

STUDY HOUR

MEG, JO, and DI: All seniors, all attractive, intelligent, teenage girls.

SETTING: Jo's bedroom, strewn with papers, books, empty diet coke cans, etc. The girls are studying, or at least trying to.

MEG: (*Throwing papers up in absolute defeat*) I've lost all sense of concentration. I can do no more.

DI: I know what you mean. I can't think anymore. I've thought all I can think.

JO: Meg, Di, c'mon. We've got to finish this assignment or we are going to be joining the ranks of the five-year high school student.

MEG: Lighten up, Jo. It's one lousy class.

JO: Well, this one lousy class is the one we need to graduate.

DI: Isn't this the stupidest thing you ever heard of? You can have a complete 3.0 GPA and screw up this one class of Econ in your last semester of your senior year, and you are dust.

JO: Be that as it may. Do it we must, and do it we will . . .

MEG: Yes, oh mighty leader. (*A few moments of silence while they study. Then MEG looks up from her book.*) Di, did you see Eric today?

DI: Please, don't remind me. Gorgeous or what?

MEG: He must have his 501s custom fit. No one has that good a body.

JO: Study, girls, let's keep our minds where they should be.

MEG: Are you going to sit there and tell me you can study when Eric McNally's name has been mentioned?

JO: Yes. Define GNP.

DI: GNP. Oh, I know. Great New Pants.

MEG: Yes! (*MEG and DI high five.*)

JO: Ladies!

DI: C'mon, loosen up. You can't tell me you wouldn't drop this book in two seconds flat if Eric called you now?

JO: No, I wouldn't . . . (*Giggling*) It would take me at least three seconds.

MEG: (*Singsong, tosses books aside.*) Break time.

JO: I'll get the food.

DI: I have diet cokes, the better to wash down chips and dips!

MEG: Did you see Greta today? I swear, she practically threw herself at Eric's feet.

DI: I can think of much better places at which to throw myself at Eric.

JO: (*To MEG, referring jokingly about DI.*) And yes, she is a tramp.

MEG: No, really. Greta may as well tattoo "for sale" on her forehead the way she throws herself at all the guys.

DI: Her and her cute big blue eyes and blond hair. That ever-so-helpless look she gives them.

MEG: You'd think that guys today would see through that simpering stupid attitude.

JO: (*Imitating Greta*) Oh, please, Eric. I just don't understand this math problem. Two plus two. That's five, right?

DI: The sickening part of the whole thing is that if we tried it, the guys would look at us as if we lost our minds.

JO: What does she have that we don't have? Why can she get away with that stupidity, and we can't?

MEG: Because intelligence shines like a beacon through our eyes. The men know when we put on an act. With her, it's no act.

DI: You can't mean that you think that she is really that dumb?

MEG: It's the only thing I can come up with. No one is that good an actress.

JO: Meg has made a very good point.

DI: It's impossible . . . no one can be that stupid. Watch, I can do it.

JO: What do you mean?

DI: Wait. Let's think about her. First her looks.

MEG: Easy. Dumb.

DI: C'mon. Give me more than that.

JO: I get it. OK. First. Ummm.

DI: Basics. Her hair.

MEG: Blond. Blonder than blond.

JO: No, no, no! I know a lot of really smart blonds.

MEG: Oh, I know. The style.

DI: Yeah. Fruffed out. Wait, let me get my brush and spray.

JO: Are you going to do this?

DI: What the heck, give it a shot just to see if I can.

MEG: Go for it. (Attacks DI's hair with spray and brush.)

JO: Oooh, let me help. (They proceed to fruff out DI's hair and ad lib comments.) Yes, yes, yes!

MEG: What else?

DI: Think. What else is it?

MEG: I know. It's the way she looks at the guys. Even if they are shorter than she is, she looks up at them.

JO: What?

MEG: Like this. (Demonstrates by bending head down and raising eyes up, so it appears that she is looking through eyelashes.)

DI: Omigod. That is absolutely ridiculous.

JO: But it's her. It's her. Try it.

DI: Geez.

MEG: Yeah! That's it.

DI: How does she do this all day? It hurts my neck.

JO: The smile. I know how she does the smile. I read it somewhere. A play I think. She just drops her mouth and opens her eyes very wide. See, it's vacuous, but you don't wrinkle. (Demonstrates)

DI: (Trying the simpering smile, fluttering her eyelashes.) Hi, Eric.

MEG: (Making her fingers an X sign) ARGH! It's the Woman of the Living Stupid!

DI: (Still being simpering) Meggie, I don't get it.

JO: That's not what we hear.

MEG and DI: OOOHHH!!!

MEG: Now the walk. The walk is very special.

JO: How does it look?

DI: I don't need any help on this one. Watch. I've been studying it for years. (She takes tiny little steps, knees very close together.) See, it's these itty bitty little steps. I remember watching this when we were in P.E. together in 7th grade. This walk looks ridiculous on the basketball court, but in the Quad in a mini-skirt, the guys love it.

MEG: OK, now do the whole thing. You be Greta, I'll be Eric.

JO: And I'll be sick.

DI: (The whole look put together.) Hi, Eric. (Eyelashes aflutter)

MEG: What's goin' on? How'd you do on that math test?

DI: Oh Eric. You know how silly I am about math. I just can't think so hard. (Back to self.) I think I'm going to be sick.

JO: But you've got it. I think she's got it.

MEG: Thank you Henry Higgins. Di, how does it feel?

DI: How does it look?

MEG: Pretty stupid.

JO: But if it works . . .

DI: (Brushing out hair) Do you really want to get a guy if

he is the kind that would fall for that?

MEG: Would you really lower yourself to that level?

DI: Would you desert your moral principles?

MEG: Compromise your ideals?

JO: For Eric? You mean for gorgeous, tall, sweet,
breathtaking divine Eric? In a flash.

MEG: Without a second thought.

DI: No problem.

JO: Let's do it.

MEG: Now?

JO: Got a brush?

DI: Use mine. I'll teach you the walk, too.

MEG: This is really stupid.

JO: I know. But it's a lot more interesting than Econ.

▪ BOYS ▪