

SCENE ONE

Radio static.

Then, through the noise, music starts to play. The channel changes abruptly to a new song. Changes again. Rapid fire shift from station to station, bouncing between voices, static, and song. Lights up slowly on two girls, CLAIRE and SCOTTY, in a car. Scotty, behind the wheel, drives down a straight road, seemingly distracted, hand on the radio dial trying to choose a station. Claire shifts, trying to ignore Scotty's indecision. She can't. Claire bats Scotty's hand from the dial and the radio lands on a station.

Radio: Yesterday, the historic overturning of the Roe v. Wade ruling will put an end to 50 years of legislated protection for women's right to abortion, meaning—

Claire scrambles for the radio dial. It lands on a station playing Norwegian death metal. Scotty appears to enjoy it. Claire lets it play for a while, then turns the radio off.

Scotty grows restless and uncomfortable without the noise.

Scotty: So, when was the last time you and Todd had sex?

Claire: Jesus.

Scotty: That wasn't rhetorical, Claire.

Claire: When was the last time you and Sarah had sex?

Scotty: Tuesday morning.

Claire: Gross, I was home!

Scotty: You asked. It was her last day in town. And we've learned how to be real quiet about it. You'd be surprised at how often you're in the next room and she's—

Claire: Okay! Okay! God!

Scotty: There's nothing to be ashamed of, Claire.

Claire: Yeah, I know. But what would mom say if she found you guys?

Scotty: What, like you're gonna tell her? *(Imitates a child)* Mom! Scotty's having hot lesbian sex in there!

Claire: Please stop.

Scotty: I'm just saying. I like Todd. He's a good dude. Not like that other shit show you dated. With the mullet? Looked kinda like a chicken? Very 'pecking for grain' expression.

Claire: He didn't look like a chicken.

Scotty: He absolutely did. I was glad when you dumped his ass.

Claire: You didn't even meet him, Scott. You didn't come home from school that summer.

Scotty: Exactly! I didn't even need to meet him to know he was a piece of shit. I bet he was really bad in bed too.

Claire: How much longer?

Scotty: Well, we've been in the car about, let's say, 25 minutes? GPS says another whopping four hours until we reach our ol' baby killing destination.

Claire: Don't call it that.

Scotty: At this rate we'll have time to stop for coffee or some actual good city food before the main event.

Claire: We have decent food here.

Scotty: In *Wainwright, Alberta*? We have a Dairy Queen. All small towns in Alberta have a Dairy Queen.

Claire: I really don't care about city food.

Scotty: God, okay whatever. In that case... do you think we have time to stop at the gopher museum?

Claire: What.

Scotty: The Torrington Gopher Museum. You know, they stuff all the gophers the farmers shoot, and they put them in little outfits and set them up in little dioramas? Last time I was there the guy said they were putting in a new exhibit where they were gonna remake Lady Gaga's meat dress but on a gopher. That I gotta see.

Claire: We are absolutely NOT detouring to see a gopher meat dress.

Scotty: Fucking serious Claire?

Claire: Dead serious.

Beat

Scotty: Do you think they'll let us keep the fetus? In like a jar or something?

Claire: Nope.

Scotty: Damn it. We coulda made it a lil meat dress.

Claire turns the radio back on to the Norwegian death metal.

She starts to bop her head a bit.

End of Scene

SCENE TWO

Claire's phone rings, she checks caller ID and turns it off.

Scotty: Tell Todd to leave you alone. What's so important that he's gotta interrupt our super sister adventure?

Claire: Just about in Castor.

Scotty: Thank God, I thought I was gonna shit myself. I drank like 8 cups of coffee before we left, and you know how that stuff just runs right through me.

Claire: Gross. There's a gas station right up there. If you run in, could you grab me an iced tea or something?

Scotty: Oh Claire, a gas station? How adorable.

Claire: When you're driving and you have to stop to pee you stop at a gas station.

Scotty: I don't have to pee though. I have to take a massive shit. And we're in Castor. I happen to know that the best bathroom in Castor is at the Liquor Pig.

Claire: The Liquor Pig?

Scotty: Yep. I've taken many a shits in that bathroom. The owner basically knows me. Gives me the bathroom key right when I walk in. I always make sure to buy at least two of the massive Grey Goose bottles afterwards to make up for it. Sometimes if I'm feeling spunky I'll try one of his weird tequilas. What drink should we use to toast the death of an unborn baby tonight?

Claire: First, it's not a baby. Also maybe get checked for IBS or something.

Scotty: I actually asked my doctor about that a while back. Apparently, I just shit a lot and no one is really sure why.

Claire: Did I ever tell you that Brian, ya know, the one who moved over to Quill Lake? His dog had IBS.

Scotty: That sounds messy.

Claire: Probably. If that was my dog, I'd train him to use a litter box.

Scotty: I don't think dogs like that very much.

Claire: I'm not picking up dog diarrhea with my bare hands.

Scotty: You really can feel the warmth of a good shit through those poop bags.

Claire: Nasty. It's even worse when it's snowing and everything else is frozen.

Scotty: See, I don't mind that as much. It's like those little hand warmer things you can put in your gloves. You can like hold onto it the rest of the walk if you want. Warm up those fingers.

Claire: You don't actually do that, right?

Beat.

Scotty: Did I ever tell you the name of their sports teams here?

Claire: Yes, I know the Raiders. You're changing the subject. Oh my God Scotty, you have done it, haven't you? That's so gross.

Scotty: Their sports teams here are the Castor- Raiders.
Get it? Castor/ -Raiders

Claire: /I get it.

Beat.

Scotty: Remember the first time dad made us help with the bull castrations? Those balls were MASSIVE.

Claire: I wish I could forget.

Scotty: I think that must be the reason I'm gay. Bull balls. Nasty.
Speaking of castration...

Claire: I don't know where you're going with this? But please don't.

Scotty: You and Todd better be using protection.

Claire: Oh God. You think I'm not aware of that?

Scotty: Big sister moment coming at you.

Claire: You really don't need to do this.

Scotty: And I'm not just saying this for pregnant reasons! I'm talking STDs.

Claire: You're really gonna try and give me a sex ed lesson right now? We are literally on our way to an abortion clinic.

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