

ALTERNATE SCRIPT AT END OF THIS SCRIPT

GINA is an outgoing, eccentric oddball who loves frequenting her local skate park. She is very nice, but also the kind of person you avoid making eye contact with because you know that the instant you do, you will be trapped in a 50-minute conversation with them. And it's sure to be a weird one.

GINA is sitting just outside a noisy neon dive bar, getting her caricature painted by a grumpy, gruff old man named CARL. GINA has sat for a caricature from CARL roughly 30 times before. CARL knows better than to respond, but that doesn't stop GINA from trying.

GINA:

Okay, okay, I know you said you were almost done, but this time I am so serious. I NEED to see. The suspense is killing me! You know what? I'll bet I know how to speed this up - I will go inside that bar right now and buy you - a shot?

CARL continues working.

Two?

CARL raises an eyebrow.

THREE shots? If this one doesn't get you, I don't know WHAT -

CARL looks up, interested, and then begrudgingly turns the painting around.

Carl! It's - it's marvelous. You've done it again, you crazy son of a gun! You got my little button nose, my doe eyes, my silly yet winsome grin - you, my friend. You are the caricature artist to the stars.

GINA snatches the painting and turns as if to go to the bar to order the shots, but then she notices something. The painting - it feels incomplete.

Waaaaait a minute Carl. Wait a gosh darn minute.

CARL winces. GINA sighs and begins talking as if to a toddler.

I'm supposed to be Gina the MARTIAN. Ya know, Marvin the Martian's Significant O? And let's be honest, if he were real, he'd be way out of my league, but a girl can dream and it's your job to draw the dream. Right??

CARL Doesn't Care.

And look, I hate to be “that kind of girl” - I mean, I NEVER complain, you know me, but I mean, it's - I'm so sorry, you know I love your work, but to me it's just glaringly obvious and frankly, distasteful. I mean, how is this gonna look next to my photorealistic caricature of me as Shrek, or the one where my face is the second “O” in the Hollywood sign? I can't hang this atrocity on my WALL! It sickens me to even think about it.

CARL is confused and disgruntled. He stares, and then starts to turn away from GINA.

Don't you understand?!?!?!?

CARL turns back, annoyed. He indicates that NO, he does NOT.

THIS ISN'T MARS!!!

Look really carefully. Or not. It shouldn't be that hard to point out -

Yeah, you got the whole costume right, but Mars has TWO moons, not three, and none of the ones you drew even REMOTELY look like Phobos OR Deimos!

Furthermore, the environment isn't red, it only looks like that from space because of all the iron oxide in the atmosphere! The actual terrain should be BEIGE.

And another thing - is that WATER? Are you kidding?? Yes, they found water on Mars, technically, but it's not like a river o' plenty like the little Lake Superior you have going on here! The atmospheric pressure is so low, any water stays in a less-dense, near ice-like formation almost all year round! And don't get me started on those ferns that the water is way too salty and acidic to support even when it IS flowing.

Additionally, the Mars rover Opportunity is no longer in service. How many times do I have to say this? I swear, it's daily. We've had the Curiosity since then, and trust me, they look very different. Besides all that, we don't have any up there right now, so I don't see why there should be ANY rover dancing right up next to me like that.

And finally, the fact that you agreed to do this project at all is kind of problematic, because as far as human intelligence can guess, the harsh climate on Mars is unable to support any kind of life, let alone human life, so what in the heck would I be doing up there in the first place - especially without a space helmet.

CARL is dumbfounded.

Oh, Carl. Overall, I have to say, I admire your courage, tenacity, and bravery as an artist, but ultimately, this one just isn't doing it for me. And for that reason, I think I'll just have to get your liquor (and your payment) next time. I think this should be on the house, don't you?

CARL is still breathless and unable to speak, but is now very angry.

I promise we'll settle accounts next time, okay? Just keep up the good work and I'm sure you'll get the hang of it soon. I know, I know, I say that every time, but this time I really mean it. Same time next week?

CARL glares.

Hey, don't get mad at me for knowing my stuff. Besides, what do you even need to do this for, when you have a very successful dive bar right in front of you? Literally! Ha. Now let's go in, I'm parched.

CARL, the bartender, is too angry to go back inside.

Alright, grumpy pants, suit yourself.

GINA turns to enter the bar.

