

# MY GIRL, LOLA

Written by Taina Carrion-Perez

## **CHARACTERS**

**LOLA RAMIREZ:** 23 years old. Puerto Rican. Grad student. Also a student-teacher. Anxious and introverted.

**MIGUEL CASTILLO:** 23 years old. Puerto Rican. Lola's boyfriend. Grad student. Has a job at the school library. Messy yet reserved.

**TANYA GONZALEZ:** 23 years old. Puerto Rican. Has big curly hair. Still lives with her mother. Works in retail. Bubbly and extroverted.

**LOLA'S FATHER:** Deceased.

## **SETTING**

Lola's apartment.

## **TIME**

Senior year spring semester of grad school for Miguel and Lola. January.

## SCENE ONE.

Lola's studio apartment. There's a bed with a nightstand, and a sofa with a coffee table in front of it in the center of the stage. On stage left is a room divider, and a full body mirror. On stage right is the front door, a refrigerator, a small counter with a coffee maker and a microwave on it, and a sink. A couple of Miguell's belongings are strewn around the apartment. A purple hue envelops the entire space.

*(A sharp spotlight shines on the bed where Lola's father lays on his back in nothing but his boxers. His snores come out in roars of sleep apnea. Unable to breathe, he jolts himself awake. The spotlight follows him as he moves. Slowly, he trudges his way out of bed, groaning due to back pain. He stands up, completely disheveled, and pulls a cigar out from the nightstand drawer. He lights it, and smokes while staring at himself in the mirror. He exits stage left. The spotlight is back on the bed. This time we see Lola under the covers with the blanket up to her chin. She's awake, staring off into space. The alarm on her phone goes off, and Lola aggressively slams it off. She stares off into space for a few more moments before sighing deeply, and trudging herself out of bed the same way her father did. She stares at herself in the mirror, looking and feeling tired.)*

MIGUEL  
*(off-stage)*

Lola!

*(Lights up. Lola snaps out of this depressive daze. The morning sunlight creeps through the window.*

*Her boyfriend, Miguel enters from stage left, cleaned up and nicely dressed. Lola, on the other hand, is still in her baggy pajamas with messy hair.)*

LOLA

I'm up.

*(Lola goes to the kitchen to make coffee.)*

MIGUEL

You were tossing and turning all night. I figured I'd let you sleep for five more minutes.

LOLA

Somehow I was exhausted and wide awake at the same time.

MIGUEL

It's because you keep drinking coffee past 6pm. I keep telling you.

*(Lola pulls out a coffee mug, holding it close to her protectively.)*

LOLA

*(defensive, playful)*

And what about it?

MIGUEL

It's not good for you. How do you expect to create a normal sleeping routine if you're gonna consume caffeine in the evening? That doesn't make sense.

*(Lola puts the mug down while the coffee is brewing.)*

LOLA

I know, Miguel, I know.

*(Miguel sniffs her neck.)*

MIGUEL

You gonna shower?

*(Lola squirms away from him to go behind the room divider, and change from her sweatpants to jeans.)*

LOLA

Tonight. I gotta wash my hair *desperately*. It's too cold to go out with wet hair though.

*(Miguel has a disgusted look on his face that Lola can't see.)*

MIGUEL

*(holding back judgment)*

Okay...

*(Lola pops her head out from behind the room divider.)*

LOLA

What?

MIGUEL

Nothing. Nothing...

*(Lola looks at Miguel with narrowed eyes.)*

LOLA

*(suspicious)*

Mhmm...

*(Lola comes out from behind the room divider. She takes her hair out of a messy bun, shakes her head a couple times, then throws her hair back up in a neater messy bun.)*

MIGUEL

Did you finish the essay you were working on last night?

LOLA

*(remembering)*

Fuck!

MIGUEL

So that's a no.

*(The coffee is done. Lola pours herself a cup. She adds milk and sugar to it.)*

LOLA

I was going to but once it hit 3am, I just gave up.

MIGUEL

I get it. Preparing for your student teaching interview threw off your whole schedule.

LOLA

*(excitedly)*

Worth it though because I start tomorrow.

*(Lola does a little jump for joy which Miguel finds adorable. He hugs her tightly.)*

MIGUEL

You're gonna be great. Ms. Ramirez has a sexy ring to it.

*(Lola smacks his arm playfully.)*

LOLA

I'll just go with you to the library sometime this week so we can do homework together.

MIGUEL

Yeah, we haven't had a library date in a while.

*(Miguel kisses Lola on the cheek.)*

MIGUEL (cont'd)

You're that behind, aren't you?

LOLA

Lil bit.

MIGUEL  
*(chuckles)*

Of course you are.

*(Miguel releases Lola from his hold.)*

MIGUEL (cont'd)

We should do something to celebrate your first day tomorrow though.

LOLA

Like what?

*(Lola places her coffee on the nightstand next to her bed. She puts a hoodie over the pajama shirt she still has on.)*

MIGUEL

I don't know. It's up to you. This is your thing.

LOLA

I didn't really think about doing anything. We can celebrate when I actually become a teacher.

MIGUEL

Whatever you want. I'm done with classes tomorrow by 6 o'clock but Sammy wants me to stop by the house afterwards so I'll probably be back here late.

*(Miguel sits down on the couch to tie his shoes. Lola grabs her sneakers that are by the door so that she can put them on too.)*

LOLA

Why? Everything alright?

MIGUEL

He didn't say. He's been complaining that he hasn't been feeling good lately though. It's probably a stomach bug or something.

LOLA

You should bring him some soup or something.

MIGUEL

Can I borrow some soup money? I'm out of cash and I don't get paid till Thursday.

LOLA

Just don't forget to pay me back this time.

MIGUEL

Of course.

*(Miguel kisses Lola. He takes a twenty dollar bill from her purse that's right next to him.)*

LOLA

If we do something, maybe Tanya can come.

*(Miguel makes a displeased whiney noise.)*

LOLA (cont'd)  
*(confused)*

What?

MIGUEL

She's just gonna cancel on you again.

LOLA

Don't say that.

MIGUEL

She canceled the last three times you asked her to hang out. This happens every time you plan something.

*(Lola takes her laptop from the nightstand, and sits on her bed. She gets back to work on her essay.)*

LOLA

No it doesn't.

MIGUEL

Remember your birthday last year?

LOLA  
*(defensive)*

She had a lot going on.

MIGUEL

And the fourth of July?

LOLA  
*(defensive)*

What about it?

MIGUEL

And the Puerto Rican day parade?

LOLA  
*(agitated)*

What's your point?

MIGUEL

Don't you think it's unfair that you go running at her beck-and-call whenever she needs something, but when you try to make plans, she makes excuses?

LOLA

I do not. She just-

MIGUEL

She has a lot going on. I know.

*(Lola shrugs, rolling her eyes. She types on her computer aggressively.)*

LOLA

I'm not gonna listen to you talk badly about someone I care about.

*(Beat. Miguel sighs. He puts his coat on.)*

MIGUEL

You're gonna finish your essay?

LOLA

*(dryly)*

It's due in an hour so I kinda have to.

MIGUEL

I don't know how you do it. I can't imagine not having my homework done at least two days before it's due.

LOLA

*(focused)*

I don't know how I do it either. I just do.

MIGUEL

I'll come back here after work. Okay?

*(Miguel gives Lola another kiss.)*

LOLA

Have a good day.

*(Miguel is about to head out the apartment, but Lola stops him.)*

LOLA (cont'd)

Wait, can you pick up your scarf?

*(Miguel picks it up, and puts it on.)*

LOLA (cont'd)

And your sweater?

MIGUEL

Got it.

*(Miguel picks that up too.)*

LOLA

And your gym shorts?

MIGUEL

Sure.

*(He picks up the shorts.)*

LOLA

And your shoes?

MIGUEL  
*(frustrated)*

Lola!

*(He also picks them up.)*

LOLA

You're going back to your house tomorrow anyway!

MIGUEL

So I'll take all this back tomorrow. Can I just leave them here?

LOLA

You're not gonna take them back tomorrow. You're gonna leave them here again.

MIGUEL

No I'm not. I love you.

*(Miguel places his pile of clothes back on the couch before giving Lola one last kiss, and heading out of the apartment.)*

LOLA  
*(to herself, annoyed)*

Can you at least not put your shoes on my sofa?

*(Lola gets up to knock the shoes off the couch. Lola looks back at her laptop.)*

LOLA  
*(frustrated)*

Fuck!

*(Lola slumps back down on the bed. The purple light slowly comes back as Lola focuses on her breath. The spotlight from before begins to close in on her as she experiences shortness of breath. Suddenly, she gets up, and yanks the window open. The cold breeze hits her, and she's instantly calm again. Fade out.)*

## **SCENE TWO.**

Fade in. Later in the day. The sunset can be seen through the window. Miguel's clothes are now sitting in a pile at the edge of Lola's bed.

*(Lola is sitting on the couch, checking the time on her phone. Her leg is shaking.)*

LOLA  
*(to herself)*

Lola, it's been two minutes since you last looked at the clock. She'll be here soon. It's fine.

*(Lola looks at her phone again. No texts either.)*

LOLA  
*(sighs)*

Totally fine.

