

# ANGELS

(A Cautionary Tale)

by

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**The Cast:**

Kelly, *17 years old*

Sabrina, *also 17*

Jill, *also 17*

Mark (*Sabrina's boyfriend*)/Floor Director

Sandy (*Kelly's boyfriend*)/Announcer

Janice (*Teenage student*)/Nurse

*Author's Note:*

*Fashions (and faces) change and future casts are encouraged to replace references to obsolete media personalities with more contemporary figures.*

1 Act Play (40 minutes)

# Angels

## (A Cautionary Tale)

*Production note:*

*The essence of "Angels" is its simplicity. The stage design and direction should be decidedly minimalistic; bare and stripped down to essentials. Every effort should be made to keep the acting as natural as possible, a realism that compels, adding to the overall impact of the drama taking place onstage.*

### Scene 1:

KELLY, dressed in a slip, stands at centre stage, facing the audience. She self-consciously poses and preens before an unseen "mirror", sucking in her cheeks, examining herself critically in profile.

KELLY:  
(venomously)

You are a fat...ugly...*thing*.  
Look at yourself. Those rolls...

Pinches her stomach.

Hey, look, it's Blimpo! Blimpo the Magnificent!

Staring at herself.

*God*. I can't believe I actually look like that. I should be floating over a football stadium.

I hate you. I hate your fat face, fat body, fat butt...  
You're worthless and stupid and--and *ugly*. Ugly, ugly, ugly. You belong in a freak show.

SANDY comes out of the darkness behind her, slips his arms around her middle, kissing her neck.

SANDY:

You look terrific. That's a nice outfit. Makes you look really *hot*. Are you wearing that to the dance? Did you find out from your folks how late you can stay out? Hey, my parents aren't using the cabin this weekend, you wanna come and hang out? We'll go swimming--you can wear that sexy swimsuit of yours, the one with the zipper in the front. Yeah, you look really good in that--

SANDY slips away from her, dissolving back into the surrounding shadows.

KELLY:

You're lying. I know what you're after. And you'd say anything to get it, wouldn't you? Try to build me up, make me feel like I'm--I'm--

Enraged, she thrusts her fist out, smashing through the "mirror" (*Sound FX* of glass shattering), then staring in horror at the "blood" leaking from her fingers.

KELLY vanishes and the lights come up on another part of the stage, illuminating a bare area...

## Scene 2:

Until JILL comes on, wheeling a flip chart. She wears a lab coat, spectacles and has a visibly fake, cardboard moustache affixed to her lip which she has to keep adjusting so it won't fall off.

JILL:

(with a fake German accent)

Und zo ve haf ze idealized figure of vomanhood,  
as in zis example...

She flips the chart to reveal a hand-drawn sketch of an emaciated, anorexic figure.

You can of course zee zat ze design is a relatively zimple vone. Here ve haf ze arms, very good, very svelte, ja, und zen ve haf ze legs, ze long, slender legs. Notice ze absolute absence of der...vat is der

term--ja, ja, ze absence of ze fatty, subcutaneous tissue. No fat. None. Very sleek, stream-lined, ja? Und ve can very clearly zee ze contrast between zis compared to--

Flips the chart to reveal full-bodied figure.

You zee? Zis poor creature vis all der extra padding vich even ze layman can diagnose as der chubby, plump, vell-rounded...und please do zee der huge, disproportionate bum. *Yecchhh!*

Und zo, in conclusion, vat haf ve learned?  
Zis is good--

Flips back to stick-thin figure.

--und zis bad.

Flips to full-bodied figure.

Zank you very much and if zere are no furzer questions...

### Scene 3:

JILL's light goes out and at centre stage SABRINA steps forward. She is wearing a feather boa or some glitzy, sequined outfit. There is a hubbub of crowd noises--*Sound FX*--which she attempts to subdue by raising her hands to get everyone's attention:

SABRINA:

Ladies! Ladies, please!

Tumult dies down.

I came here not to praise fat, but to curse it!

Roar of approval from unseen crowd.

