



Sample Pages from Have You Heard?

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HAVE YOU HEARD?

A MONOLOGUE-BASED
PLAY IN ONE ACT BY
Krista Boehnert



Have You Heard?

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Characters

CLEO: Female, 17

ZAK: Male, 16

JAKE: Male, 17

ZOE: Female, 17

MATTIE: Female, 15

Set

The core component of the set is 6-8 acting boxes that can be used throughout the play by the actors. The play can be performed effectively with the use of just the acting boxes.

Ideally, the set should be made more elaborate to include school lockers, posters, trashcans, etc. to recreate a school foyer area.

Author's Note

The play can be performed in a variety of ways. The actors can deliver their monologues alone, or you can employ the use of the other actors to create tableaux or mime scenes to accompany the soliloquy.

Scene 1

The stage is dark as ZOE, MATTIE, JAKE, CLEO and ZAK enter. The actors line up across the front of the stage, and look out into the audience. The apron of the stage should be fully lit, but the rest of the stage should be completely dark. If possible, the curtain should be closed for Scene 1.

ZOE is dressed in jeans and a t-shirt. She stands DSL. MATTIE stands beside her in cargo pants and a pretty blouse. JAKE stands beside her in jeans and a t-shirt. CLEO stands next to him wearing a dress and a varsity jacket. ZAK completes the line, standing DSR wearing cargo pants, a t-shirt, and a button-down shirt over top.

ZOE: Did you hear?

MATTIE: Did somebody tell you?

JAKE: Have you heard?

CLEO: Are you listening?

ZAK: You're never gonna believe this!

MATTIE: Guess what I have to tell you?

CLEO: Promise not to tell anybody?

ZOE: What have you heard?

JAKE: Are you listening?

ZAK: (*miming holding a microphone*) Is this thing on?

GIRLS: Can you hear me?

BOYS: Can you hear me?

ALL: Can you hear me?

Scene 2

Curtain opens and the actors enter the school foyer. At this point, all characters except ZOE can either leave the stage, or can form a tableau in the background, depending on how you wish to stage this piece.

ZOE: It took ten full minutes for the entire student body to learn that Josh had accused Mr. Pender of sexual assault.

It took almost 19 minutes for everyone to learn that the accusation was false.

And it took the rest of the school year for us to make up reasons why Josh did it in the first place.

Unfortunately, for Mr. Pender, things did not move along so quickly.

In late September, the formal complaint was made and by October the school board had swooped in and removed Mr. Pender, putting him on paid leave until everything got all sorted out.

Now you'd think that Josh and Mr. Pender would have been prime gossip all fall. Or that one of us would've had the smarts to tell you guys that the whole thing was a hoax. But it was fall, and the start of another year, and we all had way too much else going on to worry about that too.

Mr. Pender was an adult, and probably way more in control of things than we were. He was just going to have to fend for himself.

Scene 3

JAKE: Today was cookie-baking day in Home Ec class. Picture it. Six kitchens. Two rows of three. Four students per kitchen. And a barrelful of cookie dough. FOOD FIGHT!!! How can you not resist this?

Balls of dough flying across the room, every direction. Bouncing off of heads, chalkboards, countertops, people. Oh my God! I took a hit to the head. Cookie dough all stuck in the coif! I retaliated by sending a flurry of marshmallows into Kitchen 3.

Kitchen 2 turned around and started the eggs flying into Kitchen 1, and Kitchen 3 returned my fire by squirting chocolate syrup at me and my troops. The back three kitchens were in duck and cover mode, but then everyone gave up and joined in. Even the geeks.

It was out and out warfare! Flour, chocolate chips, sticks of butter were sailing through the air. One of my men went down when he took a hit to the face with a spatula. Seriously somebody could've lost an eye! It was awesome!

The best part was when Kitchens 5 & 6 combined their egg ammo and started firing it up to the front of the classroom at us

and ended up pelting our teach – who just came back into the classroom – with 4 eggs running down her suede jacket. It was hilarious! I've never seen somebody turn that many shades of red and purple before. I thought her head was going to explode!

We'll be cleaning up the Home Ec lab every day after school for the next three weeks, but man, it was sooo worth it! Geeks, Jocks, Goths, all working together to spread terror. It was a beautiful thing. We should collaborate more often. Just think of all the high jinx we could do!

