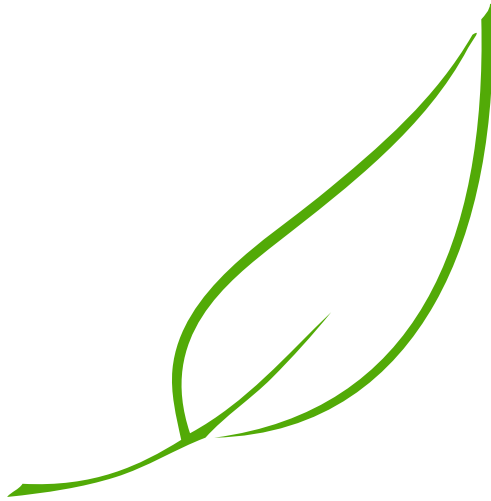


FOREVER, WITH RESERVATIONS

by Ken Bradbury
and Robert L. Crowe



GREEN ROOM PRESS

greenroompress.com

Copyright Notice

CAUTION: Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that this Work is subject to a royalty. This Work is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America and all countries with which the United States has reciprocal copyright relations, whether through bilateral or multilateral treaties or otherwise, and including, but not limited to, all countries covered by the Pan-American Copyright Convention, the Universal Copyright Convention and the Berne Convention.

RIGHTS RESERVED: All rights to this Work are strictly reserved, including professional and amateur stage performance rights. Also reserved are: motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video or sound recording, all forms of mechanical or electronic reproduction, such as CD-ROM, CD-I, DVD, information and storage retrieval systems and photocopying, and the rights of translation into non-English languages.

PERFORMANCE RIGHTS AND ROYALTY PAYMENTS: All amateur and stock performance rights to this Work are controlled exclusively by Green Room Press. No amateur or stock production groups or individuals may perform this play without securing license and royalty arrangements in advance from Green Room Press. Questions concerning other rights should be addressed to Green Room Press. Royalty fees are subject to change without notice. Professional and stock fees will be set upon application in accordance with your producing circumstances. Any licensing requests and inquiries relating to amateur and stock (professional) performance rights should be addressed to Green Room Press.

Royalty of the required amount must be paid, whether the play is presented for charity or profit and whether or not admission is charged.

AUTHOR CREDIT: All groups or individuals receiving permission to produce this Work must give the author(s) credit in any and all advertisement and publicity relating to the production of this Work. The author's billing must appear directly below the title on a separate line where no other written matter appears. The name of the author(s) must be at least 50% as large as the title of the Work. No person or entity may receive larger or more prominent credit than that which is given to the author(s).

PUBLISHER CREDIT: Whenever this Work is produced, all programs, advertisements, flyers or other printed material must include the following notice: ***Produced by special arrangement with Green Room Press.***

COPYING: Any unauthorized copying of this Work or excerpts from this Work is strictly forbidden by law. No part of this Work may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form, by any means now known or yet to be invented, including photocopying or scanning, without prior permission from Green Room Press.

Forever, With Reservations

by Ken Bradbury and Robert L. Crowe

Forever, With Reservations

by Ken Bradbury and Robert L. Crowe

SCENES AND CHARACTERS

ACT ONE

Scene 1: THE BIG SWITCH: Joel, Rick, Trina, Suzie

Scene 2: CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOCK: Lee

Scene 3: STOWAWAYS: Hannah, Sherry

Scene 4: CAMP OOMYGOSHA: Hackman, Mandy, Brunhilda

Scene 5: LOVE'S LABOR: Rick, Greg

Scene 6: MT BEST FRIEND: Trish

ACT TWO

Scene 1: A REAL BEAUT!: Parks, Beulah, Mrs. Floss, Betty, Melinda

Scene 2: THE SUMMIT: PIKE: Everest

Scene 3: MORNING COFFEE: Mother, Father, Leonora, Max, Ruff (the dog)

Scene 4: THE RUNAWAY: Mike

Scene 5: ON THE AIR: Parker, Strobe

Scene 6: VARIATIONS: Jenna, Dustin, Paul, Matt

ACT I

Scene 1: THE BIG SWITCH

(The two boys are in a house. They enter.)

JOEL: This is it. This is the dumbest. I mean, you've talked me into some pretty stupid stuff before, but nothing ... Nothing beats this!

RICK: Hey, it's gonna be fun.

JOEL: It's gonna be stupid ... that's all! Just stupid!

TRINA: *(at another place in the acting area, sitting, "driving a car" beside Suzie.)* Tell me again.

SUZIE: Trina, I've explained it a hundred times.

TRINA: I know. And I still don't believe it. Tell me again. I couldn't possibly be doing something this insane. Make me feel better. Tell me I'm dreaming.

SUZIE: You're not dreaming, Trina. You're going to prom. With Joel. Just like you planned ... it's just that this time it'll be a little ... you know ... different.

JOEL: I feel like a real idiot.

RICK: Feel however you want, you look fine. You'll be fine. Joel, this is gonna be a prom you'll remember for the rest of your life.

JOEL: A root canal. I had a root canal when I was six. I'll remember that for the rest of my life, too.

TRINA: You started this, didn't you?

SUZIE: Sorta ... but it was really Rick's idea.

TRINA: That stupid argument. You had to get in that stupid argument about dating.

RICK: Look, I just told her that the guy has to do all the work on a date while the girl has all the fun. You know what Suzie's like. We argue all the time.

JOEL: So how'd I get roped into this?

SUZIE: Trina, you're my best friend! We always double date! I had to get you involved because we're buds!

TRINA: Tonight could be the end of our friendship, Suzie. *(stopping the car)* Well, here we are.

RICK: Oh great. There they are. Now you remember what to do? The girls are gonna play the guys' part tonight and we're gonna do the girls stuff.

JOEL: If somebody has a camera I'm goin' home.

SUZIE: *(getting out of the car)* Okay ... Rick thinks girls have it so easy, let's give it a shot. We've washed the car, we bought them flowers and we made the dinner

reservations. All that's left is the date. (*she knocks on an imaginary door*)

JOEL: Oh no! They're here!

TRINA: I feel ridiculous standing here holding a flower for a boy.

RICK: Don't answer the door! Make 'em wait!

JOEL: Huh?

RICK: (*shouting out through the door*) Just a minute, girls! We're not quite ready! I spent two hours on this hair and I'm not going to be rushed!

JOEL: (*groans*)

TRINA: He's taking this serious, isn't he?

SUZIE: You know Rick.

RICK: Why don't you girls go out back and shoot baskets or something while Joel and I giggle a while?

TRINA: Real funny, Rick. You wanna open the door? People are driving by.

RICK: (*to Joel*) You look marvelous, Joel. (*shouting through the door*) Joel's been tanning all day! He looks great!

JOEL: Remind me to bust you in the nose when this is over.

RICK: He's just got to powder his nose!

