

Fluke

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Cast of Characters (3)

FYN (they/them): 20s

MORGAN (she/her): 20s

WADE (he/him): 20s

Setting

YMCA swimming pool in Brooklyn and then, for the final scene, the Coney Island Mermaid Parade.

Present.

Scene 1

WADE, 20s, golden retriever hipster softboy (a Brooklyn staple) and community college professor of Literature, speaks to the audience as if they're his students, trying desperately to relate or at minimum hold any attention.

Behind him, an empty tiled swimming pool in a Brooklyn YMCA sparkles under dim blue lighting.

WADE

What's up, fam?

Looks like we're mostly here, so...

Who's ready to dive into a classic fish-tail?!

I can't hear you!

I, um, I think you're all on mute...?

Remember, we love some good old-fashioned interaction, so, let me see some thumbs up?! Awesome.

Alrighty. So, like all the stories I've been assigning and then just summarizing in class anyway, you're welcome, this one is pretty frickin' effed up.

It's about a selfless being, giving up everything for a shot at love.

The still water breaks with the splash of a glittery rainbow silicone mermaid tail, called a fluke.

This fin belongs to MORGAN, 20s, a bubbly femme aspiring professional mermaid, who begins performing a mesmerizing series of underwater combos.

WADE (cont'd.)

The Little Mermaid can't truly comprehend the human world.

Pookie hardly knows the Prince!

She spots this guy on a party boat, getting lit, and then suddenly she's down bad??

But she's a hopeless romantic, so when she sees him washed ashore in pain, she's like, I can fix him!

And so she sacrifices her voice.

But it's worse than in the movie.

In the fairytale, the Sea Witch fully chops out her tongue.

Blech!! Ugh, now I'm just so aware of my tongue...

(Flapping tongue in mouth)

Guys, can we consider dropping our phones please?

Phone drones! Ha.

I mean, I love you, for choosing to show your glowing faces, but do we need the phones in school?

(Reading a message)

Message in chat: yo what if there a school shooting

Well, um, this is a Zoom class.

So, hopefully that won't happen.

Knock on wood!

(Glancing around)

Hmm, I fear I'm surrounded by plastic.

But! New York has one of the lowest annual gun mortality rates in the states, only 6 per 100,000. Like, that's nothing! Mississippi is 30, so, we should count ourselves lucky.

But you know who shouldn't?

(Expecting someone, anyone, to answer)

The...Little...Mer...maid.

Right! Because, because her fairytale doesn't end in a "Happy Ever After."

In the original, in the end, she's nothing but a cursed, floppy fish in a human skinsuit, performing a physically excruciating jig on a sinking ship, as the Prince fudges off to start a family with another woman.

I know!

But, but what's craziest is that Hans Christian Anderson wrote it that way, inspired by his real life queer love triangle.

I know! It's like...Challengers! But mermaids!

Oh, and, in the fable, if the Little Mermaid can't win over the Prince, she has to either murder him or herself.

No wonder Disney added a talking lobster.

WADE exits, as FYN, 20s, sarcastic twink lesbian, trudges in, with a paper bag of bagels.

FYN

They can't keep fucking doing this.

FYN flicks on the lights, flooding the YMCA with bright white lighting.

A sign reads "NO EATING DRINKING OR SMOKING IN THE SWIMMING POOL AREA"

FYN (cont'd.)

Twenty bucks for a vegan bagel-egg-and-cheese?!

Back in my day, in college, you got a V-BEC for a tasteful...nineteen-fifty.
How the fuck is this sustainable?!

MORGAN comes up for air, gagging, spitting, nose
running, rubbing her eyes, pretty disgustingly.

FYN (cont'd.)

And of course they whip out their tip screen, before even starting on the E or the C.

It's just a cold uncut B.

But if you tip too high, you look like you don't trust them handling your food.

But if you go with the minimum 25%, I mean...

They really could do anything to it...

And somehow the line is still out the door.

Which, I love that for them.

But how are we all still affording or putting up with it?

FYN places the two lattes along the pool edge.

FYN (cont'd.)

They're oat.

I know it's the most expensive, and you prefer almond anyway, I'm sorry, but I'm sorry,
I'm not about to look a Brooklyn barista dead in the eye and say, polar bears should be
extinct. Skin an almond.

MORGAN hacks the mermaid equivalent of a
hairball.

FYN (cont'd.)

No, that's exactly what I said.

I was like, "Thank you very much, you deserve higher wage, here's 40%."

MORGAN

Shello, starfish.

FYN

Good morning, dear.

Are you...?

MORGAN

Dolphinately!

FYN

...Dying?

MORGAN

Oh, no, that's shrimpossible, I'm immortal/

FYN

4,000 years old.

MORGAN

(Flattered)

You know I'm only like 3,000.

(In exchange for coffee)

Can you hold my snot?

FYN

It's slimier than usual.

MORGAN

The pool chemicals get all up in my gills.

FYN rummages for a napkin, hands it to Morgan.

Meanwhile, MORGAN sniffs the latte, wrinkles her nose and puts it down. FYN doesn't notice.

FYN

I'm sorry, love.

You'll be able to practice in the Atlantic or the Hudson someday soon, if I have anything to do with it.

MORGAN

My mans, my mans.

That's my spicy tuna roll.

FYN

Ew.

MORGAN

So you decided how we're gonna make waves tomorrow?!

FYN

Oh, um, kind of/

MORGAN
Slay?!

FYN
I mean, obviously at first, I was thinking...signs.

MORGAN
Timeless.

FYN
But then I remembered all the paper waste.

MORGAN
Not mermazing.

FYN
Not timeless.
So then I was picturing, hear me out...invisible signs.

MORGAN
I'm hooked.

FYN
But then I remembered no one could read them.

MORGAN
True.
Human eyeballs are shella underdeveloped.

FYN
Yeah.
In an ideal world, I'd drown my dad's company's float in kerosene and set it on fire.
Like, invading our space space with your rainbow capitalism corporate greenwashing,
like a fuck ass Trojan horse?!

MORGAN
It's bullshark.

FYN
I know.
(*Re: Morgan's untouched coffee*)

Sorry, did you want almond?
I should've gotten you almond/

MORGAN
Oh, no, minnow/

FYN
You've been teaching all morning.

MORGAN
(Exhausted groan)
Clawll mermining, yeah.
But my stomach's been kinda churny lately/

FYN
Aw, baby/

MORGAN
I'm fine, I'm fine/
Happy as a clam.
So tail me, what'd you land on?

FYN
Um, well, I sort of launched a little socials campaign.
You know, just some Tweets and Toks.

MORGAN
(Snaps)
Tweets and toks, tweeks and toks!

FYN
About limiting single-use plastics tomorrow.

MORGAN
Oh. You mean like condoms?

FYN
Um, no—no, those are important.
I mean more like red Solo cups and seltzer cans, and sequins and confetti.
Like, glitter goes so hard as a microplastic.

MORGAN

I sea.
Clawsome.
The Coney Island Mermaid Parade is going to love all that.

FYN
Okay, woof.

Offended, FYN pulls their feet out of the pool, if they've put their feet in the pool, or moves farther away from the edge, over to the bagels.

MORGAN
Sorry, sorry, Fyn, I'm sorry.
I don't want to burst your bubble.
I didn't mean to be salty.

FYN
Yeah.
If you're gonna be salty, could you do it over these flavorless bagels?

MORGAN
I'm sorry.
I've just been feeling so crabby lately.
I'm about to get my mer-period.

FYN
Is that a play on words?

