

SCENE 4: HIGH SCHOOL, BIOLOGY LAB

(STUDENTS – including KARL, MONICA, SAVANNAH, and KITTY – enter and assemble the lab.)

STUDENTS

I GOT THIS (I GOT THIS)

I GOT THIS (I GOT THIS)

I GOT THIS (I GOT... THIS)

I GOT THIS (I...)

I GOT THIS!

(MR. BLUMEN, the biology teacher, appears at the front of the class. ELLIE enters.)

MR. BLUMEN

Miss Blake. What a treat! What a wondrous occasion to have you in biology today!

ELLIE

You know, they did a study on sarcasm in the classroom, and it's actually the least effective way to communicate.

MR. BLUMEN

Really. How interesting...

(KARL and MONICA approach ELLIE.)

MONICA

Ell!

(ELLIE, smiling maternally, tucks MONICA's hair behind her ear and picks lint off of KARL's sweater. They are mystified.)

What did your mother say about the Hunt?

ELLIE

(pinches the bridge of her nose)

Right, the Hunt! She said no.

(MONICA sighs with relief; KARL is outraged.)

KARL

You said you were going to push back!

ELLIE

My mother is under real pressure. Tonight is the rehearsal dinner! The whole weekend is being photographed by *Down the Aisle* magazine!

KARL

And you care about that... why?

ELLIE

Look, we just can't do it, the Hunt scares me to death.

MONICA

"Scares" you? Nothing scares you.

KARL

Not even coming in second place.

SAVANNAH

(chortles)

My mother says that second place is just another way to say "Loser."

KITTY

(echoing in a vicious whisper)

Loser!

ELLIE

(to SAVANNAH)

Oh, honey, I did a meditation retreat with your mom. She wouldn't say that!

(catching herself)

Little joke! Ha ha!

(ELLIE does a yoga pose and holds it, silently.)

MONICA

What. Is. Happening.

KARL

Social suicide.

ELLIE

(puts hands together in front of heart and bows)

Namaste.

(SAVANNAH and KITTY turn away. ELLIE notices how good her back feels!)

Wow!

(ADAM enters.)

MR. BLUMEN

(sighs)

Nice of you to join us.

ADAM

De nada.

(ADAM sits at ELLIE's table. She smiles, gets uncomfortable, tries to act normal.)

(ADAM)

Hey. 'Sup.

ELLIE

(confused)

Did you just say hay-sup?

ADAM

I said 'sup.

ELLIE

Oh. 'Sup.

(MR. BLUMEN claps his hands. STUDENTS settle.)

MR. BLUMEN

Class! No pop quiz today.

(STUDENTS cheer.)

The frogs are here!

(STUDENTS groan.)

We're doing dissection!

MONICA

Why do we have to dissect today?

MR. BLUMEN

Because as God is my witness, my minivan is not going to smell like hot frog again.

(STUDENTS, working in pairs, remove cloths from their trays and emit various sounds of disgust or mirth. ADAM leans close to ELLIE, who swoons, to her chagrin.)

ADAM

I like your hair.

ELLIE

You do?

ADAM

Yeah, I can see your face.

ELLIE

(vindicated)

Thank you!

SAVANNAH

(leans over to talk to ELLIE)

Poor Ellie. I remember last month, just looking at the starfish made you sick...

KITTY

(matter of fact)

Like, actually sick, not the cool "sick" ...

SAVANNAH

Do you need a bucket?

ELLIE

You know, Savannah, today I feel pretty comfortable with a knife.

(ELLIE expertly slices open the frog with the scalpel. STUDENTS react.)

#16 - Oh, Biology

Ellie, Adam, Savannah, Students

MR. BLUMEN

Very good, Miss Blake!

ADAM

Whoa.

(ADAM leans in and puts his hand on ELLIE's. She looks into his eyes for a split second then slides her hand away. ADAM is suddenly shy.)

Sorry.

ELLIE

Um. That's okay!

(continues to virtually dissect, but her mind is elsewhere)

I'M ACE AT ALL ANATOMIES
A MASTER OF DISSECTION
AN EXPERT CHEF WHO WIELDS AN EXPERT KNIFE
BUT STILL I SENSE A GREMLIN
IN THIS SYSTEM OF PERFECTION
THERE CLEARLY ARE STILL
MYSTERIES TO LINE

(The STUDENTS huddle over their respective tables, concentrating.)