

She Came in Through the Bathroom Window was first performed in 2013 at the Orange County School of the Arts in an evening of faculty-written plays. It was directed by Cecelia Hamilton and Agnes Nguyen and performed by the following cast:

HILLARY: Ellen Webre

JULES: Jaide Mandas

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CHARACTERS

HILLARY: *a 16-year-old young woman who really ought to think twice, even though she's plenty smart.*

JULES: *a 17-year-old young woman who if you think you know everything about her, you're probably wrong.*

TIME

After dark, a Friday night.

SETTING

A girls' bathroom in a high school.

Night. A girls' bathroom at a medium-size American high school. Light from a small window illuminates the sinks and stalls. It's quiet. Then, we hear the grunts of someone shoving something through an open window. A backpack, shoved through the window, thuds to the floor. Then, we see someone emerge through the opening and, clumsily, the someone also falls to the floor. This is HILLARY, a slightly geeky girl, dressed entirely in black, a kind of an attempt at a Mission: Impossible look. She pulls a headlamp out of her backpack, adjusts the headband around her forehead, and turns on the light. Then, the door to the bathroom opens, and another girl, moving with confidence and purpose, bumps smack into HILLARY, who falls backward, onto her butt. The new girl, dressed in urban chic tough-girl clothes, wearing boots and toting a retro-military messenger bag, is more surprised than anything.

JULES: Hey . . .

HILLARY: Ow!

JULES looks at HILLARY's ridiculous outfit, and smirks.

JULES: Whoa.

HILLARY: I'm sorry—I'm sorry . . .

JULES: *Squinting, from the glare of the headlamp.* Jesus. Turn that off, wouldja?

HILLARY reaches up and turns off the lamp.

HILLARY: Wait. Where'd you come from?

JULES: Uh . . . the hallway?

HILLARY: No. I mean "Where'd you come from" where'd you come from.

JULES: Yeah.

Looking again at HILLARY's outfit.

I could ask you the same question. You left the window wide open, FYI.

JULES steps to the mirror, to reapply some dramatic and dark lipstick.

HILLARY: You were following me, weren't you?

JULES: Hey. Maybe you were following me.

HILLARY: No—I've been planning this for weeks! I chose this bathroom because you can climb the tree out there and get in the window the easiest. And the front office is just down the hall—so I could do this as quick as possible. I made sure the window was unlocked . . .

JULES: Oh, I forgot: I don't care. *Beat.* Following you. Right.

JULES puts the finishing touches on her makeup.

HILLARY: Wait. I know you. You're that Julie girl in my . . .

JULES: Jules.

HILLARY: I thought your name was Julie.

JULES: I don't go by Julie. I go by Jules.

HILLARY: Oh. Okay. Well. You're that . . . Jules girl in my AP Lit class.

JULES turns to look at her. Then the recognition.

JULES: Ohhhhhh! Hillary Clinton!

HILLARY: Benson. It's Hillary Benson.

JULES: Jesus. Okay.

HILLARY: I hate it when people call me Hillary Clinton.

JULES: Well, I hate it when people call me Julie.

HILLARY: I guess we have something in common, then.

JULES: Trust me. We have nothing in common, okay?

A pause, while HILLARY watches JULES applying more eyeliner. It's clear that HILLARY is stalling, waiting for JULES to go.

JULES: Less than nothing. If it was possible to have negative things in common, that's what we'd have. Negative things in common.

Sees HILLARY looking at her.

JULES: Uh, don't let me keep you.

Beat.

HILLARY: I don't want you to see where I'm going.

JULES: Look. I really don't care where you're going. So just go, okay?

HILLARY turns on her headlamp and goes for the door.

See ya . . .

HILLARY stops, turns off the headlamp.

HILLARY: Oh, hold on. You can't tell anyone you saw me here. I can't get in trouble.

JULES: If you didn't want to get in trouble, you shouldn't have broken into school.

HILLARY: This is serious!

JULES: Jesus! Okay! *Beat.* I am totally curious now, though. What are you doing here? Stealing the SAT scores or something?

HILLARY: No! Just—you know—something for school.

JULES: Wearing that getup? I kinda doubt it. Lara Croft you are not.

