

God Bird

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A Musical

By Lily Nordheimer

15: as of December 5th, 2020

### Characters:

BIRD	Lead Singer of Church Bird. Indie Angst Lady.
NINA	Drummer of Church Bird. Masculine-presenting lesbian. In no rush.
JENNI	Co-runs the Golden Egg. Woke hippie. Matter-of-fact.
OLIVIA	Co-runs the Golden Egg. Trying Really Very Hard To Be Punk.
AGENT	Sweet ingenue. Glitter-Icon. Bassist of Big Boys.
SPIKE	Spiky, mystic. Drummer of Big Boys. Drinker, smoker, doer of drugs.
DAN	Lead singer of Big Boys. Straightedge. Laser-focused. Speaks quickly.
DIRK	Guitarist of Big Boys. Tall and thin. Dreamy in a sad way.

GOD BIRD- played by Bird.

GOD NINA- played by Nina.

### Setting:

The Golden Egg: A compound with a barnlike-house in the center. A performance venue, a young-people house for punks, and a food garden out in the back.

In the first scene, the kids are in town, so tuck the set behind a screen or away with lighting as best you can.

Tucked into the lolling hills of Delaware.

Present day.

## Song List

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## The First Day

Spike and Bird are in silhouette, on opposite sides of the stage. It's like they're on either side of a hill, in the mist.

The Golden Egg is off in the distance.

Spike, our narrator, is stage right. Bird is stage left, with an electric guitar.

SPIKE

And She said:  
well, you know.

Bird plays a power chord. REVERB.

SPIKE

And there was FUCKING light.

Agent replaces Spike, with headphones on. Agent listens to Bird in reverence, doing Alvin Ailey-like interpretive dance.

BIRD

THERE AIN'T NO WAY OUT  
NOW  
SINCE YOU BROUGHT ME DOWN  
I'M AROUND

I USED TO LIVE ON THE MOUNTAIN  
BUT NOW  
I'M BENEATH THE CLOUDS

THERE AIN'T NO WAY OUT  
BUT DOWN

Bird and Agent exit.

Jenni comes out, center-stage-power-stance, holding a flyer. A spotlight falls onto her.

JENNI  
(from the flyer)

LIVE, AT THE GOLDEN EGG--  
DELAWARE'S PREMIERE (AND ONLY) COMPOUND  
FOR DIY MUSIC  
ORGANIC POLYCULTURE  
AND COMMUNAL LIVING  
SINCE THE SHUT DOWN OF  
THE TEMPLE,  
THE GOAT,  
THE RAT'S NEST,  
AND THE ABANDONED LOT BEHIND THE DENNY'S ON KIRKWOOD HIGHWAY--  
WITH A HEADLINING SET FROM BIG BOYS

Big Boys- that's Agent, Dan, Dirk, and Spike-  
slides onstage and poses.

Dan does a two-second guitar solo.

AND AGENT--  
THE SOLO ACT YOU'VE BEEN AWAITING WITH BAITED BREATH--

Agent bursts from the Big Boys formation.

ALL AGES  
DONATIONS ENCOURAGED  
NO ASSHOLES  
TOMORROW NIGHT!

Stage Right:  
The Punks- Jenni, Olivia, Dirk, Agent, Dan, and  
Spike- meet in a huddle.

Olivia and Jenni hand out stacks of flyers and  
Wheat Paste buckets. Spike reads some little book  
from his jacket pocket.

REVERB. The Punks FREEZE.

Stage Left:  
Church Bird- Bird and Nina- come onstage.

Bird fools around with power chords. Nina holds a  
letter.

NINA  
*(sings, reading)*

THIS IS A NOTICE FOR BIRD CHURCH AND NINA SOLOMON  
 FROM YOUR MANAGER JAMES

I WAS TOLD CHURCH BIRD WOULD WRITE AN ALBUM BEFORE NOVEMBER  
 AND YOU DROPPED FROM EARTH'S FACE

IF YOU NEGLECT TO CRAFT A MASTERPIECE  
 BEFORE THE END OF THESE SEVEN DAYS

WE WILL HAVE TO TERMINATE OUR AGREEMENT  
 AND BANISH YOU FROM OUR LABEL

BIRD  
*(sung)*

THERE AIN'T NO WAY OUT  
 BUT DOWN

Church Bird exits. Spike turns to face us.

SPIKE

Darkness *was* upon the face of the deep.

The Punks UNFREEZE.

JENNI

Everyone gets flyers-- and you just smear whatever- a pole, town hall, the house of a republican-  
 Spike, please?

Spike reluctantly returns his book to his jacket  
 pocket.

SPIKE

Nobody cares about the prophet.

JENNI

That's because the prophet doesn't care about the Nobodies. Pay attention!

OLIVIA

So just smear the surface with wheat paste, stick the flyer on it, and then smear it with paste  
 again, to really LOCK in the message.

DAN

Did anyone bring paintbrushes?

DIRK

Oh, shoot. I think I was supposed to bring the brushes.

The Punks GROAN.

JENNI

Just use your hands. If a cop sees you, run. And, break!

The punks scatter in pairs- Jenni and Olivia/ Dan and Spike/ Dirk and Agent.

Stage right: Dan paces. Spike reads his book.

DAN

We should go down the hill/

Spike stops Dan by putting up a finger.

SPIKE

Do you hear that?

DAN

What?

SPIKE

The wind,  
changing--  
She  
has crushed a bottle of  
dried rose petals  
between her tar-fingers--  
and a Bird  
carries it on the breeze  
to you.

DAN

Uh-huh.

SPIKE

You know?

DAN

No.  
(*re: the book in Spike's hands*) Isn't that Agent's book?

I'll give it back when I'm finished.

SPIKE

You better be careful with it. I think Dirk gave it to them.

DAN

Spike pockets the book. While they speak, Dan and Spike split the flyers and wheat paste between them.

Dirk gave Agent a book?

SPIKE

Yeah, why?

DAN

Because I'm the reader!

SPIKE

Dan goes to exit stage left. Spike stops him.

Woah, there.  
Let's go down this street--  
the other side has too much  
we're not supposed to see yet.

Dan and Spike exit stage right.

Bird, silhouetted, enters again, and sings.

BIRD  
(sung)

SINCE YOU BROUGHT ME OUT  
I'M AROUND

Bird Exits.

Agent and Dirk come on stage alone. Agent takes Dirk's hand.

Let's go into town.

AGENT

Why? It's all frat kids and normies over there.

DIRK

AGENT



I heard Church Bird is rehearsing in the Town Hall.

DIRK

Who?

AGENT

They're like this, indie-pop-girl-group.

DIRK

Ugh, Agent/

AGENT

/Nononono they're really good!

DIRK

What was their Pitchfork rating?

AGENT

7.5?

DIRK

Trick question! If Pitchfork knows about them, they're trash!

AGENT

But I heard someone say they're doing like, secret rehearsals in there for their next album.

DIRK

Their next *Indie Trash Album*.

AGENT

Sue me, bitch.

DIRK

I thought you joined The Golden Egg 'cuz you were done with the mainstream.

AGENT

We all have our secrets. Do the others know about *what we do in the shadows?*

Dirk shushes Agent and pulls them closer, which just makes Agent laugh.

AGENT

Come on, for me? You can plaster a pole while I peek through the window.

Dirk steps closer, putting his hands around Agent's waist.

And what if I do?

DIRK

Woah there, soldier.

AGENT

What? Come on-

DIRK

Dirk leans down to kiss Agent's neck.

Aren't you with Olivia?

AGENT

Dirk performatively looks around.

It looks like I'm with you.

DIRK

Agent rolls their eyes.

Funny.

AGENT

Agent breaks away.

Come on, lover boy. See if you can keep up.

AGENT

Agent lets Dirk chase them around stage a little bit, then leads him offstage.

We are now "outside Town Hall", and can hear Church Bird practicing inside. There is a side door stage left, and a telephone pole stage right.

BIRD  
(she sings)

I'M RUN DOWN  
FROM RUNNING AROUND  
SINCE YOU LET ME DOWN-- NOW--

Church Bird jams. Bird stops.

Stop!

BIRD

I thought that one was good!

NINA

Bird storms out a door, into the street. Nina follows.

Bird SCREAMS in frustration.

BIRD

I feel so STUPID!!!

NINA

It's just a little writer's block!

BIRD

We have a week to write an album!

NINA

I know that!

BIRD

What are we gonna do?

NINA

We're going to write an album.

BIRD

Nina--  
there's nothing left.

Nina sighs.

NINA

I know.

They lean against the sleepy Town Hall.

BIRD

I'm sorry. I thought this would be like how all those singers go up into the mountains and write for three weeks in isolation, and then boom, a gorgeous, pure album, fermented in silence and uninterrupted reflection.

NINA

And the Delaware Town Hall was your idea of remote?

BIRD

It's home.

Or it was home, I don't know.

I remember feeling like it just minded it's own business when I lived here.

Nothing but screened-in porches and gently rolling hills...

They both try to make a tune out of that.

They come up dry.

NINA

Can I be honest?

BIRD

No.

NINA

Okay.

Beat.

It's just, I feel like the problem isn't the *where* of it, but the *what*.

BIRD

The *what*?

NINA

No, like, the *what*.

Okay, our last album was about, right, like, being heartbroken and obscure and all that. And now? We're like, acclaimed, and people love you- and-

BIRD

All is well.

NINA

Right! All is well.

BIRD

So I'm fucked.

NINA

*We're* fucked.

BIRD

Maybe this is it, dude! Maybe we just had one good album in us.

NINA

That's not an option. We have *no other discernible skills*.

BIRD

Shoot. We need to write an album this week.

Olivia and Jenni stomp onstage, right past Bird and Nina, to stage right, where there is a telephone pole.

JENNI

Olivia, you're walking too fast/

OLIVIA

/See, you know what I don't understand?

Olivia sloshes her hand into the wheat paste bucket, and SMEARS a pole.

OLIVIA

If Dirk is so in love with me, then why did he go wheat pasting with Agent?

JENNI

He asked you to go with him.

OLIVIA

Yeah, but I- okay, I see your point- but I only said no because he's annoying!

JENNI

Maybe you don't like Dirk!

OLIVIA

I love the kid, he's just-- like, I also hate everything he does.  
But I don't.

I just- it doesn't feel special 'cuz he's like, in love with everyone.

JENNI

I think he *wants* to be in love with *you*, and you're like, dangling him by your little Olivia Thread.

OLIVIA

First of all, I reject the idea of a *Little Olivia Thread*.  
And secondly, what am I gonna do? *Marry him*? Dirk is a mess and love is dead.

“Love.”

JENNI

Ugh.

OLIVIA

Ugh.

JENNI

It’s honestly disgusting.

OLIVIA

On the other side of the stage...

BIRD

See? Glorious. Drama, anguish- *that’s* what I want.

Back on stage right...

