

Kristie: Awesome! They just needed a little push is all. All in a days work.

Kim: Is that my tea?

Kristie: Oh gosh, yes. (**Handing Kim the tea.**) I'm sorry honey, don't even worry about paying for this. I know it took forever.

Kim: That's okay. I think I'm turning invisible or something anyway.

Kristie: Really, I am so sorry.

Kim: Don't worry about it.

Kristie: Thanks. (**She exits the stage**)

Kim: (**Shaking her head.**) Humph, seniors
(Curtain)

After School Special

By
Donna Brightwell

(Cast Copy)

After School Special

© 2007 by Donna Brightwell

COPYRIGHT REGULATIONS

This play is protected under the Copyright laws of the British Commonwealth of Nations and all countries of the Universal Copyright Conventions.

All rights, including Stage, Motion Picture, Video, Radio, Television, Public Reading, and Translations into Foreign Languages, are strictly reserved.

No part of this publication may lawfully be transmitted, stored in a retrieval system, or reproduced in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, manuscript, typescript, recording, including video, or otherwise, without prior consent of Lazy Bee Scripts.

A licence, obtainable only from Lazy Bee Scripts, must be acquired for every public or private performance of a script published by Lazy Bee Scripts and the appropriate royalty paid. If extra performances are arranged after a licence has already been issued, it is essential that Lazy Bee Scripts be informed immediately and the appropriate royalty paid, whereupon an amended licence will be issued.

The availability of this script does not imply that it is automatically available for private or public performance, and Lazy Bee Scripts reserve the right to refuse to issue a licence to perform, for whatever reason. Therefore a licence should always be obtained before any rehearsals start.

Major revisions to the text may not be made without the permission of Lazy Bee Scripts.

The name of the author must be displayed on all forms of advertising and promotional material, including posters, programmes and hand bills.

Photocopying of this script constitutes an infringement of copyright unless consent has been obtained from Lazy Bee Scripts and an appropriate fee has been paid.

FAILURE TO ABIDE BY ALL THE ABOVE REGULATIONS, CONSTITUTES AN INFRINGEMENT OF THE COPYRIGHT LAWS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

Taylor: Sure. Why not?

Scott: Great! We're all set then.

Julie: **(To Scott)** We're going to the mall to pick out dresses this week-end. Can I call you to tell you what colors to get for your tux?

Scott: **(To Julie)** I'll call you. What's your number?

(Taylor, Julie, Scott and Chris pull out cell phones and start getting each other's numbers. The boys drop some cash on the table and get up to leave)

Scott: How bout we get those coffees?

Julie: Sure, thanks.

Scott: And I guess we'll see you girls later.

Chris: Yeah, I'll call you later Taylor.

Taylor: Ok.

(The boys go to exit coolly, then celebrate their victory before completely exiting the stage)

Julie: Man! I can't believe this!

Taylor: I know, me either.

Kim: **(To Julie)** I thought you *loved* Chris.

Julie: I like Scott now. Besides, that was *so* fifteen minutes ago.

(To Taylor) Let's go ahead and go to the mall. I want to get an early start.

(Julie and Taylor get up to leave)

Taylor: Me too. I want to get there before *Brandy* does.

Julie: I knew it, I knew you were normal! You want to grab a pizza?

Taylor: You mean you're actually going to eat something?

Julie: Yeah, that cookie did wonders for my head-ache.

Julie: **(To the audience)** I'm thinking about trying that "be happy not skinny" philosophy the waitress was talking about. Who knows, by the end of the night, Chris could be mine!

(The girls exit the stage)

(Kristie enters the stage carrying a cup of tea and sips from it as she walks over to the table)

Kristie: **(To Kim)** Where did everybody go?

Kim: The mall to look at dresses.

Kristie: Are they all going to the prom together?

Kim: Yep. Looks like it.

Julie: I don't care! I don't care what you do. All I know is this friendship is over! (Stomping back to the table and sitting)

Taylor: Julie! (Taylor returns to the table)

Taylor: I'm sorry, Chris, I can't go with you to the prom.

