

CHICKEN BONES FOR THE TEENAGE SOUP

by Alan Haehnel

Characters

KIMMY

KELLY

Scene

Kimmy and Kelly, dressed almost identically, are sitting together in a corner of the school cafeteria. The scene starts bubbly and ends homicidally.

KIMMY. Kelly, you are my very best friend. You are amazing.

KELLY. Kimmy, you know I feel the same way about you.

KIMMY. I will always love you. I mean it. You know, Bridget gave me one of her school pictures yesterday, one of the little wallet-sized ones, and she wrote on the back of it "best friends forever." But she doesn't really mean it. She was just writing that.

KELLY. She wrote that on mine, too.

KIMMY. No way.

KELLY. Yes way.

KIMMY. See, that's what I mean. Some friends go around writing that stuff and saying that stuff to everybody, but they don't mean it. But when I say it to you, and when I write it on the back of the 8x10 school photo I give you, you know I really mean it. "Kimmy and Kelly, best friends always."

KELLY. Forever.

KIMMY. And ever.

KELLY / KIMMY. Amen.

KIMMY. See? That shows what amazing friends we are, when we finish...

KELLY. Each other's sentences?

KIMMY. Yes! We're like one person...

KELLY. Inside two bodies?

KIMMY. Yes! I mean, sometimes when I'm talking to you I just feel as if I'm talking to myself.

KELLY. I know what you mean. And how many times have we worn practically exactly the same thing to school and we didn't even call each other?

KIMMY. I know it! We have the same tastes in foods, the same tastes in music...

KELLY. The same tastes in fashion, the same tastes in guys.

KIMMY. Yeah, we do, don't we?

KELLY. We're the luckiest two people on earth, to have each other as friends. That first day in kindergarten, the first day I met you, it was like a cloud just opened up and the sun came shining through and I knew we were going to be like twins.

KIMMY. Yeah. I remember that. We both had *Powerpuff Girl* coloring books. And what color was it that we both had missing from our crayon sets?

KELLY. Yellow.

KIMMY. Yellow. That was amazing. We both came in with exactly the same crayon missing.

KELLY. Fate.

KIMMY. Destiny.

KELLY. True, true friendship. We're going to the same college, aren't we?

KIMMY. You better believe it! We'll both major in psychology...

KELLY. And we'll graduate together and become famous psychologists...

KIMMY. And we'll have offices next door to each other! We'll call ourselves Kimmy and Kelly, Best Friends Psychology.

KELLY. I like that. That's perfect.

KIMMY. You're perfect, Kelly.

KELLY. So are you, Kimmy.

KIMMY. But you know what, Kelly?

KELLY. What, Kimmy?

KIMMY. If I ever catch you flirting with Marco again, all of that won't mean crap.

KELLY. What?

KIMMY. You know what I'm talking about!

KELLY. Hey, if anybody was flirting with anybody, he was flirting with me. Can I help it if he just happens to find me attractive?

KIMMY. Why he would find a fat cow attractive, I have no idea!

KELLY. Maybe it's because he's stuck with a bloated, self-centered witch!

KIMMY. Me, self-centered? Look who's talking, Miss Drama Queen!

KELLY. Oh, look in the mirror, why don't you? You make me sick!

KIMMY. Stay away from Marco!

KELLY. Make me!

KIMMY. I hate you!

KELLY. Not as much as I hate you!

(They grab one another by the hair.)

EMMA

adapted by Jon Jory
from the novel by Jane Austen

Characters

HARRIET, sweet and modest.

EMMA, wealthy, charming and vivacious.

Scene

Emma, a self-proclaimed matchmaker, is set on finding a suitable husband for her new friend Harriet. Though her brother-in-law and confidante Mr. Knightley discourages her, Emma has convinced Harriet to reject an offer of marriage from the respectable Mr. Martin and to instead seek the affections of Frank Churchill, who in turn has shown a marked interest in Emma. Emma and Harriet both have just separately discovered that Frank Churchill has been secretly engaged for some time.

HARRIET. Dear Miss Woodhouse, is not this the oddest news that ever was?

EMMA. What news do you mean?

HARRIET. About Jane Fairfax. Did you ever hear anything so strange? I met Mr. Weston just now and he told me.

EMMA. Harriet... He told you what?

HARRIET. That Jane Fairfax and Mr. Frank Churchill have been privately engaged this long while and are to be married.

EMMA. *(Amazed at HARRIET's cheerful and animated behavior:)* Yes, I see.

HARRIET. Had you any idea of his being in love with her? You, perhaps, might. You who can see into everybody's heart.

EMMA. Upon my word, I begin to doubt my having any such talent. Can you seriously ask me, Harriet, if I thought him attached at the very time I was—tacitly if not openly—encouraging you to give way to your feelings? You may be very sure if I had I should have cautioned you accordingly.

HARRIET. Me! Surely you do not think I care about Mr. Frank Churchill?

EMMA. You do not mean to deny that you gave me reason to understand that you did care about him.

HARRIET. Him!— Never, never. Dear Miss Woodhouse, how could you so mistake me?