OLIVIA

Oh, except for friend-love. Like, the love I feel for you is so pure and, and real, you know?

JENNI

I guess.

OLIVIA

You *guess*.

JENNI

We should do the telephone poles down there.

Olivia and Jenni exit.

NINA

Girl, you’re never gonna get that.

BIRD

Why not?

NINA

Cuz that loud one is a lesbian and doesn’t know it.

BIRD

What? Just because *you’re* a lesbian doesn’t mean you can read people from 40 feet away.

NINA

That is *exactly* what it means, and that girl is gay.

BIRD

Bitch.

NINA

Bitch! What did they post?

Nina walks over to Stage Right, where Jenni wheat-pasted the pole.

Jenni comes back out, and reads exactly how she did in the beginning.

JENNI

TOMORROW NIGHT AT THE GOLDEN EGG-  
DELAWARE'S PREMIERE (AND ONLY) COMPOUND  
FOR DIY MUSIC  
ORGANIC POLY/

NINA

/It's a- like a DIY show or something.

Jenni exits.

Yo, we should go! See what the heart of the disenfranchised youth is singing about.

BIRD

I would argue that *we're* the heart of the disenfranchised youth.

NINA

I hate to break it to you, but we're mad franchised.

BIRD

Let me see that.

Bird looks at the flyer.

BIRD

"Big Boys" and "Agent".

NINA

We'll go see what they're doing, get inspired, and blim blam! New album.

BIRD

Alright, but if this is like, some cult shit/

*/Eee! Yay.*

NINA

Nina kisses Bird's cheek.

Come on, let's pack up.

BIRD

Bird and Nina exit back into Town Hall.

Agent runs onstage. They jump to look in a high window of Town Hall.

Dirk runs in after Agent, then notices the poster Olivia and Jenni put up.

Ah, Agent, looks like they already pasted here.

DIRK

I can't see inside--

AGENT

Agent jumps. Dirk plays with the wheat paste dripping off the pole.

Can I ask you a question?

DIRK

What's up?

AGENT

Agent jumps.

You think I'm the best guitarist in the band, right?

DIRK

Dirk/

AGENT

*/But you do! Do you think Dan is better than me?*

DIRK

Is that your question?

AGENT



DIRK  
No. But say yes or no.

Agent sighs.

AGENT  
Objectively, yes, I think you're the best guitarist in Big Boys.

Agent puts their ear to the wall, listening for Church Bird.

DIRK  
So why is Dan the lead?

AGENT  
Because Dan--  
*stands* for something.

DIRK  
And I don't?!

AGENT  
I don't think they're here.

DIRK  
Who? Girl Pool?

AGENT  
*Church Bird.*  
It was probably just a rumor.

DIRK  
So about Big Boys.

AGENT  
Why are we talking about this?

DIRK  
Olivia said she/ thought-

AGENT  
/Oh *Olivia* said--

DIRK  
You don't like Olivia?

AGENT

No! I live with her! Shut Up! Don't spread that rumor.  
I just don't want to be involved.

Beat.

...But what did she say?

Agent leans against the Town Hall.

DIRK

She just said that she thought I had "more potential".

AGENT

Oof.

DIRK

Well do you think she's right?

AGENT

I don't think it's my place to say.  
But do you even want to leave Delaware?

DIRK

Oh no, I don't mean leave Delaware.

AGENT

Well then what do you mean by "more potential?"

DIRK

I don't even know, she just put the thought in my head.  
I feel like me and Olivia are either yelling at each other or it's radio silence.

Dirk comes closer.

DIRK (cont.)

Not like with you. It's always good with you.

AGENT

"It's always good with you." Wow. You're a poet.

Dirk leans into Agent. He's about to kiss them-

AGENT (cont.)

Wait! You're taller. Can you see if anyone's in there?

Dirk looks through the window.

DIRK

It's just you, me, and that pole over there.

Dirk kisses Agent. They make out against Town Hall, Dirk eclipsing Agent.

## The Second Day

After she turned on that light,  
She saw what she had done,  
and the Second Day began.

SPIKE

THE GOLDEN EGG: A glorious wooden house  
with a front deck that serves as a stage.

The front doors should open and close like a barn,  
so the set is like a doll house and you can see inside.

Inside: the kitchen with a farmhouse table, and an  
upstairs, loft-like room with a ladder down.

Stage right is a cardboard box: 8 feet tall, four feet  
wide, with

“OFFICIAL OFFICE OF ‘THE LABEL’.”

written in sharpie on the front.

Just behind it are Jenny and Olivia’s respective  
rooms, but they’re just doors-- we don’t go in there.

In a loft on stage left is Agent’s room, which is  
simple and calming, and has a translucent curtain.

Downstage is outside, and outside is the yard, of  
course. The venue is there, on the porch.

Jenni and Olivia are outside, setting up mics,  
plugging in wires and into amps, etc.

BOWOWOWOW of a guitar.

Agent, in their underwear, socks, and a robe, turns  
on their stereo.

*Nina and Bird perform in Agent’s bedroom: Agent  
dances, bleeding joyous angst.*

BIRD

(sung)

I SAW THIS COUPLE KISSING ON THE TRAIN  
AND THEN I KNEW  
THAT I WAS, THAT I AM IN LOVE WITH YOU

ALL IT TOOK  
WAS TWO KIDS LEANING AGAINST A POLE  
FOR ME TO KNOW  
THAT I WANT TO PUT MY HANDS INSIDE YOUR COAT

I'M AFRAID  
I'M AFRAID CUZ YOU'RE TOO GOOD TO BE  
ANYWHERE NEAR ME!

I, I SEE YOU IN A DAYDREAM ABOUT  
WHAT WE COULD COME OUT TO  
WE COULD FLOAT OR WE COULD DROWN  
I SEE YOU WHEN I TALK TO MYSELF  
WHAT IF HE'S GOT, WHAT IF HE WANTS SOMEONE ELSE?  
WHAT IF HE'S ACTING COLD BECAUSE HE HATES ME?

I'M AFRAID  
CUZ I DON'T KNOW IF YOU FEEL ANYTHING  
YOU SAY YOU DON'T MIND THE COLD AND CAN'T FEEL PAIN  
CAN YOU FEEL ME? I'M AFRAID  
CUZ YOU DON'T SEE PICTURES IN YOUR HEAD  
SO YOU DON'T DREAM, YOU DON'T DREAM OF ME

AND I KNOW YOU THINK  
I'M STILL 3 FT DEEP  
IN FEELINGS FOR A MAN WHO DOESN'T FEEL FOR ME  
BUT I'M SO, I'M SO WEAK  
I'VE STOPPED SLEEPING  
EVERY TIME I DO YOU RUN THROUGH MY DREAMS

I'M AFRAID  
I'M AFRAID CUZ' I CAN'T STAND TO BE  
ANYTHING BUT YOUR BABY  
I'M AFRAID  
I'M AFRAID CUZ' I CAN'T STAND TO BE-

Dan and Spike enter the house.

DAN

Agent, turn that POP TRASH OFF.

They bang on Agent's door. *Nina and Bird disappear.*

DAN (cont.)

Have you seen my extra cord?

Agent bursts out of their room.

AGENT

Last I checked, this was MY HOUSE.

SPIKE

It's really everyone's space, isn't it?

DAN

We have pre-show-post-practice-practice in five! Have you seen/ my

AGENT

/I DON'T KNOW WHERE YOUR CORD IS.

Agent slams their bedroom door.

Dan opens the door (if you can call it that) on the cardboard box. Inside is a tiny desk filled with papers.

DAN

They're touchy today.

SPIKE

You offended their taste. That's like, a cardinal sin.

Dan roots through the mess.

DAN

Can you hold this?

Dan gives Spike a stack of records.

SPIKE

Whose are these?

DAN

Those are Gutter Butt's EPs.

Sick! Can I have one?

SPIKE

Dan stops rooting through the stuff.

I thought you said you didn't want to be involved in the label.

DAN

Agent opens their curtain.

And it's not trash, it's *CHURCH BIRD*.

AGENT

That's a stupid name.

DAN

You have a stupid name!

AGENT

Dan?

DAN

AGENT

Why don't you put *your* office for *your* record label in *your* house? Look, it's already conveniently packaged.

DAN

I like the mood here better.

AGENT

And Church Bird does not *contribute to the ambiance you were looking for?*

DAN

No-- you got any Fugazi?

AGENT

UGH!

Agent slams the door closed again.

SPIKE

That is why I don't want anything to do with the label. It creates anguish.

Spike stands below Agent's room.

Agent! Come play.

AGENT  
(through the curtain)

Go away, Spike!

SPIKE

I have a new poem I want to read to you!

AGENT  
(through the curtain)

I don't care!

Agent peeks their head out of their curtain.

Wait, did you bring Dirk?

SPIKE

No?

AGENT

THEN FUCK OFF.

Agent slams the curtain shut. Spike walks back over to Dan.

SPIKE

Did you find what you were looking for?

Dan walks out of his office.

DAN

Some peace and quiet before the show? No I did not.

Dan holds up a cord.

But yes, we did have an extra cord. Did they listen to your poem?

SPIKE

No.

Spike sighs. Dan sits crisscross on the floor.

DAN

Come on then.

SPIKE



Really?

DAN

Yep, come on.

SPIKE

But you hate poetry.

DAN

I like Bob Dylan.

Spike pulls out his pocket notebook.

SPIKE  
(reads)

it's throwing up  
and you brush your teeth and use mouthwash  
but the acid still sits  
deep in the back of your throat

Beat.

DAN

Is that it?

SPIKE

Well yeah. You think it should be longer?

DAN

I don't know. What's it called?

SPIKE

Good poems don't have titles.

Dan and Spike walk outside, to where Jenni and Olivia have sat down.

DAN

How do you endure the insufferable pop-tantrum that Agent *BLASTS* up there?

OLIVIA

There is a reason we sit outside.

Pause.

DAN  
(to Jenni)

Hi.

JENNI  
(to Dan)

Hi.

SPIKE

Get a ROOM, folks.

OLIVIA

The HEAT.

JENNI

Shut up.

OLIVIA

You all set for tonight?

DAN

*Uh, no?* We just got here and I have to strap like four more pedals onto my board and plug in the amps we're using-

SPIKE

And Dirk isn't here.

DAN

Yeah, but the amps.

JENNI

We just plugged in the amps.

DAN

We want to use our own.

OLIVIA

What?! Why?

DAN

Because otherwise the sound will be all off! The timbre is totally different with those amps here than with the Big Boys speakers in the Big Boys House.

JENNI

Uh-uh sir. I will not be having SOME MAN tell me my equipment is insufficient because of the *timbre* of my space, which I set up all by myself.

OLIVIA

Uh, I was like, totally there, and totally helped.

JENNI

Okay, well, that Olivia and I set up. You either play our venue or get out, but I will *not* be condescended to like this.

DAN

Jenni, come on/

JENNI

/No! No. I wouldn't let anyone else treat me like this, why should you get a pass?