Chris: Oh, that's okay, it was just kind of spur of the minute anyway. I don't even know why I said it.

(Pause)

Julie: (Picks up the cookie and starts munching on it, then to the audience) What? Don't look at me like that! I didn't do anything wrong. My best friend just stole my man! What am I supposed to do? It's all her fault! (Beat) Ok, fine. If you're going to make me feel guilty about it... But I want it on record that I'm doing this in complete protest just so I'll look like the bigger person here.

Julie: (To Chris) Geeze! Yes, she'll go to the stupid prom with you.

Taylor: No, I won't!

Julie: Yes, you will! I forgive you.

Taylor: Forgive me? For what?

Julie: Look, I'm trying to be gracious here, would you mind not messing it up for me?

Taylor: Julie, I don't want anything to come between us, you're my best friend.

Julie: (To the audience) You see that? Always trying to one up me. (To Taylor) Would you shut up before you embarrass me?

Scott: What's going on here?

Julie: Nothing, I was just being a jerk.

Kim: Low blood sugar.

Scott: Are you diabetic?

Kim: No, she's a diet-aholic.

Julie: It's over now.

Scott: (To Julie) Oh, ok, I was thinking maybe we could all go together. Or is this a bad time to ask? You want another cookie before you answer?

Julie: A mercy date?

Scott: Mercy for me maybe.

Julie: In that case, I'd love to.

Chris: Is that okay Taylor?

After School Special

Copyright 2007 by Donna Brightwell

Characters

Julie

Taylor

Kim

Kristie (the Waitress)

Chris

Scott

Published by Lazy Bee Scripts

After School Special

(Present day. Trendy coffee shop with posters of pop music stars and memorabilia on the walls. A café table is set up stage right with three chairs at the table for the girls and another table stage left with two chairs for the boys.)

(Julie enters the stage and speaks directly to the audience. She speaks rapidly and is a nervous wreck. The other characters are completely unaware of the audience.)

Julie: (To the audience) Ok, so my name's Julie and my life is a total train wreck. I mean it, real crap. I graduate in three months and I have no clue what I'm going to do with my life, but whatever, right? I have time, I'll figure it all out. Anyway, the prom's in two months and I don't have a date. How sad is that? I mean me, Julie Hollander, no date for the prom. I might as well plaster it on the side of a bus and shave my head in shame. It's totally embarrassing.

(Taylor enters the stage and sits at the table. She opens a book and starts reading.)

Julie: (To audience) That's Taylor, she's my best friend, we've been best friends for like, forever. Which is weird because she's like a total nerd or something and I'm way cool. Basically it works though. She lets me copy her homework, and I provide a kickin' social life for her. (Walking over to the table) Anyway, she doesn't have a date for the prom either, but she's pretending like she's totally cool with it. How lame is that? (She sits)

Taylor: (Looks up from her book) Who are you talking to?

Julie: (Winks at the audience) Oh, nobody. Taylor, you are not reading a book in public!

Taylor: What?

Julie: That is so, not cool.

Taylor: Give me a break Julie, I need to study this.

Julie: (Taking the book and reading the cover.) This is an SAT study guide!

Taylor: Yeah....?

Julie: Are you mental? We already took our SAT's!

Taylor: (Snatching the book from Julie) I'm taking them again.

Kristie: You guys will too.

(The boys are horror stricken)

Kristie: I wouldn't give it another thought. You might want to hurry though, you don't have much time left. To find dates I mean. For the prom. The senior prom. Yep, it'll be here before you know it. Probably shouldn't waste any time.

(Kristie exits the stage)

Julie: (To the audience) If I had a weapon...

Chris: (To Taylor) You want to go to the Prom with me?

Julie: } (Together)

Scott: }

Kim: } What?!

(Julie grabs Taylor by the arm and pulls her away from the table.)

Julie: Would you please give us a minute? (dragging Taylor to the other side of the stage)

Scott: Dude! Do you know what you just did?

Chris: Where did that come from? I mean I was just sitting here. All of a sudden, words just flew out of my mouth. What did I just do?

Scott: Oh man, you did it! You asked Taylor to the prom.