*(The doorbell rings, and she jumps up to answer the door.)*

LOLA

I knew it!

*(She swings the door open.)*

LOLA

*(overly excited, turned to disappointment)*

Hey! Oh...

*(There's a package on the ground. Lola picks it up. As she's about to close the door, someone stops her from shutting it. Tanya bursts through the door. She's carrying her purse, and a small Victoria's Secret bag.)*

TANYA

Sorry I'm late! You know me: The rain, my hair, not a good combo.

*(It takes Lola a second to process what just happened. The two hug tightly for a moment.)*

LOLA

It's so good to see you.

TANYA

Girl it's freezing in here! How do you still have the window open? Just like my mom. She says hi, by the way.

*(Tanya closes the window that Lola just opened. She flops on the couch, breathing heavily. She takes off her coat and puts her bags on the floor.)*

*Lola follows behind her a little more cautiously.)*

LOLA

Sorry for the clothes everywhere. Miguel sleeps over most of the time so he leaves his stuff here sometimes. Actually, not sometimes. Most of the time.

TANYA

I know that feeling. That's how Jailen was.

*(Lola scoffs after hearing that name.)*

TANYA (cont'd)

Once, my mom went on a trip with her new boyfriend, so Jailen slept over for like a week, and even after my mom came back, he thought he was moving in!

LOLA

That sounds like Jailen.

TANYA

Don't get me started.

LOLA

Get me started! I can't stand him.

TANYA

*(apprehensive)*

We don't have to get into it...

LOLA

*(shrugs)*

But yeah, I was thinking of asking Miguel to go back to his place for a few days, but with the anniversary of his dad's death coming up, it's just not a good time. He needs me right now.

TANYA

Awww, yeah, you should be there for him. You know what that's like.

LOLA

Yeah...I just don't want him pulling a Jailen, and thinking he's moving in.

TANYA

*(shrugs)*

I mean you've been together for three years so might as well.

LOLA

I don't know/ about that...

*(Tanya's gaze shifts to Lola's hand. She notices a ring. In shock, she grabs Lola's hand immediately.)*

TANYA

/What is this?!

LOLA

Not what you think. It's a promise ring he got me on our anniversary.

TANYA

Wow, a promise ring. That's very...2015.

LOLA

I know, but I told him no one's ever bought me one before so he surprised me.

TANYA

Awww.

LOLA

*(candidly)*

Well, he couldn't afford it so really his godfather, Sammy is the one who bought me it. But /the thought was there.

TANYA

/I can't hold it in! I have to put you on.

LOLA

*(caught off guard)*

Oh dear god.

TANYA

Just don't make fun of me.

LOLA

Why would I make fun of you?

TANYA

Because I already know how you feel about it. You're not gonna like it.

LOLA

So why are you telling me?

TANYA

Because I can't just not tell you!

LOLA

Tell me what?!

TANYA

I started talking to Jailen again.

LOLA

Nooo!

TANYA

See!

LOLA

I mean, I'm hap- No, I can't even fake it.

TANYA

*(playing it off)*

I mean... We work at the same store. Obviously I was gonna have to face him eventually.

LOLA

But you know he doesn't deserve you after the way he *admitted* he was too embarrassed to introduce you to his family. You said it yourself.

TANYA

Yeah, but it's just different this time. He finally dropped his little side thing Natalia. I found her Instagram, and bro, she has a kid! A whole toddler and she's out here trying to make him out to be her baby daddy.

LOLA

Jeez... Imagine Jailen being a dad.

TANYA

Sucks for her though, Jailen wasn't feeling it. He said he realized it wasn't like what we had, and he actually wants to give us another try. Maybe I'll even meet his family this time.

LOLA

I don't know how you could trust him after that.

TANYA

Because I want him. I don't know what hold this kid has on me, but it's him.

LOLA

Just be careful please.

TANYA

Oh I'm not worried. I have the perfect couple friends to lead by example so I'm set. Speaking of which!

*(Tanya rummages through the Victoria's Secret bag, pulling out a satin nightgown.)*

TANYA

What do you think?

LOLA

*(confused)*

For...?

TANYA

For you. I bought a size too small and I was gonna return it but you're smaller than me so you can have it.

LOLA

Um, I appreciate the thought. But this is really not my style.

TANYA  
*(winks)*

I bet it's Miguel's style.

LOLA  
*(embarrassed)*

Stop!

TANYA

Just try it on. I think you'll like it.

*(Tanya hands Lola the dress. Lola examines it, not looking thrilled.)*

LOLA

Do I have to?

TANYA

Yes!

LOLA

Fine...

*(Lola places the nightgown next to her until Tanya pushes her off the couch to get up.)*

LOLA

Oh! You mean right now?

TANYA

When else?

LOLA

Okay okay!

*(Lola goes behind the room divider by her bed to get undressed.)*

LOLA

This feels silly.

TANYA

Shut up. You're gonna look hot.

LOLA

This just isn't me.

TANYA

You're telling me you don't own any lingerie?

LOLA

Not really.

TANYA

So granny panties is what gets Miguel going?

*(Lola comes out from behind the divider, wearing the nightgown, to grab a small pillow from her bed. She throws it at Tanya, making both of them laugh. Then Tanya sees Lola. She stands.)*

TANYA (cont'd)

You look gorgeous!

*(Tanya grabs Lola's hand to make her do a spin.)*

LOLA

*(self-conscious)*

Thanks...

TANYA

It fits you perfectly. I'm glad it's in good hands now.

LOLA

I feel so exposed. My legs are freezing.

TANYA

That's because you keep the window wide open in the middle of January like a maniac.

LOLA

I like the cold air.

TANYA

Then don't complain if you like it so much.

*(Lola looks at herself in the mirror.)*

TANYA (cont'd)

You don't have to wear it all the time. Just on the ABC's.

*(Lola looks at Tanya, confused.)*

TANYA (cont'd)

Anniversary, birthday, Christmas. Just a little something to spice things up from time to time.

LOLA

*(amused)*

I'll make sure Miguel thanks you for your contribution.

TANYA

It's what I do.

LOLA

This is actually kinda perfect. I start my first day of student teaching tomorrow, and Miguel suggested earlier we do something to celebrate. I hadn't thought about doing anything, but a romantic night in could be nice.

TANYA

No way! That's perfect. Ugh, congratulations. I know how badly you want to become a teacher.

*(Tanya hugs Lola.)*

TANYA (cont'd)

Look at you go. Grad school, a great relationship, and you're close to your dream job. I'm so proud of you.

LOLA

*(modestly)*

Stop it.

No, I'm serious. You deserve it.

TANYA

Thanks.

LOLA  
*(sincerely)*

Let's do shots!

TANYA

*(Tanya claps, and rummages through  
Lola's kitchen. She finds a liquor  
bottle and two mugs.)*

Ehh, you know I hate taking shots.

LOLA

Do you like the dress now?

TANYA

I don't *hate* it anymore.

LOLA  
*(lying)*

So you can *not* hate this shot we're about to do together.

TANYA

Tanya...

LOLA

Just one.

TANYA

It's a Tuesday.

LOLA

And tomorrow's Wednesday. Your point?

TANYA

*(Tanya looks at Lola with pleading eyes. She's dreadful about it, but Lola says...)*

LOLA

Fine.

*(Tanya pours the alcohol into the cups, and the two cheers.)*

TANYA

To my girl Lola, and all your success.

*(Tanya takes the shot, and when she isn't looking, Lola pours the alcohol into the sink. When Tanya looks back at her, Lola makes a face pretending she took the drink. Suddenly, there's a signature knock on the door. Lola begins to dash over to the room divider, holding the ends of her nightgown from flying up.)*

TANYA  
*(calling out)*

Come in!

LOLA  
*(calling out)*

Wait!

*(Tanya holds onto Lola to stop her in her tracks so Miguel can see her in the nightgown.)*

TANYA

It's open!

*(Lola yanks herself out of Tanya's grasp, and successfully hides herself*

*by the time Miguel enters the apartment.)*

TANYA  
*(jokingly)*

Hey boo thang.

MIGUEL  
*(puzzled)*

Hello...

*(Tanya pulls Miguel into a tight hug, and he lets her go cautiously.)*

MIGUEL

Good to see you.

TANYA

It's been like, what, almost a year?

MIGUEL  
*(disbelief)*

There's no way.

TANYA

Yeah, my birthday. And before that, I think it was my twenty second birthday that I last saw you guys.

MIGUEL

Well, you know, with school and everything. People just get really busy.

TANYA

Totally...

*(Miguel can't think of anything to say.)*

TANYA (cont'd)

Lola's getting changed now.

Oh. Okay.

MIGUEL

Yeah.

TANYA

*(A painfully awkward beat. Miguel takes off his coat, and drapes it on the couch. He also carelessly drops his bag next to it. Lola comes out from behind the room divider fully clothed. The nightgown is still on under her hoodie and sweatpants.)*

Hey.

LOLA  
*(relieved)*

*(Lola and Miguel kiss.)*

Hi love.

MIGUEL

You two are gonna have a fun day tomorrow...

TANYA  
*(teasing)*

Oh yeah, you told her about tomorrow.

