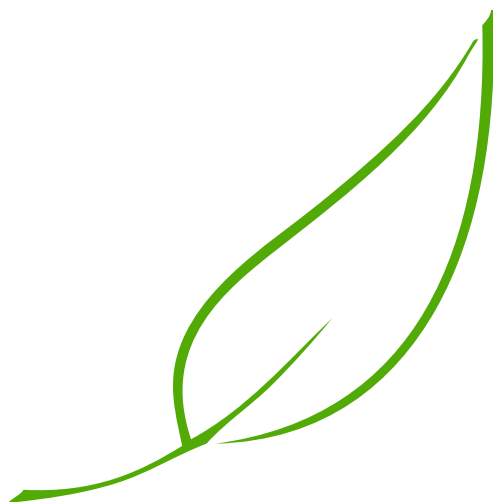


OH GROW UP!

by Ken Bradbury



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(Gretchen paces impatiently ... after a bit, Jackie enters)

JACKIE: There you are. Gretchen, is this gonna take long?
I've got cheerleader practice in ...

GRETCHEN: Sit down, Jackie.

JACKIE: What for?

GRETCHEN: Just sit down.

JACKIE: But I don't have time to ...

GRETCHEN: Sit, Jackie! Sit! *(Jackie sits, crosses her arms, a bit miffed but curious)* I've wanted to have this talk for a long time.

JACKIE: What talk? We aren't talking, you're talking, and if I'm not at cheer practice in ten minutes they have to find a new bottom for their pyramid.

GRETCHEN: Oh thou of small thoughts and childish concerns.

JACKIE: Are you sick? You didn't eat the tuna today, did you? *(standing)* Gretchen, you should never, never eat the school tuna.

GRETCHEN: Sit, Jackie! *(she does)* Tuna fish is not my problem, my friend. It's you! And me!

JACKIE: I had the cheeseburger. I didn't touch the tuna.

GRETCHEN: Could you possibly manage to just stop talking for one moment and listen to me?

JACKIE: Eight minutes. I now have only eight minutes.

GRETCHEN: Good. Then listen for two. Jackie, it's time we both grew up. *(a silence. Gretchen looks off into the distance as if she's just come down with this from Mt. Sinai. Jackie just stares.) (finally)* Well?

JACKIE: Well, what?

GRETCHEN: Well, you do agree or not?

JACKIE: How should I know? I don't even know what you're talking about!

GRETCHEN: We've got to grow up!

JACKIE: You just said that. I heard what you what you said, I just have no idea what in the heck you mean!

GRETCHEN: You see this? You see what we're doing? We're arguing! There! A perfect example of what I'm talking about.

JACKIE: *(rises to leave)* I've got to go.

GRETCHEN: Don't move from that chair! This is serious, Jackie! This could change our lives forever!

JACKIE: You've lost your mind, haven't you? You've taken something or swallowed something or something came to you in a dream or your hormones are out of balance but something's made you completely nuts.

GRETCHEN: *(going to her, desperate)* Jackie, this is no joke. I'm not crazy. I was walking down the hall yesterday when the most amazing revelation just came to me! And I had to share it with you, my best friend in the world!

JACKIE: You're flunking math? Gretchen, I've told you that I can help you with that if you ...

GRETCHEN: I am not flunking math! This is bigger than math! It's as big as life itself! We ... you and I ... have got to grow up. *(putting her back into her chair)* Look, work with me on this ... try to follow me. Everywhere we go, people tell us to grow up. You ask your mom if you can have a certain CD or outfit or concert tickets and she looks and what does she say?

JACKIE: "Oh grow up."

GRETCHEN: Right! Yes! Yes! We get caught passing notes in English or we forget to bring our shorts to P.E. or we make too much noise in the lunch line and somebody always turns to us and says ...

JACKIE: "I wish you girls would just grow up!" But Gretchen, that's normal! We're still kids!

GRETCHEN: Then! Then it happened! ... I mean the thing that just slammed me on the head as I walked down the hallway.

JACKIE: You got slammed on the head? No wonder you're acting so ...

GRETCHEN: The idea, Jackie! The idea! It hit me just after I'd talked to Blake about the dance this weekend. I told him that I'd be there and you'd be there and if he and Charlie wanted someone to hang around with...

JACKIE: You didn't tell him that!

GRETCHEN: I did! I told him! Live with it, Jackie! You know what he said to me? Do you know what he said to me, Jackie?

JACKIE & GRETCHEN: "Oh grow up(?)!"

JACKIE: I can't believe you'd just come out and ask him, Gretchen!

GRETCHEN: I had to, Jackie! Sarah Boren was heading right toward him and Charlie. I had to do something.

JACKIE: I can never show my face again.

GRETCHEN: That's not the point, Jackie! That's the way a girl would handle the problem!

JACKIE: I am a girl!

GRETCHEN: It's bigger than that! We've got to learn and grow from our mistakes! Jackie! We've got to grow up! *(a big silence as Gretchen stands there in complete consternation and Jackie mulls this over) (finally...)* So. You ready?

JACKIE: To choke you?

GRETCHEN: To grow up, Jackie. Are you ready to grow up?

JACKIE: I'm ready to throw up. This whole thing makes me sick at my stomach.

GRETCHEN: Typically girl.

JACKIE: I am a typical girl, Gretchen! I can't do things that aren't typically girl because I am typically a girl!

GRETCHEN: Right now. Yes. But let's think about tomorrow. Tomorrow ... when we walk into this school as mature young women, wise to the ways of the world, refined in our actions, our moods totally controlled, and living examples of womanhood.

JACKIE: *(a long pause, then)* By tomorrow?

GRETCHEN: Tonight if we hurry.

JACKIE: This is crazy.



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