Chris: (Sarcastically) Yeah, smooth huh?

Scott: (Enthusiastically) It was dude, it was great! It's like you had a plan, you wanted something, and you just... Did it. I mean, she could have blasted you man, but you took the chance! You really put yourself out there. I have a whole new respect for you man!

Chris: She probably thinks I'm a dope or something. They're over there right now laughing about what an idiot I am. I can't believe I just did that.

Kim: You two realize I'm still sitting here, right?

Julie: I freaking hate you!

Taylor: What just happened?

Julie: You just stole my man is what just happened! I can't believe the way you were throwing yourself at him!

Taylor: I was not!

Julie: Were too!

Taylor: What am I supposed to do?

Chris: Yeah.

Julie: **(To the audience)** Ok, I'm crashing here, what a complete nerd. Totally embarrassing. He probably thinks I'm a total goof. Must find a way to cover. **(To Chris)** Sorry, must be the caffeine. Kim tells me you two go to the same church.

Chris: Yeah.

Julie: **(To Chris)** I thought I'd drop by Sunday, I'm looking for a church myself.

(Chris is noticeably silent)

Scott: Great, we'd love to have you.

Julie: Cool.

Chris: Sure, you could come too Taylor, if you wanted.

Taylor: I don't know, my Mom doesn't like for me to miss a service at our church.

Chris: Oh, that's cool.

Scott: **(To Taylor)** Hey, didn't you used to go out with Mike Baylor?

Taylor: Yeah.

Scott: He plays third base. He's dating Brandy Wilcox now, isn't he?

Taylor: I don't know, I don't keep up with him much since we broke up.

Julie: **(To the audience)** Right, she doesn't keep up with him much, I caught her hiding in the bushes at his house once, she had a dozen cupcakes that spelled out "I love you Mike", in jelly beans on them. It took her three hours to pick out the bubble gum flavored beans, they're his favorite. Thank goodness I was there to stop her, she would have made a complete fool of herself.

Scott: He's a nice guy.

Julie: Yeah, I know.

(Obvious pause.)

(Kristie enters the stage and goes over to the table)

Kristie: So, how's everybody doing over here?

Kim: I still need my tea.

Kristie: So, is everybody excited about the prom?

(Everyone mumbles, embarrassed. Well, I... you know...etc.)

Kristie: Well girls, don't give up hope, you'll probably find dates.

(The girls are horror stricken)

Julie: Why? You scored like a billion on that stupid test.

Taylor: I can do better.

Julie: **(Begins tapping her foot nervously under the table.)** Cut it out! You set the bar too high for the rest of us. My own mother likes you better than she does me.

Taylor: She does not.

Julie: **(To the audience)** No, she does, really. **(Mimicking her mother)** "You should be more like Taylor, Taylor's smart, she'll make something out of *her* life. You're just a big fat loser." **(To Taylor)** For real, you make me sick.

Taylor: Thanks.

Julie: No, I mean it, sometimes, after I spend time with you, I go home and throw up, I mean it, I literally throw up.

Taylor: You're bulimic.

Julie: I wish.

Taylor: That has got to be the dumbest thing I've ever heard you say.

Julie: **(To the audience)** She obviously hasn't been paying much attention along the way. **(To Taylor)** Tell me you've never thought about it.

Taylor: Throwing up?

Julie: Yeah.

Taylor: Not voluntarily.

Julie: It's supposed to be a great way to lose weight fast.

Taylor: Yeah, so your teeth rot out and you dehydrate. That makes your skin all dry and flaky. Not to mention what it does to your digestive system. I used to know a girl that did that. She ended up in a mental health facility for thirty days. She has to take shots once a week because her body can't break down the nutrients that it needs to survive.

Julie: But she's skinny, right?

Taylor: Did you hear a word I said?

Julie: Stop being such a drama queen. I knew a girl that did it and lost ten pounds. Then she stopped, no big deal.

Taylor: Who?

Julie: Who what?

Taylor: What was her name?

Julie: Nicole.

Taylor: Nicole what?