Gwyneth Paltrow, Kate Moss, that chick from Ally McBeal! These are our role models now, they are the ones we must aspire to imitate. Starvation diets, pills, purging, Ex-Lax--we'll do *anything* to achieve our goal.

Applause.

There is *nothing* we should deny ourselves in our pursuit of perfection. Physical attractiveness is the most important currency of our time. Now, some may argue that this is a rather superficial point of view--

Scattered boos.

--but then again *who cares* what they think? We're the ones who have to live inside these bodies. And that is why we must do our best to ignore these poor, naive, out-of-touch people--those who insist that we should be happy with what Mother Nature has given us. This, surely, is a recipe for disaster. Thin is in, people, let's face it!

A few opening piano bars (Broadway style music) and then KELLY and JILL burst from the wings, similarly attired, and the three of them start to sing:

ALL:

"Thin is in! Thin is in!  
We all know that girls must be skinny.  
Thin is in! Thin is in!  
Don't wear a maxi, wear a mini!"

JILL:

"Personality is a bore..."

KELLY:

"But perfect skin I adore--"

SABRINA:

"And, as for Madonna, ah, she's just a--"

OTHERS:

*Shhhhhh!*

ALL:

"Thin is in! Thin is in!  
Size five should fit you like a lady...  
Thin is in! Thin is in!  
Don't want no fries, don't want no gravy!"

JILL:

"Classic beauties could ignore..."

SABRINA:

"Blemishes and bulges galore..."

KELLY:

"Ah, but do you remember Dorothy L'Amour?"

(They sigh.)

ALL:

"Thin is in! Thin is in!  
We all know that girls must be skinny...  
Thin is in! Thin is in!  
Don't wear a maxi, wear a mini!

Thin is in! Thin is in!  
Size five should fit you like a lady--  
Thin is in! Thin is in!  
Don't want no fries, don't...want...no...gra-vy!"

They strike a pose to a sustained roar of applause. The light fades out as does the crowd noise.

#### **Scene 4:**

Lights: *a table in a school cafeteria*. JANICE, SANDY and MARK are seated around the table, gorging themselves on fast food, grunting and mouthing half-heard sentences, garbled syllables, their mouths full of genetically engineered meat and vegetable matter. Suddenly they realize they are running late and abruptly get up from the table, hurry off--grunting and gesticulating--leaving the remains of their food behind.

JILL and KELLY enter the cafeteria, spot the unoccupied table. KELLY's hand is swathed in a bandage. They clean the leftover food detritus off the table with evident disgust then seat themselves, taking out what little they have brought along to eat. Starvation rations.

KELLY:  
(sipping bottled water)

Can I have one?

JILL hands her a rice cake and KELLY regards it dubiously.

Is it plain? I don't want it if it's--

JILL:

Of course it's plain. Completely tasteless in fact.  
You might as well chew on this table.

KELLY:  
(muttering)

If it was less than 50 calories, I'd think about it.

They both laugh as SABRINA walks up to join them.

Hey, 'brina.

SABRINA:

What's up?

JILL:

Same old same old. Want some rice cake?

SABRINA:

Only if it's--

KELLY & JILL:



It's plain.

SABRINA:

In that case...just half.

JILL breaks off a piece for her and the three of them nibble at their rice cake with little apparent enthusiasm.

JILL:

Hey, have you guys seen the new issue of PEOPLE magazine? Look at this picture of Jennifer Lopez--

She holds open the magazine to show them.

SABRINA:

Oooo, she looks *fat*. Look at that. See her stomach, the way she's standing?

JILL:

I know. Yuck.

KELLY:

*Ewww*, I'll bet she just *hates* that picture. She oughta sue whoever took that.

JILL:

(flipping the pages)

And there's another one of Catherine Zeta-Jones.  
She's *pregnant*--

Holds out the page for them to see.

SABRINA:

Oh, God, that is *so* gross.

KELLY:

You guys, I can't even look at it--I'll puke, I swear.  
I see a pregnant woman and right away I want to  
upchuck all over the place. How can women *do* that  
to themselves?

