

## ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

CAUTION: Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that this play is subject to royalty. It is fully protected by Original Works Publishing, and the copyright laws of the United States. All rights, including professional, amateur, motion pictures, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, and the rights of translation into foreign languages are strictly reserved.

The performance rights to this play are controlled by Original Works Publishing and royalty arrangements and licenses must be secured well in advance of presentation. PLEASE NOTE that amateur royalty fees are set upon application in accordance with your producing circumstances. When applying for a royalty quotation and license please give us the number of performances intended, dates of production, your seating capacity and admission fee. Royalties are payable with negotiation from Original Works Publishing.

Royalty of the required amount must be paid whether the play is presented for charity or gain and whether or not admission is charged. Particular emphasis is laid on the question of amateur or professional readings, permission and terms for which must be secured from Original Works Publishing through direct contact.

Copying from this book in whole or in part is strictly forbidden by law, and the right of performance is not transferable.

Whenever the play is produced the following notice must appear on all programs, printing, and advertising for the play:

**“Produced by special arrangement with  
Original Works Publishing.”  
[www.originalworksonline.com](http://www.originalworksonline.com)**

Due authorship credit must be given on all programs, printing and advertising for the play.

*Owl Moon*

© *Liz Maestri*

Cover art by Ryan Nelson

First Printing, 2012

Made in U.S.A.

*More Great Plays Available From  
Original Works Publishing*

**CRACKED**

by **Gwydion Suilebhan**

1 Female

**Synopsis:** Just another episode of a run-of-the-mill cooking show transforms into an intricate, otherworldly grief ritual as the program's hostess — or is she some kind of middle-class priestess? — devises increasingly elaborate ways in which to defer the simple act of cracking an egg. When it's finally time for the demonstration, will she actually be able to just... let go?

**Mitzi's Abortion**

***A Saint's Guide to Late-Term Politics  
and Medicine in America***

by **Elizabeth Heffron**

4 Females, 3 Males

**Synopsis:** With humor, intelligence and honesty, *Mitzi's Abortion* explores the questions that have shaped the national debate over abortion, and reminds us that whatever we may think we believe, some decisions are neither easy nor simple when they become ours to make. A generous and compassionate comedy with serious themes about a young woman trying to make an intensely personal decision in a system determined to make it a political one.

# **OWL MOON**

**A play by  
Liz Maestri**

**Characters:**

THE OWL: Any

WOMAN/LISA: F, 20-30's

MAN/ISAAC: M, 20-30's

SHELL: F, 20-30's

SALOME: F, 20-30's

*Owl Moon* premiered in Washington, DC, on February 4, 2011. It was produced by Taffety Punk Theatre Company.

Director - Lise Bruneau

Assistant Director - Kelsey Mesa

Set Design - Jessica Moretti

Lighting Design - Chris Curtis

Costume Design - Scott Hammar

Sound Design - Marcus Kyd

Prop Design - Jennifer Azzariti

Stage Manager - Robin Covington

Assistant Stage Manager - Devin Day

Lisa - Tonya Beckman

Salome - Kimberly Gilbert

The Owl - Marcus Kyd

Isaac - Joel David Santner

Shell - Esther Williamson

A stroke (/) marks the point of interruption in overlapping dialogue.

In its original production, the cast performed the song “I Luv the Valley OH” by Xiu Xiu at the end of the play.

## OWL MOON

### PROLOGUE

*(From darkness, we hear MUSIC. A brilliant sunset appears. A WOMAN and a MAN approach each other, gracefully, almost in a dance. They find themselves on a park bench in a beautiful dream-like place, holding hands.)*

WOMAN: Do you love me?

MAN: With all my heart. You are the moon that brings in the tides and pushes them back to sea. You are the wind on which the promises of lovers are carried. You are the stars that light up the universe. My reason for living is and always has been you.

*(They sit in silence, holding hands.)*

WOMAN: What would you do if you couldn't have me?

MAN: Such a question is unanswerable, because I cannot live without you. Without you, the world around me would crumble and fold in upon itself like the vacuum of space. My eyes would go black, my lungs would cease to pump air and the blood in my veins would turn to ice. Every molecule in my being would forfeit its life, and I would die a horrible death of fire and pain as my body folded inside out. Without you, I am nothing.

*(They sit again in silence.)*

WOMAN: I want you to kiss me.

MAN: And I want to kiss you.

