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## TO PEE OR NOT TO PEE

### Characters:

Heather

Mickey

Two teenage girls who have been close friends since childhood, Mickey and Heather, are in the new gender neutral bathroom at their high school (where there's only one stall).

Heather, the girly one, longs for the "sacred space" of the girls' bathroom.

Mickey is out as a lesbian and favors unisex bathrooms.

Heather

I think I heard someone go in there.

Mickey

Ok, that's weird because I'm pretty sure that's what people do when they need to go to the bathroom. You know, go into the stall?

Heather

No, I mean, it was a heavy step -- like it could be someone big, close to 6'4" and 200 pounds -- linebacker big -- oh my GOD, what if it was Bryce? I'm freaking out. (*starts to leave*)

Mickey

Hold it a minute -- which way are the feet pointing?

Heather

I don't know, the doors go all the way down now!

Mickey

Look, your anatomy midterm starts in 5 minutes and you have to pee. So go pee. I thought you said he didn't know you existed anyway. Wait. This is actually awesome, because now you two can finally meet! 'Hey, Bryce! I'm Heather. What's up?' 'Nothin' much. I just took a piss.' 'Cool. Well, great meeting you. I need to, like, go number two and flatiron my bangs. See you at lunch!'

Heather

Ugh, I HATE these new bathrooms. How I am supposed to talk in here if a guy might come out and wash his hands next to me?

Mickey

Guys don't wash their hands.

Heather

You know what I mean.

Mickey

I do. I do know what it's like to not be able to talk about my crushes in the bathroom, because they're usually standing two inches away from me, putting on their candy-smelling lip gloss and giving me 'I hate lesbians' side-eye. At least in here I can hang with other dudes.

Heather

Since when do you 'hang with other dudes'?

Mickey

Haven't I shown you this? *(goes to pull out a fake penis, but Heather stops her)*

Heather

Jesus, Mickey! Keep that in your pants. And it doesn't make you a dude -- it makes you a hot lesbian who's packing.

Mickey

Sorry, I thought you'd want to see it. It's totally realistic. And lavender.

Heather

That's the thing -- those don't belong in a girls' bathroom! I need to DISCUSS those in here. Without their owners present. And...oh shit...they took out the freaking tampon machine? That's it. I'm starting a petition.

Mickey

So you want a girls' bathroom scene from some ancient 80s movie, with girls named Heather talking about how they're gonna off the other Heathers, instead of a utopian bathroom where everyone's pee can flow freely? I'm happy to give up urinals for that.

Heather

You don't pee in urinals!

Mickey

That's not the point.

Heather

Then what is the point?

Mickey

*(examining her face in the mirror)* Do you remember in third grade when I tried to be a boy for like a week?

Heather

You came over, walked straight past me to my brothers' room, and then slept in their extra bunk in a Star Wars sleeping bag. And then you were in the fort with them the next day and you guys wouldn't let me in. I wanted to come up but you said Princess Leia was not allowed on the Death Star. *(pause)* That's the week I tore down my lace curtains and tried to stuff my pink bedspread in the trash can because I thought you'd like me again if I didn't have that stuff. It made me HATE being a girl. So yeah, I pretty much remember.

Mickey

Shit. Really? You never told me about any of that.

Heather

Whatever, it was a long time ago.

Mickey

Oh. Well, your brothers were cool and let me into their fort. And your parents were cool, and so were mine -- they let me wear my soccer shorts every day --

Heather

-- and cut off your Rapunzel hair...

Mickey

But then--

Heather

But then you tried using the boys' bathroom at school. God! Now I remember.

Mickey

And I was like, 'But Mickey's a boy's name!' and they screamed 'Get out, freak!' and chased me to the edge of the field where no teachers could see. And then --

Heather

The sprinklers went off. And they all ran. Kevin and Alex came to class crying because their pants were soaked. Real-life, full force deus ex machina poetic playground JUSTICE!

Mickey

*(pause --)*

Heather

What?

Mickey

Except then the principal called my parents to say I had to either stick to the girls' bathroom or see a psychiatrist. Such amazing options! That my behavior was abnormal and made the other kids feel unsafe. And get this...no mention of the attack mob either. Bitch had the nerve to say THEY felt unsafe! And I swear Ms. Cosgrove had her own tranny secret with those man-hands and super veiny forearms...freakin' hypocrite...

Heather

*(listening distractedly, applying lipstick)* Yeah, she did have really broad shoulders. *(beat)* Which reminds me, I came in here to ask you something...I don't actually have to pee, I went last night...but I can't because Bryce is still in there. What the hell is he doing?

Mickey

Seriously?

Heather

What?

Mickey

Oh, it's nothing. I'm really sorry (*toward the stall*) THE GUY YOU WANT TO BANG AFTER THE DANCE might have just overheard me say that. Must be really hard for you.

Heather

Mickey! I'm sorry...I get it. I mean, ok I don't. It's not like I don't care. I just feel weird, like...I'm in the wrong bathroom. (*pause*) Oh.

Mickey

I would call you the world's biggest idiot if suddenly I forgot you were my first kiss.

Heather

Shut UP!

Mickey

Don't even worry (*gesturing toward stall*) -- he'll wanna hear all about it. Just tell me what's up -- we're gonna be late. Plus, if that dude was ever in there to begin with, I think he's dead now.

Heather

(*whispering*) I just wanted to know if you thought I should ask HIM out. You know, turn the tables. Take the reins. Take the bull by the --

Mickey

I'm the queen of heteronormative behavior, so yeah, you should wait by the phone painting your nails and eating diet pills. Duh, ask him out.

Heather

Did you even study? I think I'm gonna fail. I wonder if it's hard.

Mickey

I'm gonna ask Bryce. (*yelling*) Yo Bryce! Is it hard? You need a hand in there? My friend Heather's really good at anatomy...she's getting an A plus! Dude, just give us a sign -- (*pounds on door, which swings open to reveal an empty stall*) Empty!

Heather

Oh. Oh well. (*one last check in mirror*) Am I good?

Mickey

You look amazing. Does my dick look natural?

Heather

Yeah. I think it's supposed to be on the left, though.

*EXIT*