MORGAN
I'll hex your first born.

FYN
You wouldn't curse a rescue kitten.

MORGAN
True.

FYN
Do a trick.

MORGAN spins around, and FYN tosses some bagel at her.

MORGAN
Oh, my MerTok!

FYN
It speaks!

MORGAN swims to the edge of the pool to fetch
her phone on a tripod.

MORGAN
I need to fin-nish this before my next class.
Can we do parallel play time?

FYN
Get those views, Mermaid Morgan.

MORGAN
That's the dream, babe.

FYN makes themselves comfy in the lifeguard chair,
diving into their own phone and bagel.

They eye the sign that states "NO SMOKING" but
proceed to vape anyway.

Meanwhile, MORGAN speaks to her phone
camera, exuberant.

MORGAN (cont'd.)
Hiya merlies!
What you just saw me mer-form was your basic dolphin kick, duck dive, barrel roll,
wiggle wiggle, uno reverse, sculling for buoyancy, sculling for buoyancy, SCULLING
FOR BUOYANCY! Keep it mindful, demure. Blow a kiss.
Now, we can pod up in person tomorrow, on the most killer-whale day of the sea-cal,
the Coney Island Mermaid Parade!
Last year was my first, and it was mer-magical.
This year, I'd love to be crowned your Mermaid Queen.
Like, the fin-dustry is brutal, you guys, so that would turn the tides for me.
Anyway, as always, I'll leave you with a pearl of wisdom.
When you're underwater, you are cut off and alone.
Your lungs are shrieking, your eyes searing, you're fighting the current.

And your job is to smile, and make it look easy.
So the mortals watching you can feel like, huh, maybe life isn't so hard-shell.
Save this video, and save yourself.
Oh, almost for-grotto!
I have to show you the top I made for tomorrow.
Fynnie? It's by the filthy mop bucket?

FYN holds up a visibly handmade bikini top that
looks like washed-up trash, and carries it over.

FYN
This?
Baby, did you...upcycle?!

MORGAN
I can't afford the pretty plastics on Amazon.
Tails are like, two thousand sand-dollars.
They're suuuper heavy.
(Into phone)
Sponsor me, so I can afford to reclaim microplastics.

FYN
Not how that works.

MORGAN
(Into phone)
Just kidding.
(Holding up bikini top)
The problem is my mer-tits...

FYN
Hey now, those are my girls you're talking about.

MORGAN
They've been blowing up lately.
Like a titty Pompeii.

FYN
A titty Pompeii?

FYN makes MORGAN's boobs explode like
Pompeii, with sound effects.

FYN (cont'd.)

Ahh! Save the children!

Grab the ancient texts!

MORGAN

I have five minutes.

Let's take a dip in a sexual way.

FYN

I've gotta get to work...

MORGAN

Just one smack-erel!

FYN begins packing up to leave.

FYN

In a second.

MORGAN

One.

Are you counting in octopus years?

FYN

How was your date last night?

MORGAN

Oh.

FYN

/I'm making chit-chat/

MORGAN

/I thought the point is we don't/

FYN

/We're still navigating/

MORGAN

/We've been open a month/

We can stop.

FYN

I'm just curious.

MORGAN goes for her bagel.

MORGAN

Is that why you brought brekkie?

FYN

No.

MORGAN

(Oooh, yummy)

Vegan sausage...

FYN

Just thought I'd pop by before work.

MORGAN

You say you don't like details.

FYN

I admire information.

MORGAN

Okay.

Okay, fine, we—we didn't even get nautical, okay?

Because I've been feeling kinda under the weather, remember?

FYN

Right. Yes. Sick. Nice.

MORGAN

You were with Wade?

FYN

Hm?

MORGAN

For dude's night?

FYN
Yeah.

MORGAN
He's coming by tonight for a lesson.

FYN
Dope.
Bro knows how to swim?

MORGAN
Not yet.
That's, like, the reason /for the lesson/

FYN
/Reason for the lesson./
Right.

As FYN is about to bid farewell and head out:

MORGAN
Babe?
Does this taste fishy to you?

FYN
Lemme inspect?

FYN holds out a hand for MORGAN'S bagel, peeks inside, and turns grave.

FYN (cont'd.)
My love.
How long have you been vegan?

MORGAN
My whole Buswick era.
Like 364 days, since we met, to impress you.

FYN
Okay, well, that's very thoughtful, but...
Fuck/

MORGAN
Oh, it's okay/

FYN
I'm so sorry/

MORGAN
No big seal.

FYN
I'll fix it.

MORGAN
Actually, can you give me a second?

FYN
Oh. Um, yes, of course.
You can sit and hold space for this pig.

MORGAN
Hi pig.

FYN
And I will go slaughter whoever unalived this pig!

MORGAN
Oh, um, actually can you leave this pig?

FYN
So you can have a funeral for the pig?

MORGAN
No, Fyn, so I can eat this pig.

...
A tiny but demanding voice inside is screaming SERVE ME THAT PIG

FYN
Um...

MORGAN
(Kinda manic)
People can change, old bay.

I mean, you want to...change someday/

FYN

Well, that's a bit different.

MORGAN

Could I see your bag?

FYN

What?!

MORGAN

Your New York Times tote, please.

FYN

I didn't need clarification, just/

MORGAN reaches for Fyn's heavy tote.

MORGAN

Did you need all these IPAs?

FYN

It's Parade eve eve!

MORGAN retches into the bag, then peers up at FYN.

MORGAN

Oh, fish.

Maybe the problem is the sausage...?

FYN

Yeah, girl, I think the problem was probably some sausage.

One by one, they connect the dots. Tummy.
Craving. Tits. Period. Uh oh.

Lighting shift.

Scene 2

WADE returns to center stage, continuing his lecture, now with a Danish accent.

WADE

Heyyy, squad.

It's me, Danish author, Hans Christian Anderson.

Literary yapper and 19th century bicon.

And I'm in love with my emotionally unavailable best friend, Edvard Collin. No cap.

He's got money and status, while I'm not exactly the main character.

But we were close growing up, until he met this rando and they had a baby, which is just, like, one thing I can't do for my pal.

I wrote him poem after poem, I knew him better, I could treat him better, but...

Some people we just can't change.

Some systems we just can't help.

Because they don't want to be saved.

Lights up on the pool.

The pool sign is replaced or joined by: "CAUTION: SLIPPERY WHEN WET"

By the end of his spiel, WADE has dropped the act, and is speaking to MORGAN.

They're together, in the YMCA after hours, for Wade's de facto swim lesson.

Slightly tired and dazed with the possibility of pregnancy, MORGAN is wrapping up her shift, folding towels.

She's still wearing her tail. Always wearing her tail.

WADE (cont'd.)

So, what do you think?

MORGAN

Um...

WADE

It's my lecture, on the Little Mermaid.

MORGAN

Oh.

WADE

I thought, as a professional real mermaid, you might have some notes?

Like, should it involve a rap?

It should probably involve a rap.

MORGAN

They really just let you do whatever in there, huh?

WADE

Pretty much.

WADE assists MORGAN in folding towels.

WADE (cont'd.)

There are too many kids and classes.

They can't supervise everyone.

MORGAN

Shore.

(Thinking of future child)

And humans are paying how much for this school of fish?

WADE

25,000 dollars.

MORGAN

Holy mackerel.

WADE

I know.

MORGAN

That's with their little homes and food?

WADE

No.

MORGAN

Beaver damn.

WADE

I know.

I wish it weren't the case.

Trust me, I wish on every 11:11.