HILLARY: I don't need a fashion critique, okay?

JULES: Fine. Go. *Beat.* After you tell me what you're doing.

JULES steps in front of HILLARY, blocking her path.

HILLARY: *A big, frustrated sigh.* It's . . . complicated.

JULES: You are getting more interesting by the minute. Wearing all black, breaking into school—this is golden.

HILLARY: It's not like anything you'd be doing.

JULES: Hey. Whoa. What the hell does that mean?

HILLARY: Nothing! *Beat.* Wait. What were you doing here?

JULES: Why?

HILLARY: If I get caught, I don't want to get blamed for something you did.

JULES: For something I did? What exactly do you imagine I was doing?

HILLARY: I don't know what you were doing.

JULES: That's not what I asked. I asked what you imagined I was doing—which is, apparently, pretty bad. I mean, just look at me. Right? I'm just the worst, right?

HILLARY: No, no—I obviously don't know anything about you. I'm sorry.

JULES: But you imagine all sorts of stuff. All sorts of nefarious goings on.

HILLARY: Well, I didn't imagine you knew the word "nefarious," for one thing.

JULES: Thus proving my point.

HILLARY: So—what were you doing?

JULES: Oh, terrible things. I was . . . spray painting terrible, terrible words on the walls of the vice principal's office. I let a terrible raccoon loose in the dance studio. And I set a terrible fire in the teachers' lounge. *Beat.* Happy?

HILLARY: No. I don't for a minute believe that you did any of those things.

JULES: But you imagined that I might have done something even worse?

HILLARY: Holy cats! I don't know! I don't know why anyone would break into school.

JULES: And yet here you are—breaking into school.

Coming close to her.

What's the story, Clinton?

HILLARY: Don't call me that!

JULES: Okay, Hillary. Someone this worried about getting in trouble must have a REALLY good reason for breaking in.

HILLARY: Oh, I do, but . . .

JULES: Come on. Tell me. Tell me. Tell me. Tell me.

HILLARY: Geez. Okay.

Big breath.

So. Do you know Jacob Goldman?

JULES: *Beat, thinking.* No.

HILLARY: He's in that band—the Salton Sea? He's in AP Lit with us? Dark curly hair?

JULES: Oh. Right. The dude who always carries his guitar around like any minute he's gonna be struck with musical inspiration. The broody one.

HILLARY: He's not broody. He's serious.

JULES: Okay. Whatever. So what is it about this Jacob "I think I'm Bob Dylan" Goldman of the Salton Sea that you find utterly charming and adorable?

HILLARY: Who's Bob Dylan?

JULES: Never mind. So what does Jacob "Dylan" Goldman have to do with breaking into school?

HILLARY: I'm asking him to Winter Formal.

HILLARY pulls a thumb drive out of the front pocket of her backpack. Beaming:

I've taped my invitation here. I wrote a song, and recorded it, and I'm going to copy this into the files for Monday morning's school video announcements. At the end of it, I ask him to Winter Formal, and give him my number . . .

JULES: Whoa. Stop.

HILLARY: It'll be spectacular.

JULES: You cannot do this.

HILLARY: It's romantic!

JULES: It's—pathetic. And sad.

Holding out her hand.

Give that to me.

HILLARY: It's not sad.

JULES: *Holding out her hand more forcefully.* Yeah, it totally is. You don't want to do this.

HILLARY: Go big or go home! You know? Haven't you ever seen *Say Anything* . . .?

JULES: Lloyd Dobler did not commit social suicide to win the heart of whatever her name was.

HILLARY: He would have appreciated the big romantic gesture.

JULES: He kept his big romantic gestures private. In her yard. Where no one else could see.

HILLARY: Why shouldn't everyone else see? I really like him. I want him to know that I went through a lot of trouble, that I really put thought into it.

JULES: He'll think you're crazy. And he would not be wrong.

HILLARY: Fine! Think I'm crazy! But I'm doing it!

HILLARY tries to get to the door. JULES blocks her path.

JULES: Nope. I'm not gonna let you do this.

HILLARY: Get out of my way—JULIE!

JULES: Oh, that's it, Clinton!

