

GIRL TALK

TRICIA: Bubbly, a bit pushy.

LEAH: Quieter, unsure of herself.

SETTING: A nice public bathroom. The girls are discussing their dates.

TRICIA: *(Speaking as she enters)* So, what do you think of Bob? Are you in love or what?

LEAH: Tricia, I just met him. For goodness sake, give me some time here.

TRICIA: I know, but isn't he the cutest thing you ever saw in your life?

LEAH: He's OK.

TRICIA: OK? Leah, are you nuts? He's wonderful. He's funny, he's good looking, he's well built, he's smart. What's not to like?

LEAH: Tricia, I don't know. He's just not . . .

TRICIA: He's not James.

LEAH: I didn't say that.

TRICIA: You don't have to. I can see it on your face.

LEAH: I'm sorry, but I can't help it.

TRICIA: You're an idiot.

LEAH: Yeah, well.

TRICIA: You know, I don't know why I keep on trying to help you. It's a complete waste of time. Hand me that lipstick.

LEAH: Here. I never asked you to do it, you know.

TRICIA: I know. But as your best friend, it is my duty to try and help you get over that joke of a relationship you were in and move you on to someone better.

LEAH: Than James?

TRICIA: Leah, my cat is better than James, and he's been neutered. Which, come to think of it, wouldn't hurt James a bit.

LEAH: Triciaaaa. No, really. I don't understand why you don't like James. He never did anything to you.

TRICIA: Well, like the song says, "Girlfriend, what has he done for you lately?"

LEAH: It's not his fault that he's not here. He got a scholarship to Berkeley. What's he supposed to do? Say, "Oh, no, sorry, Dad. I have to turn down your offer to pay for all of my college up north. You see, my girlfriend is still in high school down in Fullerton, so I'll just wait until she graduates and go to Fullerton JC until then."

TRICIA: That's not what I mean, and you know it. I don't expect you to drop him 'cause he's not here. I . . . and all of your true friends, by the way . . . expect you not to become a nun.

LEAH: I have to be faithful.

TRICIA: *(Picking up LEAH's hand)* Let me see. No, no, I don't see a ring on that finger.

LEAH: Well, *(Taking her hand back)* that's just a matter of time.

TRICIA: Listen, idiot, that may very well be, but until then, have a good time.

LEAH: But . . .

TRICIA: No buts. You can't honestly stand there and tell me you think that James is sitting home every evening waiting for the moment you call, do you?

LEAH: I . . .

TRICIA: In fact, I bet if you called him right now, he wouldn't even be home.

LEAH: So, what if he's not. He's probably at the library studying or something.

TRICIA: Try the "or something."

LEAH: Besides, what am I going to say? "Hi, James, I'm here at the Velvet Turtle, yes, our place, on a date. I just wanted to check on you"? Very cool.

TRICIA: You don't have to tell him you're on a date, or even where you are. Just call and see.

LEAH: No.

TRICIA: Afraid?

LEAH: No.

TRICIA: Then do it.

LEAH: No.

TRICIA: That's what I thought.

LEAH: Think what you like. Besides, like you said, there is no ring on his finger, either.

TRICIA: Then why won't you give Bob a chance?

LEAH: I don't know. He's not my type.

TRICIA: Oh, yes, I can understand that. I can see how an intelligent, good looking, well-built senior considering a full ACADEMIC scholarship to Stanford wouldn't compare to James and his ITT technical institute aspirations.

LEAH: That's not fair. You know that James wants to be a computer repair person. They make very good money.

TRICIA: So do doctors. Which is what Bob is going to be. After, of course, he finishes his professional football career, which he has been scouted for.

LEAH: I know, I know. Bob is perfect, Bob is wonderful. James is just a cog in the big wheel of life. But I love him.

TRICIA: Call him. see if he's there.

LEAH: NO!

TRICIA: What are you afraid of?

LEAH: Fine, I'll call.

TRICIA: Good, here's the phone.

LEAH: *(Dialing)* This is stupid. It's not going to prove anything at all.

TRICIA: Just call.

LEAH: It's ringing . . . and ringing . . . and ringing . . .

TRICIA: And ringing.

LEAH: Where the hell is he?

TRICIA: Probably studying . . . hee hee hee.

LEAH: That little . . . Oh, hello?

TRICIA: He's there?

LEAH: *(Shushing TRICIA)* Hi, James. Where were you? . . . Studying? *(To TRICIA)* See, I told you. *(Back to JAMES)* No, nothing, I just missed you. Where . . . uh, oh, Tricia and I went out to dinner. Oh, I'll tell her hi for you . . . This weekend? Of course I'll be home. Where do you think? On a date? Ha ha.

TRICIA: Oh, please, I'm getting ill.

LEAH: Will you shut up? Oh, no, James, not you. Yes, well, my mom will be very surprised to see this call on her credit card bill, so I better go. I love you, too. Yeah, see you Friday. James, we have to talk, OK? OK. Bye.

TRICIA: Well, the rest of this evening is going to be great fun, I can tell. You'll be mooning over James, Bob will be mooning over you, and Tom and I will eat everyone's dessert.

LEAH: No, it will be fine. Bob is kind of cute, isn't he?

TRICIA: What? Didn't you just tell James you loved him?

LEAH: Yeah, but for the first time, it didn't come naturally. I felt like I HAD to say it, you know? Something was missing when I just spoke to him.

TRICIA: What? Magic? Romance? Karma?

LEAH: No, silence.

TRICIA: Silence?

LEAH: Yeah, there were voices in the background. Female voices.

TRICIA: Uh oh. Maybe they live in the dorm.

LEAH: It's an all male dorm.

TRICIA: Uh oh. Are you OK?

LEAH: Yes. I feel sad that I'm not mad. I'm not

anything . . . except maybe hungry. Let's go back to the table.

TRICIA: You are so strange.

LEAH: Yeah, I know. So, Bob is going on a full scholarship to Stanford? Is he taking those incredibly broad shoulders with him?

TRICIA: Nasty girl. *(They exit, laughing.)*

GROWING UP

LIZ: Age 17

AMY: Age 14

SETTING: Kitchen, late morning. Amy is preparing breakfast for herself. Liz enters, glances at her sister Amy, ignores her and begins to prepare herself something to eat. Amy is blocking the bread, Liz reaches in front of her to get it, shoving her on the shoulder in the process.

AMY: I hope I'm not in your way here. *(LIZ ignores her.)*

Fine, whatever. You don't have to talk to me.

LIZ: I have no intention of talking to you at all.

AMY: Fine. I don't want to talk to you either.

LIZ: Then don't.

AMY: I won't.

LIZ: Good. *(They eat in silence for a minute or two.)*

AMY: So, how long are you going to be mad at me? *(LIZ ignores her.)* Liz, how long?

LIZ: Mmmmonnnnow *(This is "I don't know" mumbled.)*

AMY: Whatever. I don't care.

LIZ: Good.

AMY: I don't, you know. You can be mad at me for as long as you want, and I really won't care at all. I know I was right, and that is all that matters. So you be mad. You stay mad forever if that's what you want. I honestly don't care.

LIZ: Then why don't you shut up?

AMY: Fine, I will.

LIZ: Fine, do it.

AMY: I will. I don't have to talk to you either.

LIZ: Then don't.

AMY: I won't.

LIZ: *(Slamming her glass on the table, yelling)* GOOD! *(They sit in silence, AMY watching LIZ wipe up the drink she has spilled.)*