JILL:

Some people think that pregnant women are really  
sexy.

The other two regard her with horror.

They *do*! Not me, but some people do.

KELLY:

Gross! I suppose they get turned by *hippos* too...

They snicker.

SABRINA:

I'm gonna get my tubes tied. I'm *serious*. As soon  
as I can, once I move out and living on my own that's  
the first thing I'm gonna do. No way am I ever gonna  
end up looking like *that*.

Just then JANICE, wearing headphones and bopping to some unheard music, walks by  
their table. She drops a book and bends over to pick it up, completely oblivious as they  
examine her critically.

JILL:  
(whispering)

Holy cow, look at her butt!

JANICE exits, still wiggling and shaking her stuff.

SABRINA:

Does she really think she looks attractive?  
Is she really that deluded?

KELLY:

Knowing her, I'd have to say 'yes' to both questions.

JILL:

*Who is that?*

SABRINA:

That's Janice. You know Janice? She's on the volleyball team. A real jock. A real jerk too.

JILL:

See, that's why I'm so *totally* not into sports. You get all that thick muscle and if you're a bit heavy besides...

KELLY:

...Blimpsville.

SABRINA:

You know what my mom calls it? *Baby fat*.

They shudder.

KELLY:  
(Hesitantly)

You guys...I have to tell you something.

They look at her expectantly.

I was really...messed up this weekend, okay? I felt like crap and I--you know, I'm sitting downstairs, and I rented this movie, this totally lame show and I'm sitting there, watching it, and I start to get this severe case of the munchies, right? So I go to our freezer and, uh, there was one of those frozen chocolate cakes my mom is always buying--I keep telling her not to, okay? And I'm looking at it and I--I know this is really, really disgusting but I take it out--

JILL:

I thought you were supposed to be going out to Sandy's cabin.

SABRINA shakes her head vigorously.

SABRINA:

Sandy is history.

She draws her finger across her throat.

JILL:

Really? When did this--

But KELLY forges on.

KELLY:

*Listen.* I take out the cake and I'm watching the show  
and I start cutting off pieces and I just *cram* it.  
The *whole thing*, and I do not exaggerate. All of it.  
I couldn't help myself, just chomp, chomp, chomp. Every last  
piece. God. I just...I couldn't stop... It was completely revolting.  
*Ugh.*

SABRINA:

(eagerly)

I know what you mean. One time there was this tray of nanaimo  
bars--

JILL:

Let her finish!

KELLY:

So then I'm done, staring down at the empty pan,  
completely gorged. And then you know what I did? I got up,  
went to the bathroom and--*blah!* All of it. Stuck my finger down  
my throat and--

Long pause while they contemplate what she's telling them.

And then I get to wondering: did I get it all? Because maybe some of it got digested or whatever. So I get one of my mom's suppositories--

JILL:  
(setting aside her rice cake)

Well, that's enough for me.

They all laugh, nervous whinnies.

KELLY:  
  
But do you see what I mean? I couldn't, like, *stop* eating. I wanted to...but I couldn't stop. I *couldn't*...

JILL:  
  
I hate that.

KELLY:  
  
But what can you do? You know it's wrong but still you...

SABRINA:  
  
Hey, Kell, I totally relate. We all do.

JILL nods agreement.

JILL:  
  
So let's make a pact, okay? The next time any of us feels an urge to pig out, we phone the others and get them to, you know--

SABRINA:

--talk us out of it. That's great, Jill. We'll be like this support group. Whenever one of us needs help, we drop everything we're doing, right? No matter what. Deal?

She holds out her hand and the others place their hands on hers.

The Sisterhood of Slim. Because from now on, *this* is a fat-free zone.

The others nod solemnly.

Exit.

**Scene 5:**

*MARK and SANDY ambling along*, talking trash. JANICE trots by in her shorts, volleyball uniform, waving as she passes. They watch her, lusting in their schoolboy hearts.

MARK:

Would you take a look at that...

SANDY:

I dunno. A bit on the chubby side for my taste.