Julie: Just Nicole, I don't remember her last name.

Taylor: Uh huh.

Julie: (To the audience) Ok fine, I just made that up. (**Julie's foot tapping becomes very obvious.**)

Taylor: Stop that.

Julie: Stop what?

Taylor: That thing with your foot. Stop it.

Julie: (Looking down at her foot, she stops tapping.) Oh, yeah. I guess I'm a little nervous or something.

Taylor: You're acting weird. More weird than usual.

(Kim enters the stage and sits with the girls. She is two grades behind Julie and Taylor.)

Kim: Hey chicks, what's up?

Taylor: Hey Kim. Oh nothing, Julie's just freaking out again.

Julie: Am not!

Taylor: What-ever.

Kim: Ok, so what's the melt down today?

Julie: Weight loss and SAT's.

Kim: (To Julie) I thought you already took the SAT's.

Julie: (To Taylor) See?!

Taylor: I'm taking them again.

Kim: That's cool.

Julie: No, it's not cool! That is like the most uncool thing in the history of all uncool things!

Kim: You're dieting again aren't you?

Julie: What does that have to do with anything?

Kim: You always get like this when you diet.

Julie: Like what?

Kim: You freak out.

(Kristie enters the stage and walks to the girls table. She is a college student.)

Julie: Do not.

Kim: Do too. Burneys? Hello?

Kim: It looks like it always looks.

Julie: (To the audience) Is that good or bad?

Scott: So, the waitress said it was okay for us to sit with you? She like, took our table away and everything.

Julie: Well yeah, sure, that's cool, I mean, it's not cool that she took your table away or anything, but it's cool if you want to sit with us.

(The boys sit at the table)

Scott: Hey Kim.

Kim: Hey Scott, Chris.

Chris: Hey.

Kim: Do you know Julie and Taylor?

Scott: We've seen each other around school.

Taylor: (To Chris) You're in my Chem class right, third period?

Chris: (Nervous) Right, I think so, yeah.

Taylor: How'd you do on that test today?

Chris: I don't know, ok I guess.

Julie: She probably aced it. She aces everything, she's weird like that. A real brainiac.

Taylor: He'll put a curve on it. He always does.

Chris: Uh huh.

(Pause)

Julie: (To Chris) So, you guys just getting out of baseball practice?

Scott: Yeah, I bet we'll go to state this year.

Julie: (To Chris) What position do you play?

Chris: Uh...

Scott: He plays pitcher and catcher, I play short stop. We've been playing together since we were like six years old or something.

Julie: I play softball.

Scott: What position do you play?

Julie: Outfield.

Scott: Outfield's good. You must have a strong arm.

Julie: I do okay I guess. I just play for fun.

Scott: That's the best motivation.

Julie: (To Chris) So, what position do you play?

Chris: Uh...

Julie: Oh, I just asked you that didn't I?

Kristie: (To the boys) Excellent. Sorry guys, but I'm going to have to move you. (She picks up the boys mugs from the table and hands them to them.)

Scott: Huh?

Kristie: Yep, I'm closing down this section. By the way, the girls at that table over there asked me to invite you to sit with them.

(The boys stand slowly, Kristie is rushing them)

Scott: They did? Really?

Kristie: Yeah, I overheard them saying they thought you guys were hot. Don't forget your chairs.

(She drags their table offstage. They stand there for a moment, mugs in one hand, chairs in the other.)

Scott: This is it C-man.

Chris: Please, don't call me that.

Scott: Whatever. Just be cool.

Chris: Are you kidding me? We're just going to go over there and sit with them? Just like that?

Scott: Hey, the waitress said they invited us to their table. Let's go man.

Chris: I can't.

Scott: (Pulling Chris by the arm) Look, you drug me to a foo-foo coffee shop after baseball practice because you knew she would be here. But I didn't say anything, I mean I could be home playing video games or washing my dog or something. Now, you are going to grow a backbone and go over there and talk to those girls with me.

Chris: Dude, I can't.

Scott: Ok, fine, then I'll just go over there by myself and tell them that your mother dressed you up as Becky smurf for Halloween when you were in the third grade.