But, it's kind of becoming a scam.

You didn't hear it from me, though.

MORGAN

My flippers are sealed.

But, you love it...?

WADE

I love it so frickin' much.

(Somehow still optimistic)

Like, I don't get insurance or enough for rent, and I'm grading virtual stacks of essays written by free versus premium chat bots, and I'm yapping into the void because it isn't mandatory to turn on your camera.

Not everyone's proud of their background.

MORGAN

Deep.

WADE

Oh. Huh.

Yeah.

But, I love the kiddos.

They make it all worth it.

Beaming, WADE displays a towel swan.

WADE (cont'd.)

Look, I made a swan!

MORGAN

Impressive, for a human male.

WADE

"Hi Morgan! I'm a swan! I'm not a towel anymore! I'm a swan!"

MORGAN

Very swan.

But can you straighten him out again, so he fits in the closet?

WADE
Homophobe.

MORGAN
You want a free lesson or not?

WADE
(To the swan)
Little buddy.
You do not host watch parties for Drag Race.

WADE whips the towel out into shape.

Meanwhile, MORGAN goes for her mop, to swipe
the pool deck as she muses.

MORGAN
Why are humans always writing about other creatures wanting to be humans?

WADE
Um...
I don't know.

MORGAN
Isn't that kinda narci-fish-stick?

WADE
Totally.
(Proud of this one)
Turtally.

MORGAN
Right?
It's, like, in the end, they always give up their home, the sea.
But all the merfolk I know are freaked by humanity.
Have you seen the human world?! Shello.

WADE
Shello!
It's why I became a fan of mermaids.

MORGAN

We thank you.

Because, leaving home for *that*, for some stranger.

You've gotta be squidding me.

WADE

I mean, you met Fyn last year at the parade, on your very first trip to New York, and never left our apartment.

MORGAN

That's different, we're gay.

WADE

(Re: the flat towel)

Swanny...

MORGAN

I remember it clear as day.

(Using mop to act out)

Fyn was like, hey, how haven't I seen you on Raya?

And I was like, I don't know what that means.

I'm just couch surfing, with some mermaids I met online.

And they were like, well if it helps, I can make space for you.

Back home, no one ever made space for me.

I'm used to bunk beds.

WADE

Vibes.

Same.

MORGAN

But Fyn was like, you don't need to sleep on a couch.

I have a tub.

WADE

And I haven't been able to use my bath bombs ever since.

MORGAN

I wish they could have fun at the parade this year.

Instead of like, trying to krill their father.

WADE

Have you met their father?

MORGAN

No.

WADE

Well, I've known Fyn since junior high.

MORGAN

(Endeared)

Aww, Little Fyn...

WADE

And Little Wade!

Partners in crime.

Dungeon and Dragons summer camp.

MORGAN

They must have been so cute.

WADE

Yeah.

They were.

But, um, since then, I have only overheard their dad on FaceTime a couple times.

And he sounds...scary.

MORGAN

Should we get in the pool?

WADE

Hm?

MORGAN

Face another fear?

WADE

Oh, uh, yeah, sure/

MORGAN

Come on, come on, come on, let's go/

WADE

I'm coming, chill!/

MORGAN

What do you think I'm gonna do?!

Drag you to peril and kill your loved ones?

Like a *mermaid*?!

WADE

What? No!

I love mermaids.

MORGAN

I know.

WADE

Morg, are you okay?

MORGAN

Yeah. I just have a lot on my mer-mind.

WADE

Should I go?

MORGAN

No, no/

WADE

I can go...

MORGAN

I like having you around.

It's like listening to a podcast I don't have to pay attention to.

WADE

I thought you liked having me around for my body.

MORGAN

No, it's mer-mainly the podcast thing/

WADE

It's the podcast thing. Valid.

MORGAN
Pool.

WADE
Yes, ma'am.
Cannon ball!

WADE catapults himself into the pool, surfaces,
and immediately starts flapping and shrieking.

WADE (cont'd.)
/I'M DROWNING I'M DROWNING I'M DROWNING/

MORGAN
/You're okay, you're okay, you're okay/
/Just float. Remember we learned how to float?!?/

WADE
/WHAT IS FLOAT, NO I DO NOT REMEMBER FLOAT/

MORGAN helps WADE onto his back to float.

MORGAN
There we go, that's it...

WADE
I'm doing it!

MORGAN
You're doing it!

WADE
I'm swimming!

MORGAN
Almost!

WADE
(While floating on back)
Do you want to talk about what's plaguing you?

MORGAN

(Kinda surprising herself)

Not really.

WADE

No problemo, alligator.

So, one more thing about the Little Mermaid...

MORGAN dunks her head under the water,
blowing bubbles, like “blah blah blah”

WADE re-positions.

WADE (cont’d.)

I’m gonna practice doggy paddle.

MORGAN

Pop off.

WADE paddles around the pool while sharing:

WADE

So, in the fairytale, she doesn’t only lose her voice.

She also has to suffer the worst pain imaginable, under her new feet, whenever she walks. When she dances, it’s like—dancing on knives!

MORGAN

Ouch.

WADE

Big ouch!

But what’s bananas is it wasn’t the worst pain she felt.

That wasn’t the most painful part of being human.

MORGAN

It was taxes?

WADE

It was heartbreak.

And it wasn’t the heartbreak when he rejected her.

It was the heartbreak she felt looking at him, knowing that was possible.

WADE grasps and clings onto the pool edge.

MORGAN

(After a thoughtful beat)

When I first met you, last year with Fyn...

I assumed you were a mer-vert.

WADE

Okay.

MORGAN

Like, only into the whole culture for the chance to stroke a tail.

WADE

I know the type.

I was seeing this guy from MerCon who wanted me to slap his face with his.

MORGAN

Child's play.

Did he ask to see your feet?

Merpeople eat up human feet.

WADE

I do have some pretty sexy feet.

WADE sticks up and wiggles his toes.

MORGAN

Thank you for keeping me company.

WADE

Of course.

We're friends.

MORGAN

Boring.

WADE

Enemies?

MORGAN

Better.

WADE
Friends to enemies to...?

MORGANS
Hans Christian Anglerfish and Edward Cullen.

WADE
You were listening!
Kind of.
Wait, what?

MORGAN
(Bad Danish accent)
Read me your poetry, Hans.

WADE
Seriously?

MORGAN
Yeah!

WADE
This isn't like last time?
When I tried out a voice, and you were like "AHHH?"

MORGAN
I need silly.

WADE
This is serious.

MORGAN
That works, too.

WADE
Okay. Ahem.
(Reviving his accent)
"The whole world is a series of miracles."

MORGAN
Oh, *ja*!

WADE

"But we're so used to them, we see them as ordinary."

MORGAN

Let's see miracles in the ordinary.

WADE

"Everything you look at can become a fairytale."

MORGAN

Look at me for a fairytale!

WADE

"From everything you touch, you get a story."

MORGAN

Touch me for a story.

WADE

Morgan.

MORGAN

I'm Hans!

WADE

You're Edward.

MORGAN

Don't mansplain.

WADE

Sorry, Hans.

I love Fyn.

MORGAN

Me too!

WADE

I really love Fyn.

MORGAN

Me, too.
We're doing this for Fyn, remember?

WADE
For Fyn.
(Back in accent)
"We are dreamers. And that is the misfort..."

WADE slips under the water, dragging MORGAN
down as well.

WADE (cont'd.)
/I'M FLOATING, I'M FLOATING, I'M FLOATING/

MORGAN
/WE'RE FINE, WE'RE FINE, WE'RE FINE/

Lighting shift.

