

TOM: What does that mean?

SAM: I think I'm only friends with you because you're "popular." We're not friends at all. We're both users.

TOM: Fine, we're both rotten users. Let me use your work.

SAM: Today I will. *(He hands it over to TOM, who begins copying quickly.)* But no more. I don't want to do this anymore. It doesn't feel right.

TOM: So you're saying it would "feel right" if we were better friends? Isn't that a little hypocritical?

SAM: I don't know. I guess. But I do know that I am not doing your work for you anymore.

TOM: *(Furiously copying)* Whatever. Does this mean you don't want me telling my parents that I'm over at your house when I'm not?

SAM: You could say that, yes.

TOM: And you don't want to go out with me on the weekends?

SAM: I didn't say that.

TOM: I thought you said we weren't friends.

SAM: Not like real friends. More like party partners.

TOM: Party partners. I can live with that. Think we could ever be real friends?

SAM: *(As they are walking off.)* Probably not.

REHEARSAL

RYAN: The director of the scene, annoyed with his two scene mates because they won't work.

BOBBY: One of the actors in the scene for drama one. Wants to work, but is irritated with the whole situation.

EDDY: "Hey, it's just drama one, who cares" is the byword of this boy.

SETTING: The stage is bare for a moment when Ryan enters carrying two chairs. He calls off stage to Bobby and Eddy.

RYAN: *(Entering the stage)* Let's go in here. There's no one in here and we can get some work done.

BOBBY: Fine with me.

EDDY: Me, too.

RYAN: Let's start at the top of the scene and run it through from there.

EDDY: Why don't we start from where we left off yesterday?

RYAN: Because I am the director and I want to start at the top.

BOBBY: I can feel a power trip coming on.

RYAN: No power trip here. We just have work to get done and for once I'd like to get a decent grade on a scene.

EDDY: Whatever, man.

RYAN: You know, Eddy, what I don't understand is why you are even in this class.

BOBBY: Ryan, just kick back, OK?

RYAN: Bobby, you kick back before I kick your butt, OK?

EDDY: What is with you? Lately all you do is jump all over us. It's just a stupid drama scene, for god's sake.

RYAN: Like I said, Eddy, why did you take this class? You bring down every scene you are in.

EDDY: It's drama, guy, not calculus. We don't need it to graduate.

RYAN: Then why didn't you take something else? Like ROP?

BOBBY: Can we just get going here?

EDDY: Really. Let's just start this stupid thing.

RYAN: Fine. Get where you're supposed to be at the top of the scene.

EDDY: *(Moving to his spot)* I'm here, right?

RYAN: You don't know?

BOBBY: Jeez.

RYAN: Bobby, do you know where you're supposed to be?

BOBBY: At lunch.

RYAN: Funny, Bob, very funny.

BOBBY: You asked.

EDDY: You know, we ARE giving up our lunch for you.

RYAN: It's your grade, too. And if you two had worked in class we wouldn't be here at lunch trying to save this scene.

EDDY: What do you mean, "If you two had worked?" Are you saying you did?

RYAN: At least I had my stuff ready to go. all of my blocking was done on the first day. You still don't have your lines memorized and we go on next period.

BOBBY: My lines are memorized.

RYAN: Since when?

BOBBY: Last night. My mom worked with me.

RYAN: Well, at least I can count on you.

EDDY: Hey, I'll be fine up there. My natural talents will bring it all together.

RYAN: Bull. What are you planning to do? Improvise your lines?

EDDY: I've got the general gist of what they are.

BOBBY: Just be sure to give me my cue lines, OK?

EDDY: Bobby, my man, you should not feel so hung up on the written word. It should merely be a springboard for your natural talents to shine.

RYAN: Oh shut up and let's try this from the top, OK?

EDDY: I'm ready.

BOBBY: Do you think that this once we could run it without you stopping us every other line, Ryan?

RYAN: I'm the director, I'm supposed to direct you.

EDDY: You know, you are always blaming us for this scene not coming together. I think it's your fault, not ours.

RYAN: What?

EDDY: Seriously, look how many times have we been through it without stopping? Bobby, tell him.

BOBBY: Never.

EDDY: See?

RYAN: That's because you never do it how I want it done.

EDDY: Did it ever occur to you that how you want it done isn't the right way?

RYAN: But I am the director.

BOBBY: I don't think that makes you god, does it, Eddy?

EDDY: Not the last time I checked the bible.

RYAN: This is stupid. Just get where I told you to be at the start of this and let's go.

EDDY: Just trying to give some helpful hints, my friend.

BOBBY: *(Getting into character of Felix in Odd Couple)* "Oscar, where have you been? I called the office, no one answered."

EDDY: *(As Oscar, but forgetting his line.)* "I, uh . . . are you finished? Then smile . . ."

RYAN: Oh fine, that's just great. So you cut the whole scene and skip to the end . . . two lines into it.

BOBBY: Come on, Eddy, you know the lines, don't you?

EDDY: I'm telling you, I'll be fine in front of an audience.

RYAN: You are going to suck in front of an audience.

EDDY: Listen, man . . .

BOBBY: No, you listen.

EDDY: *(Surprised at this sudden outburst from quiet BOBBY.)* Excuse me?

BOBBY: You listen, you jerk.

RYAN: Tell him, Bobby . . .

BOBBY: You shut up, too. I'm sick of both of you and your arguing. This may "just be drama" to you, Eddy, but I like it and I took it because I like it. I also care about my grades.

RYAN: Me, too, Eddy . . .

BOBBY: And you, big mouth, you do nothing but complain. I swear if you had spent half of the time you put into arguing and whining into actually directing this scene, maybe we'd have something.

RYAN: Hey, just a minute . . .

BOBBY: No, you wait just a minute. I am sick of listening to you two bitch at each other, like a couple of freshman girls. You either get it together right now, or I walk. And if I walk, this scene will definitely get an "F".

EDDY: Bobby, it's just drama one.

BOBBY: Obviously you just don't care. *(Turning to RYAN)* I say we kick him out of the scene, ask the teacher for an extra day and work on this tonight at my house.

RYAN: You want to?

BOBBY: I don't want to fail this class.

RYAN: OK with me. What time?

BOBBY: Right after school?

RYAN: Can I get a ride with you?

BOBBY: Meet me at my car after sixth period.

EDDY: Wait a minute.

RYAN: What?

EDDY: What about me?

RYAN: *(Looking at BOBBY who nods approval)* You're fired. Come on, Bob, lets go talk to the teacher. *(They leave the stage, EDDY stands alone.)*