Chris: She grabbed the wrong costume by mistake!

Scott: And you liked it.

Chris: Let's go, trader.

(The boys grab their chairs and drag them over to the girl's table)

Kim: (To the girls) Don't look, they're coming over.

Julie: (Turns to look) What? They are!

Kim: I told you not to look.

Julie: I can't believe this! How's my hair?

Julie: (To the audience) Ok, I should probably explain that. One time, when I was on this grape fruit and onion diet, I totally accosted a sales lady at Burney's. They called security and now I'm not allowed within two-hundred feet of the place. Honestly though, it wasn't totally my fault. I mean she crashed into a dress rack and had to have a few stitches. Big deal right? Ok, maybe I chased after her with a three inch stiletto screaming "spawn of Satan", but I mean, if she couldn't run in high heels, she shouldn't wear them, right? But come on, she brought me a size 12 shoe. 12 for crying out loud. She might as well have slapped me in the face!

Kristie: What can I get you girls today?

Taylor: I'll have an Espresso Con Panna with a shot of raspberry please.

Julie: Me too.

Kim: Just hot tea for me please. I hate coffee.

Kristie: Ok, two Espresso Con Panna's with a shot of raspberry and a hot tea. Would anyone like a biscuit or a cookie today?

Julie: A cookie? Are you insane?! Can't you see I'm dieting? The prom's in two months! I've got to lose ten pounds!

Kristie: The prom, how fun! Do you girls have dates yet?

Julie: (Overreacting) Are you kidding me? I look like a freaking cow! Who's going to ask me to the prom when I'm like twenty pounds overweight?

Kristie: You don't look twenty pounds overweight.

Julie: Please, I'm a cow.

Kristie: (To Taylor and Julie) Is um... is she Ok?

Kim: She's dieting.

Kristie: (Completely understanding) Oh. Anyway, you get ten percent off then, it's our After School Special for high school students. I'll be right back with your coffees. (She exits the stage.)

Julie: (Retrieving a compact from her purse.) Are my lips too thin?

Taylor: What?

Julie: (To Taylor) They are, aren't they. (To the audience) That waitress has great lips. Not exactly Angelina Jolie lips, but great lips. Mine just look like pale strands of spaghetti laying lifeless across my face. (To Taylor) Hit me.

Taylor: You're kidding, right?

Julie: Come on, hit me. Right in the face. Give me a good punch right in the mouth. I dare you.

Taylor: Julie, I am not going to hit you. Not without a good reason anyway.

Julie: Come on, not too hard, just hard enough so that my lips swell up. I double dare you.

(**Taylor looks at Julie as if she has a snake on her head.**)

Kim: She is freaking out.

Julie: (**Closing her compact, to Kim**) What is your problem?

Kim: I don't have a problem.

Julie: Would everybody please just get off my case for once!

Taylor: You're obsessing.

Julie: I ask for one little favor...

Kim: You wanted Julie to hit you in the mouth! That's crazy!

Julie: (**Banging her head on the table.**) Augh! My head is killing me.

Taylor: Maybe if you wouldn't bang it on the table...

Kim: Maybe she's hoping her forehead will swell up.

Julie: Ha ha, very funny. (**To the audience**) You see what I have to put up with?

(**Chris and Scott enter the stage, as they cross the stage, Scott nudges Chris. They sit at the other table. They are wearing old t-shirts with the arms cut out and old baseball pants and caps. Julie can't take her eyes off of Chris.**)

Scott: There she is, man.

Chris: Shut up.

Scott: What's wrong with you dude? We walked right by her table and you didn't even say a word.

Chris: I have to build up to it.

Scott: Dude, you're like a third grader, I swear.

Chris: If you're trying to psyche me up, it ain't working.

Scott: Come on man, we look like idiots, who drinks coffee after baseball practice?

Chris: I know, right? Maybe we should just leave.

Scott: Oh, no way. Then we'd look like *dork* idiots. I just couldn't live with myself.

Julie: God, I love him.

Kim: They go to my church.

Kristie: Well, I have it on good authority that they don't have dates for the prom either.