*(They kiss and sit together for another moment. The song continues to play as the sunset fades to darkness.)*

## SCENE 1

*(The sun's light is nearly gone, and it has gotten colder. The MAN and WOMAN might dance together as they exit. A sound is heard. Enter SHELL. In her hand is a very large knife. She is covered in blood.)*

SHELL: Friend. Help me. I'll wait right here for you. Please come.  
Everything's ok, but please come to me.

*(She huddles on the ground. Lights change.)*

## SCENE 2

*(American snowfield in winter, far from the nearest city, with a few scattered trees. Darkness. Sound of a cold wind. The stage is empty except for cold sound and cold light. ISAAC enters wearing a winter coat, scraping a shovel along the ground, moving snow. He shovels.)*

ISAAC: I'm out here! Where are you?

*(Silence.)*

ISAAC: 'Ey-oh! You there?

*(LISA enters, also heavily bundled, wearing a long wig and glasses. She walks with caution, as though she might slip at any moment.)*

ISAAC: Hey you.

LISA: Aren't you coming inside?

ISAAC: In a minute, yeah. Sorry. Help me out.

LISA: With what?

ISAAC: Grab a shovel.

LISA: No I mean, what are you shoveling?

ISAAC: I'm clearing a path through the snow.

LISA: Looks mostly like ice to me.

ISAAC: It's ice with snow all over it. I just want to clear a little walkway.

LISA: It's better if you leave it. The snow creates traction you see. It's safer if you leave the snow where it is.

ISAAC: I'm breaking the ice. I have to shovel the snow off the ice. And chop the shit out of it. See? Look at how I chop.

*(He chops at the ice with his shovel.)*

LISA: Quit.

*(He does not.)*

LISA: Quit! Stop chopping. Stop your chopping.

*(She makes him stop.)*

ISAAC: I was making progress.

LISA: I know you were. Come on, don't you want to go inside? We're here after all. We're alone. I thought we / were going to um...

ISAAC: I'm not done making my path though.

LISA: But. I'm cold.

ISAAC: We're in giant coats! Outer shells. I can't even feel the wind.

LISA: I'm going home.

ISAAC: Oh.

LISA: Nice meeting you.

ISAAC: We just got here though.

LISA: You're shoveling, and I'm gonna skiddadle.

ISAAC: We can go inside in a sec. I just wanted to get something done.

LISA: Shoveling?

ISAAC: It was only going to take a minute.

LISA: I should go.

ISAAC: Okay. That's fine.

LISA: I wasn't asking your permission.

ISAAC: It's fine with me is what I was saying.

LISA: Great. Maybe I'll see you around town then.

ISAAC: Can I kiss you goodbye at least?

LISA: Sure.

ISAAC: Do you not want me to?

LISA: I want to.

*(They kiss.)*

ISAAC: Cute. You're cute.

LISA: So are you. You sure you want to shovel? I don't know when I'll be... around here again.

ISAAC: Don't go home. Come on with me, huh?

LISA: I thought you wanted to break the ice.

ISAAC: It's broken. Let's get out of here.

*(They start to exit.)*

LISA: Leave the shovel.

ISAAC: Right. Yes. I'll just leave it... here... I guess.

*(He puts it down. They kiss each other again. ISAAC takes LISA by the hand.)*

LISA: Hey, you like me no matter what, right?

OWL: Hoo! Hoo!

*(They exit. We see the OWL.)*

OWL: Connecting with your animal guide will make you a better and healthier person. If you want to understand the world, listen to me.

*(Transition.)*

### SCENE 3

*(The snowfield. SALOME and SHELL enter. They are somewhat underdressed for the weather. They each drag a large, full, heavy-duty trash bag. They are struggling with the weight of their burdens. SHELL pulls on with determination, SALOME quits.)*

SALOME: We're on the road to nowhere.

SHELL: I think it's more of a plateau actually.

SALOME: Twit ... I can't feel my hands. Or arms. I can't feel a thing anywhere.

SHELL: We'll stay warm if we keep moving. Come on.

SALOME: Look at this place. Look at this wasteland. It's solid, it's totally rock solid. How was this ever a good idea.

SHELL: Don't yell at me.

SALOME: You failed. Don't you get it?

SHELL: Don't yell! Not now! Not here!

SALOME: I'm not yelling! Does this sound like yelling to you?

SHELL: It sounds like scolding, and I'm not some little kid you can just wag your finger at! Talk to me like an adult please.