Scene 4

ZAK: Do you ever doubt someone? They're smart, and fun, and pretty and great to hang out with, but do you ever have this doubt inside your head wondering if it's real? If what you see is true? OR if what's happening is too good to be true?

She told me she thinks I'm amazing. Amazing? How can that be right? Nobody's ever said something like that to me before. Not even my parents. They always say things like, "Zak, you could be really great, if you just applied yourself." Or "Why didn't you do better?" or "You disappoint me."

So how can I possibly be amazing? I'd like to believe her. I'd love to believe it's true. But every time she says something like that, there's that doubt whispering in my head, "It's too good to be true, Zak. It's just too good."

Scene 5

MATTIE: Nightmares. Nibbling away at the corners of my sleep. Dark, scary poison seeping its way into my dreams. I toss and turn at night. I wake up in cold sweats. I lay awake for hours afterward terrified that if I close my eyes it'll all start over again. I'm 16 years old and I'm afraid of the dark. You want to know why I fall asleep in your class? It's because my nightmares have consumed my sleep.

Scene 6

CLEO: I hear the whispers when I walk down the hall. People pointing at me. Whispering. "There's Steve's girlfriend." "That's the girl I was telling you about." "There she is! The one in the varsity jacket." I can't stand it! It makes me want to walk right up to them and say. "Yes! I'm the one! Take a good look! Stop pointing at me!"

Josh heard the whispers too. The softened voices. The averted glances. The fingers pointing at him when he walked by. He got the same treatment as me. Different story. But the same result.

I tried to tune it out as best I could. Tried not to pay attention. Tried not to feel like I was Jim Carrey in *The Truman Show*. Everybody watching me. Talking about me. Looking in on my life. Staring. But it's hard, you know. You try coming to school, day in and day out, and every room goes quiet when you enter. Every hallway seems to hush as you walk by. It's like someone turned down the volume on the universe and all you hear are whispers, little bits and pieces. Phrases. Words. But nothing whole. "So sad." "Police." "That sucks." "Gone." "Feel awful."

Josh couldn't tune it out as well as me. Couldn't handle the muffled voices judging him as he walked by. By November, he had pretty much stopped walking around the school at all except to get to his classes. Otherwise he would hang out in the student parking lot. By himself. Listening to the full sound of the world. Cars. Birds. Barking dogs. Hearing it all. In full volume stereo sound. With no finger pointing. It must've felt like heaven.

Scene 7

MATTIE: Remember when you were a kid and you'd play the game "Telephone?" You'd start off and someone would whisper something into someone's ear, and then they whispered it into someone else's ear, and so on and so on until the last person had to say out loud what they heard? "Easter Bunny" could turn into "Sister Honey", "How are you today?" could turn into "Bower, you OK?" Nothing ever came out the other end right. The longer the sentence, the more messed up it got. And we'd laugh and laugh over how silly that mix-up was. Problem is, instead of realizing whispering distorts the truth, we learned that we could turn the truth into a joke. Funny, that.

Scene 8

ZOE: Oh my God! It's going around the school. Everybody's on the alert. Jesse Bates is looking for a prom date. Lay low, avoid eye contact and any unnecessary conversation. He could spring the question at any time. So don't let your defences down! Quick! Warn the others.

Scene 9

ZAK: If you're going to take someone down, wouldn't you pick somebody that you'd stand to actually gain something from? I

mean Josh picked a good target – balding middle-aged bachelor, possibly gay, close to his students. The ingredients were all there to make his story sound true. But what did Josh get out of it all?

I am sure he didn't expect some of the backlash he got. I doubt when he concocted his little tale that it ever occurred to him that other students might think he was gay. That he was an equal player in the whole situation. If he had, I am sure he would've worked a totally different angle.

But the thing I don't get is this: Pender isn't an English teacher, or the school principal. It's not like his class or position had any impact on whether Josh would graduate, or achieve the best GPA or whatever. It's not like Josh was some budding artist and Pender failed him and now his dreams of going to art school were over. It's not like his class was required to graduate. It's not like Pender ran the school or something. I mean, sure, he's an authority figure, but in the hierarchy of school it's not like an art teacher can pull much weight.

So explain to me why he did it, then? 'Cause that's the part I just don't get. There was no fringe benefit from bringing this guy down. He wasn't a pedophile that needed to be taught a lesson. He's just some average schmuck trying to be good at his job. Why would someone mess with that?