Scene 3

The next morning, when urine is fresh with
potential pregnancy hormones, FYN paces beside
the pool, swigging from a can of hard seltzer.

The pool sign is replaced or joined by: "DANGER!
NO BREATH HOLDING"

FYN
So, did the condom magically dissolve, or...?
Slip off this kid's puny weenie?
I'm just calculating the logistics.
Because, you use condoms.
Like, you use condoms.
Right?

MORGAN
You hate single-use plastic.

FYN
Morgan!!

MORGAN
Kidding!

FYN
So you do?

MORGAN
Um, no.

FYN
Morgan!

MORGAN emerges from a bathroom stall, carefully
cradling a pregnancy test.

Still wearing her tail, always wearing her tail,
MORGAN waddles and hops to meet FYN on the
deck or pool chairs.

MORGAN
I think it's loading.
(Re: Fyn's drink)
It's 8am.

FYN
We might have something to celebrate.

MORGAN
Are you mad?

FYN
No.
I don't know.
Of course not.

MORGAN
I don't wanna look.

FYN
I'll set an alarm.

MORGAN

(Peering over Fyn's shoulder)

Lotta texts from Wade.

FYN

Bro never quits.

He's the most annoying person I'd take a bullet for, at a music festival, if I'd already seen my favorite group.

MORGAN

You guys are, like, curing the male loneliness epidemic.

They sit, facing each other in pool chairs, holding hands.

MORGAN (cont'd.)

/I'm so sorry, love/

FYN

/I'm sorry, angel/

This sucks.

MORGAN

It blows holes.

FYN

But we'll...float through it.

MORGAN

Ay, ay, captain.

Yeah.

I was just, like, kind of thrown into the deep end there/

FYN

I know.

MORGAN

Florida didn't have fancy classes like Sex Ed!

FYN

No federal mandate.

MORGAN

No, man!
We were only taught how to gift shop.
Not how to...gift...wrap.

FYN
In this metaphor, is the gift the cock?

MORGAN
In what metaphor?

FYN
The dick is like a gift.

MORGAN
It's like a squid tentacle at best.

FYN
What's his name?
(Beat)
Do you know his name?

MORGAN
Not yet.
I mean, I don't really plan on having a boy.
Not on my sundial!
I guess I'd take a twink or an otter/

FYN
I meant the name of the father.

MORGAN
Oh.

FYN
Yeah.

MORGAN
You made me pinky-swear no names.

FYN
I had my fingers crossed.

MORGAN

Babe.

I don't want to rock the boat, and you know I love you with all two chambers of my fish heart, but this whole shebang was your idea.

Like, I was a gold-star lesbian till I met you!

You're the one who wanted to open the waters and turn our she-bang into a he-bang, so I can get comfortable with the idea of men, as a concept, in case you want to bait and switch me and become one.

FYN

Transition, it's called/

MORGAN

Transition. Yeah.

FYN

Yeah.

I mean, yes.

But, I thought you could just study the traits.

MORGAN

Study the traits?

Study the traits?!

Like I'm flipping Jane Goodall?!

FYN

You know Jane Goodall?

MORGAN

I basically grew up in the parking lot outside Disney World!

Of course I know Tarzan!

You wanted me to get my feet wet, so I did.

And by feet, I mean my octo-pussy.

FYN

Got it.

MORGAN

It's, like, wet pussy.

FYN

Got the visual.

Sorry I didn't previously picture you splashing in a pool of peni.

MORGAN

Welp, typically peni is part of the package!!

FYN

Yep, but you have to properly package the peni!

MORGAN's phone buzzes. BOTH jump.

BOTH

Ahhhhhhhh!

FYN

Is it your fertile lover?

MORGAN

No! No.

Just a comment on my MerTok.

"Show your boobs."

FYN

Fucker.

MORGAN

I have to win Mermaid Queen tomorrow.

I'd finally earn respect.

FYN

Heard.

But, I fear we may have...

(Speaking Morgan's language)

Some bigger fish to fry.

MORGAN

We're vegans.

And we don't even *know* yet/

FYN

It's important to be prepared/

FYN's phone buzzes.

BOTH
AHHHHHHHHH!
Ahhh....
Ah....

FYN
Do you want me to...?

MORGAN
Stay.
Together.

FYN
Okay.
Ahhh.
Okay?

MORGAN
Okay.
Ahhhh.
Okay.

They check the test.

FYN
Okay.
Okay.
Are you okay/

MORGAN
Okay.

FYN
Okay.

Locking in, FYN paces around the pool deck or
along a diving board if available.

Meanwhile, MORGAN drifts into the pool, drawn
to the water, reflective.

FYN (cont'd.)

(Locking in)

I already researched our options.

Here, I'll shoot you the google spreadsheet.

So, we can still get the pills, at a Planned Parenthood, before the administration pulls the plug and we're forced to shop black market.

But terminating the pregnancy at home can be pretty painful, and we have to monitor you on our own, so you'd likely feel safer with surgery?

Of course, that's a longer waiting list.

And did you know, props to Planned Parenthood for existing, but only 600 of the 3,600 offer information on both choices? 3,000 lean pro-life.

Like, I'm sorry, I beg your finest fuck?

It's funny. I mean, it's not funny-funny, but even here in New York, they'll make you watch the ultrasound, and ask a long list of irrelevant questions, about your dating history and dynamics, and there'll be picketers outside, and I might not even be allowed in.

Which, like, I respect. You don't want deadbeat fuckboys influencing their partners.

Maybe we'll get lucky and they'll assume we're sisters.

First available appointment in...two weeks.

Should I book it?

Morgan?

Babe?

Should I book it?

MORGAN

(Dazed)

In a sec.

FYN

Okay.

One.

Are we counting in anchovy years?

MORGAN

I can feel it.

FYN

I'm sorry?

MORGAN places a hand on her stomach, languid,
like underwater, slowing their pace.

MORGAN

I can feel it.

FYN

You can feel it?

The cell the size of a poppyseed?

Clinging to your internal organs?

MORGAN

Yeah.

I can feel it clinging for survival.

FYN

Oh...gross...

MORGAN

Against all odds.

I kind of want to protect her.

FYN

Uh-huh...

MORGAN

I know it's crazy.

FYN

No, it's probably normal...

A normal first reaction...

MORGAN

Yeah...

I...

FYN

What?

MORGAN

I don't know.

FYN

You?

MORGAN
I don't know...
I don't know.

From offstage, a door opens.

WADE (o.s.)
Marco...?

MORGAN
(Extremely chipper again)
Polo!

FYN
Now why the hell would you/

MORGAN
I'm sorry, maternal instinct/

FYN
I'm sorry, maternal instinct?!!

WADE
(Louder)
Morgo...?

MORGAN
Polo!
(To Fyn)
Sweet Merlin, I'm sorry.
I can't resist a call-and-response/

FYN
/You can't resist a call-and-response/

WADE
(Louder)
Am I getting warmer...?

FYN
(Loud, to Wade)
Pool's closed!

MORGAN
You're on fire!

FYN
(Giving up)
Like the planet we're making inhabitable.

Continue into:

Scene 4

WADE enters, jolly as can be, carrying IKEA bags bursting with craft supplies and costume pieces.

Shimmery fabrics, ribbon, feather boas, the works.

WADE
Hiya besties!

He lingers on FYN.

WADE (cont'd.)
Hi Fyn.

FYN
Hey Wade.

WADE
I haven't seen you in ages.