SUZIE: Come on, Rick! The reservations are for six o'clock!

RICK: I'm hurrying! I'm hurrying! You just don't know what it's like, Suzie! First I had to get my nails done then Joel and I went shopping all afternoon and ...

SUZIE: Rick, open this door!

RICK: (*suddenly opening the door*) Well hello there!

SUZIE: Gosh, you guys look great!

RICK: Oh, this old thing? It's my brother's old confirmation suit. I just took it in a little.

SUZIE: So ... you ready? (*scratches her rear*)

TRINA: Suzie!

SUZIE: Remember, we're switching for tonight.

RICK: Very funny. Okay guys, let's go eat! (*they move to the car and Suzie, Trina, & Joel get in ...Trina and Joel in front with Trina driving. Rick stands there with his arms*

crossed.) Excuse me! I said, “Excuse me!” Shouldn’t somebody open the you-know-what for you-know-who?

SUZIE: I forgot. *(she quickly gets out and runs around to open the door for Rick)*

RICK: *(getting in)* Thanks.

TRINA: So ... we’ve got a few minutes to kill. Where you wanna go?

JOEL and RICK: *(look at each other a knowing moment, then in unison)* I-don’t-care.

TRINA: Oh, brother. I mean whatta you wanna do?

JOEL and RICK: *(another glance, then)* I-don’t-know.

TRINA: I can’t tell you how much fun I’m having.

SUZIE: So ... uh ... How ‘bout those Bulls? Think they got a chance this year, Trina? Whoa, look at that! A 357 hemi over and under turbo-charged GMC!

TRINA: Let’s go to the restaurant early while I’ve still got an appetite. *(she pulls the car over and Joel, Trina and Suzie get out, moving toward the restaurant ... Rick sits there smiling, tapping his foot)*

SUZIE: Oops. Sorry, sweetheart. Forgot again.

RICK: *(getting out)* Girls. They’re just so ... immature.

TRINA: *(talking to an unseen waiter)* Henley. A party of four.

RICK: *(to Joel)* I love parties, don’t you? *(they are “led” to their table ... formerly the car. They arrange the chairs to face inward as at a table. The former three sit as Rick stands and taps his foot.)*

SUZIE: Sorry. *(and he quickly moves to pull out his chair for him)*

JOEL: We gonna do this all night?

RICK: Oh, I hope so. This is the sort of night I’ve always dreamed of. Wait ‘til I tell my diary.

JOEL: I gotta go to the john.

RICK: Let’s go together!

JOEL: Huh?

TRINA: Oh brother.

RICK: Come on, Joel. We can freshen up and talk do some guy-talk. *(he pulls Joel offstage)*

TRINA: (*rising*) Suzie, this has gone far enough. People are starting to stare.

SUZIE: Trina, this has got to killing Rick. He's just putting on a show. Come on, let's make it tough on 'em.

RICK: Hi! It's us again! There was a line two blocks long at the men's restroom. Why is it always like that? (*Joel sits ... Rick stands and taps ... Suzie rises and seats him.*) So ... what are you girls having?

SUZIE: (*ala truck stop patron*) Geesh, I don't know. Dem cheeseburgers sure look good. Hey waiter! You got ketchup? I like lots of ketchup! (*stops*) Whoa. I think I gotta belch. Anybody care if I belch?

RICK: (*a bit embarrassed at Suzie's enthusiasm for the game, continues to look at his menu*) Gosh, I'm not very hungry. I think I'll just have a salad and water.

TRINA: We bring you guys to an expensive restaurant and all you eat is lettuce.

JOEL: Look Trina, I've got to watch my figure.

SUZIE: Ketchup! Hey waiter! Let's have some ketchup over here! I need somethin' to put on my breadsticks!

RICK: Suzie! (*catches himself*) I mean ... Joel, you wanna go the restroom again? It's been almost two minutes.

TRINA: (*jumping in on Suzie's tact*) Hey waiter! You serve Mountain Dew? It gives me gas when I drink it fast but I like the way it tickles my nose!

SUZIE: Here's the waiter. Where you been? Geesh. We should gone to McDonalds. (*Joel and Rick are embarrassed*) Okay ... so let's see what we got here? I'll take some Fillet MiG-Non steak ... a salad with Roakie-Fort dressin'... could I have extra onions? I like onions. And ... uh ... you got Tater Tots? Huh? Well just what kinda restaurant ain't got Tater Tots.

RICK: (*standing suddenly*) I broke a nail! Joel, come with me and ...

SUZIE: Sit down, honey! We gotta order. Hey watch me shoot the paper off my straw! (*she quickly tears off the end and begins to blow through the straw*)

RICK: (*grabbing the straw*) Please! We're in public!

TRINA: Hurry up and order. I think I'll loosen the lid on the saltshaker.

SUZIE: (*reading her menu*) What the heck is Es Car Gut?

JOEL: I have never been so embarrassed.

TRINA: Did you guys hear the one about the kid with the runny nose eatin' spaghetti!

RICK: (*standing and shouting*) Hold it! Time out! That's enough! We quit!

TRINA: You see, he was lookin' down in his plate and ...

RICK: I said "that's enough!" Boys aren't like that! You're exaggerating!

SUZIE: And you're not?

JOEL: Well ... maybe a little.

TRINA: This is a really bad idea, Rick. Let's go somewhere else to eat.

RICK: That won't be hard ... the waiter just asked us to leave.

JOEL: (*as they move to get up*) I'll get my own chair, thanks.

RICK: (*as they move out of the restaurant area*) Why is everybody looking at us?

SUZIE: Duh.

TRINA: That was the most embarrassing moment of my young and innocent life.

SUZIE: Let's just pick up a hamburger and go to the prom. (*offering her hand to Rick*) A draw?

RICK: (*taking her hand*) A draw. Hey, you know, it was fun though ...

SUZIE: Rick!

RICK: I mean, the look on the waiter's face!

JOEL: Shut up, Rick!

RICK: Hey look ... what if we went to the prom and pretended we couldn't see?

TRINA: Hit him, Suzie.

RICK: No look! We say that this sudden light came out of the sky and ...

JOEL: (*grabbing him*) I'll hold him, you pop him.

RICK: Stupid! How 'bout we all turned stupid?

SUZIE: Rick!

RICK: A disease? Look, I'll start coughing and twitching like this and ... *(the other three look at him in disgust and walk offstage, then)* Geesh, doesn't anybody want to have any fun any more?

THE END

Scene 2: CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOCK

LEE: You wouldn't know me. I'm sort of like a manifold intake valve, or a Freon coolant modulator ... those things you never see but are critical to the operation of a machine. I'm a computer chip. Yeh, I know I don't look like you expected. Everybody tells me that. Well, Que sera, sera. (*intentionally mispronounced as K-Sara, Sara.*)

You know, we chips have a lot of pride. The "cutting edge of technology" and all. It's a family thing. My great-great grandfather ... before he was junked ... was in an IBM 386. Very sophisticated for its time. Or, so the family album says. And, there are some .jpg (*pronounced j-peg*) pictures in the album of when Uncle Intel celebrated 100 megahertz. Quite a party ... or so the album says.

