

anything . . . except maybe hungry. Let's go back to the table.

TRICIA: You are so strange.

LEAH: Yeah, I know. So, Bob is going on a full scholarship to Stanford? Is he taking those incredibly broad shoulders with him?

TRICIA: Nasty girl. *(They exit, laughing.)*

GROWING UP

LIZ: Age 17

AMY: Age 14

SETTING: Kitchen, late morning. Amy is preparing breakfast for herself. Liz enters, glances at her sister Amy, ignores her and begins to prepare herself something to eat. Amy is blocking the bread, Liz reaches in front of her to get it, shoving her on the shoulder in the process.

AMY: I hope I'm not in your way here. *(LIZ ignores her.)*

Fine, whatever. You don't have to talk to me.

LIZ: I have no intention of talking to you at all.

AMY: Fine. I don't want to talk to you either.

LIZ: Then don't.

AMY: I won't.

LIZ: Good. *(They eat in silence for a minute or two.)*

AMY: So, how long are you going to be mad at me? *(LIZ ignores her.)* Liz, how long?

LIZ: Mmmmonnnnow *(This is "I don't know" mumbled.)*

AMY: Whatever. I don't care.

LIZ: Good.

AMY: I don't, you know. You can be mad at me for as long as you want, and I really won't care at all. I know I was right, and that is all that matters. So you be mad. You stay mad forever if that's what you want. I honestly don't care.

LIZ: Then why don't you shut up?

AMY: Fine, I will.

LIZ: Fine, do it.

AMY: I will. I don't have to talk to you either.

LIZ: Then don't.

AMY: I won't.

LIZ: *(Slamming her glass on the table, yelling)* GOOD! *(They sit in silence, AMY watching LIZ wipe up the drink she has spilled.)*

AMY: Do you want me to apologize?

LIZ: Amy, I just want you to shut up.

AMY: I'm sorry. Really.

LIZ: Uh huh.

AMY: I didn't know you liked him, honestly. He just came over and I was nice to him while you weren't here. He said that you two were going to study together. He didn't say it was a date.

LIZ: It wasn't a date.

AMY: Then why are you so mad?

LIZ: Because it was supposed to turn into a date.

AMY: Well, why didn't you tell me?

LIZ: Because I didn't realize at the time that I had a mantrap for a younger sister who would steal a man right from under my nose.

AMY: I didn't steal him. I just . . . borrowed him.

LIZ: Like my jacket? You never returned that either.

AMY: I can't help it if we hit it off. I can't help it that he likes me.

LIZ: Whatever.

AMY: If you say "whatever" to me one more time, I swear . . .

LIZ: What, you'll hit me? Well, you'll have to beat me to it.

AMY: I can't stand it when you are like this.

LIZ: Whatever.

AMY: You . . . *(She goes to hit LIZ. LIZ, as promised, beats her to it. They struggle around the kitchen, over chairs, table, various other things.)* I hate you! You are a selfish, inconsiderate tramp!

LIZ: *(Over her)* You are lower than low. You are the worst kind of rotten excuse for a human being. *(The fight ends with them on the floor. They are lying among the various things they have run over and around during the fight.)*

AMY: Well, this is mature. *(She laughs.)*

LIZ: We are growing up to be the finest of young women, I must say.

AMY: *(Releasing LIZ from her grasp.)* I really am sorry about John. I didn't know that you liked him like that.

LIZ: I don't. *(She smiles.)*

AMY: You don't? *(LIZ shakes her head "no.")* Then why am I covered with cereal and milk?

LIZ: Because you're you.

AMY: Excuse me?

LIZ: Listen. For the last few years, it's been me the guys come over to see. You were always just my little sister who was always hanging around. Now, it's different.

AMY: You mean now I'm competition?

LIZ: Let's not get carried away, OK? No, what I mean is that now, you're not that "little kid," you know, Liz's sister. Now, you're growing up.

AMY: I know.

LIZ: What's really hard is that you're growing up pretty. The scraped knees and buck teeth are gone.

AMY: Yeah, now they're all covered with Fruit Loops.

LIZ: I have a feeling that this new, grown-up pretty you is going to take some getting used to.

AMY: I'm ready for it.

LIZ: You may be . . . it's going to take me a while. *(They hug, and start to clean up.)* In the meantime . . .

AMY: Yeah . . .?

LIZ: Leave anyone over the age of 17 alone until you've cleared him with me.

AMY: You got it.