FYN
It's been, like, two days, my dude.

WADE
Days are extra long in the summer.

FYN
True.
And guess what?
They're only getting longer.
And guess why?

ALL
(Sing-songy)
Climate changeeee!

A glum beat.

FYN
It's making the planet literally spin slower.

WADE
Jeez.
That's nuts.

FYN
I'm aware.

WADE
But I brought glitter!

FYN
Great.

WADE
Where are you guys at, in your costume journeys?
Morgan, I'm assuming you're set, because/

MORGAN
/I'm a real mermaid/

WADE
/You're a real mermaid/ obviously.

MORGAN
But I'm finishing up my float.

WADE
Yay!
Fyn? What are you feeling this year?
(No response)
I'll let you cook.
But whatever you choose, I'm sure it will change lives.

WADE begins removing pieces from his sack.

WADE (cont'd.)

So, did you hear Mermaid Elle's going to be there tomorrow?

She's got over 2.5 million followers on MerTok!

Oh, and Hannah Mermaid's coming.

Last week she swam with tiger sharks! To raise awareness of...tiger sharks.

Queen.

Oh, and oh my god, have y'all seen the new line of tails the MerTailer just dropped, for the parade?!

They're so frickin' intricate, and some weigh over 10 kilos!

They're actually banned from pools in the UK, but perfectly acceptable here.

WADE finally pauses, reading the room.

WADE (cont'd.)

What's going on here?

Is this an intervention?

You guys, I can quit being so weird whenever I want.

MORGAN

Wade.

WADE

Really, I can change.

FYN

Wade.

WADE

I'm so sorry, Fyn.

MORGAN

Wade.

We're...expecting.

WADE

(Guessing)

Things to turn around....?

FYN

Nope.

WADE

The best parade on the books?!

Because this time, it'll be the three of us!

FYN

So you'd think.

WADE

Can you give me a hint?

MORGAN takes his hand, and also FYN's.

MORGAN

Wadey-Wades.

And Mr. Fyn-tastic.

We might be expecting...a small person.

WADE

I don't mean to be like...

But I believe the correct term is little person.

MORGAN

I mean a baby.

FYN

Morgy's pregnant.

MORGAN

We may be birthing a human baby.

WADE

Oh my god?!

MORGAN

Or possibly a guppy.

WADE

Holy ship?!!

MORGAN

I'm not sure how it works, mating with a homosapien.
Once we see the vision, on the echolocation X-sting-ray machine/

FYN
Ultrasound.

MORGAN
(Deep voice)
Ultra-sound.

WADE
Mega ultra-sound.

MORGAN
Mega ultra sound-o-tron 3000.

WADE
(Robot voice)
"I will show you baby."

MORGAN
"Thank you, machine."

FYN
Why are you both robots in this scenario/

WADE
(Tearing up)
Congratulations, you guys.
I mean, wow.
Like, what a wild side quest.
(Soo happy for them)
It's, like, pretty major and permanent.

FYN
Yeah, it's, like, pretty expensive and unsustainable.

WADE
Yeah, it's like a miracle.

FYN
If you say so!

WADE

You two were, like, mer-made to be parents.
Like, you've got your whole thing.
And then your whole thing.
We've always wanted a cat for the apartment.

FYN

I just can't believe we're considering it.

WADE

How frickin' exciting.

FYN

(Forced, tense)

How exciting indeed.

It is the best time to bring life into the world, if your goal is it being absolutely fucked.

This becomes a volley between MORGAN and FYN, but directed at WADE, like forcibly, awkwardly upbeat and polite "this is good news!"

Or throughout the scene, MORGAN consumes herself with decorating her float, while FYN fidgets with the materials.

Or they're all on floaties in the pool! Options are endless.

MORGAN

We've been doing it for centuries.

FYN

And we've lowkey overstayed our welcome.

MORGAN

Most people can just have kids, without spiraling.

FYN

Yeah, which is incredibly irresponsible and embarrassing.

MORGAN

It's what my parents did.
I was an accident.

FYN

(To Morgan)

Sure, and I love that for you.

But as two AFAB individuals, as a couple, we will never be able to say "oops, it was an accident." We will always have to decide to make a child, after weighing the pros and cons and knowing the ethics.

MORGAN

Yeah, except for literally right now.

Right now, we literally have an accident on our hands.

WADE

(To Morgan's tummy)

She didn't mean that.

MORGAN

Honestly, it's kind of like cheating.

WADE

I thought you guys were open...

MORGAN

It's like cheating the system.

IVF is, like, bougie AF.

FYN

So is raising a fucking person.

In a collapsed economy, on a cooked mother Earth.

WADE

(Kind of quiet)

A bad world doesn't promise a bad life.

FYN

It's selfish.

MORGAN

So humanity should just die out.

FYN
Probably.

WADE
(After a beat)
So, are you guys gonna wanna throw a species reveal party?

MORGAN
Okay, stop, that's cute.

WADE
Think of the themes!
We could do Under the Sea, unless that's too/

MORGAN
Too on the bottle-nose I think.

WADE
Yeah no 100%, let's throw it way, discard idea/

MORGAN
Um, Fyn doesn't love trash language...

WADE
Oh my guy, of course, I'm so sorry/

FYN
I'll live.
I'm not that fucking sensitive.
But, you will be wasting a ton of streamers and untouched paper plates.
Because, who are we possibly inviting to this function?

MORGAN
Your parents?

FYN
You wanna be turned to sashimi?

MORGAN
(Insecure)
Try imitation crab.

WADE

(Supportive)

Aw, no, Morgs!

MORGAN

What about yours?

WADE

My foster parents?

I mean, I can text them, if you want.

But they're pretty busy people.

They're, like, always at a funeral.

FYN

I don't think they're needed at this.

MORGAN

They would be very shell-come.

Beat. The way MORGAN says that starts churning gears in WADE's brain.

WADE

Hey, so like, do you have any concept of the duration of how far along the amount of weeks of time have hypothetically passed since the event of the sex

MORGAN

Um...about six weeks I think.

Seven.

Six, seven?

FYN

(Before anyone can)

No. No jokes.

We're adults now.

WADE

Yes, sir.

Uh, six you said?

Six or seven?

(Doing the mental math)

That's, like...

MORGAN

Pretty crazy, right?!

WADE

That's pretty crazy!!

MORGAN

It's like, what's next? Eight?!!

WADE

Then probably nine!!

But you have oodles of raw sex, queen.

MORGAN

No. Not really.

WADE

Oh.

Wow.

Everyone processes that.

FYN

No...

WADE

Do you think it's...?

FYN

Are you sure...?

MORGAN

Did I fuck everything up?

FYN

Wade?!?

WADE

(Profoundly touched)

I'm going to be a papa?

FYN
Of all people?!?

MORGAN
He wasn't off-limits!
We wrote in our list of rules, friends are fine to fuck!

FYN
Why didn't you tell me??

MORGAN
I did!
Just a second ago, I said, "we're expecting a baby."
Like, we are having a baby.

WADE
Oh my god...

FYN
Oh my goodddddddd

WADE
I'll start a registry.

FYN
NO.

WADE
When you're ready.

FYN
I can't breathe, I need to...

FYN heads towards the exit.

WADE
Wait!
Fuck.
Fyn!

FYN
Please, I...

(At the thought of Wade and sex)
Ahhh, that's disgusting...

Shuddering, FYN beelines outta there. Beat.

WADE
I think they want me to follow them.

MORGAN
Okay.

WADE
(Totally sincere)
Morgan, this is going to be...me-rtastic.
Fyn!