Julie: Are you serious?

Kristie: Yeah, I heard them talking about it. Why don't you all go together?

Julie: They wouldn't ask us to the prom.

Kristie: So ask them.

Julie: What? We can't do that!

Kristie: Why not? You're not offering a marriage proposal or anything, it's just a dance. But you better hurry though. Guys don't usually hang around much after they finish their coffees.

Julie: I can't do it. Taylor, you're going to have to do it.

Taylor: Do what? I'm not asking them to the prom.

Julie: Well I can't do it. I'd look like a total loser!

Taylor: And what would I look like?

Julie: Come on Taylor, you're already a complete nerd, what would it hurt to add loser to the list.

Kristie: Geeze, what was I thinking? Listen, you girls just sit here and smile and look happy for a few minutes, Ok?

Kim: She can't, she's dieting.

Kristie: I heard. (**To Julie**) Listen honey, you want to know a little secret?

Julie: Sure.

Kristie: It doesn't matter how skinny or pretty you are, or what brand of clothes you wear. If you want a guy to like you, laugh and smile a lot. It makes him think that he won't have to work so hard to keep you happy. (**She reaches in her pocket and pulls out a cookie and sets it front of Julie**) And for heaven's sake, eat a cookie, you look like you're about to drop or something. Emaciated is not a good look for anybody. (**She turns on her heals and waltzes over to the boys table**)

Julie: What is she doing?

Kristie: (**To the boys**) Ok guys, what about those girls over there?

Scott: What about them?

Kristie: You think they're cute?

Scott: Yeah, sure, they're pretty cool I guess. What's up?

Kim: She works at Gastoph's. She makes over three-hundred dollars a night on week-ends. She says it's great cause she never has to bring her work home with her. And it keeps her in shape.

Julie: (To the audience) Ok, so this is totally awesome, I mean it doesn't happen very often, you know, Taylor making a mistake like this. So I have to make the most of it. It could be years before something like this happens again. (To Taylor, disappointed) I can't believe you said something like that. You know Taylor, sometimes you can be a real snob. You're just, cruel sometimes. What's wrong with you?

Taylor: Ok, I said I'm sorry.

(Pause)

Julie: Did you notice the way they were looking at her?

Taylor: The waitress again? They're guys, they look at all girls that way.

Julie: They don't look at me that way. It's cause I'm fat.

Taylor: You're not fat, it's cause you're always in a bad mood from dieting all the time. You never smile anymore, you always have this pained look on your face.

Julie: I do not!

Kim: Yes you do.

Julie: (Whipping out her compact again and frowning into it.) Augh! I do, don't I? (To the audience) It's probably because I'm trying to fend off eating the soles of my own shoes.

Kim: No guy wants to go out with some girl who looks miserable all the time.

Julie: (To Kim) Shut up! What do you know, munchkin?

(Kristie enters the stage and walks over to the girl's table)

Kristie: Are you girls doing alright?

Kim: I just need my tea.

Kristie: Oh yeah, it's coming up. (To Julie and Taylor) So are you girls going to the Prom?

Julie: I don't know. We don't really have any dates or anything.

Kristie: What is up with high school kids today? (pointing at Scott and Chris) Do those guys over there go to your school?

Julie: You mean McDreamy and his sidekick?

Kristie: Uh, I guess.

Taylor: Sure, one of them's in my Chem class.

Kim: Who?

Julie: Chris Lomax.

Taylor: You love everybody.

Julie: (To the audience) I'm playing the odds. Eventually, somebody's got to love me back. (To Taylor) Just look at him. Mr. Athlete.

Taylor: Please, he should be drinking Gatorade. Who drinks a cup of coffee after baseball practice?

Julie: (To the audience, dreamily) Chris does.

Taylor: He's in my Chem class. Probably some major egotistical super jock. He just wants to be seen in his little baseball outfit.

Julie: Works for me. He is so hot.

Kim: He's a nice guy.

Julie: You know Chris? He's a senior, you're a pathetic little sophomore, how do you know him?

Kim: Him and Scott go to my church.