SALOME: An adult? Like a well-adjusted, honest-to-goodness adult? You have fucked us both beyond repair, and now / you want to be spoken to with respect?

SHELL: Language.

SALOME: Fuck! Fuck. Fuckity fucking ass shitbag fuck. Like that?

SHELL: Just, let's get going! Please! I think there's a ravine across the meadow. It'll all be over soon.

SALOME: Someone will find him.

SHELL: No! It's so deep. They'll be down there forever.

SALOME: Someone will look. Someone always looks. You will be found out.

SHELL: Things and people and people's things disappear all of the time.

SALOME: We should have driven further.

SHELL: Just come on. Just follow me. The ravine. It's deep and it's right over there. It's right there, come on.

SALOME: I'm very tired. This is all very, very tiring.

SHELL: Lift with your legs, not your back.

SALOME: How much farther?

SHELL: Don't strain. Use your leg muscles.

SALOME: Shut up I said!

SHELL: Lean into it. See, look how I pull. Like thi--ouch. Ow. I think I pulled something. Darn. Rats... Ohhh...

SALOME: Come on.

SHELL: Oh I can't... I can't. I can't go on. You are right, you were right.

*(She releases her bag and sits down on the ice.)*

SHELL: ...Let's sit down for just a moment.

*(SALOME kicks SHELL. SHELL wails.)*

SHELL: Why?

SALOME: I had to.

SHELL: That really smarts.

SALOME: Get up you imp! Now! This is your burden.

SHELL: I told you I need to rest. And it's our burden. It's ours.

*(SALOME kicks SHELL again. SHELL yelps.)*

SALOME: Goddammit. *(Kick)*

SHELL: *(Yelp)* Do it again, kick me again.

SALOME: Goddammit.

SHELL: Do it again Salome! Hurt me!

*(SALOME begins to exit.)*

SHELL: What are you doing? Where are you going to?

*(SALOME walks on.)*

SHELL: Wait! ... WAIT!... STOP.

*(SALOME is gone. SHELL begins to panic.)*

SHELL: ...Oh no. Okay. Okay. Everything is fine. Let's go. Here we go.

*(She attempts to drag both bags at once, but cannot. The weight is unbearable.)*

SHELL: Okay. Rats. Rats rats rats. Here we go. One at a time then. One at a time to the ravine. No problem. There's no one watching.

*(She makes sure one of the bags is tied securely. She starts to drag the other one offstage with all her might. ISAAC enters.)*

SHELL: Except God is always / watching.

ISAAC: GAH!

SHELL: SWEET LORD!

ISAAC: I'm sorry to shout like that. I didn't think anyone... I was... here... sorry I scared you.

SHELL: Oh my goodness. I thought you were someone else. Beg pardon. I'm just... passing by.

ISAAC: Do you live around here?

SHELL: No. Well, close. But not around.

ISAAC: Do you need help with your bags?

SHELL: No!

ISAAC: Sorry, they just look heavy for you. You're so... small... and everything.

SHELL: You're really very kind. So kind. I'm still feeling a bit startled! I'm not usually like this.

ISAAC: I'm sure you're not. I mean, it's late and you're out here all alone...

SHELL: Well I wasn't until just a minute ago. My friend was helping me. I think she... she left.

ISAAC: Let me help you then. It's no bother. I'm not a serial killer or –whoa– anything like that. I'm Isaac, hi.

SHELL: Hi. Isaac. Hi.

ISAAC: Nice to meet you.

SHELL: Yes very. Isaac. What a nice name.

ISAAC: Oh thank you! What's yours?

SHELL: Who?

ISAAC: What's your name?

SHELL: Oh! Gosh! Oh course. Yes, it's Shell. Like the sea kind.

ISAAC: Shell. Pretty.

SHELL: I only said that because it's just Shell. Not short for Shelley, just Shell.

ISAAC: Neat. Hey, so now that we know each other, may I help you with your bags?

SHELL: Well sure. Thank you.

ISAAC: My pleasure, really.

SHELL: Where are you going?

ISAAC: Just taking the scenic route home. It's longer, but better than the main road. Where are you going?

SHELL: Oh my! Are you going to be alright? I don't think you should be out taking a night hike this late! And alone at that!

ISAAC: It's never too late for a night hike. Especially on a night like this! Take a look at that moon. Pie in the sky.

*(SHELL laughs.)*

SHELL: Gee you're nice. I feel like I rarely meet truly kind people anymore. The world is just so cold. Every man for himself kind of thing.