Oh ... Would someone watch the door? They really should have a password to get in.

Boing-ping! Yeh ... I'm programmed for sounds, but I don't know what they all mean. (*Throughout the presentation there are sounds made, without further explanation.*)

You know what I hate? Start up. Being asleep and then wham! It's like the alarm clock going off, only with a bolt of lighting attached. No warning. No one gently shakes you and says, "Good morning. I'm going to press the button now. Better open those sleepy eyes." Nothing warm and humane like that. It's, "Z-z-z-z-zapppp!" right to work. No coffee. No Ovaltine. Nothing civilized. You think you got it tough in the mornings? Ha!

I'm kind-of a glorified traffic cop. I don't know how many paths there are into a typical computer chip like me, but there's a whole bunch. And everything is so fast. When those little electrons ... or neutrons ... or morons ... or whatever they are, come through they are going at mach 7 ... and that's *fast*. Zip! Zip! I don't know where they're going most of the time, and they don't either. They watch to see what door opens and there they go. Sometimes they bounce around like a pinball

game, then make an exit. Zip! (waves) Good to see you. Come again!

Bing. Bong.

I went to computer school. You know my worst subject? Math. You know what I'm called upon to do all the time? Yeh ... you got it. That's somebody's law ... Archemedies or Arachnid ... or somebody like that: The more you hate long division, the more you're called upon to do it. Hey, I don't mind adding up a few columns for anyone, but some of these clowns are trying to re-write Einstein's Law of Collectivity.

Z-z-z-z-z-ip!

Warning! Warning! Warning! General Protection Fault. (smile) Ever get one of those? Let me give you the real scoop ... what's behind it. See, the electronic controller for the computer ... the grand Poo-bah of the mother board ... we call "The General." She ... that's right ... she, sometimes gets a headache because the inside of your computer is bombarded with these ... kryptons ... whatever. Anyway, when the traffic gets too heavy and she thinks she needs some protection from the work-load? She pulls the plug. She gets some protection ... define that as ... "rest." So, when you see the flash and hear the trumpets: "General Protection Fault" ... that's what's happening. The General is getting some protection because the computer is shutting down ... And, it's not your fault.

You just hear of some of the terms used for the computer, but you don't have to live with them. For example: It's named Random Access Memory. RAM for short. Know why? Same size computer. Same size computer chips. But! You can add more and more RAM. That's right. It shoves more information down our critical paths. RAMs it down, if you will. Sure, it doesn't bother you if we have to work faster.

Who-o-o-o-o-osh!

Speaking of Memory. It does happen every once in a while that I can't find something stored in memory. I just lose it. Sort of an electronic Alzheimers. No excuse. No explanation. It just happens. Let those of you who are without memory loss, take the first byte.

And ... you know what? People worship the idol of speed. And the idle is running faster: faster planes, faster cars, faster credit card transactions, and (*nods*)...faster computers. Measured in mega-hertz. Believe me ... when the speed gets mega? It hurts!

(*sneezes*) Ah –choo! Whoa! Where's the virus scan when you need one ...

"Ding-a-ling! You've Got Mail!" Oh! Let's read one. E-mail is supposed to be private, but we all know better. OK OK, we'll do that later. If the letter is about you, I'll just post it on the internet.

You ever notice how everyone else's job looks so easy? My job look easy to you? People designed this process. Think of all the decisions I have to make in a split second for all the stuff coming through. Almost everything eventually goes to the "C" drive ... which is also called the "hard" drive. Of course it's no harder than any other drive. It's the main storage drive of the computer. So ... why is it called "C"? Why didn't it get an "A"? or an "A+"? The CD-ROM drive is called "D" ... or sometimes "M" or maybe "E" ... same drive. Some computers have a "B" drive, and then there's the "A" drive, also known as the "floppy." Of course the floppy disk that goes in it, isn't floppy. It's more like paralyzed concrete. And, if you want me to shut down Windows ... you have to click the "Start" button. That's only a small part of things that people designed. Huh. Talk about "artificial intelligence"!

Whoo-o-o-o-sh ...

I don't want to sound like a know-it-all. You all know what a 56k modem is. The modem connects to the phone line, and 56k is the speed, called the baud rate. First there was 14.4k modem, then the 28.8, then the 56k ... which was supposed to be top-of-the-line. Now, there is cable, DSL, T1, satellite wireless and ... and ... sonar. It's faster and faster and faster transfer of data. The infatuation with speed has created a whole new field of discrimination for people. You just can't tolerate someone with a slow baud rate, can you! Hey ... if they have a 14.4 modem, you won't even talk to them!

Beep, beep.

Well ... I guess that'll do it. The date and time management system ... adjusted for daylight savings says that it's time for me to go. Rats! I gotta crawl back in there with the ... mouse ports and all. Anyway, I'm glad we had this chance to visit. In conclusion, I want to leave you with these very clear alternatives: Abort. Retry. Ignore.

THE END

Scene 3: STOWAWAYS

HANNAH: (*peeking her head into the area, then whispering behind her*) This is it! Come on in, you chicken.

SHERRY: (*unseen*) We're gonna get in trouble.

HANNAH: Only if you tell! Get in here, Sherry! I gotta shut the door! (*she drags Sherry bodily into the room ... Sherry stares wide-eyed and frightened*)

SHERRY: Hannah, I'm scared. Let's go ride bikes or somethin'. We're gonna get in trouble.

HANNAH: Face it Sherry, you're a coward. Ridin' bikes is stupid when we could be doin' this.

HANNAH: Oh, my gosh. I've never been in one of these places before, Sherry.

HANNAH: I've seen it a couple of times but this is the first time I stepped inside. Mom always told me to stay out.

SHERRY: What about Bruce?

HANNAH: Nothin' much. He said he'd kill me.

SHERRY: Oh.

HANNAH: (*moving around the room*) Wow! Would you look at all this stuff! It's like a museum or somethin'.

SHERRY: (*suddenly grabbing Hannah's hand*) Let's go Hannah. I don't like snoopin' around your big brother's room.

HANNAH: Relax, Sherry. He's at ball practice. Besides, what's the big deal? You've seen bedrooms before.

SHERRY: Not a boy's!

HANNAH: It's the same as a girl's. Just ... weirder. (*seeing something on the wall*) Holy cow! I wonder if Mom knows he's got those pictures?

SHERRY: Who is it?

HANNAH: It sure ain't grandma. Man, whoever it is, I'll bet she's cold. You think she couldn't afford regular clothes?