WADE rushes out, leaving MORGAN alone.

MORGAN
Catch ya boys later.
(Like, "fuck you for putting me in this position")
I guess I'll just do my job?!

Sighing, MORGAN sits with her thoughts for a moment.

Then she props up her phone to record and keep her company.

MORGAN (cont'd.)
Hiya, MerTok.
Be honest, do I look like a beached whale right now?
I'm not fishing for compliments.
But do you ever feel like a...

Carrying on with daily tasks, MORGAN gathers up a deflated floatie and air pump.

MORGAN (cont'd.)
Deflated, overused pool mattress?
Well, maybe all you need is a little...air....

She jams in the pump and starts manically pumping in air.

MORGAN (cont'd.)
See? Would you look at that?!
The empty void is filling up!!
It's growing now, it's swelling, and suddenly...
Oh my swordfish, it has a purposie!
This is what it was fucking made for!

Beat. MORGAN collapses onto the mattress, breathing heavily.

To her MerTok, she confesses:

MORGAN (cont'd.)
I'm...like, pregnant?
It feels too weird to even say.
My mom had three kids at my age.
But I'm, like, a child.
I still have like 20 more floaties to blow up so...
Shell we talk about...abortion?

MORGAN's phone buzzes or emits descending sound affects, indicating her following is plummeting and not pleased with this topic.

MORGAN (cont'd.)
Ah wait wait wait.
Come back, come back.
Let's talk about...motherwood?

Buzz buzz buzz. Her following sky rockets!

MORGAN (cont'd.)
I'm giving...Mother?
Mermaid Mama?
Oh, well, shucks...

MORGAN soaks it up.

Scene 5

The pool sign is replaced or joined by: "NO
DIVING IN SHALLOW WATER"

WADE sits at the edge of the pool, feet in the
water, alone, working on his costume.

FYN
Is this office hours?

WADE
Fyn!

FYN
I'd like to discuss my exam grade.

WADE
(Surrendering to the bit)
There's nothing I can do.
You got a 69%, fair and square.

FYN
My dad's gonna kill me.

WADE
Where'd you go?

FYN
I just walked around a little.

WADE
For like twelve hours?

FYN
Is that why my feet hurt?

WADE
Bring 'em here.

FYN
Like I'm walking on knives.

WADE

Let's see the damage.

FYN

You're not giving me a foot massage.

WADE

You know you want one.

Sorry, um...

FYN

You had sex with my girlfriend, dude.

WADE

Yeah, I'm really sorry about that.

...

She said it was okay with you two.

FYN

I mean, it was.

It is.

That's not why I walked from Flatbush to Harlem and back.

You're not exactly a threat.

WADE

Oh.

Cool.

FYN gestures for WADE, who has probably risen to his feet, to sit again, then joins him.

FYN

Wade, do you think I'm all talk?

WADE

What do you mean?

FYN

Like, do I just think and think and think about things, instead of doing them?

WADE

Theoretically, from one overthinker to another...

I'd have to think about it.

FYN

Aghhh, I used to be gifted!

In elementary school, my dad would drag me in a dress to "Take Your Daughter to Work Day" and brag about bringing up a girl in STEM.

Now, I'm like, kind of almost a guy/

WADE

You could bench me.

If you want.

(Beat)

You're a guy...?

FYN

So I should have every door open to me.

Male privilege, you know!

But instead, I just feel so stuck.

I call myself an activist, but what the fuck have I activized?

My pointless posts are drops in a bucket of pointless posts.

I'm a fucking waste of a person.

A drifting, unrecyclable, scrap of litter of a person/

WADE

Whoa, whoa, whoa.

Hold your sea-horses.

FYN

(Re: the pun)

Not you, too.

WADE

I may be biased, but I think you're harder on yourself than I get for you.

FYN

What.

WADE

I said you're so hard on yourself!

FYN

At last year's parade, I blacked out and puked in a trombone.

WADE

Heck yeah you did, brother!

You and 500,000 others.

That's like the point of the parade!

To relieve the adolescence we missed while in the closet.

You didn't have to have your stomach pumped or anything.

FYN

(Head in hands)

I cannot be a dad.

WADE

We can be one together.

FYN

Two guys stacked on top of each other in a mermaid tail.

WADE

I'm serious.

FYN

I'm the bottom tail, or are you?

WADE

I'm serious.

FYN

You're delusional.

You and Morgan both.

WADE

Fluke.

FYN

What'd you call me?

WADE

That's the bottom of the tail.

The fluke.

(After a beat)

Maybe this is a happy accident.

FYN

That's so cliché.

WADE

When you spend all your time with literature, you realize everything's cliché.

FYN

Yeah?

Like what else?

WADE

Well, love.

FYN

Love?

WADE

Love.

FYN

Love.

FYN

/Wade I/

WADE

/Fyn I/

You go.

FYN

Okay.

Um...

I know I act like it, but I don't know the future.

All I know, is there's 8 billion fucking freaks screwing up our planet, and fighting to pretend they don't know it, but there's one stupid goofball who makes me not just wanna fix it, but live on it.

WADE

Who?

FYN

Your mom.

WADE

Okay.

FYN

She sends her love.

WADE

From Heaven?

Nice.

FYN

I fucking love you, man.

WADE

I love you, too...

FYN

So where's the virgin Morgan?

WADE

Bathroom.

I'll give you two a moment.

Oh! I'll go whip up a family supper.

Kraft Mac and Cheese shells, for four!

WADE starts packing up his costume to go.

FYN

Did you finish your costume?

WADE

Almost.

FYN

Bet.

WADE

You?

FYN

Nah.

To be honest, I don't really feel like dressing up as a mermaid, and being reminded I have tits and long flowing wavy hair.

WADE

You don't have to.

Tomorrow, you can be anything you want to be.

You can LARP as a swashbuckler, or a squid, or a sire.

You can borrow any of my accessories...

Wanna see my sword collection?

FYN

That's okay.

WADE

They're quite sturdy and strong.

FYN

I trust you.

WADE

Thanks.

Oh, also, mermaids aren't all long locks and lust!

They're also smelly.

And kleptomaniacs.

And they specifically target wealthy sailors, for their expensive goods, and to send a message.

FYN

To send a message?

WADE

Yeah.

FYN

You don't say...

WADE

Morgan told me.

FYN

Huh...

FYN suddenly fixates on their phone, already researching, a plan a-brewing.

As WADE is about to go:

WADE

When Morgan and I were doing it, here in the pool, I was thinking of you.

FYN isn't listening.

WADE darts out.

Scene 6

The pool sign is replaced or joined by: "CHILDREN MUST BE SUPERVISED AT ALL TIMES"

In her tail as always, MORGAN shuffles out from the bathroom to find FYN.

FYN

I saw your post.

MORGAN

What'd you think?

FYN

What do you think I thought?

MORGAN

That maybe I'm basically reborn?

FYN

You read my mind.

MORGAN

That's what all the comments say.

FYN

You're basically reborn.

Very cool.

(Suddenly chummy)

Um, say, dear!

You know what sounds delicious right now?!

You know what would be to die for?

MORGAN

Tail me.

FYN

A massive sushi boat, with a colossal pot of coffee.

MORGAN

Ooooh...

FYN

You want in?

I'll DoorDash.

MORGAN

Oh, I...

I don't think the fetus would like that.

FYN

(Smacking face)

The fetus!

Fucking duh!

How could I forget the fetus?!

MORGAN

You wanna take a swim?

FYN

Why the fuck not?