DAN

Cuz you love me?

JENNI

You don't even believe in love!

OLIVIA

Is Dirk here?

SPIKE

Why? Y'all have a fight?

OLIVIA

I was just wondering if he was coming.

DAN

He's coming. And I believe in it, I just don't think it's important. Can we use our amps?

JENNI

*No.*

OLIVIA

I'm gonna go start on the curry.

THE DUDES FREAK OUT.

DAN

CURRY?

SPIKE

YOU'RE MAKING CURRY?

It's not ready yet.

JENNI

Is it gonna be ready soon?

SPIKE

Spike! It's communal food for the people who show up tonight.

JENNI

We showed up tonight!

DAN

Oh my god.

OLIVIA

All I ate today was sesame seeds!

DAN

All I ate was that milkshake in the side door of the freezer!

SPIKE

Well then maybe you should *stock* the Big Boy House instead of just coming to eat here! Move aside, please--

OLIVIA

Olivia pushes past them and goes inside.

DAN  
(calling after her)

Well can we have some when it's done?

Dirk lies on the table beneath Agent's room,  
smoking.

Oblivious to both of them, Agent is pining out of  
their window.

OLIVIA

You can't smoke in here.

DIRK

That's all you're going to say to me?

OLIVIA

I already said everything else.

Olivia, this is hell.

DIRK

How do you think I feel? You think I *like* avoiding you?

OLIVIA

Yes!

DIRK

I don't! It feels stupid!

OLIVIA

Dirk pulls her in.

DIRK

Then let's pick things back up again--

OLIVIA

See? That's what I mean! You don't know the friend boundary, and I can't give you anything else.

DIRK

WHY?

OLIVIA

I DON'T KNOW.

She goes into her room.

Agent closes their curtain quietly.

Dirk puts out his cigarette, picks up a pen (or whatever is laying around), and throws it at Agent's curtain. Agent opens it.

AGENT

You know what they say...

DIRK

Romeo, Romeo?

Dirk climbs into Agent's bedroom.

He tumbles onto Agent's bed. They sit on the mattress. Agent plays with Dirk's hair.

DIRK  
I like your room.

AGENT  
Yeah?

DIRK  
I kind of get why you moved in here instead. There are no, uh-- what is the thing called that mattresses go on?

AGENT  
Bed frames?

DIRK  
Yeah! There are no bed frames at the Big Boy House. Dan and Spike are like, really into living minimalistically right now, so they threw them out.

AGENT  
That's on brand.

DIRK  
Agent? Can I tell you a secret?

AGENT  
Of course!

DIRK  
Okay.

Dirk takes a nervous breath.

I want to take over as lead singer of Big Boys.  
I feel like it has all this potential, and it's just being wasted because Dan won't let it grow!

AGENT  
Huh.

DIRK  
What?

AGENT  
Well is it Big Boys, or is it you?

DIRK  
Sometimes you're really cryptic.

I'm not, you're just dumb.

AGENT

I'm not dumb! I happen to be *Delaware's Premiere Guitarist*.

DIRK

Oh yeah?

AGENT

Yeah. You said it yourself. I'm a genius.

DIRK

I never said genius!

AGENT

So you don't think I'm a genius?

DIRK

Not in a rounded sense.

AGENT

You think I'm a good guitarist though.

DIRK

Well I mean. I have ears.

AGENT

Dirk kisses Agent.

Can I tell you a secret?

AGENT (cont.)

The door to outside opens. Dirk hears it and looks out the window onto the yard. Olivia walks outside.

Hey, do you think Olivia is still mad at me?

DIRK

So, no then.

AGENT

Huh?

DIRK

Olivia is furious.

AGENT

What did I do?!

DIRK

I stay away from the drama!

AGENT

Right. Man, some girls don't know what they want.

DIRK

I have no advice for you on that.

AGENT

Dirk springs up, opens the curtain, and extends his hand.

DIRK

Come on. I can't go out there on my own.

AGENT

I'll be down in a second.

DIRK

No come with me/

AGENT

/I just need to/ fix

DIRK

/You look FINE/

AGENT

/JUST GIVE ME A SECOND.

DIRK

Okay. Okay--

Dirk closes curtain, but not before sticking his head in the last couple of inches.

AGENT

What?

DIRK

Nothing. I just like you, in there.



Dirk goes down the ladder and outside.

Agent collapses with a squeal on the bed. They kneel.

AGENT

God of Church Bird, can I tell *you* my secret?

Bird enters, dressed in an Angel outfit.

GOD BIRD

Is it that you're in love with that noodle? Cuz that is not a secret.

AGENT

No! Bitch! No.

GOD BIRD

Bitch!

AGENT

Bitch!

GOD BIRD

Bitch! Okay wait, what was the secret?

AGENT

Oh! Okay.  
I feel like... I might agree with Olivia.

GOD BIRD

Gasp!

AGENT

I know I know, but like, I think Dirk might be wasting his potential.  
I feel like *I* might be wasting my potential,  
or, my time here,  
and I'm terrified that I'm just like underappreciated and too quiet and--

GOD BIRD

Well okay, is this about you, or is it about/

AGENT

It's not about Dirk. But it is, because he should leave.

GOD BIRD

Well I don't know... It doesn't really sound like Dirk wants to leave.

AGENT

That's just because he doesn't *believe* in himself yet.

GOD BIRD

I'm pretty sure he does.

AGENT

Oh my god, hear me out.

I feel like, this place- it squashes that musician-urge to go and tell people about your life. Like everyone comes to us, but shouldn't we be like, going out to them?

GOD BIRD

Everybody creates in their own way. Maybe Dirk is just creating for the Tri-State area. And it seems like you have it pretty good here.

AGENT

My door is a curtain.

GOD BIRD

I'm not trying to dissuade you! If you're heart is set on getting out of town...

AGENT

You can make something happen for me?

GOD BIRD

As a deity, I can neither confirm that your wish is granted, nor deny that things are in the works.

AGENT

Right, so... what can you do?

GOD BIRD

I can't tell you that, because then you'll be disappointed if I don't deliver...

Bird disappears.

AGENT

What? Don't go!

BIRD  
(offstage)

OoOoooOOooo...

Agent, alone now, sighs.

## The Night of the Second Day.

SPIKE

She looked closer,  
and saw that there were  
two movements making the circle spin--  
the dark and the light  
dancing together  
in the fog of creation.

And She saw that the day was awful,  
full of blinding light--  
so she flicked her wrist  
and called the good part Night.

The Golden Egg is alight!

There are fairy lights around the proscenium that  
separates the house from the stage.

Bird and Nina approach.

BIRD

Wow.

NINA

Yeah.

BIRD

This is like, idyllic.

They turn to the audience.

NINA

Good turnout.

BIRD

Yeah. And the nature really makes it--

NINA

Yeah.

BIRD

Wow.

Beat.

Do you think it's a cult?

BIRD (cont.)

No. What? No!

NINA

I'm just asking!

BIRD

It's quaint! Don't be a cynic.

NINA

I'm not a cynic, I'm just ex-Mormon, so when things feel familiar and safe, I get worried.

BIRD

Well then why did we come back to Delaware?  
Go. Join the fray.

NINA

Nina and Bird enter. Spike passes by them, reading-  
but Bird catches his eye.

SPIKE  
(to the audience)

The wind changed.

BIRD

Excuse me?

SPIKE

Oh, nothing, just talking to myself. First time here?

BIRD

What gave it away?

SPIKE

Welcome to The Golden Egg.  
Let us be your haven back to nature.

BIRD

How poetic.

SPIKE

Some call me a poet.

Spike takes a booklet out of a pocket and hands it to them.

SPIKE (cont.)

Here. It's a zine full of my verse that I sewed by hand.  
Hey, do I know you from somewhere?

BIRD

What kind of music do you like?

SPIKE

Only local stuff and vinyl from before 1979.

BIRD

1979?

SPIKE

Last good year for mainstream music. Now the system is corrupt and everyone in it is a thief of sound.

NINA

Woof. I hope you don't all think that.

SPIKE

Oh, it's like, our whole thing.

Dan runs over to Spike, brushing past Bird.

DAN

Spike! *(to Bird)* Oh, sorry I-

They have a Romeo + Juliet moment. The lights dim, save for a spotlight on Dan.

SPIKE

Dan?

DAN

Uh, Jenni wants to see you about uh, a problem, regarding a, small hiccup in the-

SPIKE

Will you excuse me?

Spike goes backstage towards Jenni.

Dan is stunned, staring at Bird.

SPIKE (cont.)

Dan?

Dan catches up to Spike.

Dan and Spike walk over to Olivia and Jenni, and whisper.

BIRD

I know that guy.

NINA

The short one with the poems?

BIRD

The other one. That's Dan C.

The lights change. the house swings open to the last supper-like farm table in front of the kitchen.

I saw him on the first day of middle school, as I entered the cafeteria for the first time.

The punks form the last supper, Dan in the center.

It was like a blinding beam of white light was cast down upon him.

A spotlight flashes upon Dan.

And just for a moment, he looked at me, this awkward little kid, just for a flash-- and I never ever talked to him.

Lights up. The set reverts to before, the punks whispering.

NINA

Oh, well that's disappointing.

The lights dim.

BIRD

Look! *It's time.*

Olivia and Jenni come onstage with mics.

Nina gasps.

NINA

*Lesbian.*

OLIVIA  
(to the audience)

HEY POST-PUNK ROCKERS  
HARDCORE KIDS  
RECOVERING INDIE-POP ADDICTS  
AND ALL YOU NON-CONFORMISTS:  
WELCOME TO THE GOLDEN EGG!

THE ONLY GIRL-RUN BASEMENT VENUE ON THE EAST COAST,

JENNI  
(to the audience)

AND THE BEST SCENE IN THIS FASCIST HOG  
WE CALL A STATE!

Olivia gets too close to Bird with the mic.

OLIVIA  
(to Bird)

Do you wanna party?

BIRD

Uh, yes?

OLIVIA

Do you want to RAGE?

BIRD

Yes?

OLIVIA

Do you wanna *go wild*?

BIRD  
(forced)

Yes!

OLIVIA

THEN GET THE FUCK OUT!

PLEASE REMEMBER  
NO DRINKING  
NO SMOKING  
NO MOSHING  
NO ASSHOLES  
ENJOY THE SHOW

Beat. Nothing happens.

OH. THIS WAS JUST A PRELIMINARY ANNOUNCEMENT  
THE FIRST BAND ISN'T READY YET

Olivia exits. Lights back up.

NINA

I'm gonna go find her.

BIRD

Just be yourself! And say words! Staring is not flirting!

Nina exits.  
On the other side of the yard-

DAN

I get this kind of--  
pinpoint in my vision  
when I look at her.

SPIKE

Maybe you're having a stroke.

DAN

You shouldn't joke about that.

SPIKE

You don't recognize her though?  
I feel like she went to school with us or something.