MIGUEL  
*(to Lola)*

Actually-

LOLA

She did! And you two are gonna have a *really* great time.

TANYA

You're not celebrating with us?

MIGUEL

TANYA  
*(touched, over dramatic)*

Are you inviting me?

MIGUEL

Not re-

TANYA

Awww, Miguel, that's so sweet!

*(Tanya pulls Miguel into another tight hug. Lola watches how uncomfortable Miguel looks, with one hand covering her mouth. Tanya lets him go.)*

TANYA  
*(quick change in demeanor)*

I can't though. I'm...gonna be sick that day.

MIGUEL  
*(sarcastically)*

Shocking.

LOLA

I thought since Tanya's gonna be "sick" tomorrow, maybe we could have our own celebration.

MIGUEL  
*(oblivious)*

Is there anyone else you wanna call to hang out with us?

LOLA

No, let's do something just the two of us.

MIGUEL

You did say you wanted to go to the library to catch up on some homework.

LOLA

*Or* we can spend some alone time together.

Are you sure?

MIGUEL

Dude.

TANYA

Ohhh. Yeah, let's do that.

MIGUEL  
*(he gets it)*

*(Miguel kicks off his shoes, and pulls his tie off, just throwing it on the bed. Tanya watches how this stresses Lola out.)*

Say something.

TANYA  
*(mouthing to Lola)*

*(Lola shrugs it off. She sits down on the couch. Tanya follows her.)*

You okay?

TANYA (cont'd)

Yeah. I'm good. Miguel, can you open the window?

LOLA

Can you say please?

MIGUEL

Can you *please* open the window?

LOLA  
*(sighs)*

*(Tanya gives Miguel a look of distaste that he does not notice.)*

Of course.

MIGUEL

*(Miguel opens the window. When the cold air hits Lola, she feels calmness wash over her slightly.)*

TANYA

So what else do I need to catch you up on? Oh my god, I didn't even tell you about my mom's new boyfriend. Tox-ic. I'm not a fan.

LOLA

He's being toxic?

TANYA

Both of them are! Which is crazy that I even have to say that about my mom. But seeing her finally single, and dating for the first time in, like, thirty years is wild. She acts just like a teenager.

LOLA

So like you?

TANYA

*(laughs)*

She actually suggested one time that we go on a double date. That's disgusting!

MIGUEL

Oh god, my dad had the same idea when I started dating Lola. He was dead set on it, but...

TANYA

They're old!

MIGUEL

Exactly.

TANYA

But imagine, not only are they older, the guy is the janitor of your apartment building that has known you since you were chiquita.

MIGUEL

Nah, the lady was a waitress at the restaurant my dad used to take my mom to.

TANYA

Oh, that's rough.

MIGUEL

Every birthday, every anniversary, and yet, the "love of his life" was Olympia all along.

TANYA

Jeez, why do we all have issues with our parents?

MIGUEL

Because we're Puerto Rican.

TANYA

Fair point.

*(Tanya notices Lola spacing out.)*

TANYA (cont'd)

You okay?

LOLA  
*(perks up)*

Hm? Yeah. I'm good.

MIGUEL

Tired?

LOLA

Lil bit.

MIGUEL  
*(to Tanya)*

It's because this girl's addicted to coffee. I've never seen anyone drink as much coffee as she does.

LOLA

I'm not hearing the problem.

TANYA

Let her live.

MIGUEL

Nah because then she wonders why she can't sleep at night.

LOLA

I have an addiction. Not a problem.

MIGUEL

Until you drink more coffee than water.

TANYA

Oh nah. Did you drink any water today?

*(Lola purposefully looks off into space, avoiding the question.)*

TANYA

Girl.

*(Tanya goes to the kitchen to pour Lola a glass of water. She hands it to her and stays standing.)*

TANYA

I don't drink anything except water. Which means I have to pee constantly though.

LOLA

*(sarcastically)*

You're resilient.

MIGUEL

*(to Lola)*

And you're fatigued.

*(Beat. Lola has an idea.)*

LOLA (cont'd)

Actually, I think you picking up all your clothes off the floor would make me feel better.

TANYA

Ha!

MIGUEL  
*(sucks his teeth)*

Lola.

LOLA  
I've asked you multiple times.

MIGUEL  
What's wrong with the way I leave things?

LOLA  
By dropping your things right where you were standing?

TANYA  
It looks like you teleported from the middle of the apartment and left your clothes behind where you were standing.

*(Lola snorts at that.)*

MIGUEL  
*(to Tanya)*  
Whose side are you on?

*(Standing behind Lola, Tanya puts her hands on her shoulders.)*

TANYA  
Is that really a question?

MIGUEL  
*(to Lola)*  
But you do the exact same thing.

LOLA  
That's different. I live here!

MIGUEL  
And I don't?

TANYA  
*(defensive)*

It's her apartment.

LOLA  
*(submissive)*

It is my apartment.

MIGUEL  
But don't you want to live with me? We've talked about spending the rest of our lives together. You know that means you're gonna have to live with me, right?

TANYA  
*(to Lola)*

Told you...

LOLA  
I do want to live with you. I just like things a certain way.

MIGUEL  
But if you want to live with me then you have to understand that I'm not you so I don't do things the same way you do.

LOLA  
I know. You're right.

*(Once again, Tanya is displeased to see how Lola gives in.)*

MIGUEL  
*(shrugs)*  
Okay then. I love you.

*(Miguel kisses Lola's forehead.)*

LOLA  
I love you too.

*(Lights fade out.)*

### SCENE THREE.

The dark purple hue envelops the entire space again.

*(Miguel and Tanya exit. Lola's father re-enters, still wearing nothing but boxers. He sits in the middle of the couch, pantimining talking to people at a dinner table. Lola sits on the arm of the couch as she studies his actions. He feels his arm hurting, but shrugs it off. A pained look shows on his face as it intensifies, once again, masking it with a smile. He continues pantimining laughing, smiling, and talking to his dinner guests. This time, the pain is so intense that he places his hand on his heart. It would be less painful to rip it out of his chest.)*

LOLA

How long have you been in pain?

LOLA'S FATHER

The entire time.

LOLA

Why wouldn't you say anything?

LOLA'S FATHER

Everyone looks so happy.

*(Lights fade out.)*

### SCENE FOUR.

Lights fade in.

*(Lola frantically unlocks the door before bursting into the apartment. She is carrying a heavy bag of*

*Chinese food in one hand, a wine bottle in the other, and her bookbag on her back. She drops everything on the counter.)*

LOLA

I have to pee so badly. This is why I don't drink water.

*(Lola checks her phone for the time.)*

LOLA (cont'd)

But I don't have time. Great. *(takes a deep breath)* I got this.

*(In record time, Lola lights candles around the apartment. After putting away the lighter, she wipes down the kitchen counter, the dining table, and the coffee table quickly. She places the food down on the coffee table along with the wine bottle and two glasses. Miguel does his signature knock on the front door.)*

LOLA

*(to herself)* Damn it. *(calling out)* It's open!

*(Miguel enters the apartment. He walks in cautiously, as if he does not trust anything that's in front of him. He does not acknowledge Lola as she watches him. Unsure about anything, he puts his book bag on the ground, and takes off his jacket. He holds onto it.)*

LOLA

Hi there.

*(Miguel doesn't answer.)*

LOLA

Everything alright?

*(Miguel still does not answer. From his eyes, it's evident that Miguel is a million miles away.)*

LOLA

I...got us food.

*(Miguel doesn't answer again.)*

LOLA (cont'd)

Are you okay?

MIGUEL

*(hard to answer)*

Um...

LOLA

*(gentle)*

I'm just asking.

MIGUEL

I'm...

LOLA

Is there anything I can do?

MIGUEL

No.

LOLA

*(not expecting that answer)*

Can you tell me what's wrong?

MIGUEL

*(shaking his head)*

Don't worry about it.

LOLA

That's kinda what I do.

*(Beat. Miguel struggles to find the words to say, not even believing them himself. He carelessly throws his jacket on the bed, kicks off his shoes, and sits on the couch. He points the remote at the audience. The sounds of flipping through TV channels can be heard.)*

LOLA

What are you doing?

MIGUEL

Looking for something to watch while we eat.

LOLA

Miguel,

*(Lola stands in front of the TV.)*

LOLA (cont'd)

I'm talking to you.

MIGUEL

*(in his own world)*

There's nothing good on right now.

*(Lola waves her hands to get his attention.)*

LOLA

Don't dismiss me. Can you talk to me like I'm a person standing right in front of you?

*(Miguel stares back at Lola.)*

LOLA (cont'd)

You're scaring me.

*(Miguel stands, and embraces Lola quickly and tightly. He visibly relaxes his body. He grabs Lola's cheeks, and gives her a passionate kiss. Lola waits for Miguel to speak.)*

MIGUEL

You know I love you, right?

*(The lights fade down to the dark nightmare-ish purple light. Miguel lays in the bed. Lola takes the food and the wine bottle off the table, putting them in the refrigerator. Lola looks up at the ceiling, remembering someone. Lights down.)*

## **SCENE FIVE.**

Lola's apartment. There's more of Miguel's things around the apartment than before.

