

Tweens



New York, New York

MAGGIE: I hope you're ready to go out. Because we've already wasted half the morning while you fiddle around.

T.K.: Wait a minute. I have to hide my purse. *(Pulls coat over purse.)*

MAGGIE: You look stupid. And you can't move your arms.

T.K.: You know everybody in New York gets their purse snatched.

MAGGIE: I don't think so. So. This is the plan. We'll take the subway to ...

T.K.: No. We can't take the subway. We'll get mugged.

MAGGIE: We'll take a taxi.

T.K.: No. They'll kidnap us.

MAGGIE: Nobody's going to kidnap us. But all right. We'll go on the bus.

T.K.: We'll get all lost and confused, changing buses. We'll end up in some terrible place where we'll be knifed and murdered and nobody will ever find our bodies.

MAGGIE: All right. How are we going to go to the Museum? Walk?

T.K.: No. It's too dangerous. All those homeless people, waiting to attack us. They're all crazy.

MAGGIE: T.K., tell me how we got here.

T.K.: Your dad came on a business trip and you invited me to come. Why?

MAGGIE: So I can have it indelibly imbedded in my brain never to be forgotten and never ever again to be duplicated. You've done nothing since we got here except exhibit paranoid tendencies that border on the insane. You think everybody's out to get you.

T.K.: Aren't they?

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MAGGIE: You thought the taxi driver last night was some kind of lunatic, and the man who brought up our luggage was staring at you. Why did you come if you're afraid of everything and everybody?

T.K.: I wanted to see New York.

MAGGIE: So. Let's go see it.

T.K.: You're right. I am being stupid.

MAGGIE: Now then. This is the plan. We'll take the bus to the Museum.

T.K.: But we can't talk to anybody.

MAGGIE: I don't think many muggers hang out at the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

T.K.: And no weird food.

MAGGIE: T.K., I think you should seriously consider taking the next plane back home. I don't think you're ready for New York.

T.K.: No, no. I'll be fine. Really. It's just that all my life I've heard stories about how dangerous New York is.

MAGGIE: I was here last spring and went everywhere without any problem. You just have to be careful. We're not going into any bad places. Look. I was born in a little tiny town in the country. Then we moved to a big town. I heard my folks talking about all the bad things that could happen. I was terrified. I never wanted to leave the house. Then one day, I realized that I couldn't live my whole life in fear. 'Cause if I did, I wouldn't have much of a life. Now, I'm going to the Museum. I'm going to talk to people. And eat in a deli. The wilder the food, the better. I'll probably go to a movie too, which probably isn't even in English.

T.K.: You don't have to be so ugly.

MAGGIE: You don't have to be so obnoxious.

T.K.: You're really insensitive, aren't you?

MAGGIE: I'm leaving. I'm going to the Museum to look at the statues.

T.K.: That's right. Leave me here by myself.

MAGGIE: T.K. You're my guest, but that doesn't mean I'll let you ruin my trip. Now, are you coming, or not? Tell you what, come with me, and if you don't like it, if y e totally

miserable, I'll put you in a taxi to the airport. How's that?

T.K.: Fine.

MAGGIE: Do you want to take your suitcase? Just in case.

T.K.: No.

MAGGIE: You sure?

T.K.: I'm sure.

MAGGIE: Fine.

T.K.: Maggie. Thanks for inviting me to come with you. You could have asked a lot of people, but you didn't. I won't ruin your trip. I'll get over it.

MAGGIE: I know. C'mon. Let's get out of here. *(Both exit.)*