DAN

I don't remember anyone from high school. After we graduated, I spent six days fasting in the desert to cleanse them from my memory.



She's pretty.	SPIKE
I feel like I've been hit by a truck.	DAN
Do you think she knows we're staring?	SPIKE
Oh definitely.	DAN
You should go say something.	SPIKE
Yeah, I should.	DAN
	Beat.
Okay so go.	SPIKE
Yeah.	DAN
	Beat.
Hey!	SPIKE
<i>What are you doing?</i>	DAN
	Spike pushes Dan towards Bird.
A poem, then a cigarette.	SPIKE
	(performing)
you know that feeling right at the edge of a dream where it suddenly all makes sense why it happened-- Just The Person turns the corner and your limbic system lights up like	

phosphorescent jellyfish

and it's like, oh--  
that's why I had this  
vision--  
why I ascended and descended  
all those  
winding staircases--

I turned my back  
to turn back around again

Pause. A sweet moment.

(melodramatically)

*I am void of that in my waking hours--  
consciousness is  
a dense arm thrown round  
my hollow body  
and I am  
a void for the void to fill.*

The moment dies.

SPIKE (cont.)

And now, the cigarette.

Spike abandons the conversation.

DAN  
Do I know you?

BIRD  
Do I know you?

You're Dan C., right?

BIRD

I thought you looked familiar!

DAN

BIRD  
I went to your middle school, but you don't know me-- you were older and I was/

DAN

/Right, right! I remember you! You had green corduroys, and you sang the solo in "This Little Light of Mine."

BIRD

Yes! Oh my gosh. I used to stare at you from across the library because you had your computer class at the same time as my reading class.

DAN

Really?

BIRD

Oh, um, yeah, um, I just thought you were-- it doesn't matter.

DAN

What was your name again?

BIRD

Bird. I changed it to Bird.

DAN

Bird.

DAN

How did you end up *here*?

BIRD

How did you end up *here*?

BIRD

A little birdie told us.

--.

Just kidding.

We saw it on a telephone pole.

Is this, like, a commune?

DAN

It's a multi-faceted, semi-self-sufficient communal living space.

BIRD

So it's a commune.

DAN

Uh, well, that has a sort of negative connotation... but since we're old friends, yes.

BIRD

Oh, we're friends?

DAN

How can we fall madly in love if we're not friends first?

You're funny.

BIRD

I'm dead serious.

DAN

I didn't know people still did this.

BIRD

We wanted a place for bands to grow, separate from the incessant cog of filth that is the contemporary music industry. But you should really talk to Jenni about it- it's her place.

DAN

So then where do you live?

BIRD

How forward of you.

DAN

Well I can't very well fall madly in love with you if I don't know where you live; how will I pine away on your doorstep?

BIRD

I'm just at the end of that long and winding dirt road.  
See the lights in the distance?  
I live there with my band, Big Boys.

DAN

The Big Boys?

BIRD

Just *Big Boys*.

DAN

Yeah, The Big Boys.

BIRD

No, *Big Boys*.  
No *The*.  
Hate bands with *The* in the front.  
It's the worst thing to happen to band names since pluralities.

DAN

Isn't Big Boys a plurality?

BIRD

Huh.

DAN

Dirk enters.

DIRK

Dan! Agent--  
oh, uh, sorry/

DAN

/It's fine.

Dirk extends his hand to Bird.

DIRK  
(introducing himself)

Dirk, hi.

BIRD  
(introducing herself)

Bird.

DIRK

Cool. *(to Dan)* They won't leave the loft.

Nina re-enters.

NINA

I can't find her. Hi. Nina. *(Nina extends a hand.)*

DIRK  
(introducing himself)

Dirk. *(They shake.)*

NINA

Cool.

DAN

Excuse us.

Dirk and Dan enter the house. The house opens.  
Spike stands below Agent's room.

DAN

This is ridiculous. If Agent wants to open, fine, but they have to be on time.

SHH! They are a gentle spirit.

DIRK

Jenni approaches.

JENNI

It's 8:03!!

DIRK

Come on, Agent.

AGENT  
(through the curtain)

No!

SPIKE

Who do you need to impress?

Agent moans.

DAN

Does this mean you're not going to play *either* set tonight? Because we rehearsed all week on my new song and I feel like we're really getting somewhere with this free-form, jazz-adjacent/

DIRK

/It is *not* jazz-adjacent/

DAN

/anti-melody/

AGENT  
(through the door)

I'm going to do the Big Boys set, I just-

DIRK

They're nervous to open. They wrote a new song and they have a new outfit and they're nervous.

DAN

Why? It's us.

AGENT

It's personal! It's not your anti-government dronings, it's- it's-

SPIKE

It's about love.

Love doesn't matter!

DAN

Dan-

DIRK

It doesn't!

DAN

Don't undermine them.

DIRK

I'm just looking at it objectively!

DAN

Come on, kiddo, the people are awaiting your entrance.

SPIKE

Agent opens the curtain. They're in a robe to conceal their outfit, but under it, they're clearly GLAMMED. Everyone drops their jaws.

Shut up.

AGENT

Spike runs ahead and signals to Jenni to dim the lights. Agent comes outside, and stands at the mic.

Agent nods to Jenni, and disrobes to show their glam.

AGENT  
(sung)

PRAY PILGRIM  
LET'S PRAY AS SINNERS DO  
THE SAINTS HAVE COME AND GONE  
AND I'M RUNNING BACK TO YOU

GO AND THROW YOUR STONES  
I'LL COME RUNNING RIGHT ON TO  
THROW OPEN MY WINDOW  
SO THAT YOU CAN CLIMB ON THROUGH

(( instrumental interlude ))

WHEN WE WERE BABES  
 ONLY JUST 16  
 YOU GAVE ME A BOOK  
 WITH A MESSAGE ON THE SLEEVE

PRAY FOR ME  
 I KNOW HOW THIS BEGINS  
 BUT I WENT AND LOST YOUR BOOK  
 AND I DON'T KNOW HOW THIS SCENE ENDS

HOW THIS SCENE ENDS...

The scene shifts, so that everyone is standing around in the yard between sets, except for Agent, who has retreated to their room.

Well I want to kill myself.	BIRD
Don't say that!	NINA
Why? I do.	BIRD
No you do not and you shouldn't joke about it.	NINA
That no-one Child is pouring their heart out and I am a dry well with a week to write an album.	BIRD
Six days.	NINA
<i>Six days</i> , Jesus Christ.	BIRD
Maybe there's a way we could stay here for a few days, you know... like <i>really</i> soak up the energy.	NINA
How are you going to swing that?	BIRD
I'm gonna find that lesbian.	NINA



You have to stop calling her that. BIRD

Why? The patriarchy made it an undesirable term. NINA

But you don't know if she is a lesbian. BIRD

No, I can feel it, I feel all-- tingly inside. NINA

Actually, kind of same... BIRD

And does it smell like curry? NINA

Oh, maybe you're having a stroke. BIRD

I think there just might be curry. NINA

Olivia grabs the mic.

OLIVIA  
THERE IS COMMUNAL CURRY FOR SHOWGOERS

Aha! NINA

And Nina's off, Bird trailing behind.

The doors to the house open. Olivia stirs the curry.  
Nina and Bird enter.

Nina WAVES HER HAND.

## GAY MAGIC INTERLUDE

The lights dim, save for a spot on Nina. Bird freezes.

Nina waves her hand. A spotlight hits Olivia.

OLIVIA

What's going on?

NINA

We're in our own energetic vacuum.

OLIVIA

That sounds/

NINA

/It sounds bad, but it's fine, I promise.

They stare.

OLIVIA

I'm not the kind of person who says things like this, but,  
have you heard that you're...  
like a magnet?  
I want to look away to be polite but I just  
can't seem to...

Their arms come up to dance, Nina's on purpose,  
Olivia's without her control. A waltz plays.

OLIVIA (cont.)

What are you doing?

NINA

What do you mean?

OLIVIA

We're- dancing.

They move closer to each other, center stage, and  
dance.

NINA

Look at that. We're dancing.

They dance.

OLIVIA

Is it weird that I feel like I want to be.. your best friend? Is it too soon to say that?

NINA

I don't know-- like, what if we've known each other forever?

OLIVIA

Like in past lives?

NINA

Like forever.

OLIVIA

Well then I guess it wouldn't be too soon.

They dance.

OLIVIA

You're-- excellent at this.

NINA

I like to slow dance.

OLIVIA

My heart feels... puree-d.

NINA

Yeah, doesn't it?

OLIVIA

Usually/

NINA

/this doesn't happen/

OLIVIA

/but when I saw you/

OLIVIA

/it was different.

NINA

/it was different.

NINA

I want to pierce another hole in your ear.

OLIVIA

I want to go on a ten-hour picnic with you.

NINA

I want to tell you everything I've seen before I saw you so you could know how inferior it all was to this moment right now.

OLIVIA

Where did you come from?

NINA

Like all stray cats, you don't want to know.

OLIVIA

I love cats!

NINA

Of course you do!

They dance.

OLIVIA

So does that mean you don't have anywhere to be?

NINA

Just so you know,

Nina dips Olivia.

it's not looking like we'll be friends for long.

Nina undips Olivia, and bows.

Bird catches up. Nina and Olivia shake.

Jenni enters the house, retrieving something from her room.

NINA (cont.)

Hi. Nina.

OLIVIA

Olivia. Do you guys have a place to stay?

BIRD

*How did you do that?*

NINA

*I'm a magician.*

OLIVIA

Jenni!

Olivia waves Jenni over.

BIRD

Oh, no, if you're busy you can/

JENNI

/Oh please. They're big boys, they can handle themselves.

Nina and Bird laugh. Jenni and Olivia don't.

BIRD

Well, I have to hand it to you, this place is gorgeous. Did your parents give it to you?

JENNI

*Lord no.*

Jenni stands commandedly on the farmhouse table.

When I was 18,  
I left my Zionist Congregation in rural Massachussets  
and let the wind  
carry me 'round the world three times.

When I landed,  
I had taken a much older lover by the name of Dewdrop Dove, who owned this estate,  
and she let me live in the little cottage down the road.  
As she was passing into her next incarnation, she slipped me the keys,  
and told me to do whatever I wanted with it:  
that my heart would lead me in the right direction.

I was hanging out with the hardcore kids then, to unplug the Well of My Sadness.  
They needed a place to stay and play,  
so we made this.  
What were you saying?

BIRD

Just that it was lovely. Hey, can I ask you something?  
What is the deal with everyone here having a *sour taste in their mouths* about fame? Isn't that  
what you want when you're a band?

JENNI

Fame is poison. The only good art is local.

NINA

Some say all art is local.

JENNI

Not art made for the masses.

OLIVIA

The bands on the Golden Egg's label only release work on vinyl and cassette.

NINA

Woah.

BIRD

Woah.