FYN and MORGAN get into the water together.

It's calming.

Moment of peace.

MORGAN

This'll help my career.

You've had to watch me flounder over the last year.

FYN

A year is nothing.

MORGAN

I'm impatient.

FYN

You just got here.

MORGAN

But everyone's doing so much.

FYN

That's just the pace of New York.

It makes you feel like you can't stop swimming.

And you can't come up for air.

MORGAN

It's quieter in here.

FYN

Yeah.

MORGAN

Without all the screaming children.

FYN

Right.

So, say this...situation...improves your life.

What about the kid who can't consent?

MORGAN

They'll survive.

FYN

Is that a guarantee? Like, yeah, maybe if they aren't wiped out by rising sealines and increasing natural disasters, then, sure, they could in an elementary school shooting or end up the incel behind the AK47.

MORGAN

Jesus, Fyn.

FYN

What if they're just kinda mid?

MORGAN

What if they inherit your jokes or my curves?

FYN maybe splashes MORGAN.

FYN

You're more than that.

MORGAN

Thanks.

FYN

What if they hate you?

MORGAN

Your dad hates you.

FYN

Thanks?

MORGAN

Do you think you're mid?

FYN

Yes! Obviously.

MORGAN splashes FYN.

MORGAN

Well, I don't.

FYN

Thanks.

MORGAN

You care so deeply.

Like, insanely deeply.

FYN

Reasonably deeply.

MORGAN

Insanely deeply.

About our carbon fin-print, and the identities in our souls, and important facts that in Florida I thought were myths.

You spread intelligence, and that's a dying breed.

I think you'd make a really dorky dad.

Beat. FYN can't bring themselves to say "thanks."

FYN

Morgan.

This wouldn't be like playing mermaids.

You can't just shimmy into the rainbow tail, call yourself a real mermaid, then strip it off whenever you want to go dancing on your own two feet.

When you're a parent, you're a parent permanently.

And, yes, and I know where you grew up, you were told all these stories, about what you're supposed to do with your life.

Find a prince. Settle down. Stay small. Right?

But don't you think you've outgrown that?

I've watched you outgrow that.

MORGAN

Fuck you.

I am a real mermaid.

FYN

Mother of god...

FYN starts climbing out of the pool.

MORGAN follows.

MORGAN

You know what?

You know what?

Maybe, you aren't my soul mer-mate.

Maybe you're literally just some guy.

FYN

Do you know what it costs to even have a child?

MORGAN

No...

FYN

Do you have some offshore bank account I don't know about?

MORGAN

Should I?

FYN

It wouldn't hurt!!

Baby, you work at a YMCA, and I work at an alt thrift store.

MORGAN

I mean, you have to have *some* sea-cret safety net.

FYN

No, I don't!

Do you think we'd live with six other people if I did?!

MORGAN

They're our community.

They say it takes a village, in the comments.

FYN

You're serious about this?

MORGAN

Seahor-serious.

FYN

Okay.

MORGAN

I'm sorry.

FYN

It's okay.

(Slowly)

Actually, I got this for you.

FYN presents a coffee cup.

FYN (cont'd.)

It's lowkey room-temperature.

But, it's caffeine-free.

For your sack of cells.

And it's almond.

For you.

MORGAN

Aw.

Thank you for sacrificing that for me.

FYN

That's love.

MORGAN

I've loved you.

FYN

I've loved you more.

A parting gift.

MORGAN goes to drink it.

Chaotically, at the last second, FYN swats it out of MORGAN's hand.

Both stare, frozen.

MORGAN

What the fuck what that?!

FYN

I wasn't going to...

MORGAN

Fyn...

FYN

I'm just trying to protect...

MORGAN

Fyn...

Were you trying to poison me?!

FYN

It's called mifepristone/

MORGAN

Fyn!

FYN

Sorry/

MORGAN

That's not cool, babe!

FYN

I'm sorry/

MORGAN

That's, like, really not cool, babe!

FYN

It's the abortion pill/

MORGAN

(Like scolding a dog)

No! No! No poisoning people!

While scolding, MORGAN snags a pool noodle to smack FYN.

FYN

Okay.

MORGAN

You need to leave me alone.

FYN

Yeah, yes, okay/

MORGAN

/Oh my godddd/

FYN

/You / you stay at ours tonight.

You can make the bed a water bed.

MORGAN

I will.

Where are you going to go?

FYN

Walmart.

MORGAN

Why?

FYN

It's open.

MORGAN

Slay...?

Will I see you at the parade tomorrow?

FYN considers.

Blackout.

Scene 7

Now in separate spaces, no longer in the YMCA,
MORGAN and FYN call their parents:

MORGAN

Mom?

Oh, hi everyone.

No, I haven't forgotten about you small fry!

No, it's not as shallow up here as y'all think...

What?

Nope, I'm not watching "the big game."

It's summer?

Ohh, you're rewatching!
Nice. Yeah, that one's a real tail-biter...

FYN
Dad?
I can't believe I caught you.
You have—three minutes?
I can work with that.
I will exercise efficiency.
I have to tell you something.

MORGAN
Can I tell you something?

Now, WADE is on his phone, too:

WADE
Can I order a pizza?

MORGAN
So, um, this shouldn't come as a shell-shock, but...
Remember all those years I said I was queer, and you said it was a phase?
It wasn't!

FYN
I don't think I'm a girl.

WADE
And now, they're probably gonna move upstate with this little bundle of joy, and build a dude ranch, and wear frickin' denim overalls!
Like, at what point do you lose yourself when loving someone broken?!
Yes, I'm still going to order that pizza.
I know you have an app.
I'm just kinda in my feels right now, and I wanted to talk to someone...

FYN
But I'm not quite a boy either...

WADE
Ooh, I'm getting another call!
Perhaps it's a political canvasser up for a lively debate!
Let me put you on hold...

MORGAN

(Touched, like about to cry)

Are you...cheering?!

Because you accept my life choices?!

Oh, my sword-fish, that's...

(Deflated, shrinking)

Oh, that was—a touchdown.

Oh.

WADE

Hiya, Jeffery, happy summer break!

Can I call you Jeff, now that the semester's over?

You got it, Mr. Smith.

Thank you again for letting me teach last year.

FYN

It's not that hard to understand.

MORGAN

(Little condescending, annoyed)

You have literally seen this game before.

Don't you know how it ends?!

WADE

Wait, what?

Are you...firing me?!

WADE

"Letting go" sounds an awful lot like firing...

FYN

(As if being yelled at)

Sorry, no, I don't mean to insult your intelligence.

MORGAN

Sorry, yeah, I can repeat myself.

WADE

Sorry, they say if you love something, let it go.

But that doesn't make sense.

If you love me, keep me?!

MORGAN

What I said was...

I'm pregnant.

FYN

You're leaving the world so much worse for the next generation, and you don't even care.

MORGAN

...That's a real cheer?

Not another touchdown?

Yay...

WADE

This job is my life.

MORGAN

Yep, finally doing something with my life...

FYN

This is bigger than just my life.

WADE

This is serious to me.

Now more than ever, the classroom is the only place we can still discuss...

I'm sorry, what?

"Spreading a progressive agenda in my lectures?"

Jeff—Jeffrey—Mr. Smith.

That's why you're "letting me go?"

(Dazed)

Uh, hold on, I've got someone on the other line.

(Changing calls)

Can I get an extra large sausage?

I just really need a sausage in my mouth right now.

(Realizing he did not successfully change calls)

Ohhh my god, noooo, sorry, Mr. Smith, that wasn't for you...