Oh wait... um... sorry... I kind of need the bartender... to order from the bar....

CARL stands up and follows her.

Thanks, Carl, you're a doll - an absolute doll! Do you know what? All this space talk - I think I'll have a Cosmo.

Smokeseed

JESSE has just endured the worst trial of their life: a wrestling team tryout. Oof. They have been talking to their dog for the past hour or so in order to calm down. Though the conversation was initially very angry, it has now become introspective.

This should be really fast. The thoughts should be pouring out of JESSE so quickly that the words can barely keep up. It should emulate a fire: slow at first, then bright and angry and all-at-once, then a stream of silver smoke into the sky until it finally dies out.

JESSE:

I think my brain is like a hard little nut.

Do you get what I mean?

I mean... obviously not. Sorry.

I do think I'm right, though. Or maybe not a nut, maybe like a little seed? You know?

Not like the BS rebirth and renewal in spring kind. I think I'm just like... I don't know, like a little seed that falls off my multigrain toast in the morning and then I just kick it over to you because you'll eat anything.

But - I guess that's not really - what we're talking about right now. Sorry.

Um. But anyways.

This coach is saying, "Get angry, get angry. You can't be aggressive if you don't..." um... and I can't remember everything, like what he said, but basically I need to channel something or like get mad at some random thing for me to be... like, stronger, I guess? Which was just like...

I'm not an angry person, you know? So it didn't feel like it was going to work like he thought it would. Like I GET angry. But...

It's sorta like when someone random comes to the door and you're like woah ho HO not today, not to MY owner, and you're like growling and barking up and down the walls and then I'm like Charlie, dude, it's Claire, she's been here like 8 times this week, calm down, and then you see her and you're like ohhh sorry Claire hey what's up? All in the space of like 20 seconds.

So it's like if someone only saw you for that 20 seconds, they might be like yikes that is an aggressive dog. But really, everyone knows you're like... the biggest doofus in the world. I mean, I'm not saying - you can be stupid AND angry, but... yeah, you know what I mean.

So, I wait there for them to blow the whistle and I'm sweaty and this is like the seven hundredth time we've done this drill and I'm sick of getting thrown into the blue mat like a sack of crap over and over, and I don't want to be here anyway, but I have to because dad made me, and I'm sort of pissed because everyone's being weird about locker rooms and what team I'm supposed to be on and all this shit, but I'm like okay I'm gonna try this because I want to go home. I don't want to make the team, I just want to...um. So I'm trying to get mad and I'm thinking like.... I want to be angry, at least for right now, but you can't set a hard little... like... dormant seed on fire and expect it to just be better and stronger, it just burns up. And so then I'm thinking like, why is nothing I do ever enough? And why does everyone treat me weird and why do I have to BE HERE, like oh my GOD I can't even explain how much I don't even want to be here.... Like why is it important? And if it is important, what makes it so impossible for me to do? Like why can't I just focus and do this just one time and go home, but even as I ask I know the answer, it's because I'm not the kind of person who likes to get mad or who can use anger as some kind of - fuel, I'M the kind of person that anger burns into really quick and just leaves me this like... messy pile of white kindling on a campfire that's just smoking into the sky while the sun rises and everyone feels groggy and dirty and gross and sore from sleeping in tents, and it looks so sad....

And then before I even know what's happening apparently the whistle has already been blown and I like blacked out or something because the first thing I remember, I'm like beating the crap out of this innocent girl. Like no holds barred, grabbing ponytails, pinching, slapping, punching, stepping on toes - I mean the ref has to physically pull me off of her and I'm cursing like I'm urban dictionary or something, and I'm panting and red and I just - scream. I squint my eyes and clench my fists and tense up and struggle to get away from the ref but then I'm just perfectly still and I just scream because I'm - I'm so angry. Which means... I did it, I guess.

Um. Yeah. So then I ran home - to here. And um - I don't think I made the team.

Well, I mean like obviously I didn't make the team. Probably. Which is fine. As long as dad... I mean, it'll be okay, because I really did honestly try. I got angry, you know? I did what they asked.

So anyway. I guess I'm just - am I like, a stronger seed than I thought I was? Like actually I'm not dormant and I'm not quite as - brittle as I thought? Or dried up or whatever?

Or, um. Did something break today, and I'm all burnt up now. I guess, that's what I'm wondering. That's all.

And how would you ever know, either way?