ISAAC: Or woman?

SHELL: Yes! *(Giggles)* Every woman for herself too. Yes.

*(SHELL hands ISAAC one of the bags.)*

SHELL: I'm going the same way as you. Be careful now.

ISAAC: Yes ma'am.

*(They start to drag.)*

ISAAC: Whoa these are heavy! What's in these things?

SHELL: They're bags of wood. For my collection. Of wood.

ISAAC: Do you have a cabin or something around here?

SHELL: No.

ISAAC: Oh.

SHELL: I don't live around here, like I said before.

ISAAC: I do.

SHELL: Oh?

ISAAC: I have a cabin. Near here. Right over there actually. It's great, it's really great.

SHELL: Lovely.

ISAAC: Yeah, it's a great place. I'm really fortunate. Not a soul out here, not for miles, so I don't have to deal with anyone at all, you know. Well, usually. Like sometimes I just... I got to this point where I needed to get away from trouble—from everything that was really bogging me down.

SHELL: That's called a boiling point.

ISAAC: Right. Well anyway, yeah, I just love being out here. Out here with the fresh air and the trees and the stars and the, the fresh air and all. It's so... healthy.

SHELL: I know what you mean. I can't even see the stars where I live because of all the HEY!

ISAAC: What?!

SHELL: Shhhhhhhhhhh.

ISAAC: Are you/ ok?

SHELL: SHHHH. *(In a loud whisper)* STOP.

*(ISAAC stops.)*

SHELL: It's an owl. I heard it. Stop. Look. Listen.

*(They stand in silence.)*

SHELL: I see it! Shhhh! There it is! Oh wow would you look at him! Have you ever seen such a beautiful creature? So perfect. So mysterious! So majestic.

ISAAC: I still don't see it.

SHELL: Over there.

ISAAC: Where's the damn owl?

SHELL: Over there! ... No, over there. Look where I'm pointing.

ISAAC: I'm looking where you're pointing. I'm saying I can't see it.

SHELL: If you look where I'm pointing you'll see him. Look. No.

*(She takes his head in her hand and points it in the direction of the owl.)*

SHELL: There.

ISAAC: Ohhhhhhhh. Oh yeah. Wow. Look at the size of that guy!

SHELL: Amazing.

ISAAC: He must have a wingspan of like four fe---

*(ISAAC is hit on the head from behind with the shovel. It is SALOME. SHELL yelps.)*

SALOME: *(Showing SHELL the shovel)* Look what I found.

SHELL: What have you done?!

SALOME: He's fine. Out cold though.

SHELL: He was assisting me with my burden. And now you've knocked him out. And you scared away the owl we were watching!

SALOME: Oh, forgive me. We're out in the middle of nowhere with two sacks of... parts, and you're bird watching with a stranger?! I should knock you over the head too.

SHELL: You came back.

SALOME: I came back.

SHELL: Why.

SALOME: Pick up your sack. We'll get him into that ravine.

SHELL: You came back to me!

*(SALOME hands a sack to SHELL.)*

SALOME: Some things never change. Let's roll.

SHELL: Wait. What are we supposed to do with Isaac? I'm sorry, but we just can't leave him here.

SALOME: Yes we can.

SHELL: It's too cold for him.

SALOME: Look at the size of that coat. He'll live.

SHELL: You're usually right, but I don't know this time. This just isn't right.

*(SALOME gives her a look.)*

SALOME: WORK.

SHELL: I'm dragging.

SALOME: Very good.

*(SALOME drags and exits. SHELL drags too, but stops and places her hat on ISAAC'S head before she exits. The moon becomes bright. The sound of the owl is heard.)*

#### SCENE 4

OWL: How to meet your animal guide. Find a quiet place of solitude. Draw a circle around you and bless the circle with sage, cedar, sweet grass, tobacco or some other sacred medicine. Say a prayer and begin to and meditate, inhaling deeply through the nose and out through the mouth, letting the breath drop into the still, dark lake at the bottom of your belly. Release your ego, expectations, negativity. Begin to dream of a soulful place like a wooded clearing, a peaceful riverbank, or a mossy cliff above the sea. Move about in this world seeing, smelling and feeling everything. In time, you will hear and see a creature slowly coming to you. The creature is friendly and invites your touch. This is your animal spirit guide. Embrace him, spend time talking together. Listen to what he says. When your time is finished, thank this animal guide who has chosen to teach you. Slowly return by the way you came into full consciousness. Open your eyes.