*(Miguel is still asleep in bed. Lola enters the apartment. Hurriedly, she takes off her coat and drops her bookbag on the couch.)*

LOLA

Gotta pee. Gotta pee. Gotta pee.

*(Lola exits stage left to use the bathroom. Hearing a door slam shut is what wakes Miguel up. He checks his phone for the time.)*

MIGUEL

*(mutters to himself)*

Fuck.

*(Miguel gets out of bed to stretch, groaning while he does so. He flops down on the couch to watch tv,*

*putting his feet up on the coffee table. Lola enters the living room.)*

LOLA  
*(surprised)*

Did you start your day just now?

*(As Lola talks to Miguel, she hangs up her coat, and places her bookbag by her nightstand.)*

MIGUEL

No, I was up earlier. I took a nap around like four.

LOLA

I thought you never took naps.

MIGUEL

I usually don't, but I had a headache. It was supposed to be a five minute nap until five minutes became three hours.

LOLA

You were still sleeping when I left for work this morning too. Were you late for class?

MIGUEL

No...I skipped today.

LOLA

Why?

MIGUEL

I never got around to doing my homework that was due today, so there's no point.

*(Lola opens the fridge, taking out the Chinese food from the day before. She places it in the microwave.)*

LOLA

That's...a first, coming from you.

MIGUEL  
*(shrugs)*

I'll get around to it.

LOLA

So what'd you do all day?

MIGUEL

Not much of anything. Caught up on some shows.

LOLA

You didn't go to work either?

MIGUEL

Just wasn't feeling it today.

LOLA

So you just...hung out in my apartment all day without me here?

MIGUEL  
*(shrugs)*

You're here now.

*(Lola sits down next to Miguel on the couch.)*

LOLA

Is this because of yesterday?

*(Miguel sighs, turning his attention back to the television.)*

LOLA (cont'd)

I asked you a question.

MIGUEL

No, Lola.

LOLA  
*(thrown off guard)*

Did I do something?

MIGUEL

It's not about you.

LOLA

So what's it about?

MIGUEL

Nothing.

LOLA

It's not "nothing" if you're saying "it." What's "it"?

MIGUEL

*(sighs)*

Just having an off day Everyone has days like this. You get days like this all the time.

LOLA

Don't throw that in my face.

MIGUEL

I'm just saying.

LOLA

What are you saying? I'm asking you to talk.

*(The microwave beeps. Miguel looks at it, and back at the tv. He doesn't speak, so Lola gets up. She carefully takes her food out of the microwave, but still manages to burn herself. She drops her plate on the counter quickly.)*

LOLA

*(winces)*

Damn it.

You alright?

MIGUEL

Yeah, yeah.

LOLA

*(Beat. Lola pokes her food with her fork as she stares at it. She lets out a dry laugh that she meant to hold back.)*

What's funny?

MIGUEL

Nothing.

LOLA

Lola.

MIGUEL

*(The dark purple light envelops the stage. Lola says how she really feels.)*

LOLA  
*(angrily)*  
Please don't use my anxiety and depression against me as a tactic to feel bad for you. I've been managing my mental health since I was fourteen. I figured my shit out. It's hard, but I live with it. Everyday. I'm stronger than that, and I thought you were too.

Lola!

MIGUEL  
*(calling out)*

*(The purple light goes away. Lola's attention is back on her food. She flinches after being pulled out of her subconscious.)*

LOLA

What?

MIGUEL

I asked you something.

LOLA  
*(sighs)*

You didn't ask me how my day was yesterday.

MIGUEL

What?

LOLA

Two days ago you talked up all this whole game about wanting to celebrate my accomplishments and making yesterday about me. But then it wasn't. It was about you, and I'm not complaining because I love you with everything in my heart and I want to make sure you're okay. But you didn't ask me about my day.

MIGUEL

Lola, I'm going through something right now.

LOLA

I know. I'm sorry. Yesterday was just a big day for me. It would've been nice if you were there.

MIGUEL

I'm here.

LOLA

Are you?

*(Lights down.)*

## **SCENE SIX.**

A dream-like yellow light fills the space.

*(Miguel is gone. Lola's father enters. He has a camera strap around his neck. He takes photos of the coffee maker. Lola pulls out a camera from*

*her night stand, and takes photos of the coffee maker with him. They both stop to pull out canvases and paint brushes that are behind the couch. They paint a picture of the coffee maker. They put down the canvases. Lola grabs a notebook from her nightstand, and sits on the couch. Lola's father sits next to her. She writes then looks at her father, expecting him to recite what she wrote. The words do not come out of his mouth. The lights transition from yellow to purple. She writes some more, he's still struggling to speak. She writes a bit more frantically. He cannot speak at all. Lola writes furiously, and neither of them can speak at all. Lights down.)*

## **SCENE SEVEN.**

Lights up.

*(Lola is putting her laptop in her bookbag. Miguel is laying on the couch watching tv, but really just staring off into space.)*

LOLA

Are you doing anything for the rest of the night?

MIGUEL

Nah.

LOLA

Did you ever finish that assignment from the other day?

MIGUEL

Nope.

*(Lola fills up her water bottle before putting it in her book bag.)*

LOLA

Wanna come with me to the library to do some homework? I got a lot to catch up on too.

MIGUEL

Ehhh, not really.

LOLA

Why not?

MIGUEL

That's kinda far.

LOLA

It's kinda not.

MIGUEL

I just don't feel like it.

LOLA

Did you eat today?

MIGUEL

Yeah, I'm fine.

LOLA

You haven't been *fine* for the past two weeks.

*(Lola sits on the bed to tie her shoes.)*

MIGUEL

Do you trust me?

LOLA

Why would you ask that?

Do you trust me?  
MIGUEL

Yes, of course. I never said I didn't.  
LOLA

So believe me when I say I'm fine.  
MIGUEL

*(Lola grabs her jacket, and puts it on.)*

Okay. Sorry for caring.  
LOLA  
*(sighs)*

Don't apologize.  
MIGUEL

Okay. Whatever you want.  
LOLA  
*(frustrated)*

*(Beat.)*

What are you gonna do while I'm gone?  
LOLA

What do you mean?  
MIGUEL

While I'm at the library, where are you gonna be?  
LOLA

Here.  
MIGUEL

When are you gonna go back to Sammy's?  
LOLA

MIGUEL

So you're kicking me out.

LOLA

I didn't say that. You've been sleeping here for the past two weeks, and that's fine, but only because you and I leave and come home at the same time. But I don't know how I feel about you staying here while I'm not at home.

MIGUEL

I did the other day.

LOLA

Because I didn't know you skipped your class to sleep all day.

MIGUEL

And nothing went wrong. The apartment didn't burn down.

LOLA

Don't be sarcastic.

MIGUEL

Don't be sensitive.

LOLA

If this is how you're gonna speak to me, can you please just go back to Sammy's?

MIGUEL

No, I can't.

LOLA

Why not?

MIGUEL

I just can't.

LOLA

What does that mean?

MIGUEL

I don't want to get into it.

LOLA

You never do.

MIGUEL

What does that mean?

*(Lola stands in front of Miguel.)*

LOLA

I don't understand what's happening right now. You're the one who always said you wanted to go on more library dates with me, and all of a sudden, you couldn't care less. Now you can't or won't tell me why you're not going back to your godfather's house?

*(Lola sits down next to Miguel.)*

LOLA (cont'd)

You used to talk to me. Talk to me. Stop being so damn avoidant. I am trying my best here.

MIGUEL

I'm avoidant?

LOLA

You're avoidant. I can't sleep at night with the way you toss and turn. Why is it such a bad thing that I don't want you to torture yourself?

MIGUEL

It's not.

LOLA

You make it feel that way.

*(Beat.)*

MIGUEL

You know I love you, right?

*(Miguel hugs Lola.)*

LOLA

I love you too...

*(The purple light comes down on them.)*

LOLA

And that might be the worst part.

*(Lights down. Miguel exits.)*

## **SCENE EIGHT.**

Lights up.

*(Lola is working on her laptop. She searches through her phone for a song to listen to. She stumbles on 'Do You Love Me?' by The Contours.)*

LOLA

*(singing along)*

You broke my heart 'cause I couldn't dance. You didn't even want me around. And now I'm back to let you know I can really shake 'em down.

*(Lola does a little dance to herself. The more she gets into the song, the bigger the dance becomes. She puts her laptop down and stands up to perform an entire routine. Suddenly, her phone ringing cuts off the music.)*

LOLA

*(sucks her teeth)*

Really?

*(Lola answers the phone.)*

LOLA

*(on the phone)*

Hey!... What's wrong?... Yeah, come up... Okay, I'll see you soon.

*(When Tanya enters the apartment, she immediately embraces Lola in an aggressive hug. She's sobbing.)*

TANYA  
*(through sobs)*

The kid is his Lola! The kid is his.

LOLA  
Whose kid is whose?

TANYA  
Natalia's kid is Jailen's!

*(Tanya continues to sob as she lets go of Lola, and walks over to the kitchen. Barely able to get out the words, Tanya asks if she could pour herself a glass of wine, and Lola lets her have at it. She chugs the glass through her tears. Lola rubs her back comfortingly.)*

LOLA  
Just breathe. Tell me what happened.

