

HANA: (looking straight at the audience) I know a lot of perfect pre-med packages. I know a lot of places where no one will find you. You can sit for hours and hours alone and no one will find you. No one will look for you.

ADICHE: (looking only at HANA) I don't want places and packages.

HANA: Okay, then what do you want? I looked for your pre-med application so now, what are we going to do about your loans – shoot, remember that C- on your essay, what's your game plan for French? I think you've been worried these days, that's why you want to be left alone. Did you call your mom yesterday? Adiche, have you been eating these past few days; what did you have for lunch?

ADICHE: I've been eating alright (He pauses). Hana (He pauses again), I think I ought to die soon.

HANA: What do you mean?

ADICHE: I've gone absolutely insane. Look around us, look at me. No, listen to me: I want to die. (He pauses and looks straight ahead, confidently, but as if he's explaining something that's magical and has charmed him) I want a road and a night and just a car – just two balls of light. I want a road and a little music I can hear from outside a Wednesday night at Toad's. I want two balls of light crashing right into me but I must be very, very happy – and (he looks away, chuckles) very, very drunk.

HANA: That's not funny.

ADICHE: It's not supposed to be, it's supposed to be melodramatic and ancient.

HANA: It is ancient. You can't keep on romanticizing death. It's not funny, I told you. It's very crass of you.

ADICHE: What the fuck is that supposed to mean?

HANA: It's supposed to mean that something as simple as calling you crass can rile you the fuck up – and you're saying you've stopped caring about anything?

ADICHE: I fucking hate you. (He takes out a small box and starts rolling a joint without looking back at HANA even once).

HANA: I am the only person you are talking to. Adiche, listen to me; you told me to be honest with you, logical even. This is what it looks like and I know you don't like it. Tell me, and don't you dare spit any poetic nonsense at me, tell me why; why do you want to die, my Adiche, forget about the how for a second.

ADICHE: Because there are too many voices, all mine, and they're all shouting at me or realizing things that I'm too smart to pretend are lies and it's tiring, so tiring to keep pushing them back down.

HANA: What do they shout at you?