

Love Is a Seven-Letter Word

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Seriocomic

DONNA: 13

BOBBIE: 13

LAURIE: 14

Lights go up on a lovely September afternoon in the park. DONNA, BOBBIE, and LAURIE enter, carrying textbooks. They settle down on a bench.

DONNA: Did he answer your letter yet?

BOBBIE: Not yet.

LAURIE: You could call him, you know.

BOBBIE: I . . . I don't . . . I can't . . . oh

LAURIE: [*Teasing.*] Donna and I could call him for you.

DONNA: [*Pretending she's dialing a phone.*] Hello. May I speak to Mark? Hello, Mark. I'm a friend of Bobbie—you know, that pretty, sweet, smart girl you met at Rockaway last summer?

LAURIE: [*Also pretending to speak on the phone.*] The sexy and sophisticated one. [*To BOBBIE.*] I'm on the kitchen extension. [*On the phone, again.*] Don't let her cool exterior fool you. She's really pining for your body.

BOBBIE: [*Protesting, though she's laughing.*] Laurie!

LAURIE: Yes, that's right . . . the one who kept beating you at Scrabble.

DONNA: Poor girl. Her mother never told her you're supposed to let the boy win, even if he's not as smart as you are.

LAURIE: Her mother also neglected to tell her that if he doesn't kiss you first, you should take the initiative.

DONNA: [*Placing her hand over the imaginary receiver.*] Hey! My mother never told me that.

LAURIE: [*Doing the same.*] Neither did mine, Donna. Fake it.

DONNA: [*On the telephone, again.*] Well, did you get her letter or not?

LAURIE: Oh, you got her letter, but you were so overcome with emotion you just didn't know how to answer it?

BOBBIE: Enough! People are looking at us.

LAURIE: Oh, good—let 'em look.

DONNA: Yeah, they'll be staring soon enough if we pledge Sigma Kap and have to wear those stupid little beanies and our blouses inside out.

BOBBIE: Donna, I'm not sure . . .

DONNA: At least it's just a short pledge period—then you're in.

LAURIE: Yeah. And Sigma Kap meets with all the best fraternities. Sometimes even college guys.

DONNA: College. My mother'll kill me.

LAURIE: Look, we won't be fourteen forever. In fact, I'll be fifteen next month.

BOBBIE: I'm thirteen.

LAURIE: Good grief, I keep forgetting you're still a baby.

BOBBIE: [*Irritated.*] Hardly.

DONNA: Don't mind Laurie.

LAURIE: [*To BOBBIE, grandly.*] Your youth is more than compensated for by your fortuitous family connections.

BOBBIE: Excuse me?

LAURIE: Your brother. Remember him? City College. T.E.P. fraternity. Is it coming back to you? [*To DONNA, in a bad German accent.*] Nurse, this is the worst case of amnesia I've seen in years. We may have to operate.

DONNA: [*Flirtatiously.*] Yes, Doctor. And we all know you're the best operator.

[*They all laugh.*]

BOBBIE: No, seriously. I'm having second thoughts about pledging. That is, providing I'm asked.

DONNA: You will be.

LAURIE: Yeah. They want all three of us. The Three Musketeers.

DONNA: In those beanies, we'll look like the Three Mouseketeers!

BOBBIE: Sororities are so . . . I don't know. Elitist. But not in a good way. No, no, not elitist. Uhm . . . exclusionist.

LAURIE: Come off it, Bobbie. All the school officers are in fraternities or sororities. All the most popular juniors and seniors. Even my history teacher was in a sorority when she went here.

DONNA: Miss Greenfield? [*She imitates a nearsighted woman with a waddle.*] "And now class, you will take out your text books and read pages 236 to 329 while I get a load off my feet, sneak a piece of chocolate, and pretend to be grading your homework."

BOBBIE: Seriously, even if I decide not to join Sigma Kap, we'll still be friends, won't we?

LAURIE: Of course. But let's be realistic. We won't be spending anywhere near as much time together.

DONNA: We'll still have homeroom together. And you'll see Laurie in honors English. But I'm afraid she's right. It won't be the same.

LAURIE: Unless you'd like to fix me up with your brother.
Now, if I became, like, part of your family . . .

BOBBIE: He's taken, remember?

LAURIE: The good ones go fast.

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