

• GIRLS

HEATHER: Age 16, excited to spread the juicy piece of gossip she has to share, and is loving it.

ANGELA: Also 16, and also happy to join in the cat-fest. Equally loves to dish with the girls.

RACHEL: More intellectual than the other two, but just as pleased to spread the word.

SETTING: Takes place in an eating area at school. It is lunch time. The girls MUST have specific blocking on the eating situation; otherwise, it's just three girls sitting.

HEATHER: Girls, gather 'round. Have I got some wonderful dirt for us all to share.

RACHEL: Oh, tell, tell.

ANGELA: What, who is it about?

RACHEL: Angela, give Heather some room. C'mon, Heath, what's the latest dirt?

HEATHER: Thank you, Rachel. OK. Guess who I saw coming out of Randy's car last night? *(The two girls lean forward intently.)* Roberta!

ANGELA: No!

RACHEL: I thought something was going on with those two.

HEATHER: No need to "think" anymore. It is fact.

RACHEL: I can't believe it.

ANGELA: I always suspected them. Does Beth have any idea?

RACHEL: Oh, there's no way.

HEATHER: Well, when she finds out, I do not want to be anywhere in the area.

RACHEL: Talk about a nuclear explosion.

ANGELA: Well, I don't know about you, but if I were Roberta, I would be hiding any pet rabbits I had.

RACHEL: What?

HEATHER and ANGELA: FATAL ATTRACTION! *(The three laugh viciously.)*

RACHEL: Well, I can't say that I blame Randy. The way Beth treats him, I'm surprised he's stuck around this long.

HEATHER: Well, you know why, don't you?

ANGELA: From what I've heard, Randy has every reason NOT to be tense . . . if you get my drift.

RACHEL: C'mon, you don't know that for sure.

HEATHER: Don't be such a naive child, Rachel. A guy like Randy, just look at him.

RACHEL: Well, if it is true, I know Roberta isn't going to be . . . "calming" him, if you get MY drift.

ANGELA: Well . . .

HEATHER: I am here to tell you, Randy's car windows were pretty steamy, and it wasn't cold out last night.

RACHEL: You don't know that.

HEATHER and ANGELA: OK, Rachel.

HEATHER: Anyway, it will serve her right. Did you see how she behaved at the party last weekend?

ANGELA: It was disgusting. She kept following him around, accusing him of cheating on her.

RACHEL: Well, maybe she had reason.

HEATHER: That's all well and good, but you don't get drunk at a party and pick a fight in front of the entire school. It made her look like a complete fool.

RACHEL: Well, to tell the truth, I never liked the girl. She is always so bitchy to everyone.

ANGELA: Did you see her when she thought Randy was looking at a little freshman girl that was walking by?

HEATHER: I know, she hauled off and hit him.

RACHEL: She's always doing that, just because she knows he won't hit her back.

ANGELA: Maybe that's what she needs, a good hit.

HEATHER: Oh, please. Randy wouldn't ever do that.

And besides, if he did, no matter what the reason, everyone would turn on him like a pit of vicious snakes.

ANGELA: Yeah, you're right.

RACHEL: Well, knowing Roberta, the fight may be on.

HEATHER: What does that mean?

RACHEL: You've seen the girl. I wouldn't mess with her, would you?

ANGELA: Beth wouldn't hit Roberta because Roberta would knock her silly.

HEATHER: Really, Beth is no fool, Rachel. I seriously doubt that Roberta will start anything, but —

RACHEL: She sure wouldn't just stand there and take it.

ANGELA: I know, I . . . ARGH!

HEATHER and RACHEL: What, what's wrong?

ANGELA: ARGH! *(Pointing)* ARGH!

HEATHER: Quick, Rachel, grab her. Do you know the Heimlich?

RACHEL: *(Running to grab ANGELA's convulsing body.)*
No, OMIGOD! She's choking!

ANGELA: Leave me alone, you fools. *(She regains normal speech.)* Look! *(The girls look in the direction she is pointing.)*

HEATHER: What? OH NO!

RACHEL: What? OOOHH!

HEATHER: It's Roberta and Randy. Together.

RACHEL: And look, over there. It's Beth.

HEATHER: And they're all walking over this way.

ANGELA: Oh, this is just too good to be true. And we have a front row seat.

RACHEL: Quick, run behind the lockers.

HEATHER: What? Are you crazy? I want to see this.

RACHEL: So do I, but we'll be able to hear if we go over to the lockers and crouch down behind them.

ANGELA: Good thinking, Rachel. Quick, Heather, get

your stuff.

HEATHER: I can't believe this. Won't this look a little obvious?

ANGELA: *(Frantically gathering her things.)* It will be more obvious if we sit here and listen right under their noses, don't you think?

RACHEL: For goodness sake, Heather, put some speed on it.

HEATHER: This is ridiculous. I'm not moving. Just because Beth is going to see Roberta and Randy together. What's she going to do, start a fight in the middle of the quad?

RACHEL: Not with us sitting right here watching. That's why we want to give them a little privacy. And that way we can watch it.

ANGELA: Heather, hurry up.

HEATHER: This is stupid.

RACHEL: For someone who couldn't wait to spread the news of the incipient break-up, you're being terribly judgmental.

ANGELA: Uh oh, Heather, Rachel is starting to use those big words. You know what that means, don't you?

HEATHER: OK, OK, I'm coming. Sheesh. *(The girls crouch down behind imaginary lockers.)* Why do we have to leave just because Beth is going to go into one of her "fits"?

ANGELA: Because.

HEATHER: Oh, good reason. Stupid me for not seeing it.

RACHEL: Shut up, here they come. Oh, look at Beth's face.

ANGELA: Forget Beth, look at Randy's. The boy is scared to death.

HEATHER: *(Calling out to no one in general.)* Hide the rabbits!

ANGELA and RACHEL: *(Pulling her down)* SHUT UP!