*(Tanya puts the glass down, and catches her breath.)*

TANYA  
*(ranting dramatically)*  
We were at work and we were both on our breaks so we decided to get pretzels and just walk around. Real cute and shit, right? Of course, just my luck, right when he starts saying that he's considering introducing me to his family, like some sign from the universe, his baby mama shows up! Before I even noticed Natalia walking towards us, this man looked like a ghost. Then his kid rats him out!

LOLA  
Oh shit.

TANYA

He runs up to Jailen clinging on his leg, calling him daddy, and ya know, it's not like he's gonna pretend that's not his kid. So he told me everything.

LOLA

Which is?

TANYA

Basically, he dated Natalia while they were in high school, he knocked her up then she moved away without telling him she was pregnant. When she came back into his life a few years later, that fucked him up because, ya know, he didn't have a relationship with his father. So he broke up with me to give it a try with Natalia as a family, and it worked for a while, but he just couldn't stop resenting her for what she did.

LOLA

That's valid though.

TANYA

It is but I'm just pissed that he couldn't keep it straight with me to begin with. Once again, he made me look stupid. For nothing. Not a damn thing. Everything he said was a lie.

*(Lola sighs, not surprised. She just gives her friend a hug.)*

LOLA

So what did you do?

*(Tanya swiftly leaves the kitchen and makes her way to the couch.)*

TANYA

I did what any rational person would do in this situation.

*(Lola follows her to the couch.)*

LOLA

*(suspicious)*

And that's what exactly?

TANYA

I quit my job...

LOLA  
*(dread)*

Tanya!

TANYA

What else was I supposed to do?

LOLA

But what happened to “not risking your money for a man”?

*(Tanya throws her arms up in  
despair.)*

TANYA

To be fair, I’m working the rest of this week, then after that, I’m gone.

LOLA

Still, I can’t believe you did that.

TANYA

He apologized over and over but I don’t know if sorrys are enough to fix this. If he can lie about something huge like that, how can I trust him about anything?

LOLA

Which is what I was telling you last time we spoke about this.

TANYA

I know, I know. I’m a fucking idiot.

LOLA

No, don’t start that. You’re not an idiot. And you shouldn’t be with a guy that makes you think you are.

TANYA

That’s easier for you to say.

*(Beat. Lola snorts.)*

TANYA (cont'd)

What?

LOLA

Nothing.

TANYA

Don't bullshit me.

LOLA

I just have a really bad joke.

TANYA

Tell it.

LOLA

I shouldn't. You're going through something.

TANYA

Lola, I know you. If you don't get it out, it's just gonna get funnier and funnier in your head. And the longer you keep it in, you're gonna grow a brain tumor.

LOLA

I mean, he *did* say he wanted you to meet his family.

*(Tanya cracks a smile before smacking Lola with a pillow. The girls laugh.)*

TANYA

Ugh, what am I gonna do? I want to kill him. I might actually commit murder.

LOLA

I'll help you bury the body.

*(Tanya puts her head on Lola's shoulder. Lola rubs her back.)*

TANYA

I need a vacation.

LOLA  
*(chuckles)*

You do.

*(Tanya gets an idea.)*

TANYA  
*(excitedly)*

We should do a girl's trip!

LOLA

Didn't you just quit your job?

TANYA

Yeah which means I have all the time in the world.

LOLA

Do you know how backwards that sounds?

TANYA

Fuck it.

*(Tanya grabs Lola's laptop to begin researching.)*

LOLA  
*(sucks her teeth)*

Careful! I have my lesson plans on there.

*(Lola takes the laptop back.)*

LOLA (cont'd)

And I didn't even say yes.

TANYA

Why not?

LOLA

Because I have school and work. I can't just pick up my things and leave without a plan.

TANYA

So let's plan. Do you have any absences in any of your classes?

LOLA

Of course I don't.

TANYA

That's perfect! You can just skip a week. That's like one absence per class.

LOLA

Plus my job which I just got. I don't want to look bad.

TANYA

You're you. No one thinks you're gonna look bad. C'mon, remember when we were kids and we used to talk about traveling the world together?

LOLA

Yeah, when we were kids. I don't have as much of a travel bug like I used to.

TANYA

*(exaggerating)*

That's hurtful.

LOLA

How?

TANYA

I'm not complaining, but you're always working. Before a couple weeks ago, it had been, what, almost a year since I last saw you? I'm going through some shit, and I just wanna have fun with my friend.

LOLA

*(sighs)*

I just... Can we just do a weekend instead?

TANYA

Fine. But if we're only doing a weekend, we gotta go all out.

*(Tanya puts her hand out for the laptop, and Lola gives it to her.)*

LOLA

Give me your list.

TANYA

What list?

LOLA

The extravagant list of places you wanna travel to that you already created in your head.

TANYA

You know you don't have to if you don't want to.

LOLA

No, it's fine. I want to.

*(Tanya cheers.)*

TANYA

Alright! Where are we going?

*(Miguel does his signature knock on the door.)*

LOLA

*(calling out)*

It's open!

*(Miguel enters somberly. He is holding a large bag on his shoulder.)*

LOLA (cont'd)

How was your walk?

MIGUEL

*(shrugs)*

Didn't really help.

TANYA

You okay?

I'm doing alright.

MIGUEL

*(Lola watches Miguel as he moves around the space. He puts the bag down next to Lola's bed.)*

I stopped by Sammy's.

MIGUEL

Is he okay?

LOLA

I brought more clothes.

MIGUEL

Are you moving in?

TANYA

*(Miguel looks at Lola, considering it.)*

We've talked about this.

LOLA  
*(shaking her head)*

I don't see why not. I always end up sleeping here anyways.

MIGUEL

Because it's a big deal.

LOLA

We're already kinda doing it though.

MIGUEL

*(Miguel goes to the fridge, and pours himself a cup of juice. He gets comfortable in bed.)*

Not officially.

LOLA

MIGUEL  
*(to Tanya)*

Am I bugging?

LOLA

Don't put her in the middle.

*(Lola gives Tanya a look as if to say  
"take my side.")*

TANYA

I mean, if my boyfriend had his own place, yeah, I'd slowly start to move my way in.

MIGUEL

See! I don't even have my own bed at my god father's house. I sleep on the pull out. At least I'm comfortable here.

*(Lola sighs, feeling bad.)*

LOLA

I don't want you to feel uncomfortable.

MIGUEL

I don't want to either.

*(Lola gestures to the bag of clothes.)*

LOLA

Is that already your plan?

MIGUEL

Not really, I just wanted to bring more stuff.

TANYA

We're going on a weekend trip soon anyway so what if he stayed here while we're gone? A test to see if he can keep the place from burning down.

MIGUEL

Where are you going?

*(Tanya presents the laptop screen to  
Lola and Miguel.)*

TANYA

I was thinking the Bahamas.

LOLA

*(judgemental)*

For a weekend?

TANYA

*(rolls her eyes)*

I'll keep looking.

*(Tanya goes back to researching.)*

MIGUEL

So you haven't planned this?

TANYA

Girls only.

MIGUEL

Why didn't you tell me?

LOLA

We just started planning this now.

MIGUEL

What am I supposed to do without you here?

LOLA

That's why I've been suggesting you go to Sammy's.

MIGUEL

So you *have* been planning this?

TANYA

We just started planning this now.

LOLA

I mean, maybe you should be comfortable in your own space.

MIGUEL

Well I'm not. I can't go back there.

LOLA

I don't understand why.

MIGUEL

I just...I don't want to get into this.

*(Miguel lets out a frustrated sigh. In an annoyed fashion, he begins to unpack his clothes. Lola watches him, guilty. Tanya watches Lola, pensively. Beat.)*

LOLA

Fine.

MIGUEL

What?

LOLA

Let's do it.

MIGUEL

Do what?

LOLA

You can stay here while I'm away.

MIGUEL

Really? Are you sure?

LOLA

Yeah. You're right. I want you here. And when I come back, we can talk about where we go from here.

MIGUEL

You know I love you right?

*(Lights down.)*

**SCENE NINE.**

A sharp, single spotlight on Lola, who's staring off into space.

LOLA

What the fuck did I just do?

*(The lights come up. Miguel and Tanya are gone. The space is completely clean of Miguel's belongings. Lola walks around, running her hand across every clean surface. The dreamy yellow light envelops the entire space again, and it begins to rain hard. Lola is excited by this, at true peace. She opens the window, and takes a deep breath. She grabs a blanket from her bed, and wraps it around herself. She sits in the center of the couch, pointing the remote at the audience. Her favorite show, Greys Anatomy comes on.)*

LOLA

*(imitating Meredith Grey)*

Pick me, choose me, love me.