*(Transition.)*

## SCENE 5

*(LISA sits on a pile of shovels, holding a bottle of whiskey. She is drunk, sipping from the bottle throughout, and as she speaks, she becomes more riled up, more convicted. This scene should be theatrical and over-the-top.)*

LISA: I used to be an okay person ... I used to be an okay person ... Do you know ... bout me? I got so many awards. Lotsawards ... Awards are for greatness and I am a great... an okay person... like myself. *(A beat.)* Th'is a good and tasty beverage... so warm outside ... now. Isaac. Isaac. I love your name, Isaac. Iss beautiful. Mine's kinda beautiful too. We could be beautiful together. Almos' like this close. I dunno why these things happen, you know? You unnerstan what I'm saying? Like, why two people who are suppos' to be a ... who are supposed to be together, why they're not together. If I'm not with him, I'm not gonna be with ANYONE. Nobody elss. Look at me. Sittin' here with myself. I hate the whole universe. I hate this whole piece of crap universe and nothing ever works out. The universe wants me to be alone. A waste of a person, all alone. Waste! ... FAIL! LOVE FAIL!

*(She screams and falls to the ground in agony, continuing to wail and cry.)*

LISA: You blew it Miss Failure! GET ME OFF THIS PIECE OF SHIT EARTH! KILL THE BEAST!

*(Dusty Springfield's "I Only Want to Be With You" or The Honeycombs' "I Can't Stop" is heard. LISA removes her hat and takes off her wig and glasses. She is crying and drinking on the ground, but this is not enough. She takes a handful of pills with the alcohol, but that is not enough either. She violently slaps and hits herself. She then lights a cigarette and burns herself with it. Sufficiently beaten and burned, she takes a few more pills and sips from the bottle. A bucket appears, and she commences vomiting violently into it. She drinks again, then begins kicking and punching the ground in a child-like tantrum until she cannot go on and lies still.*

*The song ends. The OWL appears, approaching her slowly and carefully, should she lash out.)*

OWL: I heard you. My child, I have come/ to tell you---

LISA: GO THE FUCK AWAY.

*(LISA pushes the Owl and again lies still.)*

OWL: Man once spoke to the animals. They are wondrous creatures who love and defend one another, and who want for nothing. They know not greed, envy or hate. They live their entire lives without sin.

*(OWL picks up LISA.)*

OWL: You can't stay here. Heavy is the burden, my daughter.

LISA: Shuuttuup. Stupid hippie bullshi and... *(mutters)*...

*(She passes out. The OWL exits with LISA as SALOME enters.)*

## SCENE 6

*(Woods on the edge of the snowfield. It is night. There is a splattering of blood on the snow. SALOME eats an energy bar. She pauses to make a loud animal sound into the trees. She listens, hears nothing, and repeats the sound. SHELL runs onstage and tries to catch her breath.)*

SHELL: ...It... won't... start. We're doomed.

*(SALOME just looks at her, still eating.)*

SHELL: I said WE'RE DOOMED I said!

SALOME: How do you figure.

SHELL: We're in a field. It's dark. There are wild animals all around here like coyotes and moose and owls!

SALOME: The owls don't want to eat you.

SHELL: We're going to die out here.

SALOME: Well the next time you see a mythical ravine, keep it to yourself.

SHELL: At least I was trying! I did my very best!

SALOME: Alright, alright. Everything's fine. The bags are just fine behind the trees. Is it the battery?

SHELL: ...I don't know. It wouldn't start. And nothing is fine. Nothing. Look at the ground! Look at my hands.

SALOME: But hey, mission accomplished, right? I did everything I said I was going to do, so the least you can do is hold your shit together.

SHELL: But it wasn't supposed to happen this way! It was supposed to be easy. You said we'd have an easy time of it.

SALOME: Well sometimes life throws you a bunch of crap, so deal with it.

SHELL: How can you be so nonchalant?

SALOME: Because the situation is what it is. What it will be.

SHELL: No! We have to do something!

SALOME: We already did do something. You did something. And I helped you erase it, just like I promised.

SHELL: It's not over yet. I did the right thing. Even God can't argue with that.

SALOME: Yes, you did God's work. God's work is icing over in the woods. Now why don't you kick some snow over your darling buddy-buddy's gut juice so I can go home?

SHELL: Let me be clear. I do not want to discuss that with you. Ever.

