

BOBBY. (*Notices Heather's manager off-stage.*) Your boss.

HEATHER. Is she?

BOBBY. They're just running some tests. I'm sure she's fine.

(Notices Heather's manager moving closer. He switches gears. HEATHER rises.)

BOBBY. I'm definitely interested but \$3,000 seems like a lot for a chair.

HEATHER. I don't think of it so much as a chair but as a horizontal massage experience.

(BOBBY smiles. HEATHER doesn't turn, but senses her manager leaving, off BOBBY's gaze.)

HEATHER. Gone?

(BOBBY looks, nods. She sits. Simply.)

HEATHER. I'll say a prayer. What's your mum's name?

BOBBY. You don't have to—

HEATHER. If you'd rather I didn't...

BOBBY. No, I didn't mean... Sue. Her name's Sue.

HEATHER. Sue. Got it.

(A beat.)

BOBBY. Thank you.

HEATHER. Sure.

(A slight beat.)

BOBBY. I gotta go.

(He starts to put his shoes back on, gather himself together.)

HEATHER. (*Rises.*) Off to work. So will we be shipping this to your home or office?

BOBBY. (*Rises.*) I didn't say—

HEATHER. Just joking.

BOBBY. Oh... I knew that.

HEATHER. Of course you did.

BOBBY. Right.

(He exits.)

SLIDE/OVER

by Melanie Marnich

Characters

SCOTT, a high school senior.

JAY, a high school senior.

Scene

Scott and Jay are members of a closely-knit group of friends. When the rest of their group departs for class, they sit down to share some coffee during their free period.

Author Note

This play is completely colorblind. If needed, you may change characters' names for the sake of authenticity or to make it right for your school.

Jay is not a cliché, one-dimensional cut-out of a gay girl.

(A high school hallway.)

(JAY and SCOTT stay and clean their lockers.)

JAY. Don't you have somewhere to go?

SCOTT. Not this hour. You?

JAY. Same.

(SCOTT takes a thermos out of his locker.)

SCOTT. Hey.

JAY. What.

SCOTT. Coffee?

JAY. Can you make a double-one-percent-three-shot-soy-protein-with-a-cherry-on-top grande chai?

(SCOTT holds up a thermos with a 'this okay?' look on his face. JAY nods, smiles. They sit on the floor a little distance from one another. Pour, pour, sip, sip.)

SCOTT. How'd your week go?

JAY. Great. Pretty much like any other week. Let's see...

Three new people learned my name...

One guy offered to cure me...

One girl commented on my eyesight...

Only two neighbors talked to my parents without pitying them (that's down from seven at this time last year), one uncle called to say, for the tenth time, that he's praying for me. And I received one letter from "an admirer." Translation: perv. The prank phone call was the best. It took me half the week to convince my parents that "rug muncher" is a new kind of vacuum.

How was your week?

SCOTT. Pretty quiet.

(Beat.)

Warmer-upper?

JAY. Sure.

(He fills their cups.)

I saw you and Julia outside today. How are you guys doing?

SCOTT. Fine. She won't be in school for a couple of days though.

JAY. Why not?

SCOTT. She's having about 93 percent of her body waxed. It's like elective surgery. There's a recuperation time. She has a doctor's excuse.

JAY. Women.

SCOTT. Can't live with 'em.

JAY. Can't live without 'em.

SCOTT. Don't take this the wrong way, but...

JAY. Oh God...

SCOTT. I'm not sure we'd be such good friends if you were straight. I mean—

JAY. I know what you mean. Just like I don't think we could be such good friends if you were a girl. Because then there'd be certain...

SCOTT. Factors.

JAY. Options.

SCOTT. Issues.

JAY. Tensions maybe.

(Sip, sip.)

SCOTT. *(Referring to coffee:)* Good. Isn't it? I mean for it not being a triple-dimple-hum-dinger-double-zinger-puff-ball of a coffee.

JAY. Hits the spot.

(Sip.)

SCOTT. But then again you're so cool that sometimes I wish you were straight.

(Beat.)

Was that stupid? I'm sorry. I'm an idiot. I'll pour hot coffee in my pants if you want me to.

JAY. No. No. It's cool. It's really...honest, you know?

SCOTT. I guess.

JAY. Because I know what you mean.

(Beat.)

Because sometimes I wish you were a girl.

SCOTT. There're a lot of things I'd do for you, but becoming a girl is not one of them.

(They laugh. Sip.)

(Holding up thermos:) Warmer-upper?

(She holds out her cup. He slides toward her and pours.)

JAY. Watch *Dawson's Creek* lately? *[Plug in a television show that's current.]*

SCOTT. I never miss it. I like to look at the girls.

JAY. Me too.

SCOTT. More?

(He pours.)

That one chick on there's really high maintenance.

JAY. She's my favorite.

SCOTT. More?

(She slides toward him and he pours.)

(Referring to coffee:) We might as well finish...

(He slides closer to her and is just about to pour the coffee when they kiss a little kiss. It surprises both of them.)

JAY. Does that mean I'm straight?

SCOTT. Does that mean I'm a girl?

JAY. I don't know.

SCOTT. I don't care.

(They kiss again.)