MARK:

Man, you don't have any taste. I mean you actually went out with Loretta Shear.

SANDY:

Oh, please, don't remind me...

MARK:

A girl so ugly she stops clocks--

SANDY:

Just give it a rest--

MARK:  
(not relenting)

--and *dumb*. I'm talking about the I.Q. of an *eggplant*...

SANDY:  
(seething)

Of course, I'm going to kill you.

Chases MARK off-stage.

### Scene 6:

Artsy music. *Lights come up again*--JILL, KELLY and SABRINA are attired in smocks and berets. They brandish knives and stand in front of a sculpture of a full-bodied woman, carved out of white vegetable lard (*note: supported by an inner armature*).

JILL:

"The Perfect Woman".

KELLY:

A performance art piece.

SABRINA:

By us.

They attack with their knives and take turns hacking off chunks from the lard sculpture.

KELLY:

Legs too fat!

SABRINA:

Floppy, wibbly-wobbly arms!

JILL:

Look at that gut!

A frenzy of slashing and gouging.

SABRINA:

And the boobs are too big!

JILL:

Honey, those aren't calves, those are *cows*!

KELLY:

I *hate* big feet. They should be tiny, petite feet.

SABRINA:

Hips like ships!

JILL:

Work it off, girl! Firm up those buns and glutes.

SABRINA:

Look at those shoulders!

KELLY:

And suck in that gut, Blimpo!

They hack away in earnest for a time, finally step back to admire their handiwork. And then JILL comes forward and severs the head with one stroke.

JILL:

And she *thinks* too much! No one likes a girl who acts like she's smarter than everyone else.

The others nod sagely.

SABRINA:



Behold! "The Perfect Woman"!

They reveal the sculpture, which has now been reduced to a headless stick figure.

Fade out.

**Scene 7:**

*In the half-light*, a row of chairs is revealed. *Sound FX* of people murmuring as SANDY and JANICE take a seat. They start by feeding each other, then begin avidly necking. SABRINA and MARK sidle past, taking the two seats next to them, facing the 'movie screen'. MARK is holding a jumbo bag of popcorn and a large drink container.

MARK:

Man, I've been *dying* to see this show. Are you sure you don't want anything, Sabrina? You can't watch a movie without popcorn, y'know.

SABRINA:  
(forced smile)

No, that's okay.

MARK:

You want some of mine?

He shoves the bag at SABRINA who recoils, looking ill.

SABRINA:  
(sharply)

*No*. I'm fine. Really.

MARK:

Drink?

SABRINA:

No.

MARK:

Sure?

SABRINA:

*Yes.*

MARK:

Wassa matter? You on a diet or something?

SABRINA:  
(tersely)

As a matter of fact, I am.

MARK:

Oh. But you're so skinny already.

SABRINA:

And that's the way I want to stay, all right?  
Do you have to have that so close to me?  
The smell of it is making me sick.

MARK:  
(grumbling)

Jeez, okay. How can a person not like popcorn?

Lights dim further, the movie about to start. MARK puts his drink on the floor and drapes an arm around her, touching her bare shoulder--

Wow, are you ever *cold*. Freezing. You want my jacket?

SABRINA:  
(bristling, shrugging off his arm)

I'm *fine*. Just watch your stupid movie.

MARK edges away from her...and then begins to stuff handfuls of popcorn into his mouth as he looks up at the "screen". SABRINA watches him with growing revulsion. Finally, she can take no more and stands, preparing to flee--

MARK:  
(whispering)

Where are you going?

SABRINA:

I have to leave--

MARK:

Leave?!! But the movie just--

SABRINA:

I'm not feeling very well.

Retches.

I think I'm gonna--

Starts edging her way out, past JANICE and SANDY.

MARK:

What's going on? Get back here--

SABRINA:

Sorry, I'm--

Gagging.

Oh, God. Excuse me. Excuse me, please. Sorry.  
I'm not feeling too good. Sorry--

MARK:  
(hissing after her)

What the Hell are you doing?