SALOME: It's a little bit hard not to, Shell. Take a fuckin' gander. This is all so completely fucked, and I am thrilled, thrilled to be part of your mayhem.

SHELL: I did the right thing.

SALOME: You're a total waste of flesh.

SHELL: I did the right thing.

*(SHELL kicks and pushes some snow over the bloody tracks and exits. SALOME finishes eating and notices the audience.)*

SALOME: Don't take it to heart. It's complicated—she—we're complicated. Shell. "Like the sea kind." She's been using that stupid line for as long as I can remember. Makes me wonder, you know. Like if she's all there. I guess it'd be okay with me if she wasn't, but it'd be nice to know so I could tell people there's a problem before she starts acting all weird and embarrassing. I could give people the heads up. She's ok sometimes, but generally speaking, so hopeless. And then there's... this. This situation. But I love her I guess. I wish I didn't. Loyalty, fucking loyalty.

*(SHELL enters.)*

SHELL: Who are you talking to?

SALOME: No one. So what's the deal with the car.

SHELL: Dead.

SALOME: We're gonna have to find someone for a jump. Can't leave it sitting there for much longer.

SHELL: Oh Gosh. The authorities. They'll be looking.

SALOME: Watch out for the moose police.

SHELL: Ohhhhh. Oh no. Maybe we should wipe it down. Get ride of our fingerprints!

SALOME: The moose don't care. It's the snow we should worry about.

SHELL: It's not that deep.

SALOME: It's going to storm.

SHELL: I don't want to die!

SALOME: We won't. We'll find some local hick and get a jump.

SHELL: But there isn't a soul... Oh!

SALOME: What happened.

SHELL: Ohhhh! My brain!

SALOME: Does it hurt?

SHELL: No it itches! I have an idea! Isaac has a cabin near here.

SALOME: You mean the guy I bashed over the head?

SHELL: Yes, that's the one!

SALOME: Do we need to worry about him?

SHELL: No! He's sweet! He's the sweetest.

SALOME: I'd rather him dumb than sweet. Because if he made / it home...

SHELL: I'm sure we'll be fine. He doesn't need to know about anything! We can just all be friends and not worry about any of this silly mess.

SALOME: Alright. Where does he live?

SHELL: I don't know for sure. Somewhere in that direction.

SALOME: You're gonna get us there, Shell. Let's go.

SHELL: Onward!

*(They start to exit, but are stopped short by the entrance of LISA. She is still drunk.)*

SHELL: Good evening!

LISA: Who the hell are you?

SHELL: Pardon me. There's no need to be rude.

LISA: This is myyyyyy land and I'll do as I puhleez.

SHELL: We are passersby. You should be hospitable to passersby, especially if this is your land.

LISA: Ohh! 'Scuse me then lilllady. Who, may I ask, are you? Ass-hole.

SHELL: *(Gasps)* Why you've got some nerve! Treating your fellow man with such disrespect, such disregard for the feelings other people...

SALOME: Take it easy Shell.

LISA: HA. SHELL? Isyer name Shelll? What are you, eighty?

SHELL: I love my name!

LISA: HA HA HA HAAA SHELL. She shells sheshells down by the uh shores.

SALOME: Alright, you need to calm down lady.

LISA: CALM DOWN? DON'T EVERFUCKING TELL ME TO CALM DOWN.

SALOME: Eat some snow. *(Grabs a handful of snow)* Take this.

*(SALOME shoves the handful into LISA'S mouth. LISA growls and spits it out.)*

LISA: What's your problem bish?

SALOME: Eat the snow you drunken idiot!

LISA: Eat yer own goddamn snow.

SHELL: You stop it now! Don't speak to her like that!

LISA: Who's gonna stop me? You, pansy girl?

SHELL: Maybe I will!

LISA: Bring it on.

SHELL: Fine. Salome, hold my coat.

SALOME: No.

SHELL: Why.

LISA: C'mere.

*(LISA takes a sloppy swing at SHELL, missing her face by many inches. SHELL throws snow at LISA, temporarily impairing her vision. LISA swings blindly.)*

SALOME: Ok, gimme your coat.

*(SHELL throws her coat towards SALOME.)*

SHELL: *(to LISA)* That all you got?

SALOME: That's right, lay it on her. You're a champ.

SHELL: I'm not tired at all. C'mon rude girl, hit me. I dare you.

SALOME: Them's fightin' words.

LISA: You are so dead. Once I can see again you're so dead, hear me?