

THE WRECK OF THE FRIENDSHIP

by Ken Bradbury



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MARCY: (*storming in*) I won't do it!

LIBBY: (*following her*) Marcy, you've got to!

MARCY: No way! You got yourself into this, now you can get yourself out!

LIBBY: I can't, Marcy! You're my only hope!

MARCY: You've stepped way over the line of our friendship on this one. I've helped you with homework, I've helped you clean your room when you were grounded, and I defended you all the way through Jr. High when you wore those dorky pajama bottoms every day, but this is going too far!

LIBBY: Just this once, Marcy! Then I promise I'll never ask you anything again. Please!

MARCY: Look, you want to go out with Cliff, that's fine. Cliff's a nice guy. But I'm not going to embarrass myself by dating Matt just so Cliff will go to the dance.

LIBBY: Marcy, Cliff won't go unless his buddy Matt gets a date. He says he feels sorry for him.

MARCY: Do you hear a message there somewhere, Libby? Do you think there might be a reason why Matt can't get a date? Have you talked to that kid lately? We are not talking Mr. Personality here, Libby. Face it, the kid has problems.

LIBBY: He's got a sweet personality, Marcy.

MARCY: He's a nerd, Libby! A full-fledged computer geek who can only talk about bits and bytes and how to beef up your memory chips. That is not my idea of romance.

LIBBY: Look, it's just one night. Just give me a chance with Cliff this one time and I'll never ask you anything like this again.

MARCY: How many times have you told me that? "Oh Marcy, just lend me lunch money and I'll never ask you anything again!" "Oh Marcy, if you just give me this one math problem then I'll never ask you anything

again!” You always ask me again, Libby. You’re ... you’re an addict.

LIBBY: Is that your final answer?

MARCY: Of course it’s my final answer! Is there something I’m not making clear to you? Some day when I’m hurtling toward Mars at six thousand miles an hour and my hard drive crashes, I’ll give Matt a call. But I’m not going to date him! (*they hear a phone*) Your phone’s ringing.

LIBBY: (*picking up the receiver*) Hello? Cliff! Hey guy! How you doin’?

MARCY: I should have known. I’ll be in the next room getting very mad. (*begins to leave*)

LIBBY: Yeh, everything’s on for tonight.

MARCY: Huh?

LIBBY: Are you kidding? She can’t wait.

MARCY: What are you talking about?

LIBBY: Well, I didn’t call you back because Marcy was so excited!

MARCY: What did you tell him, Libby?

LIBBY: Yeh. She can hardly contain herself.

MARCY: I’m going to strangle you!

LIBBY: You should see how her eyes lit up when I told her.

MARCY: That is fire, lady! That is fire in my eyes! Give me that phone!

LIBBY: (*as she struggles to keep the phone away from Marcy and to keep the mouthpiece of the phone covered as Marcy goes wild*) It took a little while because it was such a shock to her.

MARCY: Shock? Shock! I’ll show you what a Shock is! Give me that phone, Libby!

LIBBY: You should see her, Cliff. She can hardly stand still.

MARCY: That’s because I’m blowing up! I am not going to the dance with Matt! Can you hear me, Cliff?!

LIBBY: Yeh. We’ll be ready.

MARCY: We won’t be ready! We’ll never be ready!

LIBBY: Love you, too. Bye. (*she hangs up*)

MARCY: What did you do?

LIBBY: I couldn't help it, Marcy. Cliff insisted. Really. He's so persuasive.

MARCY: Good! Maybe he can persuade Matt to think he's got a date tonight because he doesn't!

LIBBY: So whatta you think we should wear?

MARCY: Are you losing your hearing or your mind, Libby? I will not be seen in public with a kid who only thinks about computer chips! Yeh, he's cute, and yeh, he's sweet, and yeh he's the most boring kid in the school!

LIBBY: Could we talk about this later?

MARCY: Why later? I'm mad right now!

LIBBY: Because they're going to be here in five minutes.

MARCY: I ... *(but she can't speak ...she simply stands there in shock and awe)*

LIBBY: So whatta you wanna wear? I've got some great stuff in my closet ...

MARCY: *(still stunned)* You mean you ...

LIBBY: *(pulling something out)* Look! My new pants! I'll let you wear 'em!

MARCY: *(still ...)* I cannot believe ...

LIBBY: Yeh, it's exciting isn't it? You think Matt will dance a lot? At the last dance he just stood around a while, then went to the computer lab. But you'll get him out onto the floor, Marcy. You've got the right stuff.

MARCY: Libby ...

LIBBY: ... and I know he usually spends the whole night talking to the math teachers but tonight's gonna be different, I just know it.

MARCY: Move that table.

LIBBY: What?

MARCY: Move that table. It's your mother's favorite piece of furniture. I don't want you to hurt it when you hit the floor.

LIBBY: Hit the floor?

MARCY: *(approaching her menacingly)* That's after you bounce off the wall. Move the mirror, too. I don't want to get cut by flying glass.



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