

like you are too cool to even be bothered and then the smallest thing gets you heated and you turn into a pissy little shit.

*Beat*

*A pause*

Daniel- Did you just call me a pissy little shit?...

*Chloe cannot help but smile a little.*

Chloe- Yeah...

Daniel- Wow. Okay.

*Daniel can't help but smile either.*

Daniel- Pissy little shit... damn.

Chloe- You know it's true. *laughing*

*Daniel starts to laugh too. When they settle they start to accept each other's points. Daniel knows he did Chloe wrong, and Chloe knows she asked a lot of him. A moment.*

Daniel- He's always on me. Did you read the chapter? Where's your essay? Get your Mom to sign this. You need to pay attention. You don't do nothing right. You don't pay attention. You don't care. You're disruptive. Bad influence. Lazy. Rude. Disrespectful. Pay attention!... I don't even open my damn mouth no more and he is still on me everyday. You know Mr. Lee straight up told me if we didn't get a good mark on this It would be my fault? He said "lucky you, got two of the best students in class in your group... don't bring their mark down".

Chloe- Well he's not wrong about that, Larissa would-

Daniel- I'm serious Chloe.

Chloe- I know...

START

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Daniel- You're smart Chole. You read shit and you just get it. You know how to make sense of information and use it to say something insightful. I'm not like that. I read about

this Simcoe dude for five minutes and my brain hurts. I hate it. I don't see the point of it. So when you were talking about switching up the assignment and doing more research and stringing together a bunch of other people's stories I just... I dunno I just couldn't even begin to see how that would come together. Then Larissa starts talking shit about how I'm a pity case. Even after I proved I put in the work she is sitting there telling me it's not good enough. Talking to me like I'm dumb. Reminding me that I am not smart like you and her. Talking down to me like I'm not doing my best so that you don't turn around and blame me for messing up your average... I got mad. So yeah, I guess I sabotaged your idea 'cause I was overwhelmed. I just wanted everyone to stop talking. I'm sorry...

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STOP

Chole- You aren't dumb Daniel. Sure maybe you don't learn the same way as I do but that doesn't make you dumb. You built a full size table in shop class, and you were like the first person to figure out all the design software programs in Media. Who cares if you can't remember shit you can look up on the internet anytime. You got skills. You might not be smart like me, but you got skills.

Daniel- Chiiiiiiiill.

Choe- Had to get that in there.

*A moment*

Daniel- Can I be real with you though?

Chole- Yeah...

Daniel- Larissa's kinda right. I mean she wrong for how she said it but she *is* right. You can't be out here trying to challenge the system and also trying to get a good grade. Chloe Cooley is incredible. She really is. And I like how passionate you are about her. But there isn't much else there. We don't want to waste all this time putting together what might end being a shitty presentation because we don't have enough research.

Chloe- So we never learn about Chloe? Or people like her? I don't know Daniel, that doesn't sit right with me. That's not how it should be. And yeah, it shouldn't fall to us to change it but if we don't who will? Mr. Lee is the only BIPOC teacher I've ever had in school and look at that list of suggestions of research topics he gave us, filled with white people. White people's history is centered in every part of this class. I don't know, maybe I am just realizing how much it bothers me now but it's wrong. I expected so much more from him.