Scene 10

JAKE: Does a white lie really count in the grand scheme of things? There's, like, your Big Whopper lies, and your middle of the road lies, and everything in-between, but does the white lie count against your rap sheet? I mean, the white lie, by definition, is only told if you are trying to be polite. Like when you go to Aunt Ester's for supper and she serves up headcheese and asks you if you like it, and you say, "I love headcheese." You might be saving Auntie's feelings, but you could also potentially be eating headcheese at her house from now on. Now that she thinks it's "your favourite." Now that's a white lie that can kick you in the butt! But what about when you tell a white lie and it truly spares the feelings of the other person, and brings no harm unto yourself? Does it still count as a lie? Or are you off the hook? I think the trick is to use the white lies when they'll have the greatest impact. Like when my girl asks me "Do you ever look at other girls?" And I say, "No Way! You're the most beautiful girl in the world, why would I look anywhere else?"

Scene II

CLEO: Cause of death undetermined. That's what it says on the police report for Steve's accident. No mechanical malfunction with the car. No health problem. Not weather. He wasn't talking on his cell phone. No other car collided with him. They've ruled all that out, you see. So what we're left with — those of us that loved him — is "Cause of death, undetermined."

He couldn't have fallen asleep behind the wheel because he had only been on the road for five minutes in the first place. And he didn't kill himself because the way the car careened off the road, well, that would've been impossible to orchestrate. Even if he'd wanted to.

Even if he'd wanted to have been ejected out the back window because the force of impact was so strong his seat belt broke. Even if he'd wanted to hit that power pole when the car spun around, breaking it in half. Even if he'd wanted to — the police officer said there was no way someone could do that on purpose. No. Way.

He could have swerved for an animal. If he did, he must've missed it, because there was no dead deer at the scene. No blood that wasn't his. There was so much of his blood.

He was leaving my place that night. Headed home on the highway to his parent's acreage a couple miles out of town. We'd just watched a movie and ate popcorn and joked around. Typical date night. I loved watching movies with him. Or just hanging out. Or just doing nothing at all. Together.

Steve's parents called me. Told me there'd been an accident. Told me Steve was already gone. How could he already be gone? I could still feel the warmth from his body when we hugged goodbye. I could still feel his lips on mine when he kissed me good night. I could still hear him whisper "I love you" when he held me close. How could he be gone? Where did all that warmth go? Where did he go?

The police officer at the accident scene showed me where Steve lay in the grass after he was thrown from the car. He said Steve was already dead by then. The grass was cold and brown.

No. Red.

The grass was red.

And Steve wasn't there.

Cause of death undetermined. Seems like such a poor explanation in this day and age. We can train satellites to see anything we want, anywhere in the world. We can clone sheep. We can send a rover to Mars. But you can't tell me why Steve had to die? Can't tell me how? Can't explain to me why it had to be him? Why he had to go? Why he had to be the one?

Why I didn't get to say goodbye?

You can't tell me? Not any of it? There's no explanation? Life just happens?

That's little comfort. In fact, it's no comfort at all.

Scene 12

ZAK: How much do we owe our parents? I mean I love them. I appreciate all they've done for me. But how much of my life do I owe them? Do I have to become who they want? Do I have to grow up to be them? Where's the room for what I want to do? Who I want to become? How do you draw that line?

Scene 13

JAKE: I used to be "every guy." I'd try to be just like the person I was with at the time. They didn't like action movies, I didn't like action movies. They didn't like chocolate. I didn't like chocolate. I had no opinion but to agree with their opinion. Everybody liked me, because I was just like them.

That's all anybody really seems to want, anyway. Somebody just like them. Someone to agree with them. Tell them they are right, or interesting, or super smart or whatever. They don't want someone to challenge them. To tell them they're wrong, or close-minded or stupid.

It was easier to just nod and agree and go along with it. Everyone liked you that way. I had no enemies. Everyone thought I was great. But everyone thought they knew me, and they didn't. They just knew another version of themselves.

It's hard work, trying to be everything to everyone. You try to please everybody, but that's no good. People want you to take sides. To agree with them. To point at some other person and say that person is wrong. They think that way you've got some kind of bond. That the two of you are so much better than everybody else. That you can sit around and judge others together and make fun of them and that makes the two of you best friends.

