

**KEL:** I bet it sucks being stuck up there.

**JENNY:** It sucks being stuck anywhere.

[Pause.]

**KEL:** Maybe we could help him move out into the backyard or something.

[A moment. JENNY brightens.]

**JENNY:** Yeah! Definitely. Maybe—Or at least into the living room.

**KEL:** That would be so great.

[A moment. JENNY reaches her hand up to the door. She looks to KEL, who nods. JENNY knocks on the door three times, loudly. They wait. JENNY grins.]

**JENNY:** Here we go.

**KEL:** Here we go.

[JENNY pushes open the door. They enter. The door closes behind them.]

## Booty

Steven Schutzman

### Comic

**EDDIE:** 8

**STAR:** 8

Both girls are African American.

*EDDIE is sitting on a stoop, playing jacks on the landing. STAR saunters in vamping and preening like an innocent 8-year-old might imitate a sexy, grown-up woman.*

**EDDIE:** [Shaking her head.] Hey, Star.

**STAR:** Hello, Edwina.

**EDDIE:** Edwina?

**STAR:** And you can call me Starchella from now on.

**EDDIE:** Get over yourself, girl.

**STAR:** Ha!

**EDDIE:** Ha! [Pause.] Let's play.

**STAR:** I don't think so.

EDDIE: Why not? I been waitin' for you. Like forever.

STAR: It's childish.

EDDIE: It's childish. We're children, last time I looked.

STAR: Not anymore. I got me a nice booty.

EDDIE: What?

STAR: A nice, bodacious booty.

EDDIE: [*Getting down to look at STAR's feet.*] Nikes ain't booties, girl; they're sneaks, and nasty. Not nice. Just nasty.

STAR: I'm not talkin' 'bout boots, stupid. I'm talkin' 'bout booty.

EDDIE: Where?

STAR: My booty is up and down and all over me.

EDDIE: Where at?

STAR: Wherever a boy's eyes go on me, that's where my booty is.

EDDIE: Nasty.

STAR: Says you.

EDDIE: Says me is right.

STAR: Ha!

EDDIE: Ha! Okay. What's a booty?

STAR: You don't know?

EDDIE: Nope, just that it sound nasty.

STAR: Well then, I'm not tellin' you.

EDDIE: Hey, you don't know either.

STAR: Maybe not, maybe not, Edwina, but Jaden just told me I got me a nice, bodacious one.

EDDIE: Jaden! In fourth grade? That boy always tryin' to hang with them teenagers on the corner? Up on his bike, runnin' to the store for them and such?

STAR: That's right. [*She waves toward a distant corner.*] Hey, Jaden!

EDDIE: [*Shaking her head.*] Stop it. Now, do you wanna play now or what, Starchella?

STAR: No, I do not, Eddie.

EDDIE: Well, that Jaden's a dunce.

STAR: I don't think so.

EDDIE: With that stupid grin of his. A definite dunce.

STAR: I do not think so. [*Beat.*] Okay. What's a dunce?

EDDIE: You don't know dunce and you don't know booty.

STAR: Okay, but what is it?

EDDIE: I don't know either, exactly. Sounds real bad though. My grandpa always be sayin' to my father like when he comes home all red-eyed and raggedy, "When you gonna stop being such a damn fool dunce, Elmore?"

My father say, shakin' his head, "I don't know, Daddy," all red-eyed and sorry like. So it can't be good.

STAR: Who cares? Jaden practically a man.

EDDIE: Him? Ha!

STAR: He be tall and he be lookin' your booty up and down like a man.

EDDIE: He be nine.

STAR: [*She waves again.*] Hey, Jaden!

EDDIE: Stop it. Or he'll come over here and ruin the game.

STAR: So what?

EDDIE: He prob'ly don't know what a booty is either.

STAR: Sure act like he do.

EDDIE: So?

STAR: Like he's a man and I'm a woman.

EDDIE: Nasty.

STAR: Up and down and all over my body. [*Looking down and discovering her body is the same as it ever was. Beat. More innocent now.*] Anyway, them teenagers might'a told him what it is.

EDDIE: I guess. But who cares?

STAR: You prob'ly got you a nice booty too, since we're best friends.

EDDIE: I doubt it.

STAR: Well, then, we could share mine. Since we best friends.

EDDIE: Whatever. Let's play.

STAR: We can get Jaden over here. He look us up one side and down the other, with eyes all big like this . . .

EDDIE: No!

STAR: He look you front and back, all grinning like this . . .

EDDIE: No!

STAR: And he say, Nice booty, Mama.

EDDIE: Mama?

STAR: Nice bodacious booty, Mama. [*Pause.*] I'll just call Jaden over. Hey, Jaden . . . [*She waves.*]

EDDIE: [*Stopping her.*] Stop it, Star. Stop it. I mean it. I don't want that boy over here, now or ever.

STAR: You just jealous 'cause I got me such a nice booty.

EDDIE: No way. I just don't want that boy sayin' nothin' 'bout my booty. I don't want him lookin' and grinnin'. I don't wanna know nothin' 'bout no booty, at all. It's prob'ly stupid like he is. Or he made it up. I don't want it. And I don't wanna be no Mama, workin', yellin', tired all the time. All I wanna do is play jacks like always. Now, you wanna play with me or not?

[STAR looks over to the corner where Jaden is. She looks at EDDIE.]

STAR: Yeah, I guess. We can play for a little while.

[The girls play jacks.]

## Cheating

Olivia Arieti

### Dramatic

PAT: 14 to 15; a teenage girl.

JOEL: 14 to 15; PAT's sister's boyfriend.

*PAT has fallen for JOEL but he happens to be her sister's boyfriend. JOEL, though, appears superficial and insensitive to PAT's feelings and to the problems teenage girls have to face. This scene takes place on a park bench. JOEL enters, looks around, sits on the bench. Takes out his cell phone, starts playing. PAT arrives.*

PAT: I'm a bit late. Sorry.

JOEL: [*Keeps on playing.*] Bingo! Boy, what a score.

PAT: Hey, I'm here, Joel.

JOEL: [*Without looking up.*] At last. I was about to leave.

PAT: [*Sits next to him.*] The problem was I . . . well . . . I really couldn't make up my mind.

JOEL: About what?

PAT: About coming here.