

MARLENE: We'll discuss my lack of discipline at the beach.

MARY: I am getting an A in both classes.

MARLENE: You're getting A's in all of your classes. It's your senior year. Live a little.

MARY: *(Looking at her)* You won't ask me to do this again, will you?

MARLENE: I promise.

MARY: OK.

MARLENE: YES!

MARY: But not again. I'm not cutting class again to go to the beach.

MARLENE: Never. *(Taking MARY's arm, leading her out.)* Ski season, however, is fast approaching. *(Looking around)* RUN!!

BORROWING

JAN: Age 17, attractive, older sister.

SUZI: Age 15, also attractive.

SETTING: Jan's bedroom.

SUZI: *(Heading for the closet)* Hey, Jan.

JAN: *(Without looking up.)* Hi. *(Notices SUZI rummaging through closet.)* What are you doing?

SUZI: Getting the grey jacket with the silver buttons. You know, the one I always wear with my black jeans.

JAN: You mean the one that you always take without asking to wear with your black jeans?

SUZI: *(In closet)* Yeah, that's the one . . .

JAN: You know, just once I wish you would ask before you take.

SUZI: Jan, the times I've worn it, you haven't been home to ask.

JAN: I'm home now.

SUZI: OK, fine. Can I please borrow your jacket?

JAN: No.

SUZI: Very funny. Is it in here or in the hall closet?

JAN: It's in there, but don't bother, because you can't wear it.

SUZI: You're kidding.

JAN: No, I'm not. I'm getting tired of always finding my clothes in your closet. Some of them I haven't even worn yet.

SUZI: Oh, come on. You borrow my clothes just as much as I do yours.

JAN: Oh, yes. All the oversized jackets I can use.

SUZI: You can use anything of mine you want to use. No one is stopping you.

JAN: Only the fact that I'm a size eight and you're a

size six. It really bugs me that my clothes fit you and yours just manage to be too small for me.

SUZI: Oh, I see. I'm at fault here because I'm smaller than you. God, you act like you're fat or something.

JAN: No, I know I'm not. It just bugs me that you have twice of my size wardrobe because you have your clothes and mine as well.

SUZI: So I can belt and tie your clothes. I'm sorry. Forgive me for being a size smaller than you.

JAN: Just go to your own closet and get your own clothes.

SUZI: You're really not going to let me borrow that jacket?

JAN: You know, maybe if you'd learn to ask instead of just take all the time, I would.

SUZI: OK, please? It won't happen again. I will ask from now on.

JAN: No.

SUZI: I can't believe this. You are being such a bitch.

JAN: Just stay out of my closet.

SUZI: Fine.

JAN: And stay out of my room.

SUZI: No problem. And listen . . .

JAN: What?

SUZI: Just stay out of my life.

JAN: Well, I'm devastated.

SUZI: I can't believe you're acting like this over a stupid jacket.

JAN: Believe it.

SUZI: There's got to be more to it than this . . .

JAN: Honestly? No. There isn't. Hard to believe, precious sister, that I am genuinely tired of you and your demands?

SUZI: What demands?

JAN: It's never "Jan, may I borrow?" or "Jan, would you

mind if I used . . ." It's always just take, take, take.

SUZI: God, back off. You are really overreacting.

JAN: Overreacting to you. Finally reacting to me. Just leave my stuff alone.

SUZI: You're really serious, aren't you?

JAN: You finally figured that out? I work and earn money for most everything I own in that closet. I don't want you just rummaging through it. I'm serious, yes.

SUZI: I'm really sorry, Jan. I didn't realize that you truly felt this way.

JAN: Well, I do.

SUZI: You should have told me this sooner. We're sisters, and I love you. I wouldn't hurt you.

JAN: I know. It's just that I kept it bottled up and I just exploded at once. I'm sorry, too.

SUZI: I'll ask from now on, OK?

JAN: Thanks. (*Hugs SUZI.*)

SUZI: Is it OK if I borrow that grey jacket?

JAN: No.

SUZI: What? What was all this true confessions stuff we just had? I thought everything was fine between us.

JAN: It is, but that doesn't mean you can borrow my jacket.

SUZI: You are such a bitch.

JAN: Get out of my room.

SUZI: Fine. I hate you!

JAN: Who cares!

SUZI: I don't want your lousy jacket anyway.

JAN: Good, 'cause you're not getting it. And stay out of all of my things.