One day, I was tired of pretending to be everybody else. I wanted to be me. I like action movies. I love chocolate. I don't hate anybody, or think that person's stupid, or that one is fat or that one's a loser. 'Cause they're just probably trying really hard to be themselves. Hoping that someone will notice them and tell them that they're cool.

I don't even care if people think I'm cool anymore or not. It takes up a lot less energy. Besides, not everyone will ever think I'm cool anyway. Someone might sometime, but then I am sure someone will nab them and point at me say, "He's such a loser, he can't even dress himself." And they'll nod in agreement, right after they just finished telling me they loved my shoes.

Scene 14

MATTIE: When I first heard what happened to Josh, I thought if he can stand up, then I can too. It's happened to someone else too.

Five minutes later, I heard that it was a hoax and I felt so alone again. So dirty and used and alone. There was nobody out there like me. Nobody would've been stupid enough to let that happen to them. Nobody but me.

My mom always used to say to me, "You walk around with your head in the clouds, you're liable to get hit by a truck." I doubt she ever thought she'd be the one bringing the truck home.

She dated Doug for almost a year. Thank God I didn't meet him for the first few months! When I did, it was an accident really. I came home early from school and he was there fixing the kitchen sink while my mom was at work. He seemed cool and nice and I remember thinking, "Maybe this time. Maybe this one time, she found a great guy."

Doug started showing up a lot after school. Puttering around the place, fixing this and that until my mom would come home with take out for supper. We never talked much at first, but after awhile, I got used to him being there after school and I'd tell him about my day. And he seemed soooo interested. And I thought this is awesome! A guy to talk to. Not a dad, but kinda like a dad. I never knew mine, so any kind of pretend dad was cool with me.

I never saw it coming, you know. Never had a clue. The day he pinned me to the kitchen wall, kissing and touching me... He was so heavy. And so strong. And he smelled like stale coffee. His breath was everywhere.

When he was done, he kinda cocked his head and smiled at me and said, "I knew you'd be great. This'll be our little secret. See you tomorrow." And then he turned to leave.

I slid down the wall and hugged my knees.

When he got to the door, he turned around. All warm caring gone. Just cold steel blue eyes, and he said, "Don't tell your mother," and then he smiled, "You were begging for it anyway." And then he was gone.

I don't go home after school anymore. I stay in the library and do my homework. And hide. My mom isn't even dating him anymore, but it doesn't matter. I get home, and look in the kitchen, and I can still see it all. Warm smiles. Stale coffee breath. And cold steel blue eyes.

Scene 15

ZOE: By Christmas, you'd think they would've had the whole thing figured out. Known it was a hoax. But like every great lie in life, there was just enough of the truth in what Josh said to make Mr. Pender look suspicious. Enough of a doubt in his complete and utter innocence, that by Christmas, the courts were setting dates, the lawyers were talking deals, and the school board was panicking. Big time.

Mr. Pender didn't walk through the doors of the school all fall, although his presence was there all the time anyway. Whispers in the hall. New rumours surfacing all the time. New tall tales of Mr. Pender's secret sex life. His fetish for little boys.

Josh wasn't getting off scot-free either. Once everybody heard the few kernels of truth to the story, he was all of a sudden pitied, or put under the same dark cloud of suspicion that Mr. Pender was walking under.

While Mr. Pender and the school board were busy spinning the story towards innocence, Josh was learning that every lie you tell takes its toll. Has its price.

Scene 16

MATTIE: What is the value of a secret anyway? I mean, once you give it breath and words and life and send it out there, is it really a secret anymore? Is it safe at all once it's stopped rattling around in your brain? Can people really keep quiet? Keep it safe? Keep it from breath and words and life and hold it safe inside their head? I don't think so. I think a secret is like letting go of a balloon on a

windy day. Once the breeze catches it, who knows how far it can go?

Scene 17

ZAK: I used to have the best hair. I mean, seriously, girls would swoon over it. They thought it was the best. It was long and curly and flowing and they ran their fingers through it. It was my ticket to girl paradise.

But that was before my parents made me cut it. Said nobody who looks like a hippy is ever successful. So my dad hauled me down to the barbershop and said, “Give this boy a proper haircut.”

Now I look like every other guy. Every other guy with boring hair. Nobody swoons over it. Nobody runs their fingers through it. It’s like girls don’t even see me anymore. Shawna keeps telling me it’ll grow back; but it’s like the real Zak disappeared with the hair that got swept up on the barbershop’s floor. I get my hair cut, and I’m invisible! My parents are ruining my life!