In a few quick moves, JULES has HILLARY tackled, and in some kind of wrestling hold. This is a big and fairly ridiculous affair, with significant yelling and screeching. JULES has the upper hand, holding HILLARY down with one hand, and trying to wrench the thumb drive out of HILLARY's fist with the other.

JULES: Give it.

HILLARY: Stop that! Let go of me!

JULES: Get—your—grubby—fingers . . .

HILLARY: No!

JULES: Let. Go!

HILLARY: Forget it, Julie!

JULES licks HILLARY's hand, which grosses her out so much that she drops the thumb drive. JULES jumps up with the thumb drive, triumphant.

HILLARY: Jules! Give it back!

JULES: No. You'll just do something public and ridiculous with it.

HILLARY: What if I—Hey: I know. Look. I'll just email it to him.

JULES: And then he forwards it to a friend, and before you know it, it's viral. *Beat.* Look, I think you're a giant dork, but I'm not going to let you do this.

HILLARY: But I really want him to go to Winter Formal with me!

JULES: Then do what any normal human being does. Ask him.

HILLARY: But then . . . I'd have to talk to him.

Beat.

JULES: Wait. You've never talked to him?

HILLARY: Well . . . no. *Beat.* He's really . . . broody.

JULES: Jesus. Sit down, wouldja? *Pause.* SIT!

Meekly, HILLARY complies. JULES sits next to her.

JULES: So. You like him.

She nods.

But you've never talked to him.

HILLARY: No.

JULES: Well, how do you even know you like him? I mean, what do you even know about him?

HILLARY: He likes music.

JULES: Obviously.

HILLARY: And he doesn't have many friends. And . . . he likes reading.

JULES: And?

HILLARY: And that's it.

JULES: You've got to be kidding. That's it? That's going to be the basis of a relationship?

HILLARY: I don't have any friends either. I like to read, too.

JULES: I like to read, too, and you're not asking me out! You've got to know a little more about a person before you haul off and embarrass yourself in public like this.

HILLARY: I'm desperate.

JULES: I see that. But listen. You've got to just talk to him. Monday: you go up to him in AP Lit and try to have a conversation with him.

HILLARY: No, I can't. That is just way too scary. I am not brave enough for that.

JULES: But you're brave enough to break into school? To make this

public—and completely crazy—announcement that will make you a pariah?

HILLARY: But—he'll be looking right at me.

JULES: That is the point, isn't it? Hillary. You know I'm right. *Beat.* Hillary.

HILLARY: Okay. I'll do it.

HILLARY holds her hand out for her thumb drive.

JULES: Oh, if you think I'm giving this back to you, you're nuts.

HILLARY: You do know how computers work, right? It's on my computer at home.

JULES: Well, I'll be holding this hostage then. Post any of your non-sense videos, and I'll recut my own version of your love note and post it all over YouTube. And you never know what kind of thing I'll come up with, though you can imagine it will be terrifying.

After a moment:

HILLARY: Fine.

JULES: That's my girl. You'll see. My way is going to be a lot more satisfying. And safer. Your Future. You will thank me. *Beat.* Now, come on. We gotta get out of here before the janitor comes in here to clean.

HILLARY: They actually clean in here?

JULES: Once a week, whether it needs it or not.

JULES holds out her hand, and helps HILLARY to her feet.

JULES: Okay. Come on, Hillary Benson, let's get out of here.

She heads up to the window. HILLARY follows her.

HILLARY: You never did tell me what you were doing here.

JULES: Okay. Fine.

Pulls a thick book out of her messenger bag.

I had to get this.

HILLARY: You broke into school for a book?

Beat.

JULES: *Off HILLARY's look.* Neil Stephenson? You'd break into school for Neil Stephenson, too.

Beat.

Don't tell anyone, okay?

HILLARY: Who would I tell about you? I never even saw you.

They smile.

JULES: That's what I thought.

HILLARY: Yeah. *Beat.* Thanks, Jules.

JULES: Thanks for what? I never saw you either. *Beat.* See you Monday, Benson.

And she's gone. HILLARY takes off her headlamp, and takes her shoes out of her backpack.

HILLARY: See you Monday, Jules.

Smiles.

Lights out.

END OF PLAY