

DIALOGUE NOTES

> = rapid speech

/ = next person's line begins; leads to overlapping speech

-- = abrupt cut off; unfinished thought

SIC TRANSIT

Two girls, Lytzy and Nica, rush onto a crowded train. They are standing right beside each other, arms looped around the same pole, legs spread to maintain balance. The train lurches forward, knocking Lytzy into Nica; Nica's phone falls to the ground and Lytzy frantically reaches to pick it up.

LYTZY

Oh my God, I'm so fucking sorry.

(Lytzy picks up the phone and laughs awkwardly.)

NICA

No worries, honestly. It's / fine.

LYTZY

No no no I'm really so sorry oh my / gosh. >

NICA

It's fine.

(Nica smiles. Lytzy hands her the phone; Nica notices her large gold ring.)

I love your ring OMG.

LYTZY

Thank you!

(A beat.)

(*laughing*) Wait... Did you just say "OMG", like, out loud?

NICA

I mean, yeah, (*laughing*) but *you* just threw my phone on the ground so I'm not sure if you have the right to / bully me here.

LYTZY

(*suddenly serious*) I'm so sorry again.

NICA

I'm joking! It's really fine.

(Nica looks down at her phone, then shows the screen to Lytzy.)

See, it's not like it's broken or anything.

LYTZY

But still-- /

NICA

Anyways, the ring. Where's it from?

LYTZY

This online store called "Frasier Sterling."

NICA

Wait-- I think I've seen their ads!

LYTZY

Yeah, they're, like, kind of relentless.

NICA

Instagram ads tend to be.

(Nica laughs.)

LYTZY

Yeah...

(They share an awkward silence.)

My name is Lytzy, by the way.

NICA

Nica.

(A beat.)

Sorry, is this awkward? I don't want it to be awkward.

LYTZY

I think you calling out the awkwardness just made it less awkward, actually.

NICA

Amazing, that was the goal.

Are you from around here-- if you don't mind me asking, that is... Sorry we can stop talking if I'm being weird or / anything.

LYTZY

No! I mean, no. You're not weird.

I'm enjoying myself.

(A beat.)

I live in Washington Heights. So I'm gonna be on this train for, like, a *minute*. (She laughs.)

NICA

I'll one-up you-- I live in the Bronx.

LYTZY

Sheesh... That's a long commute.

NICA

I kind of like it, I don't know...

I like to people-watch. And meet people! Like you.

(They both smile. Lytzy looks down and twists her ring.)

Sorry, was that too much?

(A man enters the train talking quietly on the phone and grabs onto the same pole as Lytzy and Nica. They both look at him, then at each other. They giggle.)

LYTZY

Sorry uh-- (*giggles*) Um-- No! It wasn't too much.

I'm just weird about... being perceived I guess.

(She laughs awkwardly.)

MAN

(*rambling on the phone, dialogue doesn't really matter; intermittent laughs and "mhms."* **Must be quieter than NICA and LYTZY.**)

...

NICA ...
 (Nica covers her eyes with her hands
 and turns around.) ...
(monotone) You are no longer being
 perceived. ...

(Lytzy laughs loudly. The man clears his throat and looks at the two with disdain.)

NICA	MAN
Damn, everybody's a critic, huh?	
LYTZY	...
Well, at least <i>I</i> thought it was funny.	
NICA	...
And you're the only critic who matters.	
LYTZY	(laughing) No way, bro, you gotta be fucking
(with fake importance) I mean, <i>obviously</i> --	lying--

(The train lurches to a particularly aggressive stop, throwing Lytzy into the man.)

LYTZY	MAN
/ Oh my God, I'm so sorry--	/ <i>(under his breath, into his phone)</i> Sorry, this
	clumsy bitch just bumped into me.

NICA
 What the fuck did you just say, you fucking dickhead?! Why don't you speak up instead of
 whispering like a little pissbaby?

LYTZY
(nervously) Nica.