JENNI

But it's like,  
there's like a whole lifestyle around it, you know?

OLIVIA

We're all-accepting, just as long as you don't drink, or smoke, or do drugs --

JENNI

And Spike does all of those things, but he's anti-smartphone, so it evens out.

BIRD

So if they followed all of your rules, hypothetically, anyone could stay here?

OLIVIA

Why? Do you want to? Like forever?

BIRD

Oh no, I just meant-

NINA

Well maybe we could stay tonight?

JENNI

For as long as you like, as long as you help around the Egg.

OLIVIA

And there's not, you know, any skeletons in your closet...

BIRD

Excuse us for a moment.

Bird and Nina escape into the house.

BIRD

Bitch. We have a BIG skeleton.

NINA

What do you mean?

BIRD

How do you think they're going to react when we tell them about Church Bird? They have made their position on pop music abundantly clear.

NINA

Well first of all, I think we're more Indie, and secondly, you forget they don't listen to anything but local music! How would they ever know?

Agent comes down the ladder and sees Church Bird.

BIRD

Oh hi, sorry, we were just-

Beat.

Agent gets weak in the knees. Nina catches them.

NINA

Woah there, kiddo!

AGENT

I think I'm gonna pass out--

NINA

Okay, not on a hard surface-

Nina sits Agent down and fans them.

BIRD

Are you alright?

AGENT

Am I dead?

BIRD

I think you might just be a little dehydrated.

Dan enters.

We're on in-- woah, Agent? You good?

DAN

Kid just got a little faint.

NINA

I'm- I'm okay.

AGENT

Then come on, we gotta go!

DAN

Dan exits. Agent stands, looks at Church Bird.  
Touches Bird's arm to make sure she's real.

Agent exits.

The doors close. The song commences!

DAN  
(sung)

I HAVE SEEN A WOMAN  
DAUGHTER OF THE PHILISTINE  
COME ON SWEET CRIMSON  
WANDER THE OLIVE VINES

I HAVE BEEN FORGOTTEN  
LIKE HONEY IN THE WINE  
WHAT IS SWEETER THAN SORROW  
STRONGER THAN A LION?

LAY IN THE VALLEY  
LIE IN THE LIGHT  
BIND ME WITH ROPE  
AND TIE ME TIGHT

LAY IN THE VALLEY  
LIE IN THE LIGHT  
BIND ME WITH ROPE  
TIE ME TIGHT

BLACKOUT.



## The Third Day.

Bird is sprawled out on a tatami-mat futon in the middle of the floor.

Nina is out on the porch, asleep in a chair.

Olivia is stirring a LOT of oatmeal in the kitchen.  
Agent is staring at the sleeping women from their loft.

SPIKE

On the third day,  
She discovered that there was Heaven,  
and that before, She wasn't in it--  
and maybe she was now,  
or maybe she discovered the Sun and the Moon,  
or/

Olivia, distracted, looks out to Nina, and drops her spoon. It CLANGS.

Spike goes over to her.

OLIVIA

It's fine, I'm fine.  
Where have you been?

SPIKE

Wandering the scenic hills of the Pennsylvania-Delaware divide.  
Listening to God in the trees.  
Are you going back to bed?

OLIVIA

No.  
I didn't even sleep.  
I just stared at the wall, and then I made all these oats.

SPIKE

Can I sleep in your bed?

OLIVIA

Spike, don't you have a bed?

AGENT

Yeah, but there are no frames.

OLIVIA  
 (startled)  
 Jesus! Christ, Agent.

AGENT  
 Shh! Don't wake her.

SPIKE  
 (whispered)  
 So can I sleep in your bed?

OLIVIA  
 (whispered)  
 You should really get a bed frame again. It's not worth it if you just come here to sleep!  
 --  
 Yes, go, it's fine.

Spike bows in thanks and exits into Olivia's room.

Beat. Agent and Olivia stare; Agent at Bird, Olivia through the window at Nina.

AGENT  
 She's like, mesmerizing, isn't she?

OLIVIA  
 Yeah. She is.

Bird wakes up with a start. Olivia throws the spoon to Agent and runs into Agent's room.

Stunned, Agent stirs the oats and tries to look natural.

Bird reacquaints herself with reality.

BIRD  
 Oh shoot, Nina, wake up...

Nina is not there.

Nina? *(whispered)* Nina.

Agent watches her. Bird notices.

BIRD

Oh! Jesus. I didn't see you there.

Agent is too struck to speak.

You're Agent, right? We uh, I saw your opening set. (*genuinely*) It was really great. Are you feeling better?

Beat.

Sorry I drooled all over your couch. Have you seen my friend?

Agent says nothing.

Hey. I really did mean it. You were fantastic, it, made me feel like- like I could feel again. Ha, not eloquent, but you dig?

Beat.

Oh God. You know, don't you? You know who I am.

Agent nods. Beat.

Okay. Are you going to tell anyone?

AGENT

No! No. They would hate it.

BIRD

It seems to be that way.  
Okay. I should go find Nina.

Beat.

AGENT

Did you really like my set?

BIRD

Yeah, you were... captivating.

Beat. This has stunned Agent.

Agent retreats into their loft, stunned.

Bird gets up and looks for her coat.

Dan enters from Jenni's room.

Bird, oblivious, sings to herself...

BIRD  
(sung)

*Oh coat mountain, oh coat mountain,  
how lovely are thy branches--*

DAN

Are you going?

Bird trips without moving.

BIRD

Ah! Yes. Wait. No. I don't know. I need to find Nina, and I- think my coat is in this...  
unintelligible mound-

Dan picks up a jacket that says BIRD in huge letters.

DAN

Could this be it?

BIRD

Thanks. Hey, I thought you didn't live here.

DAN

I don't.

BIRD

Oh. *(She doesn't get it.)* Thanks--

She goes to take her coat, but Dan doesn't let go.

We just gonna... hang out here then?

They trade, Lady-and-the-Tramping the jacket until her fingers are on top of his.

*Your hands are like ice.*

DAN

*I'm iron-deficient.*

She yanks it, sending him backwards.

Bird goes for the door. Dan BLOCKS IT.

DAN

Wait!

BIRD

Ah!

DAN

Wait.

BIRD

Ohmygod, I'm waiting.

DAN

Don't go yet.

BIRD

Why? Is something going on?

DAN

Yeah, we're gonna do a blood oath and have an orgy in the basement.

BIRD

Oh. Ha-ha. Would love to, but-

DAN

Stay! We're going to have a tag war inside a series of sheet and pillow forts. Or you could not leave and we could just-

BIRD

Move in with you and all your friends?

DAN

Ha-ha! (*serious*) Yes.

Bird goes for the door.

DAN

Wait! Will you come?

BIRD

To the orgy? I have to ask Nina-

DAN

-About the orgy?

BIRD

About the pillow fight.

DAN

Right, right.

Technically, it's a tag war inside of a Sheet-and-Pillow-Fort.

BIRD

I'll ask her.

*(pause.)*

I was kidding about the orgy.

DAN

Yeah! Me too!

Bird tries to leave.

DAN (cont.)

Wait!

BIRD

What?

DAN

I don't know, I just don't want you to leave.

BIRD

I won't, I promise. I... feel really safe here.

Beat.

But I do have to go, like, find my friend.

DAN

Oh, yeah, of course.

Dan lets Bird by.

Bird goes outside to find Nina.

BIRD

Bitch! Wake up.

NINA

Ah! Ohmygod. Dude. It's so cool here. I feel one with the crickets.

BIRD

THAT LITTLE KID KNOWS WHO WE ARE.

NINA

SHIT.

BIRD

I know! But I mean--

NINA

Yeah, it makes sense. If these kids weren't off the grid, they'd be our key demographic.

Inside, Agent and Olivia burst out of Agent's room.

AGENT

Are they gone?

OLIVIA

MEETING. NOW. SOMEONE CALL DIRK.

AGENT

I'll call him!

BIRD

Wait wait, shh!

Bird and Nina hide, listening.

All the punks except Dirk and Agent congregate in the kitchen. Agent sneaks up to their loft, where Dirk is sprawled out on their bed.

AGENT

Wake up.

DIRK

Huh?

AGENT

Team meeting.

Agent crawls down their ladder. Dirk should come down a different way, one that seems impossible.

OLIVIA

We need to get on the same page about things. Jenni, can you read the minutes?

JENNI

Scene Meeting Number 437:

As called by Olivia.

Last meeting involved the titling LLC creation of The Golden Egg's record label,  
The Label,

as well as Jenni's concern that we were going through Oat Milk faster than we are buying it,  
and that some midnight drinker might be the culprit.

Only one was resolved; the Oat Milk thief still walks among us.

OLIVIA

Okay okay. My proposal for today is just to get us all on the same page about these girls.

Nina hits Bird on the arm. Dirk enters.

DIRK

What'd I miss?

SPIKE

Just the minutes, and that Olivia wants to talk about those girls.

DIRK

Which girls?

JENNI

The ones who stayed here last night.

AGENT

Bird Church and Nina Soloman.

Beat.

AGENT (cont.)

Go on.

OLIVIA

Do we know where the talking stick is?

DIRK

I'll get it!



Dirk leaps over to the container in the kitchen that holds wooden spoons and whisks, and pulls a golden stick from it.

He hands it to Olivia, slowly, like he wants her to acknowledge him. She curtly takes it.

OLIVIA

Thank You.

Now.

I don't know about what you all discerned from them, but, I'm concerned they don't have anywhere to go.

Stick to Jenni.

JENNI

You think they're houseless?

Stick to Olivia.

OLIVIA

It seems like it! Does anyone know where they live?

Stick to Dan.

DAN

Bird said to me/

DIRK

/That's the, shorter one?

DAN

Yes. Respect the stick.  
She said she was coming back.

OLIVIA

Yeah and Nina was... cryptic... *so cryptic...*

DIRK

Woah woah woah, do you *like* cryptic?

JENNI

Folks, respect the stick.

DIRK

Sorry, sorry.

Stick to Olivia.

OLIVIA

Agent, you were talking to Bird, did she say where she was from or if they were staying somewhere?

Beat.

OLIVIA (cont.)

Agent? Are you okay?

Beat.

DAN

He's RESPECTING THE STICK, PEOPLE. Come on.

Stick to Dan.

DAN (cont.)

I invited them to the pillow fight- sorry, the Tag War in the Sheet and Pillow Fort- tonight, so maybe they'll illuminate us.

It's good that we had this meeting, cuz when they're around, my brain fogs up...

OLIVIA

Yeah...

AGENT

Yeah...

JENNI

Anything else?

DIRK

Uh, yeah, can I have the stick?

Stick to Dirk.

DIRK

I would like to sing lead in Big Boys for some songs.

Dan opens his mouth to speak. Dirk waves the Talking Stick.

DIRK (cont.)

I need to feed my artistic identity.

AGENT

If Big Boys is changing then I petition for Dan to switch to bass.  
I want to start a girl band.

