

**CAROLINE.** A project? *A project?* (Calling to Mom:) MOM, I'M SERIOUS COME HERE NOW.

**ANTHONY.** Your mom just gave me cookies! (Revealing plate of oatmeal raisin cookies.) I just met your mom—at the door—which she opened—for me—because I'm Anthony from school. And she gave me cookies, and she said you were in your room, and she said I should just come up.

**CAROLINE.** Just come up? Just come right up? (To Mom:) THIS IS NOT YOUR ROOM, MOM. (To ANTHONY:) And those are not your cookies, guy.

**ANTHONY.** Ok, look. I'm sorry if this is weird, but she pointed upstairs—I came upstairs because she pointed, and we have work to do so—

**CAROLINE.** Is this a trick? Is this a joke?

**ANTHONY.** No. What? No. I'm here so we can work.

**CAROLINE.** WHAT WORK? I DON'T WORK.

**ANTHONY.** We have that project we're supposed to do—the American Lit project—for American Lit.

**CAROLINE.** Miss Branson sent you?

**ANTHONY.** Yes, Miss Branson, she said she emailed you.

**CAROLINE.** Who checks email anymore?

**ANTHONY.** OhMyGod.

**CAROLINE.** There are like forty cooler ways to communicate.

**ANTHONY.** *Not for Miss Branson.*

**CAROLINE.** *Look, pushy.* I wasn't expecting you, you were not expected, and I don't understand or approve of this invasion so you're going to explain this to me before I...

**ANTHONY.** What.

**CAROLINE.** Pummel...you.

**ANTHONY.** I don't think you're going to pummel me.

**CAROLINE.** I have pummeled before.

**ANTHONY.** I'm like twice your size.

**CAROLINE.** (Re: herself) Small but mighty. Like a dachshund.

**ANTHONY.** A what?

**CAROLINE.** They bite. Your heels.

start

**ANTHONY.** Ok. Great. See. I just came here for homework—which I don't want to do either—but I have to and so do you and here's my shitty posterboard which should prove: one) that this is not a joke, and two) how much I need your help.

(He reveals a really crappy half-finished, *not artistically done tri-fold poster board with a picture of Walt Whitman somewhere.*)

**CAROLINE.** That is super shitty.

**ANTHONY.** ThankYouHelpMe.

**CAROLINE.** Why would I help you? In what planet in what universe would I help with a school project when I'm not, in fact, *in school* right now. Like at all.

**ANTHONY.** I know that, but—

**CAROLINE.** 'Cause I'm kinda sick. Like everyone knows I'm sick and everyone is freaked out about it and no one comes here and brings—what is that?

(Points to his bag.)

**ANTHONY.** Waffle fries.

**CAROLINE.** And brings waffle fries and bad posters to my house—So why are you bringing poems and fries and posters to me, in my room, in my house—why are you doing anything in my room, in my house right now, guyI don't know whatthehell.

**ANTHONY.** Ok. I'm Anthony. Which I might have mentioned. And I have our assignment for American Lit, which she was supposed to email you about. And I didn't hear back from her or from you, so finally, like an idiot, I just came over, *in person*, which people still—y'know—do. So please, *please*, can you calm down, pitch in, or at least sign the poster so it *looks* like we worked together.

**CAROLINE.** I'm not signing that piece of crap.

**ANTHONY.** Then I'm not leaving.

**CAROLINE.** Then I'm having some of your fries.

(Pause.)

**ANTHONY.** Accepted.

**CAROLINE.** Well. Accepted. Back.

(Pause.)

**CAROLINE.** Also why did you say that weird "mystery" thing when you came in?

END