Scene 18

ZOE: It wasn’t until the second calculus test with the bright red 54% and the words “See me after class” scrawled across the top that I started to panic. I’ve always been a good student. Above average. Gifted. Whatever they’re calling it now.

I didn’t need to take calculus in the first place, and I certainly didn’t need those stupid 54 percents dragging down my GPA. It’s not like I’m gonna be a doctor. Or a rocket scientist. I don’t know what I want to be, but probably not that.

But I was screwed. The deadline to drop the class had long since past, and I couldn’t tell the difference between calculating the surface area of a cone, and figuring out what the hell x was equal to. In the meantime, my GPA has plummeted from 91.4 to 83. I needed reinforcement.

Now, you might be thinking, a smart girl like me, I could organize a study group. Get a tutor. Make flash cards. But the truth is, I’m smart, but I’m lazy, and I wasn’t willing to go that extra mile. I needed something better.

Chris Singer somehow got his hands on the answer key to our midterm. Singer was also willing to share it with anybody for 25 bucks. This was pay dirt. The answer key had the entire solutions written out in full. All we had to do was memorize them and write them down on the exam. Easy, right?

I don't know where he got the answer key from. I didn't ask. I figured the less I knew, the better. He must've sold it to a bunch of people though, because shortly after the midterm, he started wearing a really expensive leather jacket to school, and Singer's not one of the rich kids.

Let's get one thing straight, here. I'm not stupid like Josh. I'm not going to get caught up in some big scandal. I'm smarter than that. Just as long as Singer and everyone else can keep their traps shut it'll be fine. Just fine.

Scene 19

ZAK: How much of what we hear is ever first-hand? History class is based on somebody telling how it happened in the first place. A version handed down from person to person, sending it into the future, so that we could all know. But how do we know they got it right? Our news is filtered through reporters. Our religion through our churches. Our movies through Roger Ebert. Everything we've heard about Pender and Josh has been second-hand. How do we know if the people telling us what is news, what to think, how things happened; how do we know if they're getting it right?

Scene 20

CLEO: By spring, Josh got tired of the pointing fingers. The whispered comments. The furtive glances. The case with Pender was in the courts, and the longer it dragged on, the less everyone remembered that Josh had made everything up in the first place. As far as most of the kids at school were concerned the incident had happened. And the kids who remembered it was a prank thought Josh was getting what he deserved anyway. Complete isolation. A total social outcast. The lowest rung on the social ladder.

You don't just arbitrarily screw with someone's life and get off scot-free. That's just not how things work. Unless you're God. He can mess with a life at his whim, and watch the fallout as lives crumble below him. But Josh certainly wasn't God. Not even close. And maybe if he had a reason for what he did, some kind of explanation, maybe then he would've gotten some sympathy. But as much as everyone else was talking, he was staying quiet. And being vilified.

In that last month alone, his car had been broken into, his locker vandalized, and he got sucker-punched by one of the guys on the wrestling team for walking past him in the hall.

We would've stood with him if he had really been in trouble. If what he said about Mr. Pender was true. But by crying wolf, and making a scandal with nothing to back it up – he lost us. Because we knew that next time something did happen, people would be so much less willing to believe. In his carelessness, Josh painted us all with the same brush – immature, vindictive, untrustworthy. No adult within a four-mile radius of our school would ever just “take our word for it” now.

Josh transferred to a different school in a different district in May. No one would know him there. Know what he did. He'll have a chance at normal now. A chance to just be.

I envy him that. That chance to start over. To go someplace where nobody knows your back-story, your scars, your deal. I'm tired of being the dead guy's girlfriend. I'm tired of being whispered about, pointed at, pitied. I don't think what Josh did is good or right or anything, but I hope that wherever he is, he got his chance for a fresh start. Sometimes, that would make all the difference.

Scene 21

JAKE: My brother's girlfriend is totally annoying. And so is he when she's around. They're all like, "I like you" "No, I like you" "Well, I like you more." Oh my God, it makes me want to poke my eyes out.

Stacey doesn't have much time for me, and that's alright, because she tries way too hard to get me to like her. She's always asking how I am, and trying to include me in their junk, and just being that sickly sweet, totally fake, sucking up to the little brother, annoying girlfriend type. It drives me nuts!

