

GRETA

~~They're uh, they're something.~~

~~(she passes the earbud back)~~

Hey, do you wanna join us for lunch?

Tamsin looks over at the group.

TAMSIN

What, you and the fembots?

GRETA

Yeah. They want to get to know you.

(pause)

They're not that bad.

TAMSIN

(pause)

Fine.

They go over to the girls.

MARILYN

(cheerful)

Hi there. Welcome.

TAMSIN

Golly, thanks.

Lily suddenly breathes into her sleeve, like she can't breathe with Tamsin around. Anna giggles.

TAMSIN

What's wrong with you?

Lily, surprised at being called out so directly, doesn't know what to say.

LILY

Um.

GRETA

(quickly)

You can sit over here.

Tamsin is annoyed but joins them on the steps.

MARILYN

So, Tamsin. How are you liking it so far at St. Catherine's?

TAMSIN

Liking it?

The judge made me choose between juvie and Catholic school. But you know what, at least in juvie I wouldn't have to attend fucking mass every morning.

*The girls sit up, alert. Wait, all those rumors were TRUE?
They're sitting with a hardened criminal here?*

LILY

W-w-why were you gonna go to juvie?

TAMSIN

Oh, you know. Shit happens.

Shoplifted some switchblades. Broke into my principle's house and left a flaming bag of dog poop in his bedroom. Unloaded some discount smack in the parking lot of a 7-Eleven.

The girls stare.

GRETA

She's... joking. She didn't do all that.

TAMSIN

Yeah. I'm joking. I just drove my step-dad's Ferrari through his woodshed. He pressed charges. The judge was pretty fair, all things considered.

ANNA

Wow.

TAMSIN

(noticing her socks)

Cool socks.

ANNA

Oh! Thanks! Yeah. I'm totally in love with my bedazzler. Do you like the rhinestones? This is kinda the stuff I was pitching for the play.

TAMSIN

(on a different train of thought again)

If we don't have money for costumes we should just do the play in our uniforms. I mean. We're practically living in an autocratic state, right? Sister Priscilla is basically Creon in a habit.

(getting into it, grinning)

I bet they'd be so fucking pissed if we did the play in our uniforms. Like Antigone sneaking out in the middle of the night in her athletic tracksuit. Haemon dressed in the St. John's uniform, with a blazer. Ismene like, with her skirt tucked in three inches too high.

Anna and Lily almost instinctively tug their skirts down.

GRETA

Oh my god. Tamsin. That's a great idea! You should tell Mr. Reed!

TAMSIN

Nah.

GRETA

Why not? He'd be so thrilled that you're actually like...

TAMSIN

Yeah. Caring about shit is not a good look for me.

(she's finished her apple)

It's been real. See you later.

She gets up and starts to leave. Greta stands up and calls after her.

GRETA

Can I tell him?

TAMSIN

Knock yourself out.

She's left.

Greta and the girls continue looking in Tamsin's direction. Lily suddenly shakes herself, remembering.

LILY

Wait a minute. She crashed her step-dad's Ferrari through his woodshed? That's the plot of Ferris Bueller!

I'm telling you, I bet she a druggie.

ANNA

Why was she looking at my socks?

(gasping)

Maybe she's a lesbo.