

SHANNON and BOY sit in the front seat of the snowplow.

BOY scrolls on his iPod, and “Stacks” by Bon Iver starts playing. They sit in silence. SNOWGIRL enters from offstage, followed by the CHORUS. She hops up onto the roof of the car. She listens with her ear to the roof, grimaces.

BOY
This is really cool.

SHANNON
[*To herself*] I didn't say I liked this.

BOY
Do you like this song?

SHANNON
Oh...yes!

BOY
Hey...

SHANNON
Uh...yeah?

BOY leans towards her, awkwardly. SHANNON positions herself, awkwardly.

SNOWGIRL
[*Singing, growing louder. CHORUS joins in.*] And beautiful times we had. For many crowns of violets and roses, at my side you put on...by my side, by my side...

SHANNON pulls back.

BOY
Uh...

SHANNON
Sorry.

BOY
Nah, it's chill. Um...do you want to...?

SHANNON
No, I do. Yes. Yes.

They lean together again. SNOWGIRL bangs on the roof of the car right before they kiss. BOY freezes. They pause for a moment, then move to kiss again. SNOWGIRL bangs again, several

times. BOY freezes as SHANNON looks up. She climbs out of the car as SNOWGIRL scampers down to meet her. BOY starts checking his phone.

SHANNON
What...

SNOWGIRL
Oh! Oh, oh, oh, YES you can hear me!! Shannon!

SHANNON
I thought you were gone.

SNOWGIRL
Yeah, but this sucks. Us apart. Come on.

SHANNON
It doesn't suck. Everything is better now.

SNOWGIRL
No, it's not, idiot.

CHORUS 1
Careful.

SHANNON
Leave me alone!

SNOWGIRL
You know he's gonna taste like the Big Mac he just ate if you kiss him.

CHORUS 2
Oh, *bold*.

SHANNON
Who cares!

SNOWGIRL
My mouth tastes like apples and tingly head tickles. You could kiss me instead.

CHORUS 3
Unexpected.

SHANNON
No.

SHANNON turns to go back to the car. SNOWGIRL throws a snowball at her back.

CHORUS 1
Persistent!

SNOWGIRL
Wait!

SHANNON
WHAT!?! I just want to kiss him! I want his tongue in my mouth! And I want you to go away. Things have been really good since you've been gone. I made the right choice. I need to grow up.

SNOWGIRL
Come on, let's just play a little, Shannon. Kick him out and we can drive the plow again! I'm getting too warm, Shannon.

SHANNON
Yeah right, I'm not letting you do that to me again.

SNOWGIRL
It wasn't my *fault* Shannon.

SHANNON
It was! It was all your fault! It was only your fault and I got all the punishment!! She was so mad I swear I could tell she wanted to rip my eyes out. Or tear all my skin off. Or fully scrape my throat out I was yelling so much and she couldn't stamp the sound soon enough.

SNOWGIRL
You didn't let me be there.

SHANNON
[*Composing herself. Coldly*] I didn't want you there. And now you're gone and she loves me and everything is fine.

SNOWGIRL
I could have helped you.

SHANNON
No, you couldn't.

SNOWGIRL
Can you just *try*?

SHANNON
You know I tried so hard.

Pause.

SNOWGIRL
He picked the worst song.

SHANNON
I know.

SNOWGIRL
Do you like him?

SHANNON
[In the manner of the "yes"] Yes! But they all always pick the worst song.

SNOWGIRL
Say the wrong.

SHANNON
They're so nice and they're not.

SNOWGIRL
Talk too loud too long.

SHANNON catches herself, starts to walk away. SNOWGIRL runs around to block her path.

SNOWGIRL
Just tell me a little more? I've missed a lot.

SHANNON
Well. They look at me in the hallway like I'm dead.

SNOWGIRL
Woah.

SHANNON
Or they hike their backpack and hit their friends and can't even look me in the eye. They're scared of me and the smell of my hair turns them on and they want to kill me in a very boring way but to make very sure I'm dead.

SNOWGIRL
They want to throw you off the side of a cliff.

SHANNON
What?

SNOWGIRL

Why don't you rest for a second. Lie down in the snow and I'll take care of you and we'll never have to worry about them again.

SHANNON

You'd never let me come back.

SNOWGIRL

That's the point. We would umble stumble that drunk, crumble, grumble to his monk, skunk, flunk him out!

SHANNON

You don't make any sense.

SNOWGIRL

They don't ever let us speak, so why should we make sense?