SABRINA:

--sorry, excuse me--

Finally she makes it to the "aisle" and runs off-stage, leaving MARK in his seat, stunned, popcorn kernels dropping from his fingers.

Fade.

**Scene 8:**

*Off to the side*, JILL is revealed. She is sitting in a chair in a doctor's office, leafing through some brochures about eating disorders. Finally, in disgust, she puts them down and selects a fashion magazine. She examines the pictures, considering several very carefully. She finishes one magazine and picks up another for perusal, sometimes frowning, sometimes impressed. She looks up as a NURSE steps from the wings and approaches her.

NURSE:

Jill? The doctor will see you now.

JILL:

Oh. Thanks.

She gets up, prepares to follow the NURSE.

NURSE:

How have you been doing?  
Had any more of those dizzy spells?

JILL:

It's been okay, I guess...no worse than usual.

Fade.

**Scene 9:**

*Back at school*: KELLY stands on the opposite side of the stage, holding an unlit cigarette. She is going through her purse for a lighter when JILL comes on, spotting her.

JILL:

Hey, Kell.

KELLY furtively tries to hide the cigarette before JILL sees it.

KELLY:

Jill...hi.

JILL:

So whatcha doing? I thought you had Chem this period.

KELLY:  
(dismissively)

Aaaa, I'm skipping. I'm just not into it today.

JILL:

Since when did you start smoking?

KELLY:  
(sighing)

I don't *really* smoke. This is just--

JILL:

What?

KELLY:

Well, you know. No calories in your average cigarette.

JILL:

So are you planning on smoking it or eating it?

They laugh.

KELLY:

This is just...you know, it mellows me out. And right now, I *really* need one.

JILL:

Having a bad day?

KELLY:

Ya. So are you skipping too?

JILL:

I'm supposed to be in the library. They'll never even notice I'm gone.

KELLY:

Nah. And if they say anything just tell them you had really bad cramps. That always gets 'em.

JILL:

You wanna do something?

KELLY:

Sure.

JILL:

You got anything in mind?

KELLY:

Beats me. What is there to do in this town at, like, one o'clock in the afternoon?

JILL:

Hang out?

KELLY:

Great. Let's do it.

JILL:

You gonna finish that first?

KELLY:  
(looking at cigarette)

I guess I should.

JILL:

Can I have a drag?

KELLY:

*You* don't smoke.

JILL:

I do now.

KELLY hands her the cigarette.

KELLY:

Here. I'll light you.

Digging out her lighter.

JILL:

Y'know, other than water this is, like, the first thing to pass my  
lips all day long.

KELLY:

Way to go.

JILL:

Yeah.

KELLY spots something off-stage.

KELLY:

Shoot, is that Mr. Braithwaite?

JILL:

*Where?*

KELLY:

We should get out of here before he sees us. He's got some kinda radar, that guy. Bring it with you, we'll finish it at my place.

JILL:

Your folks aren't home?

KELLY:

They're *never* home.

JILL:

You are so lucky.

They start walking off.

KELLY:

Tell me about it.

#### **Scene 10:**

*A pause and then* MARK and SANDY emerge, deeply immersed in a recent issue of PLAYBOY magazine. They snort and drool over one picture in particular--

JANICE sees what they're doing, walks up to them, snatches the magazine away and carries it off with her.

JANICE:

You guys should be ashamed of yourselves.



MARK:

But it's...it's a celebration of the beauty of the female form. It's a positive, healthy thing...

**Scene 11:**

They exit and the light illuminates another portion of the stage. SABRINA can be heard screaming at someone:

SABRINA:  
(O/S)

No! No way! Forget it! I won't. And you can't make me either. I hate you, I just *hate* you! Why can't you people leave me the Hell alone?

*Sound FX* of a door slamming and SABRINA stalks on-stage, furious, crying. She slumps into a chair, buries her face in her hands, sobbing.

SABRINA:

*Damn* you. Why don't you just...

She sniffles, wipes her eyes with her sleeve, picks up a portable telephone, punches in some numbers.