*(Lola takes off the blanket, and gets off the couch to grab a notebook from her nightstand. She sits back down on the couch, beginning to write in a frenzied manner. When she finishes, she reads over her work, and takes a deep breath.)*

LOLA

It almost makes me emotional, how free I feel at this moment. It's the little things. Somehow, this place feels magical. I don't need anything else. This is heaven. I think I died and went to heaven. When I die, I hope this is heaven. I love being alone. I kinda want to feel bad because of how much I enjoy being alone. But I don't. At least in my mind, where I'm safe. The rain is my only friend right now. The best partner if I'm being honest. I want to share this peace with Miguel and Tanya, but I think I'll keep it for myself. My affair with the rain. I have everything I want in a state like this. I don't need anything else or anyone, not even M-

*(Another sharp spotlight shines on Lola's father, who is staring at himself in the mirror above the sink. The yellow ambient light changes to purple, turning this dream into a nightmare.)*

LOLA'S FATHER

Smile.

*(He smiles forcefully. Lola mimics his actions.)*

LOLA'S FATHER (cont'd)

Faker.

*(They both smile bigger.)*

LOLA'S FATHER (cont'd)

You're fine.

LOLA

I'm fine.

LOLA'S FATHER

Nothing's wrong.

LOLA

Nothing's wrong.

LOLA'S FATHER

You're not in pain.

LOLA

I'm not in pain.

LOLA'S FATHER

You're a nice guy.

LOLA

I'm a nice girl.

LOLA'S FATHER

You're a good friend.

LOLA

I'm a good friend.

LOLA'S FATHER

You're a good husband.

LOLA

I'm a good girlfriend.

*(Lola's father looks at her.)*

LOLA'S FATHER

You know I love you, right?

*(Lights down.)*

## **SCENE TEN.**

Lights up.

*(Lola and Tanya are standing in the center of the stage. The entire set of Lola's apartment is blacked out. Outdoor ambient noises, and disco music can be heard. They are both*

*holding drinks. Tanya's is nearly empty.)*

LOLA

I'm actually really glad we did this.

TANYA

It's not the Bahamas, but Atlantic City will do. One day, though.

LOLA

Definitely one day.

*(Lola's phone rings. It's Miguel.)*

TANYA

Again? Weren't you on the phone with him before we left the last bar?

LOLA

He just wants to make sure I'm safe.

TANYA

Thank god the hotel is right across the street. Wouldn't want you to die from having too much fun.

LOLA

I'm just gonna take this real quick.

*(Tanya finishes her drink.)*

TANYA

Do what you gotta do. I'm gonna get another drink.

*(Tanya exits. Lola answers the phone.)*

LOLA (cont'd)

Hey. What's up?

MIGUEL  
*(distressed)*

Where are you?

LOLA

We just got to the bar.

MIGUEL

Why didn't you text me when you got there like I told you to?

LOLA

Because we all literally just got here right this second.

MIGUEL

Who's "we all"?

LOLA

Tanya met this gay couple at the last bar and started chatting them up like she always does so she brought them to hang out with us.

MIGUEL

You brought some guys to hang out with you?

LOLA

No, Tanya did.

MIGUEL

But you let her.

LOLA

Um she's a grown woman who can make her own decisions. /But did you hear what I said?

MIGUEL

/And you support those decisions?

LOLA

I mean, I wouldn't do that regularly...

MIGUEL

So why'd you let her? You don't have your own voice?

LOLA

It's not like it's anything life threatening.

MIGUEL

How do you know? You don't know those guys.

LOLA

Neither do you.

MIGUEL

It doesn't matter. I know how guys are.

LOLA

You're not even here. You don't know them. And if you'd let me finish, you would know that they're gay.

MIGUEL

Once again, doesn't matter. The point is you brought two strange guys out to spend time with you.

LOLA

We both did. Stop saying it like I planned this on my own.

MIGUEL

So now you're taking responsibility? I thought it was just Tanya who invited them.

LOLA

Are you being serious right now?

MIGUEL

I just can't believe you would be this careless about your safety.

LOLA

I am not careless! I know what I'm doing.

MIGUEL

Doesn't really sound like it. I'm not convinced.

LOLA

I never asked you to be convinced. I can take care of myself.

MIGUEL  
*(sarcastic)*

Sure Lola.

LOLA

Listen, I don't wanna argue. You're right.

MIGUEL

I know, I want to make sure you're okay. You know that.

LOLA

It's just that I'm supposed to be on vacation. A break.

MIGUEL

What do you need a break from?

LOLA

What do you mean?

MIGUEL

A break from what?

*(Beat.)*

LOLA

From work, from life, everything I guess.

MIGUEL

You need a break from me?

LOLA

What- No!

MIGUEL

No, I get it. I better let you get back to your fun then.

LOLA

I never even said that! What are you talking about?

MIGUEL

Bye Lola.

*(Miguel hangs up, leaving Lola stunned.)*

LOLA  
*(to herself)*

That escalated so quickly.

*(Beat. Lola replays what just happened in her head until tears start to form.)*

LOLA  
*(mutters to herself)*

Don't start crying. You can cry later. Don't be a pussy. Only pussys cry. You're fine. You're fine.

*(Tanya comes back with a newly filled drink. Lola collects herself as if nothing happened.)*

TANYA

I just saw some guy that looked hauntingly like Jailen and I'm ready to throw a table right now. I mean, he was cute, but that just irked me. Fuck, you have no idea how relieved I am to not have to see his face anymore.

LOLA

Yeah?

TANYA

Just seeing him everyday got too painful. He didn't have to do anything. He wanted to do the "nice" thing and pretend that we're friends. I did my best to suck it up for that last week, but I'm already tired of it.

LOLA

In what way?

TANYA

I don't know how to describe it. He could just say hi to me, and my whole body would become physically exhausted from trying to hold a conversation with him. All the emotions would come back, especially how embarrassed I felt when he would put me last.

LOLA

That's so weird.

TANYA  
*(sarcastic)*

Oh thanks.

LOLA

I don't mean *weird*, but I've never heard of that happening before. I'm rel-

*(Lola's interrupted by her phone ringing again. It's Miguel.)*

TANYA

That's the third call of the night.

*(Lola lets out a frustrated sigh before turning her phone off.)*

TANYA (cont'd)

Are you sure that's a good idea?

LOLA  
*(frustrated)*

It's gonna have to be.

TANYA

By the way, after this the guys wanna come up to our hotel room and smoke.

LOLA  
*(suddenly)*

No!

TANYA  
*(caught off guard)*

What do you mean no?

LOLA  
We are not bringing two guys we just met back to where we sleep.

TANYA  
Um, they want to sleep with each other, not us.

LOLA  
*(exclaims)*  
That's what I'm s- Not the point. I'm just saying it's not the safe thing to do.

TANYA  
I thought you were cool with being out with them.

LOLA  
Well I'm not.

TANYA  
Like, at all?

LOLA  
Not at all.

TANYA  
Hold up, I thought we were having a good time.

LOLA  
I was, and now I'm uncomfortable. So maybe we should go back to the hotel.

TANYA  
Look, if *you* don't want to hang out with them then you don't have to. I'm gonna smoke with them.

*(Lola laughs)*

LOLA  
Of course, I must've forgotten.

TANYA

Forgotten what?

LOLA

*(sarcastically)*

That this is your world and I'm just living in it. I live to serve you. I'll get back in my place now.

*(Lola begins to leave. Tanya follows her.)*

TANYA

What the hell?!

*(Lights down.)*

## **SCENE ELEVEN.**

Lights up. Lola's apartment has been transformed into a hotel room. There's one bed that Lola and Tanya share. They each have their own nightstand with a lamp on it. Only Lola's is on.

*(Lola storms into the room, and as she's about to slam it shut, Tanya bursts in.)*

TANYA

What the hell was that?

LOLA

I told you I was uncomfortable.

TANYA

You weren't saying that a couple minutes ago. What changed?

LOLA

Nothing changed. Don't worry about it.

TANYA

Don't tell me not to worry after you just spazzed out.

LOLA

I didn't spazz.

You spazzed.

TANYA

Whatever. I'm tired. I wanna go to bed.

LOLA

*(Lola gets under the covers on her side of the bed.)*

You didn't even change out of your clothes. Don't be gross.

TANYA

I'll change in the morning.

LOLA

I am not sleeping in the same bed as you like this.

TANYA

Then sleep somewhere else.

LOLA

*(Lola turns off her lamp. Tanya turns hers on.)*

Turn off the light. I'm going to sleep.

LOLA

No you're not. I'm not done talking about this.

TANYA

Too bad. I am.

LOLA

*(Lola quickly rolls over and yanks the cord to Tanya's lamp out of the socket. Tanya immediately tackles Lola to reach over, and turn on her lamp.)*

LOLA (cont'd)

Get off of me!

*(Lola hides under the blanket.)*

TANYA

Not until you tell me what's going on with you.

LOLA

Nothing is going on with me.

TANYA

You're lying.

LOLA

I don't want to talk about it. Just leave me alone.

TANYA

You wouldn't leave me alone if I was acting this weird.

LOLA

Well that's the difference between you and me.

TANYA

What does that mean?

LOLA

Nothing.

TANYA

Say what you mean.

LOLA

It doesn't matter.

TANYA

*(getting frustrated)*

Yes, it does.

LOLA

If what I meant really mattered then you would respect my boundary and leave me alone.

TANYA

So I don't respect your boundaries?

LOLA

*(groans)*

Oh my God.

