

OVER WITH

JAY: Sixteen and pretty sure that he's a terrific guy, loved by one and all . . . or so he thinks.

PAM: Also sixteen, spent a brief period in a relationship with Jay for which she still has some anger.

SETTING: In the quad area of a high school. It is early morning, warm, before the first class of summer school.

JAY: Let's get it over with.

PAM: Fine, I don't want to be here anymore than you do.

JAY: God, I hate summer school.

PAM: Well, you should have thought of this before you signed up.

JAY: Signed up, right. My mom signed me up.

PAM: Why didn't you just tell her "No"?

JAY: You've met my mother.

PAM: Good point.

JAY: It's so darn hot out here.

PAM: You are always hot.

JAY: You should know. *(He wiggles his eyebrows in comic suggestiveness.)*

PAM: No wonder you're here for summer school. You must want to catch up on your ancient history.

JAY: Oh, you miss me and you know it.

PAM: Yes, about as much as I miss listening to you sing every time you feel the need.

JAY: You love the way I sing.

PAM: I'd like it better if you could hit the occasional note and perhaps stay on pitch once in a while.

JAY: Very nice.

PAM: Let's just go, OK? I really don't feel like walking down this path again.

JAY: What path?

PAM: The path that starts off with you getting me into a

"vibing" match with you for fun, and then ends with one of us being hurt or angry.

JAY: What are you talking about?

PAM: Listen Jay, we just started being friends again after that stupid "relationship" we had, and I don't want to go into all of that crap we went through.

JAY: God, you are so sensitive lately. PMS?

PAM: Jay, don't start.

JAY: Start what?

PAM: Jay, I'm serious. I will walk right out to the parking lot, get in my car and leave your sorry self here to face summer school alone, if you say one more word.

JAY: Fine. Fine. Not another word.

PAM: Good.

JAY: Fine.

PAM: Good. Now let's go in.

JAY: *(Raising his hand.)*

PAM: You may speak . . .

JAY: I . . .

PAM: But watch it.

JAY: I'm sorry.

PAM: Good. Let's go.

JAY: No, really, I'm sorry. Pam, I mean it.

PAM: *(She looks at him questioningly.)* Do you?

JAY: I do. I didn't mean to turn our friendship into a joke. I want you to know that.

PAM: It wasn't a joke, exactly. Jokes are funny. Us as a twosome was definitely not a laugh-a-minute.

JAY: Pam, c'mon, we had some fun.

PAM: Oh, yeah. It was really fun putting each other down in front of all of our friends. It was fun waiting for you to finally show up all of the times you were late picking me up. My favorite fun part was watching you watch other girls.

JAY: I was the way I always was. You just started getting all tense about it. Why?

PAM: Why, Jay? Why? Because you don't "vibe" a girlfriend, Jay. You don't come half an hour late without calling a girlfriend, Jay. You don't watch other girls walk by with your girlfriend standing right next to you, Jay. That's why, Jay. OK?

JAY: I'd like to thank you for clearing that up for me, Pam.

PAM: Fine.

JAY: Good.

PAM: Fine.

JAY: So, hey, I'm glad we're back to being friends. Aren't you?

PAM: *(Sarcastically)* Oh, hey, it's swell. *(They sit in silence for a bit, sneaking glances at one another. JAY smiles and then PAM slowly does the same.)*

JAY: Face it, we're better friends than lovers.

PAM: You can say that again, especially with you.

JAY: Oh, unkind. *(They laugh for a moment.)* I wasn't bad, was I?

PAM: What do you mean?

JAY: You know? The lover part?

PAM: We didn't do enough for me to make that kind of judgment.

JAY: Well, hey, for the sake of research . . . *(He reaches for her.)*

PAM: No, thanks. We'll let the question go unanswered.

JAY: But now you'll never know.

PAM: I'll live. *(They smile at each other, almost starting to hug, but don't.)*

JAY: C'mon, summer school and computer class await.

PAM: My life is a full one.

JAY: Of course, I'm in it.

PAM: The ego of the man. Let's go if we're going.

SIBLINGS

BOBBY: A big brother concerned about his "little sister's" ability to deal with men.

LINDA: His 15-year-old sister "just growing up," but confident.

CAST: The entire scene takes place in Linda's bathroom. Most of it will probably be played to each other in the mirror. Linda should be putting on finishing touches while Bobby messes with her stuff.

BOBBY: *(Calling from Off-stage)* Linda, where are you?

LINDA: *(Calling out)* I'm in here.

BOBBY: *(Entering)* Hi. Whatcha doin'?

LINDA: Getting ready.

BOBBY: *(Looking at her)* You better hurry. You haven't got that much time.

LINDA: I'm almost done.

BOBBY: You are? Oh.

LINDA: What? Bobby, what? *(Looking at herself in the mirror)*

BOBBY: Nothing. Is that what you're wearing?

LINDA: You don't think I should?

BOBBY: I didn't say that. I just asked you if that is what you plan to wear.

LINDA: Well, I've got it on, so I guess I had planned to wear it.

BOBBY: Oh.

LINDA: Oh again? What is it with the "Oh"?

BOBBY: Nothing.

LINDA: It's not dressy enough, is it?

BOBBY: No . . . I didn't say that.

LINDA: You don't have to. I can see it in your eyes. I look like the pig of the forest, don't I?

BOBBY: Linda, you look fine, honest.