

BEACHING IT

MARLENE: Ready at all times to have fun.

MARY: Ready to have fun, just not at all times.

SETTING: Scene opens at school; a warm day, in quad area.
Both girls are seniors; it is late September.

MARLENE: *(At a run, she grabs MARY by the arm.)* **We're outa here girl. Let's go.**

MARY: What?

MARLENE: Beach bound, we are beaching it today.

MARY: Now?

MARLENE: I love the present, why wait for the future?

MARY: Because in the present, we both have classes to go to.

MARLENE: Those classes will still be here tomorrow, the next day, the day after that, right up until that glorious day in June when we are declared free.

MARY: You might get declared free sooner than June if you start cutting classes this early in the year.

MARLENE: Girl, get a life. It's probably the last warm day of this year . . . If we don't take advantage of it now, if we don't grab it, live it, it will be gone.

MARY: Please.

MARLENE: I'm serious. We need to get out of here. I need to get out of here.

MARY: We've got class.

MARLENE: *(Tempting her)* **Joe's going.**

MARY: Where?

MARLENE: Well, I can guarantee you, not to class.

MARY: To the beach? With us?

MARLENE: Yes to both questions.

MARY: Omigod. Joe Morrow at the beach . . . in nothing but those white shorts.

MARLENE: Nothing but those white shorts and that

dark tanned skin, taut over rippling muscles.

MARY: (*Losing herself in the vision*) The ocean water trickling over him . . . the blue of the sky reflected in the blue of his eyes.

MARLENE: The sunlight caught in his hair. His powerful body straining against the waves, coming closer to shore, to us, waiting there for him.

MARY: And me . . . in a bathing suit my mother picked out for me. No way. I am class bound.

MARLENE: Darn! I almost had you. C'mon, go with us.

MARY: Go without me. What's the big deal?

MARLENE: You have the car.

MARY: Very nice. What a good friend you are.

MARLENE: It's more than that, and you know it.

MARY: Marlene, the bell is going to ring, and WE are going to be late.

MARLENE: That is impossible.

MARY: How is it impossible?

MARLENE: You can't be late for something you have no intention of going to.

MARY: Fine, you go to the beach. I'm going to class.

MARLENE: You know, I have put up with this goody two shoes attitude from you for the last three years. Snap out of it.

MARY: I'm not going.

MARLENE: What is the deal here?

MARY: I'll get caught.

MARLENE: So, what are they gonna do? Spank you?

MARY: You lose a unit for every three cuts.

MARLENE: This is your first cut . . . in ALL THREE YEARS SO FAR!

MARY: I'll get in trouble.

MARLENE: No you won't.

MARY: Yes, I will. I always get caught doing this kind of thing.

MARLENE: What kind of thing?

MARY: Like the time you talked me into playing Destructo at the store.

MARLENE: What? What are you talking about . . .?

MARY: When you talked me into dive bombing our fingers into the candy bars at Vons. I got caught and you didn't and I got in trouble.

MARLENE: For heaven's sake, that was when we were eight years old.

MARY: There have been other times I can bring up.

MARLENE: Like when?

MARY: Like the time you talked me into going over to John Lee's house . . .

MARLENE: Never mind. Geez, you never forget anything, do you?

MARY: I try to keep in mind past history so I won't repeat it.

MARLENE: Listen to me. Even if we do get caught, you won't get in trouble. They will blame me for talking you into such a horrible crime, they will say how disappointed they are in you and, at worst, you'll get a detention. Not a bad price to pay to see Joe Morrow at the beach one last time before he starts to wear long pants and sweaters.

MARY: Detention, huh?

MARLENE: One lousy little detention.

MARY: What's it like?

MARLENE: Loser city. Take a book, keep to yourself, don't make eye contact with anyone. You'll be fine.

MARY: Joe is going for sure?

MARLENE: Uh huh.

MARY: I've only got Art and English Comp coming up.

MARLENE: Sheesh . . . You're cutting two lousy little classes. I've been gone the whole day.

MARY: Marlene . . . what is wrong with you?

MARLENE: We'll discuss my lack of discipline at the beach.

MARY: I am getting an A in both classes.

MARLENE: You're getting A's in all of your classes. It's your senior year. Live a little.

MARY: *(Looking at her)* You won't ask me to do this again, will you?

MARLENE: I promise.

MARY: OK.

MARLENE: YES!

MARY: But not again. I'm not cutting class again to go to the beach.

MARLENE: Never. *(Taking MARY's arm, leading her out.)* Ski season, however, is fast approaching. *(Looking around)* RUN!!

BORROWING

JAN: Age 17, attractive, older sister.

SUZI: Age 15, also attractive.

SETTING: Jan's bedroom.

SUZI: *(Heading for the closet)* Hey, Jan.

JAN: *(Without looking up.)* Hi. *(Notices SUZI rummaging through closet.)* What are you doing?

SUZI: Getting the grey jacket with the silver buttons. You know, the one I always wear with my black jeans.

JAN: You mean the one that you always take without asking to wear with your black jeans?

SUZI: *(In closet)* Yeah, that's the one . . .

JAN: You know, just once I wish you would ask before you take.

SUZI: Jan, the times I've worn it, you haven't been home to ask.

JAN: I'm home now.

SUZI: OK, fine. Can I please borrow your jacket?

JAN: No.

SUZI: Very funny. Is it in here or in the hall closet?

JAN: It's in there, but don't bother, because you can't wear it.

SUZI: You're kidding.

JAN: No, I'm not. I'm getting tired of always finding my clothes in your closet. Some of them I haven't even worn yet.

SUZI: Oh, come on. You borrow my clothes just as much as I do yours.

JAN: Oh, yes. All the oversized jackets I can use.

SUZI: You can use anything of mine you want to use. No one is stopping you.

JAN: Only the fact that I'm a size eight and you're a