And my brother has the IQ of Jell-O when she's around. She could say that dogs will one day rule the earth, and my brother would be like, "Oh, yeah. Totally. Of course they will. You are soooo smart."

I swear, watching the two of them, it's like some really bad sci-fi movie where all the teenagers become polite, vacant-headed robots.

Sadly, Stacey and I both ended up applying for summer jobs as kids day camp coordinators for the city. As part of the interview process, they made all the applicants attend this weekend seminar on "Play Leadership" so that we could all become the best camp counsellors that we could be. So, not only did I have to give up an entire weekend, but I had to spend it with Stacey.

It was agony! We had to sit together for all the sessions, and she was always in my group for projects, and she kept talking the whole time to me about how great Brian is, and isn't pink the best colour ever, and why is it that when one person yawns, so does everybody else? It was non-stop for hours!

By the time the first aid training came around, I couldn't take it anymore! I was ready to impale myself with something, anything, so that I could pass out, and enjoy some silence for awhile! After we watched all the gross videos about how to fix someone when they've severed three fingers in a bicycle, our instructor puts us into pairs and asked us to practice mouth-to-mouth resuscitation on each other. On Stacey. Mouth to mouth resuscitation. My brother's girlfriend. Oh. My. God.

Stacey stopped mid sentence when she realized what the instructor said. She looked at him, then at me. We just stared at each other. Nobody blinked. Nobody moved. Nobody was gonna touch anybody. Especially not on the face. Or anywhere near the mouth. Or anywhere at all for that matter.

Finally the instructor said, "Stop dawdling, you two! Find a spot on the floor and start practicing." That snapped me into action quick. I latched onto the girl on the other side of me. "C'mon", I said, "better get practicing." She was like, "I'm paired with Adam." I didn't even listen, or slow down to discuss it, I just kept dragging her away from Stacey, who in the meantime made a mad dive for Adam and was pulling him the opposite direction as fast as she could.

There's only one thing worse than having to actually save someone by mouth-to-mouth resuscitation, and that's having to practice how to do it on your brother's girlfriend.

Scene 22

CLEO: If someone tells you something, and you know you have to tell a parent or a teacher; know that it would be wrong to not say anything; know that your silence will make it worse; does that make you a gossip?

Scene 23

ZAK: I never meant to break her heart. I meant to keep it safe. To protect it. But in the end, that's what I did. Broke it, I mean. Not a lot, really. I didn't shatter it, or smash it to smithereens. I just lost track of it for a moment. Watched it slip through my fingers. I just couldn't seem to hang on to it. It just seemed to fall through

my hands. I cracked it a bit is all. Enough to make her take it back, though. She didn't trust me with it anymore. Didn't believe that I wouldn't break it. So she took it back. And kept it for awhile. And then she gave it to someone else. And that, that broke my heart.

Scene 24

ZOE: They say you can't kid a kidder, and that's true. But you can pull the wool over her eyes for a little while before she wises up.

When Mike asked me out, I will admit, I was surprised. Not suspicious at the time, just surprised. Mike was on the basketball team. I'm in the debate club. It's not like we really run in the same circles. I didn't think he even knew who I was. The only reason I knew him, was because my best friend is an absolute sports fanatic, so she usually dragged me out to all the home games.

Our first date went really well. I mean, I actually had a good time. I thought going on a date with a jock would kinda be like babysitting a first grader: I'd have to use simple words, speak really slow, and only talk about things he could understand like television, and food. But Mike surprised me, he could talk about all kinds of things, and he was really funny. Totally not what I expected. That's probably why I didn't even see it coming.

That first date ended with a kiss on the cheek. I remember thinking, "Who is this guy??" This is high school! No guy is that gentlemanly! But he seemed sincere and I just rolled with it. And that's when the wool got pulled over my eyes, and I didn't even notice.

OK. I'll be honest with you. I was really flattered that Mike asked me out, and then, when it turned out he was funny and great to talk to, I didn't even bother thinking about why he had asked me out. I figured, somehow, Zoe Carmichael had hit the high school dating jackpot.

We went out a couple of times after that, bowling, the movies, you know, regular date stuff. And it was fun!

I really started to like him.

And that's when it hit.

At school, scrawled on the girls' bathroom door, in red nail polish were the words, "Zoe Carmichael is a slut!" I couldn't believe it! Was some girl jealous I was going out with Mike?



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