NICA
 Say it again and see if I don't rock your fucking shit right he--
 (Lytzy places a hand on her shoulder, taking the fight out of Nica.)

LYTZY
(softly) Nica.
 Relax. It's okay.
 (Nica turns to face Lytzy.)

NICA
 It really isn't.
 (She stares daggers into the man, who looks simultaneously furious and afraid.)
 But I'll let it go. Sorry.

LYTZY
(toward the man) Sorry again.
 (a beat)
 But you are a fucking dickhead.

(The man walks to the other side of the subway car, likely offstage, muttering under his breath. Lytzy and Nica laugh.)

CHILD

(*whispering loudly to their mother, audio only*) Mama... what's a "dickhead"?

NICA

Our impact.

(Nica and Lytzy laugh.)

(*softly*) But um... for real-- I'm sorry about that. I don't know what got-- /

LYTZY

It's okay. Thanks for sticking up for me.

NICA

I mean I really shouldn't have done that... sometimes I just get so *angry*-- /

LYTZY

I appreciate it. Really.

NICA

I mean I'm not some hero, I don't know what got into me I just--

Sometimes I just--

Ugh.

(She takes a deep breath.)

That was reckless and I'm sorry. Not to that fucking *dickhead*. But to you.

LYTZY

Thank you.

(*warmly*) And he was a fucking dickhead.

(a beat)

So...

NICA

So?

LYTZY

We're getting close to your stop, I think?

NICA

Yeah.

LYTZY

NICA

/ Would it be crazy if--

/ I was wondering if--

(Both girls laugh nervously.)

LYTZY

NICA

/ You go first.

/ You can go.

(The girls laugh again, less nervously.)

LYTZY

Um... I can go. (She laughs again, subdued.)

(a beat)

I was just--

I was just thinking that...

Maybe we could, like, stay in contact? Only if you want, obviously, like no worries or anything and I know we just met so maybe this is a weird request and I won't be offended if you say- />

NICA

(excitedly) I'd love to!

(more contained) I mean-- That's what I was gonna ask too.

Do you have Instagr-- wait, duh, that's where you found that sick ass ring!

LYTZY

You remembered!

NICA

It's a cool ring, of course I'd remember. *(awkwardly)* Cool ring, cool girl.

LYTZY

Um... yes. *(laughs nervously)* I have Instagram.

(She gets out her phone and hands it to Nica, Instagram open.)

Do you wanna put yours in?

NICA

Yeah... cool. I'll just follow you back?

LYTZY

Sounds good to me?

(a LONG silence, at least 5 seconds)

(hurriedly, nervously) Um... are we flirting? >

NICA

Do you want us to be?

LYTZY

I mean--

NICA

Like, maybe you already noticed or whatever but, like, *I've* been flirting this whole time. I don't cause a scene on the subway for just *anyone*.

So there's, um, that.

LYTZY

Okay so um--

It's hard to tell, I guess, because like-- I don't even know-- I just get, like, weird about stuff like this sometimes? Because like-- flirting is the ultimate form of being perceived slash perceiving others and, like, I don't *love* that sort of thing-- I guess you know that, though. So I wasn't sure if you were flirting with me. But I'm glad you were-- or, um, are?

NICA

I am.

LYTZY

I'm just never sure about things like--

NICA

Do you want me to prove it?

LYTZY

Oh! Um, I don't-- (she laughs, regaining some confidence)
Actually, yes. Prove it.

NICA

How?

LYTZY

Okay, so-- (*she pauses to think*) text me if you actually mean it. Because a lot of people say this shit and they don't actually do anything about it and *I'm* not gonna do anything about it, like, you tell me / so--

NICA

So I'll text you. Or DM, whatever.

LYTZY

Yeah?

NICA

Yeah.

(The train lurches to a stop.)

LYTZY

Well... this is me.

NICA

This is you.

(Lytzy waves and exits the train. The train and Nica are no longer on stage. Lytzy is alone, standing on the subway platform. Her phone buzzes (audio). She takes out her phone, sees something, and smiles. Blackout.)

END.