OLIVIA

*(Gasp!)* Don't tempt me with promises you can't keep.

SPIKE

Do you consider yourself a girl? Just so we're all on the same page.

AGENT

I identify as Girl-Band-Eligible.

DAN

Is the stick dead or something?

DIRK

Ah, screw the stick.

Dirk throws the stick behind him.

JENNI

Agent, I don't even know how to be in a band.

DIRK

It's not that hard.

AGENT

Bird and Nina can teach you because they-

Bird and Nina enter.

BIRD

STOP!

Everyone stops.

NINA

We would like to stay.

AGENT

That's what I was going to say!

NINA

Let us stay here and help the scene for a few more days. We know our way around an instrument, Bird can garden, and-

OLIVIA

Yes. I say Yes.

AGENT

Me too.

JENNI

Then I guess... all in favor?

EVERYONE

AYE!

SPIKE

Let the Pillow Fort Fantastica begin!

They disband!

#### PILLOW FORT FANTASTICA

Everyone re-enters with huge, sweeping sheets.

The setup should look like a dance. Dirk plugs in a keyboard off to the side and makes vaporwave beats to accompany the sheet-forming.

SPIKE

And once She saw the firmament, the heavens, the great blue-- it was hard to go back to the mountaintop.

Bird and Nina enter. Bird helps with the sheet dance. Nina goes over to Dirk. She picks up some drumsticks on a drum pad next to him, and plays a beat, then loops it, and walks away.

Dan goes to the center of the fort, and holds a crown.

DAN

We play in teams.

SPIKE

The sea divides.

They separate, on one side: Dan, Nina, Jenni, Dirk,  
on the other, Bird, Spike, Olivia, Agent.

Dan crowns Bird.

DAN

Once all eight of us gets tagged, last to be crowned wins.  
Go.

The chase begins.

Every time someone gets tagged, the crown shifts:  
from Bird, to Dan, to Jenni, to Spike. To Dirk, to  
Olivia, to Nina, to Agent.

This should be an interpretive, slow-motion game of  
tag.

By the end, Nina and Olivia should kiss,  
Agent should be crowned,  
and the whole thing should collapse in a flurry of  
sheets around them, but not before:

BIRD

Just a few days right?

NINA

Right.

INTERMISSION

## The Fourth Day.

Then, time stretched out like a bandit--  
between the buildings of three and four  
and She awoke to find  
months had passed.

SPIKE

In the yard: the tables are covered in books and  
guitars and flyers and zines.

Spike is reading.

Bird is making flyers. Dan is whispering into Bird's  
ear. Bird is laughing.

Nina is fooling with an instrument.

Olivia is staring at Nina, then looking away.

Jenni and Agent are stapling zines together.

Dirk is playing with a lighter.

Everyone freezes as Bird stands. One by one, they  
unfreeze.

BIRD

HOW TO BE PUNK.

JENNI

We're not punk. We're DIY, if anything.

BIRD

Oh. Right.

ONE:

GET YOUR ASS TO PRACTICE!

DIRK

BE IN THREE BANDS MINIMUM (if male)!

NINA

TWO:

NOTHING HAPPENS IF YOU DON'T ACT RIGHT NOW!

DON'T VOTE!  
SET THE BOOTH ON FIRE!!

BIRD

Yeah, I mean, you should vote-

NINA

Yeah it's a metaphor-

BIRD

But THAT'S NOT ENOUGH!

NINA

PROTEST!

JENNI

LIVE OFF THE LAND!

OLIVIA

DON'T EAT ANIMALS!  
DON'T EVEN LOOK AT ANIMALS!

BIRD

HUMAN BEINGS ARE A BLIGHT!

DAN

HATE YOURSELF

BIRD

HATE YOURSELF

NINA

HATE YOUR BOYFRIEND

OLIVIA

BREAK UP WITH YOUR BOYFRIEND ONCE A WEEK

DAN

Get back with your boyfriend--

BIRD

Bird eyes Dan. They make out, tumbling all over the floor.

NINA

BREAK UP WITH YOUR BOYFRIEND AND DATE WOMEN INSTEAD



DON'T LEAVE YOUR STATE JENNI

EVERYONE ELSE IS THE ENEMY NINA

What number are we at? DIRK

ONLY LISTEN TO LOCAL MUSIC AGENT

BE ALWAYS SEEN READING, BUT NEVER FINISH A BOOK. SPIKE

Everyone panics; none of them have books except for Spike. They all pick up a book and recline, until someone thinks of another rule.

DISAGREE WITH THE RIGHT, AND THE LEFT. DAN

LIVE IN SQUALOR DIRK

TELL EVERYONE YOU MEDITATE OLIVIA

LOVE JAZZ DIRK

EAT RICE SPIKE

GIVE UP COFFEE NINA

Actually, the rules are pretty similar to Mormonism... AGENT

BUT BE A FEMINIST BIRD

YEAH AND HAVE AN OPEN MIND DAN

JENNI  
EXCEPT FOR ABOUT VEGANISM

OLIVIA  
OR DRUGS

DIRK  
OR ALCOHOL

BIRD  
OR ANY OF THE OTHER STUFF WE SAID

SPIKE  
DOUBT THE MOON LANDING

DAN  
3 OUTFITS MAX

SPIKE  
KEEP READING

They all collapse again, into their books. Beat.

AGENT  
Well I would *love* to read more but...

Dirk, Olivia, Spike, Dan, and Jenni stand.

JENNI  
Yeah I should put these zines away before it rains...

OLIVIA  
And I should really-- feed my sourdough starter...

DAN  
And we should, like, have a second practice--

DIRK  
Yeah--

SPIKE  
Yeah--

JENNI, DAN, SPIKE, AGENT, DIRK, OLIVIA  
Yeah--

They swiftly exit, leaving Bird and Nina alone, confused, and still holding up the pretense that they're reading.

NINA

Dude. I can feel my literal brain expanding.

BIRD

RIGHT! It's the veganism.

NINA

And the lack of alcohol.

BIRD

And drugs.

NINA

I'm not even using *deodorant*, man. Yo, I didn't know how like, *unethical* we were being with our *choices*-

BIRD

I know!

NINA

Have you read this Maoist doctrine yet?

BIRD

I started it. Did you read *Tarantula*?

NINA

I started it. What is it?

BIRD

It's like- Bob Dylan's word salad-

NINA

Oh yeah, so profound.

BIRD

Totally connected the dots for me.

NINA

So you've written some songs?

BIRD

No, have you?

NINA

No.

BIRD

Okay. Dang. Okay.

Well, I don't know about you, but I'm thinking we do, like a, completely inaccessible, funk-fusion-neo-soul-electronica album--  
That's only available on cassette.

NINA

!!!!!!!

That's what I was thinking!

What are you going to write about?

BIRD

Well I could write it about the inherent evil of society... but that honestly is not as small a topic as you think.

NINA

I feel you. I totally feel you. Man, ever since we like truly abandoned the pursuit of fame, I feel like/

BIRD

/a weight has been lifted?

NINA

Yeah. It's the enlightenment of making a bold Political Statement of Action that no one knows you're making.

BIRD

Well Agent knows.

NINA

True. I don't think it's good for them. Agent always looks like they're about to burst or collapse-

BIRD

But what are we gonna do? We *had* to go.

NINA

Because instruments made us into show pigs.

BIRD

*Money* made us into show pigs.

Olivia enters.

OLIVIA

Who's a show pig?

NINA

No one! No one. Do you need help with something?

OLIVIA

Yeah, um- I- need to tack up some fairy lights in my room...

Nina springs to her feet and takes Olivia by the hand, offstage, winking to Bird.

Dan comes out, and stares at Bird in a doorway.

BIRD

I thought you were rehearsing?

DAN

We are.

Beat.

BIRD

So?

DAN

We're taking a break.

BIRD

Ah.

Beat.

Do you have something you need to say to me? Because I honestly have literally nothing to say to you after-

Dan rushes over and kisses her.

They make out so furiously that Bird falls out of the seat she's in and then they're on the ground like, writhing in the dirt.

DAN

You're an angel from God-

You're a demon sent to test me- BIRD

I love you. DAN

I love you. BIRD

Will you shave your head? DAN

Why? BIRD

Shampoo is unethical. DAN

Everything is unethical. BIRD

ohmygod- DAN

They make out all over the floor.  
Dan gets up.

ohmygod we have to break up- BIRD

What?! DAN

I can't control myself around you! I can't even remember what I was mad at you about. BIRD

That doesn't mean we should break up, that just means what you were mad at me about probably wasn't important. DAN

Get out. BIRD

What?! Bird. DAN

Get out!

BIRD

Okay! Okay. My break is up anyway. But I want to talk to you later, about... this.

DAN

He makes a vague hand gesture, then walks back inside.

BIRD  
(calling after Dan)

When have we ever talked about anything?

Bird sits there, on the ground.

Jenni enters.

JENNI

Hey, you got a sec?

BIRD

Hey--

Bird gets to her feet.

JENNI

Are you okay?

BIRD

Yeah uh,  
I just,  
fell.  
Come sit.

Jenni sits.

JENNI

Well first of all, there's the Olivia of it all.

BIRD

She seems to have taken a liking to Nina, yeah.

JENNI

Oh, no, I don't care about that.  
Olivia has been trying to start a girl band here for months.

Really?

BIRD

Yeah!

JENNI

I've been thinking about writing something... just trying things out, but, working in a group would be fantastic.

BIRD

Do you have any songs?

JENNI

Oh, uh, that's sort of the problem... I dried up like, just before I came here. But I could totally teach you how to write one if you know a few chords.

BIRD

Well then why couldn't you just... write one?

JENNI

I'm like, all blocked up, you know? It's like I need to take a song poop and I haven't in a while so it's hard to because the ball hasn't been rolling.

BIRD

Okay... well tonight we'll like, hunker down and work it out.

JENNI

Deal.

BIRD

Beat.

JENNI

I have another thing to talk to you about.

BIRD

You don't have to say that every time-- you can just, like, say the thing you want to say.

JENNI

Noted.

Jenni takes three Mindful Breaths.

BIRD

Are you okay?



JENNI

I just want to go into this with a clear head. Give me a second.

Jenni takes two more long, audible, Mindful Breaths.

JENNI

I just wanted to talk to you about Dan.

BIRD

Oh my god, yeah, it's--  
I don't know why we are the way we are.

JENNI

Oh, no, I just wanted everything to be out on the table.

BIRD

?  
Do you also like Dan?

JENNI

Oh, no, well, Dan is great.

BIRD

Are you his ex?

JENNI

No.

BIRD

So what is it?

JENNI

I don't know if it matters to you.

BIRD

Well neither do I because I don't know what it is.

JENNI

It just probably isn't a big deal.

BIRD

Okay so then it should be easy for you to talk about it, right?

Jenni takes another Mindful Breath.