SHERRY: And what a weird place for an earring. (*sees something else*) Look at this ... it's like a little mountain or something.

HANNAH: That's Bruce's socks and underwear. He's a slob.

SHERRY: Okay, I've seen enough, let's go.

HANNAH: Hey, it was you who wanted to see what a boy's room looks like. You chicken?

SHERRY: Heck yes! (*tugging on her*) Come on, Hannah. Please! I've seen enough. Bikinis, socks, and underwear. That's all there is to a boy's life, now I wanna get out of here before ... (*stops ...listens*) ... What was that?

HANNAH: My arm. You just ripped it out of the socket.

SHERRY: Somebody's comin', Hannah. Hannah, there's somebody comin' toward this room! Hannah, it's Bruce and he's gonna kill us!

HANNAH: Don't be ridiculous! (*she peeks out the door*)

SHERRY: Who is it?

HANNAH: It's Bruce and he's gonna kill us.

SHERRY: I knew it!

HANNAH: Sherry!

SHERRY: I knew it! I knew it! Dead at 13! My life is over! No drivers license, no prom, no mid-life crisis! Nothin'! I'm dead!

HANNAH: (*grabbing her*) You're not dead, Sherry! You're hiding!

SHERRY: No, I'm not!

HANNAH: Yes you are! Quick! Under the bed! (*begins pulling on Sherry*)

SHERRY: I can't!

HANNAH: You gotta!

SHERRY: I don't like what's under beds! I can't even look under beds! There's ... stuff under there!

HANNAH: I'm gonna stuff you under there if you don't move it ... Now! (*She grabs Sherry and the two of them duck "under the bed."*)

SHERRY: I can't breathe! I can't breathe!

HANNAH: Why not?

SHERRY: 'Cause I'm holdin' my breath!

HANNAH: (*suddenly Hannah puts a hand over Sherry's mouth, holding her in a sort of head lock*) Shhh! (*their conversation now diminishes to a whisper*) That's Bruce's

feet! (*Sherry tries to speak, wide-eyed in horror, but Hannah's hand continues to stifle her.*) Holy cow! Bruce has four feet! Oh no! There's somebody with him! Sherry! (*Sherry mumbles*) Sherry!

SHERRY: (*finally pulling Hannah's hand loose from her mouth*) What!?

HANNAH: It's your big brother! (*and Sherry just gets the first squeal of a scream out of her mouth before Hannah muffles her again*) Don't scream! Listen! They're talkin' about basketball. Figures. Oh no! Bruce is takin' off his shoes! This is gonna be awful. His feet really stink!

SHERRY: (*pulling Hannah's hand away*) Would you let go of me?

HANNAH: Don't move! We gotta stay under here.

SHERRY: Well duh! Where would I go? (*reacts to something in her face*) Oh, yuck! (*moves to push it away*)

HANNAH: (*stopping her*) No! Don't push his shoe back out there! They'll know we're here!

SHERRY: It's gaggin' me!

HANNAH: Then suffer! (*reacts, sputters*) Ohh ... I got the other one.

SHERRY: He throws his socks under here and I'm gonna loose it. I swear I will. (*both girls are suddenly crushed from above and emit a painful "Umph!"*) (*barely able to get out the words*) They're ... sittin' ... on the ... bed!

HANNAH: Bruce is a lard butt.

SHERRY: I think he's cute.

HANNAH: He's still a lard butt. I can't breathe! Listen! He's pluggin' in his video game. Oh' no!

SHERRY: What's the matter?

HANNAH: Bruce gets excited when he plays.

SHERRY: So?

HANNAH: He ... (*and they both emit a huge "Umph!" and are jerked up and down violently*) ... bounces ... on ... the ... bed.

SHERRY: I can't stand this!

HANNAH: So whatta we do, make a break for it? You wanna let ‘em know we been hidin’ under their bed? (*the bouncing stops*) Hey listen ... what’re they sayin’?

SHERRY: It’s Mike. He’s talkin’ about ... me! He’s talkin’ about his little sister!

HANNAH: What’s he sayin’?

SHERRY: He says that I wasn’t home when he got back after practice. He said he ... (*and she stops*) ...

HANNAH: What? What’d he say?

SHERRY: (*she begins to cry*) He said that he misses seein’ me when we’re at school all day.

HANNAH: (*genuinely*) Aww ... that is so ...

SHERRY: (*in tears*) He said I always give him a hug and it makes it feel good.

HANNAH: That is so stinkin’ sweet! I mean really! There’s no way old stinky-feet Bruce would ever ... (*she stops*) ... Bruce said, “I know what you mean.” He said he misses me, too. (*tilting her head up*) Then how come you always throw me off the couch you big ... (*but this time Sherry has wrapped her arm Hannah’s neck, and covered her mouth*)

SHERRY: Shhhhh! He’s gonna hear you! Listen! Bruce just said that he’s always wanted to write you a letter and tell you how much he loves you.

HANNAH: The same Bruce that puts salt in my toothpaste? The big idiot who cleans his gym shoes with my toothbrush?

SHERRY: He said that he’s always treated you mean but that you’re just the most special little girl in the world and if anyone ever picks on you, he’ll knock their block off.

HANNAH: Wow! Bruce would knock off a block for me? (*she begins to snifle*) I’m gettin’ all choked up.

SHERRY: (*holding an imaginary shoe*) Maybe it’s these shoes.

HANNAH: No, I mean it. That is just so stinkin’ sweet I can’t believe it!

SHERRY: Look! They’re gettin’ up! Shhh! (*both girls lay there wide-eyed, watching the boys’ feet*) What’re they doin’? Hey! They’re leavin’! We’re saved, Hannah! We’re

saved! (*and the girls scramble out from under the bed and to their feet*) Man, that was a close one. (*grabbing Hannah*) Hey, let's do this again tomorrow. This was fun. No tellin' what we'll find out!

HANNAH: You know ... we could do this every day.

SHERRY: (*sees something and picks it up*) Look ... Hannah, he did write you a note! Look! "Dear Hannah ..."

HANNAH: (*grabbing it from her*) Gimme that! "Dear Hannah. You really are the sweetest little sister a guy could ever have ..." I'm gonna cry again! "Nobody has a sister as sweet as mine even though I don't always treat you the best." You got that right, Brucie.

SHERRY: Read ... read the rest!

HANNAH: "I just want to tell you that I love you very much ..."

SHERRY: Awww!

HANNAH: "... but if you ever crawl under my bed and snoop on me again, I'll throw you right through the couch!"

SHERRY: He caught you!

HANNAH: "And Mike said to tell Hannah that he loves her too, and that if she tries anything like this again he'll give her a great big hug ... around her neck!" (*she drops the letter*)

SHERRY: (*staring off into space*) So whatta you wanna do?

HANNAH: Die.

SHERRY: I mean after that?

