

JAY: I was the way I always was. You just started getting all tense about it. Why?

PAM: Why, Jay? Why? Because you don't "vibe" a girlfriend, Jay. You don't come half an hour late without calling a girlfriend, Jay. You don't watch other girls walk by with your girlfriend standing right next to you, Jay. That's why, Jay. OK?

JAY: I'd like to thank you for clearing that up for me, Pam.

PAM: Fine.

JAY: Good.

PAM: Fine.

JAY: So, hey, I'm glad we're back to being friends. Aren't you?

PAM: *(Sarcastically)* Oh, hey, it's swell. *(They sit in silence for a bit, sneaking glances at one another. JAY smiles and then PAM slowly does the same.)*

JAY: Face it, we're better friends than lovers.

PAM: You can say that again, especially with you.

JAY: Oh, unkind. *(They laugh for a moment.)* I wasn't bad, was I?

PAM: What do you mean?

JAY: You know? The lover part?

PAM: We didn't do enough for me to make that kind of judgment.

JAY: Well, hey, for the sake of research . . . *(He reaches for her.)*

PAM: No, thanks. We'll let the question go unanswered.

JAY: But now you'll never know.

PAM: I'll live. *(They smile at each other, almost starting to hug, but don't.)*

JAY: C'mon, summer school and computer class await.

PAM: My life is a full one.

JAY: Of course, I'm in it.

PAM: The ego of the man. Let's go if we're going.

SIBLINGS

BOBBY: A big brother concerned about his "little sister's" ability to deal with men.

LINDA: His 15-year-old sister "just growing up," but confident.

CAST: The entire scene takes place in Linda's bathroom. Most of it will probably be played to each other in the mirror. Linda should be putting on finishing touches while Bobby messes with her stuff.

BOBBY: *(Calling from Off-stage)* Linda, where are you?

LINDA: *(Calling out)* I'm in here.

BOBBY: *(Entering)* Hi. Whatcha doin'?

LINDA: Getting ready.

BOBBY: *(Looking at her)* You better hurry. You haven't got that much time.

LINDA: I'm almost done.

BOBBY: You are? Oh.

LINDA: What? Bobby, what? *(Looking at herself in the mirror)*

BOBBY: Nothing. Is that what you're wearing?

LINDA: You don't think I should?

BOBBY: I didn't say that. I just asked you if that is what you plan to wear.

LINDA: Well, I've got it on, so I guess I had planned to wear it.

BOBBY: Oh.

LINDA: Oh again? What is it with the "Oh"?

BOBBY: Nothing.

LINDA: It's not dressy enough, is it?

BOBBY: No . . . I didn't say that.

LINDA: You don't have to. I can see it in your eyes. I look like the pig of the forest, don't I?

BOBBY: Linda, you look fine, honest.

LINDA: Really?

BOBBY: Yes. How are you going to do your hair?

LINDA: It's done.

BOBBY: Oh.

LINDA: Oh? Oh again?

BOBBY: Calm down, Linda. You look great.

LINDA: Why are you here? Did you come in here just to drive me crazy?

BOBBY: I came in here to help you get ready.

LINDA: Robert, thank you, but your kind of help I don't need. You are making me crazy.

BOBBY: So, I'll just sit here and talk.

LINDA: About what?

BOBBY: About tonight.

LINDA: Rules review?

BOBBY: Just a brief one.

LINDA: *(Looking skyward)* Oh Lord, give me the strength to get through this night without killing him. *(Back at BOBBY)* OK, rule number one, both feet on the ground at all times.

BOBBY: And why?

LINDA: Because if both feet are on the ground, nothing can happen . . . unless you are very limber.

BOBBY: That's not funny, and I am sure Mom wouldn't think so either.

LINDA: Out! Get out of my bathroom and let me get ready.

BOBBY: When we're done with the review of the rules . . . until then, put on your eye stuff.

LINDA: You mean mascara.

BOBBY: What ever you call that black crud.

LINDA: It's on!

BOBBY: Oh.

LINDA: OH! What is it with you and oh? Darn it, what did I do with that mascara?

BOBBY: Rule number two?

LINDA: *(Paying no attention to him, touching up her eyes.)* Carry money.

BOBBY: Why?

LINDA: *(Getting exasperated)* In case Rick wants to get wild, I can chip in for the room at the Big Six Motel and Grill.

BOBBY: Linda, are you going to take this seriously or not?

LINDA: NOT. Bobby, this is stupid. I am fifteen years old, not five. I can take care of myself.

BOBBY: OK, you're fifteen, but it's your first real date . . . in a car with a guy who's almost 18 . . .

LINDA: He turned 17 last week, and I will be 16 next month.

BOBBY: That is beside the point.

LINDA: Would you please tell me what the point is so I can get ready without you standing here the whole time.

BOBBY: The point, my innocent, naive, young sister is, I know what guys are like. I too, am a guy.

LINDA: So? Rick is a lot like you.

BOBBY: Then you are definitely not going out with him.

LINDA: The difference is, I am not like the bimbos you prefer to associate with . . .

BOBBY: Bimbos? Who have I ever gone out with that was even a little bimbo-like?

LINDA: Does the name Erin ring a bell?

BOBBY: Erin is a nice girl. Warm, friendly . . .

LINDA: Yeah, friendly with about half of the football team.

BOBBY: Which brings me to my other point . . . Rick is part of THAT half of the team. *(His eyebrows wiggle meaningfully.)*

LINDA: What? He . . . with Erin? *(BOBBY nods.)* Oh, you

don't know for sure. And they say women gossip.

BOBBY: It ain't gossip when it's true.

LINDA: Were you there? Did you SEE anything?

BOBBY: I heard that . . .

LINDA: You heard. Forget it then. Heard . . . you should hear what they say about you.

BOBBY: Like what?

LINDA: You are a male tramp.

BOBBY: For a guy, that's not so bad. But you are a girl, and my little sister. I don't want anyone talking like that about you.

LINDA: Bobby, I am touched by your concern, but please, get out of here so I can finish.

BOBBY: Where is he taking you?

LINDA: First to dinner and then we might go to the beach.

BOBBY: The beach?

LINDA: Is something wrong with that?

BOBBY: Only that the beach is the biggest make-out place in the world.

LINDA: *(A sly smile)* Is it?

BOBBY: What does that mean?

LINDA: I know what the beach is, Bobby, and I intend to have a very gooooood time.

BOBBY: You are not leaving this house.

LINDA: Don't be ridiculous. There, how do I look?

BOBBY: Fine, but a little overdressed to stay at home, 'cause you are not going out with some jerk who plans on taking my little sister to the beach to do god knows what.

LINDA: Get a life, Bob. *(The doorbell)* He's here.

BOBBY: Old Richard and I are going to have a little chat before you two leave.

LINDA: Don't you dare.

BOBBY: I'm not going to embarrass you. I just want to

talk to him for a minute. *(He pushes up his shirt sleeves and exits.)* Hey, Rickster, you're taking out my little sister, huh? Let's talk.

LINDA: *(Alone On-stage)* I'm dying. First I'm going to kill him and then I am going to die. *(As she exits.)* Hi, Rick. Ignore my brother. He's been off his medication for too long.