

ANNIE. Thanks, Taylor. I like your tux.

TAYLOR. Thanks. Oh, I almost forgot. I brought you, uh, just as second.

(Takes a single rose from the center of the corsage.)

This is for you.

ANNIE. Thank you. *(Tucks flower behind ear.)* It's perfect.

TAYLOR. Just like you. Now, why don't we get to dinner. We're probably late for our reservation. What time did you make it for?

ANNIE. Um, about that reservation...

Characters

REBECCA, slightly odd, well-meaning, quiet.

CHRIS, her best friend, gothic, geeky but at home with his geekiness, shorter than she is.

Scene

Rebecca, unpopular and practically friendless, has just announced to a crowded, surprised lunchroom that she's holding a kegger at her house Friday night while her parents are out of town.

(REBECCA holding a flyer. CHRIS walks up to her, takes the flyer from her. He has a dry sense of humor, likes her. Free period, it's a nice day.)

CHRIS. *(Looking at the flyer.)* The smiley faces are a nice touch.

REBECCA. It's too much. Isn't it.

CHRIS. No, I'm sure these smiley faces will beckon them.

(He holds the paper in front of her face, talking with funny voice.)

"Hello, come to Rebecca's party!"

REBECCA. *(Amused, embarrassed.)* Shut up.

CHRIS. They're cute.

REBECCA. Thanks.

CHRIS. I don't know why you had to do it at lunch. Announce the party. Why not just invite the people you *know*.

REBECCA. I don't know anybody.

CHRIS. You know *me*.

REBECCA. Other people. People who aren't you.

I'm about to graduate and no one here *knows* me.

I wanted to leave with people knowing me.

CHRIS. You know, if people don't—if they don't show up, that's ok, right?

REBECCA. What do you—

CHRIS. I'm just saying, hey, another night of watching the DVD extras on *Lord of the Rings* wouldn't kill you.

REBECCA. Jessica's coming.

CHRIS. Oh. Right.

REBECCA. She said she would.

CHRIS. She had that party a month ago and she didn't invite *you*.

REBECCA. That was different. That was a function. For one of her clubs.

CHRIS. Is Amy coming?

REBECCA. I dunno.

CHRIS. 'Cause if it's not cool enough for Amy, it's not going to be cool enough for Jessica. They share the same liver or something.

REBECCA. *(Slightly amused:)* Stop it.

CHRIS. No, really. I think they're Siamese twins, like those Iranian sisters that were connected at the head.

(He leans his head against hers.)

Let's walk around like this for a day.

(She pushes him away.)

REBECCA. They died, you know. Because there was some vein that they both needed. Their mother said that they died happy because it was their dream to be separate.

CHRIS. Maybe it wasn't the dream of both of them. Maybe one of them wanted to be separate and the other would've been perfectly happy to stay as she was. Maybe they had a hard time separating their dreams because they shared the same head.

REBECCA. She's my best friend.

CHRIS. I thought I was your best friend.

REBECCA. She's my first best friend. OK? You know that glass globe on the mantle in the living room? She gave that to me when we were ten. She had one just like it and I used to play with it at her house when we'd play make-believe.

She knew how much I wanted it and she saved up to buy one just like it. So we could be the same.

CHRIS. Her mother probably bought it for you.

REBECCA. She saved up, she told me. So I could have one too. That's the kind of person she is.

CHRIS. That's the kind of person she *was*.

REBECCA. She *said* she was coming.

CHRIS. Then she's coming.

(He leans his head against hers, Siamese twin style.)

Just for the day.

(She rolls her eyes and walks offstage.)

(Walking after her:) Just for the day!