Julie: Who's Scott?

Kim: The guy he's with.

Julie: No way. What time do I pick you up on Sunday? (To the audience) I know I should hide my head in shame, I've been reduced to picking up guys at church.

(Kristie enters the stage with two coffee mugs and spoons)

Kim: You're insane.

Kristie: (Setting the mugs and spoons down.) Ok ladies, two Espresso Con Pannas with a shot of raspberry. (To Kim) Oops, you had tea didn't you?

Kim: Yeah.

Kristie: Sorry, I'll be right back.

(Kristie strolls over to the boys table to get their order.)

Kristie: You guys just out of baseball practice?

Scott: (Teasing) How could you tell?

Kristie: I'm a professional, I'm trained to pick up on these things. What positions do you play?

Scott: I'm short stop. He pitches and plays catcher.

Kristie: Not at the same time I hope.

(Kristie giggles and the boys smile and give a little laugh.)

Julie: (Tapping her spoon on the table.) Did you see that?! She's flirting with them!

Taylor: Don't be ridiculous.
Julie: No, she is.
(The boys smile and laugh again.)
Julie: And they like it!
Taylor: She's just doing her job.
Julie: **(To the audience)** I want her job then.
Kim: **(Egging Julie on)** You know, I think she *is* flirting with them.
Julie: I'm calling a foul!
Kim: Huh?
Julie: College girls should never be allowed to flirt with high school guys. It should be a rule or something. We can't compete with that. It's not fair!
Kim: Oh, she's probably just trying to up her tip.
Julie: It's not fair! I think I can take her. What do you two think?
Taylor: I think you need to switch to decaf and lay off the diet pills.
(Pointing at the spoon Julie is tapping.)
Julie: Oh, **(lays the spoon back down on the table)** yeah.
(Kristie exits the stage.)
Chris: I feel stupid.
Scott: Just go over and say hi.
Chris: That's it, that's all you got for me? Say hi? Then what?
Scott: I don't know, she'll probably say hi back.
Chris: Yeah... and?
Scott: I can't do everything for you man. I know, ask her if she has a date to the prom.
Chris: The prom?! Geeze, I can't ask her that. She might think I'm asking *her* to the prom. I don't even know her! I can't ask her to the prom!
Scott: Sorry dude.
Chris: That's like a commitment or something. What if we find out we hate each other, then we're stuck going to the prom together and we're both miserable all night!
Scott: Will you relax?
Chris: Do you know how much the prom costs? Dinner at some overpriced restaurant, one of those flower things for her wrist, not to mention the tickets. You know she would expect me to pay for both of them. The prom? That's just crazy.

Scott: Gah Chris! So don't mention the prom.
Chris: It would be cool to have a date I guess.
Scott: Dude! You're driving me nuts!
Chris: I know right? I drive myself nuts all the time. It's sad really.
Julie: What should I do?
Kim: What?
Julie: He's sitting right there. Should I go over and say hi? No, that's lame. He probably doesn't even know who I am.
(Kristie enters the stage carrying two mugs. She sits them at the table with the boys.)
Kristie: Here you go guys. You two are high school students, right?
Scott: Yeah.
Kristie: I figured you were, I gave you the After School Special discount.
Chris: Cool, thanks.
Kristie: So, you guys seniors?
Scott: Yep.
Kristie: You going to the prom?
Scott: I guess.
Kristie: You mean you don't know?
Scott: We really don't have dates or anything.
Chris: We'll probably just go with a group or something.
Kristie: Uh huh. Well, if you need anything else, just let me know.
(Kristie exits the stage)
Julie: I wish I could be like that.
Taylor: What?
Julie: The waitress.
Taylor: You want to work for minimum wage and know sixty eight ways to prepare a mocha latte?
Julie: What's wrong with being a waitress?
Taylor: It doesn't seem like much of a career goal to me.
Julie: We can't all be forensic anthropologists you know.
Kim: **(Defensively)** Hey, my Mom's a waitress.
Julie: **(To Taylor)** Now don't *you* feel stupid?
Taylor: I didn't mean anything by it.