

FASHIONISTAS

A NARCISSISTIC LOVE STORY

by Janet Allard

Characters

ECHO, a teenage girl. A misfit. Desperately wants to speak but can't initiate a conversation or express desire unless someone else expresses it first.

CALLIOPE, an outsider for the way she dresses. Sort of a hippie who shops at thrift stores.

Scene

As the fashion elite prepare for the runway show of the season, Calliope plots to destroy it—P.E.T.A.-style. She attempts to enlist Echo's help, but finds her thoughts turned more toward the handsome Narcissus than animal rights.

(CALLIOPE and ECHO in the ladies room.)

ECHO picks at her electric guitar.

CALLIOPE pours red paint [that looks like blood] into water balloons.)

CALLIOPE. Okay this time, it's gonna work. We're gonna take out the whole line of models in the finale. You're gonna help me right?

ECHO. *(Not listening.)* Right.

CALLIOPE. Water-balloons full of blood. I'm a genius.

ECHO. Genius.

CALLIOPE. You know, the thing is—Donatella wouldn't club a baby seal, she wouldn't have the stomach for it. I bet she doesn't even cook her own meat for dinner, I bet she thinks veal is a vegetable.

But, she can wear animal's skin to get a compliment. Hypocrite. She doesn't see the blood she's shedding.

All the blood. Who gave us the right to kill for fashion? People are so disgusting. What if someone took your baby and skinned it and made it into a coat, how would you feel, we don't even think like that, we're so absorbed with ourselves and how we look, so in love with ourselves we'll kill a furry little cute animal just to get a compliment. It's social survival, survival of the fittest, and if you want to take down a fashionista you've got to hit 'em where it hurts. Public humiliation. That's the name of the game.

There is only one way to stop them.

To stop the vanity! Put an end to Narcissus!—the clothing line I mean. Are you even listening?

ECHO. Listening.

CALLIOPE. You're not, you're probably thinking why is she such a raving lunatic, let the animals die, I don't care.

ECHO. I don't care.

CALLIOPE. But you do. Deep down. If you paid attention, hello, Echo, are you going to help me with this or not?

ECHO. Not.

CALLIOPE. Chicken. Where are you going?

ECHO. Going.

CALLIOPE. To chase Narcissus around, right?

ECHO. Right.

CALLIOPE. To stand around waiting for him to notice you, right?

ECHO. Right.

CALLIOPE. If you're like, so hung up on him, you should tell him.

ECHO. Tell him?

CALLIOPE. What? Is that so crazy, if he's in love with you too, don't you want to know?

ECHO. No.

(Pause.)

CALLIOPE. Do you ever start anything, Echo? You know, Initiate?

ECHO. Initiate?

CALLIOPE. Yeah, you know, DO something? Take action? You know?

ECHO. No.

CALLIOPE. Yeah, that's what I thought, that's your problem, all you do is respond. You react. You let everyone else DO. And you copy them. Nobody respects you and you never get what you want. Sorry if that's harsh but I'm right aren't I. I'm trying to help you out here, as a friend.

ECHO. A friend.

CALLIOPE. Yeah, I'm telling you the truth. You hide out, you lurk around in abandoned places, in empty hallways and bathrooms, you never say what's on your mind, really. You hide. Is that any way to live? You'll never get noticed, that way you know, you've got to take action.

ECHO. Action.

CALLIOPE. Yeah, you don't have a chance in hell with Narcissus. I'm telling you the truth. But don't you want to find that out? Instead of going around all silent and hung up on him, hoping for something that's never going to happen.

ECHO. Never going to happen?

CALLIOPE. Or maybe he's in love with you and you're sitting in this bathroom wasting your life. You should confront him.

ECHO. Confront him?

CALLIOPE. Open up to him. Meet him in some dark hallway. Grab him.

ECHO. Grab him?

CALLIOPE. Grab him and Kiss him.

ECHO. Kiss him.

CALLIOPE. Yeah, surprise him, why not? Tell him.

ECHO. Why not tell him.

CALLIOPE. Exactly. What's the worst that could happen? If he rejects you so what?

ECHO. So what.

CALLIOPE. Then you can move on. That's life that's how we live.

ECHO. We live.

CALLIOPE. That's right, Echo, we live, we love that's what we do. And if he doesn't love you, maybe there's someone else who will. Someone better. Echo?

(But she's gone.)

ANTIGONE NOW

by Melissa Cooper

inspired by Sophocles' *Antigone*

Characters

ANTIGONE, still a teenager.

ISMENE, her sister, a few years older.

Scene

The city is in chaos following a civil war waged by Polyneices and Eteocles, brothers of Antigone and Ismene. After the brothers kill each other in battle, Creon, the girls' uncle, seizes control of the city and orders that the body of Polyneices remain unburied to show what happens to traitors and rebels. Antigone is determined to bury her brother, even in the face of death, and comes to her sister for help.

(ISMENE is alone inside her apartment, late at night. She puts on headphones or turns on a boom box. Music blasts on, a loud, relentless contemporary sound. Maybe hip-hop or rap. ISMENE dances fiercely, determined to lose herself in the music. ANTIGONE is outside in the street, dodging snipers and explosions as she makes her way to stand outside ISMENE's apartment building.)

ANTIGONE. *(Hollering at Ismene's door as many times as necessary:)* Ismene! Ismene!

(ISMENE finally hears her sister's voice. She snaps off the music, and races to the door to pull ANTIGONE inside to safety.)

ISMENE. Antigone. Get in. What are you doing outside after curfew?

ANTIGONE. Why does suffering never end? It just goes on and on and on...

ISMENE. Calm down. Did something happen?

ANTIGONE. Yes, something happened. Of course, something happened.

ISMENE. Don't snap at me. I didn't do anything.

ANTIGONE. No. You sit inside with your doors and windows sealed, blaring music to drown out the sirens. You have no idea what's going on out there.

ISMENE. I do so.

ANTIGONE. All right, tell me. *(She waits a beat, then goes on.)*