HANNAH: Let's go ride bikes ... on the freeway at rush hour ... somethin' safe.

(*They exit.*)

THE END

Scene 4: CAMP OOMYGOSHA

(Camp Oomygosha, summer. Five o'clock in the morning.)

HACKMAN: *(Half drill summer-camp-director, half drill sergeant, half tiger and totally commanding ... Hackman is something totally new to anthropology.) (shouting)* Okay, you dog biscuits! Time to rise and shine! Let's go girls! Get those sleepy empty heads out of bed and hit the floor for roll call! Hup Two! Hup Two!

MANDY: *(who up until this moment has been sleeping peacefully)* What time is it?

HACKMAN: Time to rise and shine, my little planter's wart! Time to get up and greet the new day at Camp Oomygosha! Time for our three-mile nature hike through Python Swamp! Time to climb Razortooth Mountain! Then we'll think about breakfast! Hup Two! Hup Two!

MANDY: *(groans)*

HACKMAN: I'll be back in two minutes girls ... just time enough for you to shower, scrub the floors, make your beds, and put that new corrugated tin roof on the dormitory. *(marching off)* Hup Two! Hup Two!

MANDY: This is why I come to summer camp. It's so much ... fun. I've had it. Yesterday Hackman took us on a nature walk through the state rattlesnake preserve. At least we got plenty to eat last night with four campers missing. This afternoon she says we're playing water volleyball ... in the deep end of the pool ... with our hands tied behind our backs. I think I'll drown just to spite her.

HACKMAN: *(shouting offstage)* Come on, Schmidt! That timber wolf won't hurt you! It's your turn to give it a bath! *(there are vicious, growling, yelping, howling sounds, followed by a little girl's scream.) (a silence, then)* Hey, anybody want a pair of used hiking boots?

MANDY: I'm going nuts. I swear this place is driving me crazy! I wish ... I just wish that I had a ... I don't know ...

magic wand or ... fairy godmother ... anything to get me

...

BRUNHILDA: (*crashing onto the stage, stumbling, tripping, falling, finally ending up in a heap on the floor*) Whoa! Whoa! Get back! Look out! Germonimo! (*she crashes on the floor*) (*Brunhilda is a wild, flamboyant, half-crazed and extremely talkative lady*) Geesh! You ever wash these floors?

MANDY: Who are you?

BRUNHILDA: (*holding her head*) Give me a minute. I'm not sure. Let me check. Let's see ... two arms ... two legs ... half a brain. Yep! It's me! I'm the one you called for kid! Your fairy ... whatchamacallit ... You got any coffee? Not decaf, I need the real stuff.

MANDY: You're who?

BRUNHILDA: You gonna just stand there or are you gonna gimme a hand? (*Mandy helps her up*) Brunhilda! Fairy Whatchamacallit!

MANDY: You're my fairy godmother?

BRUNHILDA: Hey, what can I say? It's a job, all right? The ad said, "Career in social work. Good hours, lots of travel, frequent flier miles included." I thought I'd be handling luggage complaints for TWA. They didn't say nothin' about summer camp. ... Hey. Is that an alligator in the shower?

MANDY: Yeh, that's so we won't spend all day in there.

BRUNHILDA: Works for me. Okay, kid, so what's the problem? I mean other than amphibians in the outhouse?

MANDY: Hackman. She's a slave driver! She makes my life miserable.

BRUNHILDA: (*looking out the window*) She the one out there running a fifth-grader up the flagpole?

MANDY: Yeh. We don't have a flag of our own. We gotta take turns.

BRUNHILDA: Why does she have blood on her hiking boots?

MANDY: Don't ask.

BRUNHILDA: Geesh. Here she comes.

MANDY: Oh, no!

BRUNHILDA: Relax ... I can handle this ...

MANDY: Really? You can make her go away?

BRUNHILDA: No. Her kind always comes back. I can change her attitude.

MANDY: Wow!

BRUNHILDA: But don't say that word again.

MANDY: Wow?

BRUNHILDA: Did I tell you not to say it? Of course I did. And what did you do? You said it.

MANDY: But what does that have to do ...?

BRUNHILDA: I don't know. I don't understand why. It's a glitch in the software, I guess. Here she comes. Watch this.

HACKMAN: (*entering in a huff ... she cannot see Brunhilda*) And what do I see here? A room full of girls still in their jammies? I think maybe it's time for a good, healthy round of line dancing *in* the campfire!

MANDY: I ... I'm sorry, Miss Hackman.

HACKMAN: You know, girlie-girl, I think it's about time I taught you ...

BRUNHILDA: (*tapping Hackman on the head and proclaiming*) Loving!

HACKMAN: (*suddenly overcome by all the sweetness in the world*) ... How to make your bed. Oh, no, sweetheart. Don't bother yourself. I'll do it! I'll do it! (*she begins making Mandy's bed*) Oh, I just love doing things for others ... especially sweet little girls like you.

MANDY: Wow!

BRUNHILDA: (*smacking her own forehead*) Duh!

HACKMAN: (*again becoming her tyrant self*) Do I have to do everything for you, you little parasite?!

BRUNHILDA: Did I tell you? Did I tell you!

MANDY: Sorry.

HACKMAN: Sorry won't hack it, girl. I want this bed made in five seconds! One! Two! Three!

BRUNHILDA: (*taps Hackman's head*) Artistic!

HACKMAN: (*begins to dance a waltz with Mandy ... gently and with affection*) One-two-three, one-two-three ... that's it.

Oh, don't you just love the waltz, Mandy? Oh, let's just cancel today's activities and simply go tripping through the woods and ...

MANDY: Wow!

BRUNHILDA: No!!!

HACKMAN: (*stumbles, irate*) I am so sick and tired of tripping over your clothes, kid! Gimme twenty pushups! Right now! On the floor, sister! (*Mandy drops to the floor*)

BRUNHILDA: (*tapping Hackman*) Sympathetic!

HACKMAN: (*quickly helping Mandy to her feet*) Oh! Did you fall, honey! I'm so sorry. Here, let me help you.

MANDY: Uh ... thank you. I mean ... Wow.

BRUNHILDA: Would you quit that!

HACKMAN: Where are my pushups? Where are my pushups!

MANDY: I'm sorry!

BRUNHILDA: You're making this hard for me. You know that?

MANDY: I can't help it!

HACKMAN: Now, sister! Now!

BRUNHILDA: (*tapping Hackman*) Frightened!

HACKMAN: (*suddenly cowering*) Oh! I'm sorry! Did I wake you? Would you like to sleep a little longer, sleepyhead? I promise to be more quiet tomorrow.

MANDY: (*begins to speak but Brunhilda runs to put her hand over Mandy's mouth*) Don't even think about it! You understand me? (*Mandy nods, wide-eyed in fear. Brunhilda lets go of her hold.*)

MANDY: Sorry. I've got to remember not to say (*spells*) w-o-w again because ...

