: For what, our honeymoon????  
ChicFluxRock22: I still want to be friends.

LAYLA:  
Eowyn1R2RTA: Well, it's too late to say you're sorry.

JODI:  
ChicfluxRock22: what did I do?? You're the one that-

LAYLA:  
Eowyn1R2RTA: How would I know, why should I care?  
Eowyn1R2RTA: Please don't bother trying to find her.  
Eowyn1R2RTA: She's not there.

JODI:  
ChicFluxRock22: ... right.  
ChicfluxRock22: You know the thing is, Layla, I have other friends.  
ChicFluxRock22: And I know you d-backspacebackspacebackspace

LAYLA:  
Eowyn1R2RTA: I know.  
Eowyn1R2RTA: And I have other friends.  
Eowyn1R2RTA: Elves, Ores and Starships. Oh my.

JODI:  
ChicFluxRock22: ....the other girls are nicer to me now  
ChicFluxRock22: but they're dumb, they're just so dumb  
ChicFluxRock22: I miss you. I miss talking to you.

LAYLA:  
Eowyn1R2RTA: So talk. You're not on my block list.

JODI:  
ChicFluxRock22: I N P E R S O N.

LAYLA:  
Eowyn1R2RTA: So call.

JODI:

ChicFluxRock22: do you want to come over or not?

LAYLA:

Eowyn1R2RTA: That position-backspace. I don't work part- backspace backspace.

Eowyn1R2RTA: No.

JODI:

ChicFluxRock22: ...

ChicFluxRock22: So, Luck.

User ChicFluxRock22 is not available.

LAYLA:

Eowyn1R2RTA: Luck.

JODI:

User ChicFluxRock22 is-

*Layla hits her power switch. Blackout.*