Hey, Jill, how's it going? Oh, you know. Actually, I'm not doing too good right now. No. Oh, my stupid parents again. Like usual, right? Aaa, they're just ragging at me. Yeah. What else is new?

Well, my mom caught me when I was...they *made* me eat, can you believe it? At supper tonight they were practically shovelling it down my throat. Yeah. So then I was...I was ralphing it all up, you know? Because it made me sick, all right? So my mom walks in and she's just *screaming* at me, saying there's something wrong with me and now they're telling me I have to see some kind of specialist. Yeah, likely. Like I need a shrink. Can you believe it? I don't know why they're always pulling this crap on me--do they actually think they're *helping* me? Yeah, I know.

So is it all right if I come over? Are you *sure*? Okay. Okay. Thanks. Yeah, I will. Okay. See you soon.

She hangs up, looks back toward the "door". Gets up, very determined, walks toward wings.

I'm going out.

Once she is off-stage:

Yes, I am. And don't think you can stop me. Just shut up and leave me alone, all right?

(Shrieking)

*Leave me alone!*

## Scene 12:

*MARK as the FLOOR DIRECTOR enters wearing a headset, air of frustrated authority, barking commands: 'let's get this set ready', 'c'mon, hussle, people, we've got a show to do', etc. Crew hurries about, hauling in wheeled cooking cart, props, garbage pail. The final countdown begins:*

FLOOR DIRECTOR:

We're on in...five...four...three...

ANNOUNCER:

Welcome to another episode of "Cooking With Kelly".

Applause.

And now here's the host of our program, Kelly Johansen!

Whistles and cheers.

KELLY bounds out wearing a cooking apron and chef's hat. Stands before a roll-on table containing assorted food items, a garbage pail stationed strategically beside it.

KELLY:

Hello, everyone, it's great to be with you again.  
Today we're going to be learning more tips on how to cook without risk. And by that I mean creating meals

that won't ruin your figure...or provide the vital nutrients necessary  
for you to grow and grow...and *grow*.

Puffs out her cheeks, mimicking obesity. Laughter from the crowd.

The first thing we need to do is get rid of everything that could  
possibly add even a few ounces to your slender, skeletal frame.  
And that means--

She picks up a pound of butter.

This is definitely *out*.

Tosses it in garbage.

And so is this.

Carton of milk follows the butter.

And this.

Flour is dispatched.

Holding up rubber chicken.

Sorry, I'm a vegetarian. "Nothing with a face", right?

Drops it in the garbage with distaste.

Then it's cartons of yoghurt and cottage cheese.

Who are we kidding?

Out it goes.

She displays a head of lettuce for their examination.

Looks harmless, doesn't it? *Out*.

Bunches of cauliflower and broccoli.

Maybe in small doses.

Sets them aside.

But don't overdo it.

Well, that's it for today's show. Tomorrow we'll deal with how to vomit with dignity...and laxatives: the do's and don'ts.

See you then. And remember--*no food is good food*.

She picks up a carrot and begins to chew it.

'Bye for now.

Applause...

FLOOR DIRECTOR:

Okay, that's a wrap, folks...

KELLY spits the carrot into the garbage...

Crew clear the set.

All exit.

### Scene13:

*When the light returns*, JILL and SABRINA are sitting in the school cafeteria again, heads bent together conspiratorially.

SABRINA:

I just can't wait 'til I'm old enough to get out of there. Wouldn't it be great if we could all move in together?

KELLY enters, flops into a seat beside them.

JILL:

It would be *excellent*, wouldn't it, Kel? Being room- mates? No more hassles or b.s. Just us three. The three rockin' chicks.

KELLY:

It'd be a blast. Totally.

JILL:

You're the only people I know who really understand me. What I'm, like, going through. I feel like I can say anything to you and you won't, you know, pass judgement or make me feel bad. I mean, it's not like I don't feel bad enough already.

SABRINA:

You guys are lucky. At least *your* folks are clinically sane...

They laugh.

I feel like I'm living with *The Addams Family* or something--

JILL:

(cutting off that particular rant)

Speaking of which...did you see *Entertainment Tonight*?