I...Yes, I can see why you'd think that was a gay euphemism.

MORGAN

Yeah, raising it down there with you guys sounds like a fairytale.

FYN

No, you're right.

MORGAN

I'll get a bus ticket for after the parade tomorrow.

FYN

Will you be at the parade tomorrow?

I have a...late father's day gift for you.

Yeah, you can connect me with your assistant to sync g-cals, sure.

WADE

Okay, I'm not trying to SHOOT the messenger, but my students' primary news source is TikTok, where, in our country, we can literally no longer search the words "LGBT," "diversity," "activism." "Banned books." This is censorship, this...

...This is Domino's?

I give up.

MORGAN clutches her stomach.

FYN drums their fingertips together, plotting.

WADE cries.

Lights.

Scene 8

A wooden sign, on a stake in a sand dune, declares
"STRONG CURRENTS, NO LIFEGUARD ON DUTY,
SWIM AT YOUR OWN RISK"

Welcome to the iconic Coney Island Mermaid
Parade! The Manhattan skyline backdrops the
boardwalk and beach.

On a projection screen, we flash through video
from the real event: hundreds of thousands of
costumed queers march, dance, protest, love.

This is juxtaposed with slightly trashier imagery.
The nasty AF water. Mountains of litter.
Pill-popping partying.

Soon enough, MORGAN and WADE enter with the
parade, marching and waving, or WADE pushes
MORGAN'S float.

All three characters are decked-out in costumes.
Even FYN is wearing a tail. So everyone hobbles
and shuffles about.

All could be mermaids, or WADE could be a male
seahorse, or FYN could be a pirate.

FYN ENTERS, as a spectator.

FYN
Morgan! Wade!

WADE
Fyn!

MORGAN
Babe...

FYN
Hey.

MORGAN
Where have you been?

FYN
I told you. Walmart.
Buying tanks of water I've been pouring into people's mouths or into my hands for them
to lap up.

WADE
Brave.

MORGAN
/I have something to tell you/

FYN

/I have something to tell you/

WADE

/I have something to tell you/

MORGAN & WADE

You go.

No, you go.

No, you go/

FYN

I'm gonna go.

FYN runs out into the parade flow, joining
MORGAN and WADE.

FYN (cont'd.)

Guys, I brought a weapon.

MORGAN

Your Twitter is a powerful weapon.

WADE

Pen is mightier than the sword, pooks.

FYN (cont'd.)

No, so, while I was at the store, picking up the water to pass out, so everyone doesn't
fucking pass out, I also grabbed this gun.

FYN whips out a fucking pistol. Pew pew,
motherfuckers.

MORGAN & WADE

/Whoooooa what THE FUCK/

FYN

Didn't even have to show ID!

It was so easy.

Way easier than ending climate change.

FYN glances around, noticing this has probably
flagged a little attention.

FYN (cont'd.)
Don't worry about it.
It's for a cause.

WADE
America!

FYN
Fuck yeahhhhh

MORGAN
eagle cry

Happens all the time.

The trio march while deliberating:

WADE
/Fyn this is BAD/

MORGAN
/You should not have a GUN/

FYN
If you want to have a child, you should.
I wish I had your hope and optimism.
But at least now I have this gun.
So I can actually improve the future.

WADE
(Seeing where this is going)
Ah, shoot...
Literally...

FYN
I must kill my father.
For the people.

WADE

(Kind of whiny)

Noooo....

FYN

It's the only option.

Morgan, my love?

MORGAN

(Sigh, earnest)

If you must, I'll help discard the remains.

WADE

What?!

MORGAN

We can grind his bones and sprinkle them into sea foam.

But, then what?

What'll we do about the next king who takes his trident?

Will we have to keep hunting and hiding for eternity?

FYN

Uh...

We will...figure that out in the getaway Uber.

Might fuck up my rating.

But that's a risk I'm willing to take.

WADE

No, you guys...

Murder is BAD...

FYN

Wait, what did you have to tell me?

WADE

Oh, I'm in love with you.

FYN

Oh.

MORGAN

AHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

Suddenly, MORGAN releases a blood-curdling scream and doubles over in pain.

FYN

Baby, what's going on?!

What'd you eat last?

Dairy?

MORGAN

Um, a couple pills?

FYN

Pills?!

MORGAN

You've pregamed stupider events for stupider reasons.

FYN

Yes, I know, I'm a catastrophic influence.

What was it, Morg?

Molly? Meth?!

MORGAN

Misoprostol.

FYN

For abortion?!

MORGAN

Yeah.

FYN

Morgan...

MORGAN

I know.

It's not about you.

You didn't influence me.

Really.

I researched, I talked to my tarot cards, and decided I'm pro-life.

Pro my life.

WADE and FYN sigh with relief.

FYN
Okay.
Um, this could hurt.

MORGAN
I can handle it.
I've been through worse, emotionally, so...
MOTHER OF PEARL.

MORGAN falls to her knees.

FYN
We need a bathroom/

WADE
WE NEED A DOCTOR!

MORGAN
I'm okay/

WADE
I'm a Dr. of Literature but/

MORGAN
I just can't move.

FYN
We'll do it live.
Anyone have a beach towel?

A beach towel has been placed under the chair of
an audience member in the front seat.

WADE
Thank you so much, you're the best.

FYN
This is happening, people!

WADE

(Proudly, like "we're having a baby")
We are having an abortion!

FYN and WADE hold up or drape a beach towel
around MORGAN.

MORGAN
Just give me a moment of silence.

WADE
(To others)
Just go around, march around us.

FYN
Wade?

WADE
Yeah, Fyn?

FYN
I'm sorry I only see you as a friend.

WADE
It's not your fault.

FYN
For the record, I don't see many people "as a friend."
You're a good person.

WADE
I'm sorry I got your girlfriend pregnant.

FYN
Shit happens.

WADE
Yeah.

Feeling the weight of the moment, WADE takes
this cue to lean in for a smooch.

FYN, who was probably on their phone, jumps back.

FYN
Dude??!?!

WADE
I just lost my job, what do you want from me?!

FYN
Uh...um.
Shit, man.
Are you okay?

WADE
I'll survive.

MORGAN
Ahhhhhhhhh!!!

FYN
Morgan! Are you okay?!

MORGAN
No wonder my mom hates me.
To go through this, and wind up with something so far from what you dreamed of.
I bet Mother Earth wishes she'd aborted us...

MORGAN screams or sings, or a storm
brews, cooling off the parade.

WADE is openly weeping.

FYN waits anxiously.

Finally, MORGAN emerges from the stall,
with....no tail. Human legs.

FYN
Baby, your legs?!

WADE

In public?!

MORGAN

Don't you sea?

We broke the curse!

FYN

You're not a mermaid anymore?

MORGAN

Of course I am, silly!

But now, I can decide, when I want to use my tail or my legs.

FYN

Mer-mazing.

MORGAN

I love you/

FYN

I love you.

WADE

And I love both of you.

MORGAN

/We appreciate that, Wade/

FYN

/We know, Wade, thank you/

MORGAN

Pack it in, sardines.

The throuple hugs.

WADE

Should we...be a throuple?

FYN

That can...?

MORGAN

Be a larger conversation

FYN

Respectfully.

MORGAN

Ethically.

WADE

Vibe received.

Can we get a cat?

FYN

After a beat)

We can probably raise a cat.

MORGAN and WADE cheer.

Lights.

El fin.

NOTE: For bows, Morgan should be wearing a
"Mermaid Queen" sash and crown.