BRUNHILDA: I can't believe you! Don't you know spelling counts!

HACKMAN: (*again the crazed woman*) Are we going to stand here all day, missy?! Are we playing games with Miss Hackman or what?

BRUNHILDA: (*tapping Hackman*) Happy!

HACKMAN: (*with Mary Poppins-ish joy*) Oh, what a gorgeous day! And that outfit! It just makes me want to dance and sing and ...

MANDY: All I said was (*mouths silently*) ... (Wow)

HACKMAN: ... wring your little neck!

BRUNHILDA: (*again with the tap*) Spacey!

HACKMAN: (*ala airhead*) I mean like ... you know ... if you don't want to make your ... like ... you know ... bed ... well, I guess then ... I am so like ... happy for you and ...

MANDY: What a minute! How can some silly little word like "wow" upset the forces of nature?

BRUNHILDA: I give up!

HACKMAN: Fifty laps around the swamp! Let's go! Hup Two! Hup Two!

BRUNHILDA: (*tapping her*) Nervous!

HACKMAN: (*suddenly a jumble of nerves*) Do you think anyone heard us? I mean. Are we talking too loud? That was terrible of me. What made me say fifty laps?

MANDY: Well, it was when I said "Wow", and ...

BRUNHILDA: Ahhh!

HACKMAN: (*her original ogre*) Can you hear me, sister? Am I getting through to you? Stand at attention when I talk to you!

BRUNHILDA: (*tapping her*) Boring!

HACKMAN: (*becoming a droning tour guide*) On your left is the Oopsidaisy Cabin, built in 1952 out of oak trees found right here on the campground. The camp itself was founded in 1938 by Lucille Gibbons, an elderly Methodist lady from ...

BRUNHILDA: I can't stand it! (*taps Hackman*) Freeze! (*Hackman freezes in mid-monotonous pose*) (*to Mandy*) This isn't working, kid. Every time I change her you foul things up. Maybe I should just tap your head and say, "Smart!" Look, you want my advice? Do what she says ... make your bed, take a shower ... then get as far away from her as possible.

MANDY: But she's a pain!

BRUNHILDA: Yeh, well welcome to the world. There's a lot of 'em like her out there. And even when you have a fairy godmother, you can't change other people ... just yourself. (*Mandy begins to sniffle*) Hey look ... I'm sorry. But you gotta get realistic, kid. Even a fairy whatchamacallit can't change the world for you. Look ... I know this is gonna be tough ... but why not try a little kindness on the old windbag? Maybe she just needs a friend.

MANDY: Her?

BRUNHILDA: Toads need friends! Amoebas need friends! Everybody needs a friend.

MANDY: But it's not fair.

BRUNHILDA: No, it's life. You can't change the world, but you change how you react to it. Come on ... give it a try ... as a special favor for your fairy ... thingamabob. (*moving to Hackman*) Give it a try.

MANDY: (*trying to stop her*) But I can't!

BRUNHILDA: (*it's too late ... Brunhilda taps Hackman again*) Be yourself, Baby!

HACKMAN: What are you doing just standing there?

MANDY: Uh ...

HACKMAN: Well?

MANDY: I'm making my bed! (*and she quickly moves to straighten her covers*) And may I say Miss Hackman that that is gorgeous shirt you're wearing today?

HACKMAN: Huh?

MANDY: It's not every middle-aged woman who can wear a U.S. Marine Corps tank top and look that ... uh ... stunning.

HACKMAN: (*looking at her own shirt*) You like it, huh?

MANDY: It matches your helmet beautifully.

HACKMAN: (*taking off the helmet*) This helmet belonged to my grandma. Colonel Grandma, we called her. (*she begins to tear up a bit*)

MANDY: I'll be you loved your grandma.

HACKMAN: (*sniffing*) That old lady could do the mile in less than six minutes ... in a wheelchair.

MANDY: (*carefully moving to Hackman and putting an arm around her*) She sounds like a wonderful lady ... just like ... like ... (*but she has trouble getting the word out until Brunhilda pops her on the back*) ... You! Like you!

HACKMAN: That's the nicest thing anybody's ever said to me. Here ... let me help you make that bed.

MANDY: (*to Brunhilda, as Hackman goes to work*) Hey ... this really works.

BRUNHILDA: Face it. I'm a genius. (*as she begins to leave*) See ya 'round, kid.

MANDY: Hey! Where're you going?

BRUNHILDA: You think you're my only case? I got a football coach in Texas who hasn't had a win in twelve years. You think you got trouble?

MANDY: But ...

BRUNHILDA: You don't need a fairy ... whatzits ... as long as you got a little kindness, honey. Any transportation around here? Can I get a Greyhound to El Paso? Or, maybe a flying armadillo ...

HACKMAN: (*finished with the bed, to Mandy, tenderly*) Wanna see my kidney stones? I got 'em in a jar under my bunk.

BRUNHILDA: Tah-tah! (*exits*)

THE END

Scene 5: LOVE'S LABORS

RICK: *(entering in a huff, followed closely by Greg)* You did it again, didn't you!

GREG: I did not do it again!

RICK: You did it again. I told you not to do it again. I warned you. And what did you do? You did it again! Am I right? I said, am I right?

GREG: I did it again!

RICK: Told you!

GREG: But it wasn't my fault!

RICK: It's never your fault, Greg. Some girl comes up, smiles at you and Boom! You fall in love!

GREG: It was an accident!

RICK: Earthquakes are accidents. Athlete's foot is an accident. You can't accidentally fall in love. It's a planned event.

GREG: Maybe that's ...

RICK: Yeh, maybe that's why you always end up the loser.

GREG: I am not a loser!

RICK: You are a loser.

GREG: I'm a loser. Help me, Rick.

RICK: Sure, that's it. Get yourself in a jam then come running to good old Rick. And good old Rick gets you out of a good old jam so good old Greg can hop back into it again. No, Greg, this time you're on your own.

GREG: You can't do that! You can't just abandon me! That's cruel and unusual!

RICK: It may be cruel, but in your case there's nothing unusual about it. Okay, tell me about her.

GREG: She's gorgeous, Rick. I swear she's the most gorgeous girl I've ever seen in my life.

RICK: You've talked to her?

GREG: Not exactly.

RICK: What's that mean?

GREG: No. No, I haven't talked to her ... but she smiled at me at McDonalds. I swear she smiled at me!

RICK: Everyone smiles at McDonalds. It's a happy place ... and besides, they get paid for it.

GREG: No, Rick! It was that ... you know ... that certain kind of smile.

RICK: She was looking at your French Fries.

GREG: No! Her eyes ... her eyes, Rick. They're the kind of eyes that just look right through to your very soul and they sort of whisper ...

RICK: Eyes whisper?