Dan and I are partners. JENNI

Like, business partners? BIRD

No, like, partners. JENNI

*Like boyfriend and girlfriend?* BIRD

We don't like those terms. JENNI

WHAT? BIRD

Well we just feel they're diminutive words for a mature bond. JENNI

No, I mean *you're dating?* BIRD

*Partners, but yes.* JENNI

You're kidding. BIRD

I'm not kidding. JENNI

For how long? BIRD

It'll be four years this April. JENNI

FOUR YEARS! BIRD

Yes? JENNI

BIRD

I've never even seen you hold hands!

JENNI

We're not publicly affectionate.

BIRD

Oh my god. I'm so sorry for overstepping, I had no idea...

JENNI

Oh no, no overstepping. We're in a Conscious Non-Monogamous Agreement.

BIRD

You're poly?

JENNI

*No*, lord, no. We're Consciously Non-Monogamous. So Dan could see you, if you wanted, but I wouldn't be involved.

BIRD

Neither of you thought to tell me?

JENNI

I'm telling you now.

BIRD

BEFORE NOW, JENNI.

JENNI

Well it didn't really seem to have anything to do with me. But Dan expressed to me in our Bi-Weekly Partnership Meeting that he was interested- if you were interested- in making you two official, and that *does* involve my consent. Has he talked to you about that yet?

BIRD

I think he tried to but...

JENNI

And that's your business.  
And I definitely don't want to hear about it.  
At all. Ever.  
I just came to tell you I don't care.

Jenni stands.

BIRD

Can I ask you something?

Of course. JENNI

What did he say to you? BIRD

Jenni cries. JENNI

*He said he thought you were "The One".* JENNI

Oh, Jenni! BIRD

*Do you think you are?* JENNI

Oh my god, I don't know! Non-monogamy sort of implies there not being a "one", doesn't it? BIRD

*That's what I said.* JENNI

Oh, Jenni!  
Please don't cry. BIRD

*I don't know-  
why-  
I'm getting-  
so-  
emotional-* JENNI

Dude, maybe this whole free love thing isn't for you. BIRD

It's not free love, it's Conscious Non-Monogamy- JENNI

Right, right, conscious non-monogamy- Aw, Jenni-  
Listen. I'll back off. Okay? I don't want to come between you, I really don't, it's-  
all we do is fight, I should probably cut him loose anyway. BIRD

I really love him!

JENNI

Dude I can tell!

BIRD

Do you?

JENNI

BIRD

I don't think I've ever loved before, so I don't have anything to compare it to- but- his mouth is like, it's *for* my mouth- and when we're together, I feel completely whole-- but I also feel like I have to escape it because it's like too much-- it's pure passion.

It's not like that with us!

JENNI

Aw, Jen! That's probably a good thing!

BIRD

Lights dim on Jenni and Bird, and lift on Dirk below Agent's window.

Dirk has a guitar in hand, and sings.

DIRK  
(sung)

KID WITH THE FUNNY NAME  
I'M OUT ON YOUR CELLAR DOORSTEP

THE ANGELS IN MY SHOES HAVE SPROUTED WINGS  
MELODY, COME TO ME, IN THE MOONLIGHT

AGENT  
(sung)  
HONEYBEE, SING TO ME, IN THE SUNSHINE

Dirk looks up.

DIRK  
(sung)  
I CAN'T BELIEVE  
YOU'D COME FOR ME

BOTH

OUT ON  
MY CELLAR DOORSTEP

You like it? DIRK

It's perfect. AGENT

It's for you. DIRK

Is it? AGENT

If you want it.  
What's wrong? DIRK

I want- AGENT  
I want to tell you so much  
but the Gods have told me to keep my mouth shut.

Agent closes the window.

## The Fifth Day.

SPIKE

And then it was the fifth day,  
She remembered she had work to do,  
and made a whole bunch of shit come to life.

Jenni, Olivia, Agent, and Nina practice: Nina on drums, Agent on bass, Jenni on Guitar, Olivia on keys.

Bird stand with Jenni, teaching her chords.

JENNI

I just don't get it.

BIRD

Yes you do, look, it's just three chords, it's-

Bird shows her.

Dan walks by. A hush falls. He eyes Bird, wounded.

JENNI

So you told him?

BIRD

I just said I needed to think.

Jenni and Bird longingly look at where he walked.

BIRD

You know what? He doesn't even live here! Screw him.  
Sorry, sorry, I forgot you've been Consciously Coupled for almost half a decade.

Bird returns to the practice, reluctantly.

BIRD

Listen, I'm gonna- let- you guys do this, but it's not that hard, you just play a few chords, and they don't have to be complicated, like-

She picks up the guitar and plays some chords.

JENNI

I can do that, but there's not a word in my head to match it.

BIRD

Been there, Cowboy.  
 Alright, then Jenni, play rhythm, and, uh-  
 me and Agent will do something.

AGENT

Oh *no*, no no no--

BIRD

Come on, I haven't heard you sing since we first arrived!

AGENT

That's because- that's because- you're just so- and I just-

BIRD

Oh come on-

AGENT

No I just couldn't.

BIRD

Come on-

AGENT

NO I JUST COULDN'T.

BIRD

BITCH! YES YOU JUST COULD.

Beat.

BIRD (cont.)

Go on, sing! Sing.

AGENT

Okay, play me the refrain?

Jenni plays it.

AGENT  
 (sung)

I DON'T WANNA TALK ABOUT THE WEATHER  
 WHEN I SAID I'M GONE, I MEANT FOREVER  
 BUT I'M BACK AGAIN



I'M BACK AGAIN  
I'M BACK

BIRD  
(sung)

I DON'T WANNA TALK ABOUT  
EVERYWHERE I WENT BEFORE I FOUND YOU  
I DON'T WANNA WORK IT OUT  
I'M OBSESSED WITH THE SILENCE THAT SURROUNDS YOU

SURROUNDS YOU  
SURROUNDS!

AGENT  
(sung)

I DON'T WANNA WORK IT OUT!  
IF I'M RIGHT OR WRONG I'M STILL WITHOUT YOU

BIRD  
(sung)

EVERYWHERE I GO I TALK ABOUT  
HOW I LET YOU GO AND LET HER HAVE YOU  
HOW I LET YOU GO AND LET HER HAVE YOU  
HOW I LET YOU GO AND LET HER HAVE YOU

Bird exits.

AGENT

You don't know what a gift these women are! WHAT A GIFT.

Lights down on them, and up on the front doorstep.  
Nina comes out to sit with Bird.

Beat.

NINA

So did you think it was-

BIRD

It was fantastic.

NINA

Right!

BIRD

No one's ever going to hear it.

NINA

You heard it.

BIRD

Yeah but think of all the people who would love to be imbibed with the sweet sounds of the Tri-State Area.

NINA

But maybe that part of my life is over. Maybe I just had one Church Bird album in me.

BIRD

No! Bitch! That's exactly what I said to you!

NINA

Well what if you were right? Bird, I want to spend the rest of my life with Olivia, and if that means staying here, then I'm game.

BIRD

Is she going to tell people about you two?

NINA

Maybe it's nobody else's business.

BIRD

Maybe the people deserve to know!

NINA

Why are you getting upset!

BIRD

I'm not and you know I hate that word!

NINA

But you are, you're upset!

BIRD

Stop saying upset!

NINA

Now *I'm* upset!

BIRD

Why don't you go talk to your secret girlfriend about it!

NINA

Bitch!

BIRD

Bitch!

NINA

Bitch! Let's have a considerate dialogue!

BIRD

Okay.

When are you going to tell Olivia about Church Bird?

NINA

Oh, you mean, admit that I am the enemy?

BIRD

That's exactly what I mean!

NINA

When are you going to tell Dan!

Beat.

NINA

What.

BIRD

Dan and Jenni are dating.

NINA

What?! Since when?

BIRD

They've Been Dating For Four Years.

NINA

WHAT

BIRD

YEAH

NINA

FOUR YEARS

BIRD

RIGHT?

Beat.

BIRD (cont.)

I hate being mad at you.

NINA

Me too. Are you okay?

BIRD

No! I'm fucking crushed!

I feel like God brass-knuckled my sternum and I don't even know why because I try to break up with Dan like, every day, but now that there's someone else I feel hopeless.

I think I have to go, Nina.

I love the vegan food and the reading and the gently rolling hills, but Dan makes me feel crazy, and I'm worried about like, losing myself in it. In the waves of it.

NINA

I can't go with you.

BIRD

I know.

NINA

You know what you have to do, right?

You have to burn it all down.

BIRD

Bitch, what?

*(whispers)* I'm not gonna commit *arson!*

NINA

I meant figuratively!

BIRD

Oh.

NINA

That's the only way you'll get a raw, gleaming album, which is what you need if you're going to make a comeback.

You have to burn it all down.

Beat. They hold hands.

The Sixth Day.

SPIKE

On the sixth day, there was panic.

In Agent's Room:

AGENT

GODDESS OF CHURCH BIRD, HEAR MY PLEA.

God Bird comes out through the closet.

GOD BIRD

What is wrong, my child?

AGENT

I gotta get this bitch out of here!

GOD BIRD

By this bitch you mean-

AGENT

Bird Motherfreaking Church! This girl is writing bangers and the people need to hear.

GOD BIRD

You know what you have to do then, don't you?

AGENT

...No? That's why I called you.

GOD BIRD

You have to burn it all down.

AGENT

...The house?

GOD BIRD

No bitch! It's a metaphor.

AGENT

Oh. *Oh*. Well how do I do that?

Knock knock.

God Bird disappears.

It's Dan. Agent leans against the curtain.

...Bird?

AGENT

It's Dan. Are you... presentable?

DAN

Yes, you Dumb Heterosexual. Come in.

AGENT

Dan enters, pacing.

DAN

I want to write a love song.

AGENT

A love song?

DAN

A love song. Not anymore of this nonexistent, superficial shit I've been singing about.

AGENT

I hate to break it to you, but Daughter of Philistine is a love song.

DAN

No, that song is purely biblical.

Dan takes Agent by the hands, or whatever the straight equivalent of that is.

Agent, you were right and I get it.

AGENT

Oh god, can you record yourself saying that?

DAN

Love exists, and it matters, and I hate it, and I have to write a killer jam about it.

AGENT

I'm sure Jenni would love that.

DAN

Why would Jenni love that.

AGENT

Because it's for Jenni?

No, for Bird! I have to win her back.

DAN

Beat. *Oh!* The dots connect.

AGENT

Oh! You want help with... *Bird.*

DAN

I don't know how to do it, but you...  
 Your love song was... emotive.

AGENT

Dan.

DAN

Agent.

AGENT

Sit down.

DAN

Sitting is the new smoking.

AGENT

Listen to me. You love Bird, yeah?

DAN

She's The One.

AGENT

I thought you didn't believe in that sort of thing.

DAN

That's how I know she's The One.

AGENT

So fine, you think she's the one. But do you really know her?

