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Dramatic Publishing

OUT OF ORDER

By
CHERIE BENNETT

Inspired by the Eighth Commandment

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CHARACTERS

ZOEY, age 14

EVE, about the same age

SETTING: The girls' bathroom of a school.

TIME: The present.

Out of Order

AT RISE: *Rock music plays. Lights up on a school bathroom. There is a full-length mirror and a toilet stall with a large OUT OF ORDER sign on it. ZOEY DEAN, dressed for a school dance, stomps in, livid. She pulls a cell phone from her purse and pushes in a number.*

ZOEY (*into phone*). Heather? It's me... At the school dance. You're never going to believe who... In the john... No, the one in the basement... So I could have *privacy*. Are you ready? *Jason is here...* No, I am not kidding. And he came with Beth Bingham... Yeah, Beth Bingham with the red hair and the really big... I'm *totally* serious. So he sees me and his face gets all red, and he goes: "Oh hi, Zoey, I was going to call you." So I go: "Oh hi, Jason, I was going to hold my breath." So then *Beth* goes: "Zoey, could you watch my purse while Jason and I dance?" Can you even believe the nerve? So I go: "Sure," like I could care less, because I'm not going to give either one of them the satisfaction of— (*There is a sudden pounding from inside the toilet stall. ZOEY yelps, startled. Into phone:*) Heather? Someone is in here! I'll call you back. (*She drops the phone into her purse. Calling:*) Who's in there? (*Even louder pounding on the door.*) What is your problem? Just open the door! (*A hand appears over the door, points at ZOEY and*

*mimes that she should open it.) You want me to open it?
(The hand makes the “Okay” sign. Exasperated:) Fine.*

(ZOEY pulls on the door, it’s stuck. She finally yanks it open. A girl tumbles out, clad in the school’s gym uniform. Sewn to it is a bikini made of leaves.)

EVE. Jeez, it took you long enough. *(ZOEY helps the girl up and takes in her bizarre outfit.)*

ZOEY. Michael Green told you this was a costume dance, didn’t he? He pulls that every year. He’s such a—

EVE. Who’s Michael Green?

ZOEY. You mean you wore that *on purpose*?

EVE. I have a limited wardrobe.

ZOEY. Oh. Sorry. I’m Zoey Dean.

EVE. Yuh, I know. I’m Eve.

ZOEY. Eve what?

EVE. Just “Eve.”

ZOEY. Like, just “Madonna” or just “Pink”?

EVE. They totally copied that from me. I would have made such an awesome rock star. *(ZOEY decides the girl is crazy and backs toward the door.)*

ZOEY. Uh-huh. Well...nice meeting you...uh...Eve.

EVE. Hey, I’m really sorry about what happened with Jason. *(ZOEY crosses back to EVE.)*

ZOEY. That conversation was *private*.

EVE. I was eavesdropping. Get it? *Eavesdropping*?

ZOEY. *So* not funny. Do you even go to this school?

EVE. ...no.

ZOEY. Then you shouldn’t be here.

EVE. It’s not like I have a choice.

ZOEY. What are you talking about?

EVE (*exasperated*). Let's review, shall we? I'm *Eve*. Wearing *fig leaves*. Banished from the *Garden*. No *bellybutton*. Do the math. (*Back to the audience, EVE lifts her T-shirt so that ZOEY can see she doesn't have a navel.*)

ZOEY. Whoa, you really don't. That's horrible!

EVE. No kidding. Forget a navel ring.

ZOEY. I mean you're like, deformed. How were you even born?

EVE (*beyond exasperated*). I *wasn't*. I'm *Eve*.

ZOEY. Please. If you were *Eve*, you'd be a gazillion years old.

EVE. A gazillion and one on my last birthday, but who's counting?

ZOEY. Then why do you look like a teenager?

EVE. If you're not born, you can't die. Plus, once we got kicked out of the *Garden*, I didn't get much sun.

ZOEY (*highly dubious*). Uh-huh. After you got kicked out of the *Garden of Eden*, you were banished to my school.

EVE. Technically, the *basement* of your school.

ZOEY. So you're telling me *Adam's* down here, too.

EVE. Yep.

ZOEY. And the snake.

EVE. No. He's crawling around under [name of rival school]. *Much* worse. It's a weird theological space-time-continuum thingie.

ZOEY. You don't really expect me to believe that.

EVE. You want me to explain a weird theological space-time-continuum thingie when you got a C in English?

ZOEY. How'd you know about that?

EVE. You told *Heather*. I was in the heating vents, listening through the grate.

ZOEY. I thought you were supposed to stay down here.