GREG: ... they whisper ... "You know, Greg. I think we may have a future together. You're my kind of guy ..."

RICK: Noisy eyes. Did her nose say anything? How about her ears? Did they sing?

GREG: You don't believe me, do you?

RICK: I believe you've done it again. I believe you've fallen head over heels for some girl without knowing a thing about her. And I believe that she's gonna dump you like a hot rock once she gets to know you.

GREG: You don't have any confidence in me, do you?

RICK: Not the way you're going about it. Look Greg, I've told you over and over ... you can't just fall in love with a girl. You've got to ... you know ... investigate ... check her out ... ask around and see what she's like. Do some research. It's like buying a car on the Internet without a test drive. Check her out, then fall in love.

GREG: How do you research a girl?

RICK: Okay, you start with a few important questions ... "Look honey, where do you live? What sort of things do you like to do? Where do you shop?"

GREG: Huh?

RICK: Okay, use the usual Greg method (*ala ga-ga*) "Gosh you smell good? Wanna go to a movie then get married?"

GREG: I'm that bad?

RICK: You're that bad. Remember that blonde last week? You told her she had great shoes. Great shoes! Good grief! The Romeo of Calvin Coolidge Jr. High! Juliet! Juliet! Wherefore art thou Reeboks?

GREG: I'm sorry ... I just get tongue-tied.

RICK: You're tongue should be tied permanently. Remember when you told Lindsay Parker you loved her belly tattoo?

GREG: (*groans*)

RICK: It was an appendicitis scar for gosh sakes! The poor girl was humiliated! She left the Dairy Queen in tears!

GREG: (*seeing "the girl" coming*) Oh no!

RICK: What?

GREG: It's her! She's coming right now!

RICK: Miss French Fry?

GREG: (*on his knees*) Whatta I do, Rick? Help me! Whatta I say? Whatta I ask her?

RICK: Maybe you can start by getting off you knees and acting like such a wimp.

GREG: But I am a wimp!

RICK: Get up, Greg! You're embarrassing me. Look, just be calm. Look her right in the eye and find out about her. She's only looked at you once. I'm tellin' you, falling in love is a business. You gotta be professional ... cool ...

GREG: (*the girl is now upon them ... Rick still hasn't seen her*) Hi. (*to the girl, confidently*) My name is Greg Willowby, I saw you in McDonalds and I'm very happy to make your acquaintance. I carry a 3.1 grade point average on a weighted scale, I have a part-time job at Plastic-Are-Us and I bathe regularly.

RICK: (*holding his head in agony and whispering*) Easy, Greg ... just look her in the eye (*and Rick now turns to look at her for the first time*) ... and ... (*he mouth drops open, he goes ga-ga, and just stands there speechless*)

GREG: This is my friend, Rick. He carries a slightly lower grade point average but he has a multi-rack CD changer with Pioneer speakers and a digital camera.

RICK: (*still agog*) I ... I ... uh ...

GREG: His family has a Jacuzzi and they all have regular medical checkups.

RICK: uh ... I ... gosh you smell good. Wanna go to a movie then ... ?

GREG: Rick!

RICK: You are gorgeous. I'm not kiddin', you are the most beautiful thing I've seen in my life and I think I want to live the rest of my life nestled in your arms ... in Tahiti ... or Cincinnati ... wherever you say.

GREG: (*under his breath*) Rick, what're you doin'?

RICK: I'm falling in love. (*to the girl*) Do you like big families? I do ... I mean, I like whatever you like, and boy do I like you.

GREG: I thought you said "professional!"

RICK: Can I work for you? Can I wash your car? You got a dog? I like dogs. Do you like my hair?

GREG: Rick!

RICK: (*aside*) I can't help it, Greg. I'm in love. I mean I'm really in love. There's no other love than the way I'm in love.

GREG: But she's my ...

RICK: It's fate, Greg! It's our destiny!

GREG: You jerk!

RICK: I can't help, Greg. Something's come over me. I see stars and fireworks and turtledoves and back-porch patios with a built-in barbecue and Little League Soccer games. It's love. It's really true love. (*seeing something*) And those shoes! Those are the coolest shoes I've ever seen in my life! I --- love --- those --- shoes!!!

GREG: Rick!

RICK: (*on his hands and knees admiring her shoes*) Where'd you get 'em? Do they have any left?

GREG: (*tugging on his friend who's obviously lost it by now*) Rick, you're making a fool of yourself! Get up! This is exactly what you told me not to ...

RICK: (*still on his knees, turning to grab Greg*) I was wrong! I swear I was wrong! Greg, when you're in love the whole world goes crazy ... like me! Forget everything I ever told you. Forget being cool! Forget to eat! (*rising and jumping around*) Forget to sleep! Forget who you are! Forget your

phone number, your dog's name, the alphabet! Forget ...
(*and now Greg grabs him in mid-delirium*)

GREG: Forget it. (*a beat*) She just walked away.

RICK: What!?

GREG: She smiled a little the she turned and walked away.

RICK: (*grabbing Greg violently by the shoulders*) She smiled?
Tell me, Greg! Was it a gosh-he's-cute-I-think-I'll-call-him-later smile?

GREG: More like a these-are-the-two-biggest-idiot-I've-ever-met smile. Yeh, I think that was it.

RICK: I'm crushed.

GREG: You're nuts.

RICK: I know. Look Greg, maybe if we tried the strong, silent approach ...?

GREG: I'm going, Rick.

RICK: No wait! How about the man-of-the-world ... use big words and stuff then ..."

GREG: (*leaving*) Leave me alone, Rick.

RICK: Athletic! We need muscle shirts ..."

GREG: This is my voice, Rick ... retreating in the distance.
(*and Greg is gone*)

RICK: (*to himself*) Teeth! That's it! We haven't tried teeth!
"Honey, those teeth gleam like pearls in a clam shell. I'll bet you floss three times a day." Yeh. Yeh. That's it. That's it ...
(*and he exits*)

THE END

Scene 6: MY BEST FRIEND

TRISH: Okay, sometimes she hides in the dark for ... I don't know ... Like months at a time ... then suddenly Poof! There she is! Standing right in front of me! I'll be sitting somewhere like in math class or church or at a family reunion, just minding my own business, and bang! She appears!

Her name's Trish, the same as mine, which makes it even more confusing. And here's the really weird part ... I mean, you're just not going to believe this, but sometimes ... sometimes she even looks like me! I'm not kidding! There's this girl who looks just like me!

Okay, like I was at a school dance last fall. It was one of those formal things where you had to dress up, and the boys got the girls flowers and they wore their new underwear and everything ... really fancy stuff. The gym looked like an explosion in a crepe paper factory and everybody's mother took their picture at least a hundred times before they left the house. Sort of like a funeral but the music was faster. I was sitting there in the gym beside this really cool guy who'd asked me to be his date. I mean this guy was to die for! A hunk! He had his hair gelled so stiff he popped a balloon that was hanging over the punch bowl. He had on his dad's really expensive after shave, and even had a tiny little moustache if you looked close enough.