DAN

Of course I do. She's The One.

AGENT

Are you sure about that?

DAN  
Of course I'm sure.

AGENT  
How can you be sure you're sure.

DAN  
She has no reason to lie to me-

AGENT  
Unless she does.

DAN  
Do you know something?

AGENT  
No! I'm just saying! Are you sure she's really who she says she is?

DAN  
You don't think--

AGENT  
I don't think anything! I just feel like you should look into it before you go out and say she's The One.

DAN  
This is ridiculous. Your head is filled with sour milk.

AGENT  
Just keep your eyes open.  
You may go now.

Dan exits.

Dirk makes beats in the kitchen, like in the pillow fort.

Dan opens the door to his office.

Spike is sleeping in there.

DAN  
*Spike.*

Spike snaps awake, immediately back to reading the book in his hands.



What? Huh? I'm reading.

SPIKE

Is that still the book from Agent's room?

DAN

It's dense!

SPIKE

Dan tries to get in the box with Spike, for the sake of discretion.

No, Dan, there's not enough room-

SPIKE

SHH!  
Spike.  
I have this horrible feeling that Bird and Nina are hiding something.

DAN

Like they're... *trust fund kids*?

SPIKE

Dan gasps.

DAN  
(whispers)

Yes! Or conservative republicans.

SPIKE

Or both!

DAN

Oh God! *We need to investigate.*

Jenni enters.

JENNI

What are you two whispering about?

Dan waves her over. Jenni tries to get in the office-box too.

SPIKE

Dan is having doubts about his scorned lover.

Jenni and Dan both make a face.

DAN

Never say that word again.

Olivia enters, with books.

OLIVIA

What are you guys-

The punks SHUSH Olivia. She walks over. This piques Dirk's attention.

DAN

Olivia, do you ever have doubts about Nina?

JENNI

We're wondering if she might be hiding something, like-

OLIVIA

Like a trust fund?

SPIKE

Oh God!

DAN

What if they're spies-

OLIVIA

What are we gonna do?

DIRK

What are you guys doing?

They shush Dirk, and wave him over.

JENNI

We're having doubts about Bird and Nina.

DIRK

What like they're-

OLIVIA

Private investigators or-

Serial killers??

DIRK

What are we gonna *do*?

OLIVIA

I was *getting to that*.

JENNI

--.

We have to look them up on the internet.

The group GASPS.

No!

OLIVIA

I won't!

DAN

It's the only way to know for sure!

JENNI

Does anyone even *have* a computer?

DIRK

I was going to go return these at the library-- what if we used one of the ones there?

OLIVIA

Let's go before they see us.

JENNI

The group loads out. Dan lingers behind...

JENNI (cont.)  
(to Dan)

Do you want to know or not?

The punks exit, running into Bird and Nina, who are going inside.

Ah!

BIRD

AH!

EVERYONE ELSE

Where are all of you off to?  
NINA

Nothing!  
They're just... escorting me to the library.  
OLIVIA

Oh. Have fun, I guess--  
BIRD

They pass them quickly, and exit.

Pack your bags.  
NINA

BLACKOUT.

The Last Scene.

Midnight. The house is pitch-black.

A spooky spotlight on Spike.

SPIKE

Then, the house was quiet-  
our turtle doves  
tucked into their squares  
little mattresses-  
Not a sound but the wind-  
and the opening and closing  
of the old fridge...

Blackout.

Footsteps. Bird leaves her room, in pajamas, and  
tiptoes into the kitchen through the darkness.

She opens the fridge door to get the oat milk-  
It illuminates her, and peripherally, THE PUNKS,  
sitting in the front room, in complete stillness.  
Waiting.

Bird doesn't notice. She drinks, puts the carton  
away, and sings a little tune...

BIRD

*Oh coat mountain, oh coat mountain,*

DAN

*How lovely are thy branches...*

Bird freezes, now in pitch black again.

She hits the lights, seeing the punks, motionless.

DAN

Up for a midnight snack, Bird?

BIRD

AH! What is this?

DAN

YOU TELL ME.

BIRD

--

I've been the one drinking the Oat Milk!

I'm sorry, I just-- I always drink it, and then go back to bed, and forget to get more when I go back to the store, I'm sorry.

SPIKE

Huh.

DAN

We're not here to talk about Oat Milk.

BIRD

You're scaring me.

DAN

You know, I knew it was going to be bad. I suspected you from the beginning-

Spike throws his arms up in exasperation.

DAN

But love hath plucked out my eyes and made me blind.

BIRD

What can I say?

DAN

WHAT CAN YOU SAY.

BIRD

I'm scared.

DAN

You should be!

BIRD

Why?

DAN

Cuz we found THIS!

Dan holds up a stack of paper.

Beat.

What is that? BIRD

The internet! DAN

Beat.

We googled you! DAN (cont.)

Oh god. BIRD

*A pop star?* DAN

Technically we're indie! BIRD

You have a pitchfork rating! DIRK

I feel filthy. DAN

I'm waking her up. OLIVIA

Oh god, don't--  
wait--  
this was all my doing. BIRD

Nina enters from Olivia's room.

No, it wasn't. NINA  
We were here trying to write, but we got stuck, and then I saw Olivia putting up a flyer to that first show, and I thought... I thought...  
I thought maybe we could find what we were looking for here.

So you were going to steal from us? JENNI

NINA

No! Not exactly! We were just going to ride the wave for a couple of days. But then we looked up and, it's been months, and I'm in love, and-- I want to repent or whatever.

I have seen the light of the scene! I just want to live out my days in a communal house with my job on a co-op and write poetry with Spike at night and tell Olivia I love her.

You love me?  
OLIVIA

You guys are dating?  
DIRK

Catch up, Dirk!  
JENNI

How did I miss that?  
DIRK

I know how you feel.  
BIRD

Do you love me?  
NINA

Of course I do. I didn't know what love was until I knew you.  
OLIVIA

Well if you two really want to leave it behind, maybe you should stay.  
JENNI

I do.  
NINA

Beat.

I think I have to go.  
BIRD

What?!  
JENNI

What?!  
DAN

Oh thank God!  
AGENT



Everyone looks at Agent.

AGENT (cont.)

I DON'T CARE ANYMORE! I set this all up!  
I TOLD THE PEOPLE TO GOOGLE.

DAN

It was definitely my idea.

AGENT

*I MADE YOU THINK THAT, YOU FOOL.*

Bird, hate me if you want, but I just think you're divine, and if I didn't hear another album from you I'd swear off food until my organs shut down.

BIRD

You sabotaged my secret... for me?

AGENT

For *Church Bird*.

DAN

Agent, in my opinion-

AGENT

Shut up! I wanna say something else.

Agent goes over to Dirk and kisses him.

AGENT (cont.)

You are KILLING ME!

Wait, no, let me start over.

I love you. You should find a bunch of people who want to love the way you love, you know, everyone free and together with everyone else.

But that ain't me, babe! I'm a one horse--

OLIVIA

Pony?

AGENT

Exactly.

And another thing! You need to get the hell over Olivia or- or write a *really good* EP about it cuz she's not looking back, you Big Dumb Idiot!

DIRK  
Do you really think I'm/ an idiot

AGENT  
/NO I THINK YOU'RE A GENIUS.

DAN  
I have a proposed solution.

SPIKE  
Do you want to call a meeting?

DIRK  
I'll get the stick!

Dirk gets the talking stick and gives it to Dan.

DAN  
Impromptu Punk Meeting Number 438, approximately... 12:25 a.m., February 1<sup>st</sup>. Called by  
Myself, Dan, to discuss the--  
well--  
I propose the exile of Bird Church.  
And Agent.

BIRD  
What?!

DAN  
Agent manipulated the group just as Bird did. And if Bird doesn't want to abandon the dingy,  
fluorescent light of fame for the candlelit bliss of The Golden Egg then she must go.

BIRD  
CANDLE-LIT-BLISS?  
ARE YOU KIDDING ME?

NINA  
(under her breath)  
Yes bitch, take center stage.

BIRD  
This place is a sham! It's a staged play of peaceful living! You people say you hate the  
government, yet you run your own with your meetings and your rules about what to eat, who to  
listen to, and what to use and what to abstain from, *which is everything!* I have spent *months*  
feeling bad about everything I do, because if you make a rule in an absolute, there's no way to  
follow it.

BIRD (cont.)

I have listened to nothing but Fugazi (who I *dislike*) and emo since I have been here, I have slept on the floor and thrown away my phone, I have taken cold water showers and held yoga kriyas with Jenni for 31 minutes with my arms up, and *I. HAVE. LOVED IT.*

NINA

What? Oh no. *Circle back--*

BIRD

I did not *know* what love what before I came here, and you have taught me to share, to think critically, and to give in to the carnal pleasures of the flesh that only come with true desire and I *thank you* because I have grown! But this place truly makes me feel like I am unraveling and I actually have to go now before I completely lose myself in it.

Oh shit, this feels good. I want to hole up and write an 8-song album about this, and give it straight to my manager James, and then collapse onto my king-sized *off-the-ground bed* with \$400 white sheets in Williamsburg, Brooklyn! And then I want a crepe, cuz FUCK IT!

So no need to take a vote, kids! I'M OUT!

Bird exits.

Beat.

Bird enters.

BIRD  
(to Agent)

Bitch! Are you coming?

THE PUNKS EXIT. MIST COVERS THE STAGE.

SPIKE

On the seventh day,  
They left Heaven for Earth.  
Or Earth for Heaven.

BIRD & AGENT SING A FINALE.

AGENT  
(sung)

IF I DIDN'T LOVE YOU  
IT WOULD BE EASIER TO STAY HERE  
I WOULDN'T FEEL LIKE WE WERE WASTING OUR DAYS HERE

ALL THIS TIME

FALLS OUT OF OUR HEELS INTO THE GROUND  
 TYING OUR ANKLES DOWN

BIRD  
 (sung)

IF I DIDN'T LOVE YOU  
 I WOULDN'T HAVE THIS PULL FOR US TO GO  
 I'D ABANDON ALL THOSE DREAMS  
 WE DREAMT SO LONG AGO

MAYBE I'D BE FINE  
 LETTING THE SEASONS  
 PASS US BY

IF I DIDN'T LOVE YOU,  
 MAYBE I'D BE ALRIGHT

The house is dark and quiet. Spike opens the fridge  
 and drinks the Oat Milk.

AGENT & BIRD  
 (sung)

IF I DIDN'T LOVE YOU  
 MAYBE I WOULDN'T WANT TO CHANGE  
 BUT WHEN I CLOSE MY EYES I STILL SEE A  
 CROWD SCREAMING YOUR NAME

AGENT

MAYBE I'D BE FINE  
 LETTING THE SEASONS  
 PASS US BY

AGENT & BIRD

IF I DIDN'T LOVE YOU,  
 MAYBE I'D BE ALRIGHT

END OF MUSICAL.