

GARBIELA. The tour took fifteen minutes.

AMICUS. There's no tour.

GARBIELA. Fantine was my tour guide.

AMICUS. We don't have tour guides. She must have third period free. *(Beat.)* Why do you want to attend Doves Forge?

GARBIELA. I don't. I don't want to attend here. I wasn't even going to come to the interview but my dad gave me this. If you could just put your signature there, we could both get on with our day.

AMICUS. Why are you so set against coming here?

GARBIELA. It's going to be too hard for me. You can see the grades, the test scores. And the thing I hate most in life is effort. I'll just sit in the back and text.

AMICUS. We don't get reception here.

GARBIELA. I'll be so bored.

AMICUS. *(From her file.)* You seem to have put a lot of effort into drama.

GARBIELA. Yeah. And it's the one thing you're horrible at. You never rebuilt the theatre after the fire. Nine people go to your plays. You perform in the gym.

AMICUS. So you did do some research.

GARBIELA. If I think about an academic career here, what I'm thinking about is a muscly tutor named Omar who's exactly my age and lonely. I have ambitions in life but they involve drinking. This place is wonderful. Don't waste it on me.

AMICUS. Thank you. I think we're done here. *(As she goes.)* One more thing. How much do you drink?

GARBIELA. I don't. Yet. *(To the audience.)* Two days later, the decision came.

JACKSON. Congratulations! I'm so so proud of you.

GARBIELA. There's no way.

JACKSON. That must have been quite an interview.

GARBIELA. They got the name wrong.

JACKSON. No they didn't. They see something in you.

GARBIELA. I don't want to go. I'll miss Mogpin.

JACKSON. Mogpin's not going anywhere.

(And we've changed scenes: Kachina High hallways. STUDENT SOUNDS.)

MOGPIN. Your dad's right. Just because we're not going to the same school doesn't mean we're not gonna be friends. Does it?

GARBIELA. Of course not.

MOGPIN. Everybody at Kachina's gonna miss you.

GARBIELA. You know that's not true.

MOGPIN. You don't think? *(MOGPIN produces a large card.)* Then how did this happen?

GARBIELA. What's this?

(She opens it, is impressed by the tiny scribbling.)

MOGPIN. A card. Way more people wanted to sign it than could, cause some people wrote so much.

GARBIELA. Mogpin, thank you so much! This is so great. "We miss you already. —Lisa." "Can't wait to hear all about Doves Forge. —Raul." "The school's gonna shine a little less brightly without you. —Melissa." That doesn't sound like Melissa.

(She notices something.)

GARBIELA. The "n" in shine looks like the "n" in Mogpin.

MOGPIN. I don't see the resemblance.

GARBIELA. It's over here, too. And here. Did you forge all these signatures?

MOGPIN. No.

GARBIELA. Yes you did.

MOGPIN. No I didn't. The signatures are real. I only forged the inscriptions.

GARBIELA. The sentiment.

MOGPIN. Everybody likes you. They just don't know you.

GARBIELA. Mogpin, this is the nicest thing anyone's ever done for me. Thank you. I'm going to keep it forever.

MOGPIN. Pretty soon you'll have all new friends.

(A dark thought causes GARBIELA to make some sound of unhappiness.)

MOGPIN. What?