TANYA

I know, I'm frustrated too. We're not doing this shit anymore.

*(Tanya yanks the blanket off of Lola.)*

TANYA (cont'd)

Now let's talk like adults.

*(Lola sits up in bed.)*

TANYA (cont'd)

I've never seen you act like this. What's going on?

LOLA

Nothing bad, I swear.

TANYA

So talk to me.

LOLA

I'm just tired.

TANYA

Like sleepy tired or are you bullshitting me?

LOLA

Not sleepy tired. Just stressed...

TANYA

Girl, that's what this trip is for! What do you have to stress about?

*(Lola waves her phone around.)*

Miguel. LOLA

That's what that was on the phone earlier? TANYA

Yeah. He was angry that we were out with some guys we didn't know. LOLA

Is that why you went off like that? TANYA

I mean, he wasn't wrong. That was kinda stupid of us. LOLA

I don't think so. TANYA

Maybe you don't but, again, he does. LOLA

How do *you* feel about it though? TANYA

That it was stupid. LOLA

But how do you feel about it? TANYA

I just told you. LOLA

That's not an emotion. It's an opinion. TANYA

Fine. I *feel*... I don't know how I feel. LOLA

TANYA

How do you not know how you feel?

LOLA

Because no one ever asks me!

TANYA

That's not true.

LOLA

When was the last time you asked me how I was doing? Or how I was feeling?

TANYA

I can't think of a specific example.

LOLA

Because it doesn't happen!

TANYA

I go to your house and we talk all the time. You can't tell me I've never asked you how you're feeling.

LOLA

You can't even give me an example right now! Because we only talk about you and what's going on in your crazy life. You come into my house, dump all your problems on me, and just suck all the energy out of me. And you don't even ask if I'm mentally available to deal with your bullshit in the first place!

TANYA

*(scoffs)*

Wow. That's how it is?

LOLA

That's how it is.

TANYA

Loud and clear.

LOLA

The same bullshit that everyone pulls.

TANYA

Maybe it's because you allow it.

LOLA

Excuse me?

TANYA

You think I would let any man dictate what I do or think?

LOLA

It's not the same. Miguel's my person. I respect how he feels.

TANYA

That goes both ways.

LOLA

*(snaps)*

But it doesn't!

*(Beat.)*

LOLA (cont'd)

God, that feels awful to say. I don't know. I feel like when we get into arguments, I just kinda let him have his moment. Let him have his tantrum and tell him he's right just so it'll be over.

TANYA

Even if you know he's wrong?

LOLA

*(nodding)*

Because at least I know I'm right.

TANYA

Lola, that's not okay. You gotta tell him how you feel when you're feeling it. You gotta tell *someone*.

LOLA

I can't.

TANYA

Why?

LOLA

I just can't.

TANYA

But why? Because it's scary?

LOLA

*(nodding)*

The worst part is he never forced me to do that to myself. I've always been like this.

TANYA

No you haven't. This is something a weak person does. You're one of the strongest people I've ever met. I always count on you to tell me what the right thing to do is.

LOLA

I haven't felt like that person in a really long time. Not since me and Miguel started dating. He was the first perfect thing to come into my life. And I mean perfect. I never met anyone that I connected with like I did with him. So I never wanted to ruin that, and I'm terrified that I will. Because if anything was to ruin something this good, it would be me. Along the way, I just became this yes-man. I give and give and give him everything he wants to keep the peace and what we have "perfect." Now I just don't really know who I am outside of that. I don't know what I want. I don't have any spark that's my own. I'm just tired all the time. I only have enough room for what I have to do. If I'm being honest, this trip was the first thing I looked forward to in a really long time. And I don't even really feel like I deserve it.

*(Beat. Tanya processes this brand new information.)*

TANYA

*(exclaims)*

Fuck that!

LOLA

*(thrown off guard)*

What?

TANYA

What is being a good person worth? Being nice? Even if it doesn't align with what you *actually* want out of life? Fuck that. You gotta rock the fucking boat if it means you get to be happy.

LOLA

I just feel like everyone around me is allowed to grow and be happy and I'm not.

TANYA

Whoever said that?

LOLA

Me.

TANYA

Girl.

*(Tanya grabs Lola into a tight embrace. She holds her for a while, and Lola lets out all the tears she had been holding in.)*

LOLA

I'm so sorry for what I said.

TANYA

I'm sorry for thinking you weren't capable of falling apart. That's too much pressure.

LOLA

It's okay.

TANYA

No it's not.

*(The two let go from the hug.)*

LOLA

I'm just afraid I'm going to die exactly how my dad died.

TANYA

How?

LOLA

One time, we were in Puerto Rico having dinner with family. Everyone's talking, eating, laughing. Then he starts to complain that he's in pain. His chest was hurting. My mom asked him how long he had been in pain for and he said, "the entire time." He was having a heart attack at the dinner table, masking it with a smile, and just being himself. The most charismatic person in the room. Because he was afraid he would ruin the peace and the joy everyone else was feeling. He was afraid to ask for help to the point that it killed him. And if I don't ask for help either then I'm gonna die the exact same way.

TANYA

He's not worth it.

*(Tanya grabs Lola by the shoulders, and looks her in the eye.)*

TANYA (cont'd)

Do you hear me? I don't know if saying it out loud for you makes it easier to accept, but Miguel is not worth dying for. There's no one on this fucking planet that is worth dying for. You can work it out if you want to when we get home or you can break it off if that's what feels right, but you're not obligated to stay with him for the rest of your life because it's the "perfect" thing to do. That's crap. You're young, and you have a whole life ahead of you. You don't need to marry Miguel.

LOLA

I don't need to marry Miguel.

TANYA

You don't need to marry Miguel.

*(Lights down.)*

## **SCENE TWELVE.**

Lights up. Lola's apartment.

*(Miguel is asleep and snoring on the couch. He has not shaved, showered, or even brushed his teeth. Empty coffee cups and plastic bags from the bodega are scattered around him. The apartment is the messiest it has*

*ever looked. Lola unlocks the door, and enters. She looks refreshed from her vacation. The first thing she does is open the window. Then the sound of her dropping her keys loudly on the coffee table in front of Miguel wakes him up.)*

Can you do me a favor?  
LOLA

What?  
MIGUEL

Stand outside for a second.  
LOLA

Why?  
MIGUEL

I need to see something.  
LOLA

See what?  
MIGUEL

Can you please just get up?  
LOLA

Alright...  
MIGUEL  
*(confused)*

*(Miguel stands, stretches, and picks up a t-shirt to put on.)*

Miguel!  
LOLA

MIGUEL  
*(with an attitude)*

Can I put a shirt on first?

LOLA

It's just gonna take a second.

MIGUEL

I'm not gonna stand in the hallway with no clothes on.

LOLA  
*(sudden, jokingly)*

That sounds like a personal issue.

MIGUEL

Excuse me?

LOLA  
*(sucks her teeth)*

Fine. Whatever. Hurry up.

MIGUEL  
*(confused)*

Why are you being so mean?

*(Miguel quickly puts on the shirt, and leaves the apartment. Lola walks around the trashed place to smell the air. She's unsettled with how much it smells like Miguel. She takes a moment to take a few calming deep breaths, and wipe her clammy hands on her jeans.)*

LOLA  
*(raising her voice)*

You can come back now!

*(Miguel re-enters.)*

MIGUEL

Lola, what is this about?

*(Beat. Lola paces slowly as she thinks about what to say.)*

MIGUEL (cont'd)

Hello?

LOLA

*(snaps)*

I'm trying to form what I want to say in my head.

MIGUEL

*(taken aback)*

Is something wrong?

LOLA

*(snaps)*

Can you stop?

MIGUEL

*(defensive)*

Okay... Take your time.

LOLA

... You didn't move in. You invaded my space. You know how I feel about having my own space, having something for myself, and you completely disregarded that. You manipulated me with the whole, "oh we're gonna get married someday anyway so get used to not having your own space anymore. You're not gonna have your own room when we have a house together," bullshit. And now, even when you're not in the room, *my* apartment smells like *you*. Congratulations.

MIGUEL

Manipulate? Where'd you get that from?

LOLA

*(shrugs)*

Facing shit leaves very little to be afraid of.

MIGUEL

Well, I stand /by my point.

LOLA (cont'd)

/That's just the first thing. I put you on this fucking pedestal from the moment we started dating. You were my first perfect thing, and so, I drilled it into my own head that I had to treat /our relationship like so.

MIGUEL

/That's not my fault./

LOLA

/"Yes, you're right. I'm fine, no I'm not angry. I'm sorry Miguel..." All crap, just to make you happy. I feel like I justified letting you walk all over me with your whole, "arguments are how you get to know each other," schtick for way too long.

MIGUEL

You know what I mean by that.

LOLA

I do, I do know what you mean, but you're wrong. Plus, it's not like you're not fucking rooting for me.

MIGUEL

How do I not root for you?

LOLA

The first night I was gone, when we were on the phone, and I was in the middle of speaking, you interrupted me. You literally said to me, "It hurts me to hear what a great time you're having when I can't have that too."

MIGUEL

Then later that same night you turned off your phone. You selfishly shut me out.