They shake their heads.

They had on what's her face? Uhhh...Christine Ricci? It looks like she weighs, like, two hundred pounds!

KELLY:

I always thought she was really pretty--

JILL:

Are you kidding? She's a serious lard-ass.

SABRINA:

And have you seen Winona Ryder lately?

KELLY:

Winona *who*?

Laughter.

Seriously...when was the last time she did a decent movie? Come on...

JILL:

And what about that Meg Tilly--

SABRINA:

You mean Meg Ryan.

JILL:

Nah, Meg Tilly. With the big bazoombas. Meg Ryan is actually pretty foxy for a chick her age.

SABRINA:

She must be if she could nail a guy like Russell Crowe.

JILL:

He's a *serious* hunk. The hunkiest...

KELLY:

Ladies, a toast to Russell Crowe.

They raise their water bottles in salute.

SABRINA:

You know, I read somewhere that even water has calories in it.

JILL spits hers out.

That's what I heard...

JILL:

(Troubled)

That's gotta be crap. Water doesn't have anything in it. It's just, y'know, *water*.

KELLY:

Unless you drink too much of it. And then maybe you can get bloating.

JILL:

Thanks a lot, you guys. You have just eliminated the one thing I could drink without feeling guilty.

Caps her water bottle and puts it aside.

So what are we supposed to live on--air? Become, like, a *plant*? Maybe I should just climb into a big pot and face myself toward the sun.

KELLY:

Sounds a bit extreme, even for me.

SABRINA:

Hey, I've been on worse diets.

KELLY:

Do you guys ever wonder...I mean...

JILL:

What?

KELLY:

I dunno. You look around at everybody in here and they're just chowing down, they don't care what they're eating. That guy over there with the potato chips--

JILL:

*You mean Two-Ton Tony Galanto?*

KELLY:

No, the guy beside him. See him? That cute guy in the black t-shirt? He's in my home room--

SABRINA:

I think his name is Leon something.

KELLY:

Whatever. But do you *see* him? He's eating those chips and there's no guilt. He's just enjoying himself. I mean, *would it absolutely kill us to have a bag of frigging potato chips every once in awhile?*

Pause.

JILL:

He's got *zits*.

KELLY:

Sure he's got zits but--

SABRINA:

It's different with guys.

KELLY:  
(exasperated)

But *why?*

The others are taken aback by the question and no glib or clever answers are forthcoming.

I get so *tired* of listening to my stomach growling



and...always feeling so *cold*. Hungry all the time, from the moment I wake up in the morning until I go to sleep at night. Y'know? And all of the stuff, all of the bullshit a person has to--that we have to-- I just get so *sick* of it. You know what I mean?

JILL:

Ya.

SABRINA:

Absolutely.

KELLY:

So don't you think--

*Sound FX* of a bell ringing, announcing the end of the lunch hour. Wordlessly they begin to gather up their backbacks and books, trying to put the last, few, awkward moments behind them, the difficult questions raised.

SABRINA:

Hey, I need yesterday's English notes--Jill?  
Did you go?

JILL:

Yeah, I can't afford to miss any more classes or else they'll send a note home. And then my dad will, like, nail my head to our front door.

Lights begin to dim, a slow, inexorable fade.

KELLY:

I'll see you guys later.

SABRINA:

Hey, are either of you going to the dance on Friday?

KELLY:

Nah, I doubt it.

The circle of light shrinking...

JILL:

I dunno. All of our dances *suck*.

JILL and SABRINA wander off together, leaving KELLY to gather up the last of her things. A single spot is fixed on her, the rest of the stage dark. KELLY is looking offstage, watching someone. She checks to make sure the others have left and comes to a decision.

KELLY:

Hey, Leon, wait up.

She begins to walk toward the unseen youth.

It's Leon, right? Ohhhh, *Len*. Sorry. You're in my home room, aren't you? Hey, can I, like, bum a chip off you?

Light winks out.

Darkness.

*Curtain.*