It was the kind of moment that you read about in *Sixteen Magazine*. "Night of Ecstasy!" or "I Found Heaven at the Punchbowl!" I'd done everything that Mom told me. I'd talked softly, I didn't pop my gum or my knuckles, and I sat with my legs crossed like a lady.

That's when She showed up! The other Trish. She sat right down beside me and started whispering stuff like, "The basketballs are behind the drinking fountain. Come on! Show this guy how you can shoot!" Then pretty soon she whispered, "I'll bet you could beat this guy in a race. Ask him to go outside and take him on!" And other stuff like, "Come on, Trish. Take

those dumb dress shoes off, run across the gym floor and do a cartwheel! Act crazy!”

It was like that all night! I mean it was awful! As soon as the big Hunk-O-Matic beside me would ask me to dance, Trish would whisper, “Look! The volleyball stuff is over there in the corner! Do you really want to dance when you could be slamming a ball across the net?”

And here’s the really weird part ... I mean the part that really gets to me ... Sometimes ... a lot of the time ... I agree with this girl! I mean, she’s right! I don’t want to do some of the things I’m doing. I don’t know how she got so smart but it’s pretty weird, I’ll tell you that. She knows ... I don’t know how she knows but she knows ... that sometimes ... Sometimes I just don’t want to grow up. Okay, there I’ve said it. Go ahead and laugh if you want to. Sometimes I just don’t want to grow up. *(to an audience member)* You tell anybody I told you, I’ll cream you. I swear I will.

I was sitting in church last Sunday and the preacher asked all the little kids to come up for the Children’s Sermon. Heck, I haven’t gone up there since I was six years old but suddenly Trish started nudging me. She said, “Hey big girl, don’t you lie to me. He’s giving out suckers again today and you know you want one.” She was right. There was nothing in the world that I wanted at that moment more than a strawberry sucker. I wanted to run up to the pulpit, sit cross-legged on the floor, put that sucker in my mouth and forget all about being a mature young lady in the back of the church.

You see that’s the trouble with this other Trish. She’s right a lot of the time. At least I think she’s right. At least I agree with her a lot.

For the last couple of years, school officials have been talking to the students about our future plans. Even in grade school they tell us we need to start thinking about college and jobs and families. Heck, I’m sitting there on the floor with my milk and cookies, wondering whether I should color the horses purple or green, and somebody’s telling me I need to be

thinking about retirement. Gimme a break! I'm just getting started!

Last week we had a guidance counselor come in to talk about college. She kept saying, "It's never too early to plan ahead! It's never too early to plan ahead!" Then she gave us a paper where we'd list our ten most favorite jobs, and how much money we'd like to make, and how big a family we'd like to have."

Then Trish ... the other Trish ... snuck up behind me and whispered, "Hey Trish!"

"Leave me alone!" I said.

"Hey girl! Put your pencil down! You're still a kid! Let's have some fun!"

"Trish, I've got to fill out this paper."

"No, you don't. I got a better idea. Let's take our shoes off and run across the schoolyard! Let's go down the slide like we did back when we were little! You still want to do that, don't you?"

I nodded my head. I really did want to do that.

"Let's get all gooey with finger-paint and make fudge brownies and play King of the Mountain on that dirt pile behind the grocery store. Then let's go swimming down at the creek and throw mud balls up against the bridge! Let's just lay on our backs in your grandma's backyard and watch the clouds. You remember how we used to see ships and giraffes and horses in the clouds? Come on, Trish! Let's do it again!"

And that's when I did something sinful. I lied. I held up my hand and asked the teacher if I could go to the restroom ... but I really didn't have to go. I went outside instead. As I walked through the doors I took Trish's hand and we looked at each other a minute then just took off running. We ran fast and we ran hard and we ran until we were out of breath and we fell onto the grass laughing and rolling and then we rolled onto our backs and we just lay there, breathing hard and smiling.

It was cool. I mean, not the detention I got for leaving school without permission, but the rest of it ... the time I ran away with Trish.

And you know what? I think I'm a slow learner, because I think ... I mean, I'm not exactly sure of this ... but I think ... I just may do it again. In fact, I may do it forever.

I've only told two people about this ... My Mom and my Grandma. Mom said, "Oh, don't worry Trish. It's just an adolescent sort of thing. It'll go away."

Then later that day Grandma pulled me aside and said, "Trish, you know that other girl? That other Trish?"

"Yeh, I'm sorry about that, Grandma. You probably think I'm crazy or something. Don't worry, she'll go away some day."

That's when Grandma grabbed me by the arm and said, "Don't you let her slip away, Trish! Don't you dare! I've had mine ever since I was a little girl. And she's my best friend!"

THE END

ACT II

Scene 1: A REAL BEAUT!

PARKS: (*nervously pacing as he listens into a set of headphones*) What? Speak up! There's too much noise. (*shouting off*) Would somebody put a muzzle on Miss Philadelphia's poodles? I can't hear a thing! (*into his headset*) Sixteen purple poodles! Whoever heard of purple poodles?

BEULAH: (*entering like a bomb blast, with her precocious little daughter Betty in tow*) Is this the place? They told me this was the place. Hey fella, is the place or what?

PARKS: (*into his headset*) Just a minute. (*to Beulah*) Can I help you?

BEULAH: This the Miss Terrific Teen Talent Search?

PARKS: You're supposed to register at the desk.

BEULAH: Amateurs. Nothin' but amateurs. My Betty's a pro. Where's the front of the line?

PARKS: Ma'am, you'll have to wait right over ...

BEULAH: Betty don't wait for nobody. Where do we put the pony?

PARKS: Pony?

BEULAH: Gaylord the Wonder Pony. It's part of Betty's act. (*to her daughter*) Betty, don't scratch in public. And stop fingerin' your dress. There's a thousand bucks worth of buckskin in that thing.

PARKS: Ma'am, if you'd just have a seat ...

BEULAH: There he is! Hey! Stop pullin' on him like that! That pony's over 40 years old! Yeh? Well, you clean it up! You're the one who made him nervous.

PARKS: We need a broom over here!

BETTY: I'm tired, Mama. I wanna sit down. I need a Coke. Is my makeup runnin'? Is there a bathroom in this joint?

PARKS: (*into his headset*) I know! I know! Five minutes and we're on the air. (*shouting to everyone*) Would all the contestants for the Miss Terrific Teen Talent Search please go back stage?



GREEN ROOM PRESS

Thank you for reading this free excerpt from:

FOREVER, WITH RESERVATIONS.

*For performance rights and/or a complete copy of the script,
please contact us at:*

GREEN ROOM PRESS, INC.

customerservice@greenroompress.com

www.greenroompress.com