LOLA

But did you hear yourself? I can't share my happiness with you if you don't have the same thing. When you're down, you're incapable of lifting me up when I do that for you *constantly*.

MIGUEL

How many times have I told you that I'm not you? I can't just crack open a window, feel the cold air, and just magically feel better. I don't have the luxury to run away from all my problems by going on a trip with my friends. (*sarcastically*) I'm so sorry that I'm not like you.

LOLA

I never asked you to be like me. All I asked for was respect. For you to be there to listen about the first good day I've had in a long time. But you couldn't meet that expectation, so I needed space from you.

MIGUEL

What do you want now?

*(Lola takes off her promise ring, and places it on the coffee table.)*

MIGUEL (cont'd)

*(afraid)*

No..

LOLA

Yes.

MIGUEL

*(heartbroken)*

No!

LOLA

*(sure of herself)*

Yes, Miguel.

MIGUEL

What are you doing?!

LOLA

I can't do this anymore. I'm exhausted and all cried out.

MIGUEL

All because I didn't listen to you talk about your day?

LOLA

It's bigger than that, Miguel.

MIGUEL

So explain it to me! You can't just spring this on me.

LOLA

You wouldn't comprehend it even if I wrote it in giant letters in the sky.

MIGUEL

Please. You can't just end things like this.

LOLA

You really want to hear about yourself?

MIGUEL  
*(desperate)*

Yes.

LOLA

I can't keep holding the weight of our depression for the both of us anymore. Just because I've found my coping mechanisms, doesn't mean I don't feel pain. It doesn't mean I'm okay. It doesn't mean I'm happy. You've misconstrued that completely. Everyone has. Everyone thinks because I'm capable of keeping my shit together, that I'm incapable of falling apart, and that's not fair at all.

MIGUEL

I never asked you to carry the weight for the both of us.

LOLA

You didn't have to. Your actions show me that.

MIGUEL

What actions?!

LOLA

Calling out of work to sleep all day, not taking your studies seriously, this is gonna sound mean, but you have no drive. This isn't the Miguel I knew, and what I don't understand is where the fuck it came from. You used to tell me everything, every minor inconvenience that goes on in your life, every complaint. And it's awful to say, but I almost miss how much you complained because at least you talked to me. But I don't know what happened, you just stopped one day. And I don't know whether that's a good sign that you're learning to let the little things go or if there is something so bad that happened that you can't even tell me about it. You feel shut out? I'm fucking shut out.

MIGUEL

It's not that easy to explain, Lola.

LOLA  
*(frustrated)*

Stop being so fucking melodramatic.

MIGUEL

I'm being serious.

LOLA  
It's not even worth it to beg anymore. If you wanna stay closed off, that's fine. Don't expect me to be there for you. This is why I'm done.

MIGUEL  
*(stunned)*

At what point was I not what you wanted anymore?

LOLA  
If you have to ask, then you didn't listen to a word I just said.

*(Lola starts gathering Miguel's clothes, and piling them on the couch. Miguel follows quickly behind her, not wanting her to touch his stuff.)*

MIGUEL

Lola, stop it!

LOLA

You need to go back to Sammy's.

MIGUEL  
*(insistent)*

I can't go back there.

LOLA

I don't care. That's what you have to do.

MIGUEL

Stop touching my stuff!

*(Everything that Lola picks up,  
Miguel puts back down.)*

LOLA

Stop invading my space! Miguel, I'm so tired of this.

MIGUEL

So that's it, Lola? Just three years of our lives together down the fucking drain. This was all for nothing?

*(Lola and Miguel aggressively  
rearrange Miguel's belongings. She  
snatches whatever's in his hand  
away from him.)*

LOLA

*(snaps)*

You tell me.

MIGUEL

You're heartless.

LOLA

No, I'm not.

MIGUEL

You think I don't get that I've been difficult to be around? I'm going through a lot /right now. Some shit *you* wouldn't even be able to understand.

LOLA

/So you're uncomfortable living my reality.

MIGUEL

I hear you, but I don't believe you. Because I'm still willing to stick it out /till this bad patch is over.

LOLA

/But why don't you want solutions?!/

MIGUEL

/To see you like this, it makes me question if you ever even loved me. I love you.

LOLA

What is it that you love, though? This entire relationship, I felt like I had to shape myself to be perfect for you. You're what I'm depressed about. This manufactured yes-man isn't real. This whole thing is an illusion. I don't know who I am without you or why you're so content with being miserable.

MIGUEL

Because I'm not miserable being with you.

LOLA

But I don't trust you. It's not going to get better, Miguel.

MIGUEL

So you're a liar?

LOLA

No.

MIGUEL

Yes, you lied this entire time. Did you even want to move in with me?

LOLA

I thought I did. Until I realized choosing a life with you would mean I could never choose myself again. This doesn't feel right. Not one bit.

MIGUEL

I can't believe you're doing this. You can't do this to me right now.

LOLA

I'm sorry, I have to.

MIGUEL

Don't say you're sorry. You're not fucking sorry that you're going through with this.

LOLA

If it means anything to you, had we done this right, we probably would've still gotten happily married anyway. That's part of the reason why I convinced myself to stay for so long.

MIGUEL

Well it doesn't really help when you see these last three years as a fucking illusion.

*(Miguel has a realization. He begins to laugh, quite manically. Miguel sits down on the couch.)*

LOLA

What's funny?

*(Miguel is barely able to contain his laughter.)*

MIGUEL

Nothing, it's just, yeah, you're right. We are living in an illusion. Everything around us is a fucking illusion. And I don't only mean us, just in case you thought the whole world revolves around you. I have feelings too. I've had to question my reality in ways I never thought I would have to. I mean, how would you feel if you found out that your father you grieved for a year, just, came back from the dead?...Don't look at me like I'm crazy, although it's as crazy as it sounds, because this is the shit I carry. How would you process that? How would you rationalize that? How could you go on with your life without questioning if anyone is ever being honest with you. I thought I could count on you, Lola. And you let me down. You sunk me. You broke me just now.

*(Beat.)*

LOLA

Hold on. Time out. What do you mean your father "came back from the dead"?

MIGUEL

I mean exactly that.

LOLA

No, I'm going to need you to elaborate because I have no idea what you mean.

MIGUEL

What's confusing about it? My father faked his death and Sammy sold me his lie.

LOLA

Everything about that is confusing!

MIGUEL

Imagine how I feel.

LOLA

What about the money you put in for funeral arrangements?

MIGUEL

It paid for him to hide out in Puerto Rico.

LOLA

Why would he do that to you?

MIGUEL

Because he's cruel, because he thought it'd be funny, I don't know. But since then, I haven't known who I could count on. I don't know who I can trust. I thought it was you.

LOLA

When was this?

MIGUEL

A while ago.

LOLA

When?

MIGUEL

I don't remember the day.

LOLA

Can you just be straight with me?

*(Lola watches Miguel fidget with the promise ring on the coffee table.)*

LOLA (cont'd)

Did you plan to move in here before or after you found out your dad was still alive?

*(Beat. Lola puts the pieces together.)*

LOLA (cont'd)

I have a question. I don't know if I'm prepared to hear the answer, but I need you to tell me the truth.

MIGUEL

Go ahead.

LOLA

Did you want to move in *because* you found out your dad was still alive?

MIGUEL

No.

LOLA

Don't lie.

MIGUEL

I'm not lying.

LOLA

I don't trust you.

MIGUEL

*(sarcastically)*

Well I can't really help that anymore, can I?

LOLA

Be. Honest. With me. You owe me at least that.

MIGUEL

*(somber)*

I've got no one, Lola.

LOLA

That's not true.

MIGUEL

Yes, it is. At the end of the day, you're done with me. /I don't have a family.

LOLA

/Cut the fucking pity party./

MIGUEL

/Not really any friends outside of work. I have no one. You were all I had left. I'm sorry if I wanted to hold onto some sort of idea of a family. I'm sorry that I wanted to have that with you.

LOLA

That was it. Right there.

MIGUEL

What?

LOLA

You never wanted to be with /me.

MIGUEL

/Yes I did, I just told you /that.

LOLA

/No. You wanted to be with this idea of me. You used me to fill a void in your heart. I can't repair the damage of losing your mom as a kid or make your dad a better father. I'm one person, and that's way too much responsibility to put on someone. That weight made me resent you. And I'm not gonna let you manipulate me again into trying. I've tried and I've tried and I've tried to be there in any way that I can. I gave you my soul, even more than that, and it was never enough for you. I will never be good enough for you. No matter how much I love you.

MIGUEL

I want to be with *you*, not an idea of you.

LOLA

No, you don't. You want to guilt trip me.

MIGUEL

You're never gonna believe me. So that's it?

LOLA

That's it. I need you to leave.

MIGUEL

I wish it didn't have to be like this.

LOLA

Yet, it just was.

*(Miguel puts on some pants, and some shoes. He throws a jacket on.)*

MIGUEL

I guess I'll just pick my stuff up tomorrow.

*(Lola nods, and Miguel heads out of the apartment. Lola stands from the couch, and closes the window. She can finally breathe.)*

**END OF PLAY.**