

**HOOTERS** - Scene 5. Saturday Evening.

*The women's room. They are almost finished dressing to go out. They wear pretty summer dresses, high heels, jewelry, etc. Cheryl smokes, puts on makeup.*

Rhonda - Where's my bracelet?

Cheryl - I haven't seen it.

Rhonda - I let you wear it yesterday. You were the last to see it.

Cheryl - I gave it back.

Rhonda - You did not.

Cheryl - Yes I did.

Rhonda - When?

Cheryl - Last night, when we were unpacking.

Rhonda - You better not have lost that bracelet.

Cheryl - Ronnie.

Rhonda - If you have I'll murder you. Jerry Potts gave me that bracelet. It's very special.

Cheryl - It must be around here somewhere.

Rhonda - I've looked everywhere. It's gone

Cheryl - Well, you must've put it in with your makeup and your other jewelry. Did you look in here?

Rhonda - Of course I looked in there! I'm really not a total moron, thanks a lot.

Cheryl - *(Looking in makeup bag.)* Ronnie, why are you being so hostile?

Rhonda - I'm not being hostile. I just want that bracelet you stole.

Cheryl - If you didn't want to go out tonight you could've just said something.

Rhonda - Oh sure. I could've said excuse me, but I really think both you guys are total creeps. They wouldn't have even heard me - you were *panting* too loud for normal conversation.

Cheryl - I see. We should've stayed in our room tonight and watched the light bulb burn out.

Rhonda - How in the world you could just stand there and pretend you *believed* that crap about the movies - it was enough to turn my stomach!

Cheryl - Ronnie, it was fun! Didn't you think it was fun to let those two kids think they could impress us into going out to dinner?

Rhonda - But we *are* going out to dinner!

Cheryl - So?

Rhonda - So who's so smart?

Cheryl - When he started talking about Paul Newman it was all I could do to keep a straight face. And when he did that scream - ? (*Imitates Ricky's expression and arm-flapping.*) Could you just *die*? (She laughs.)

Rhonda - Great logic. He can throw a spastic fit on a public beach, so he must be a good date. What does he have to do to be the father of your children - dribble down the side of his chin?

Cheryl - I think you're getting a little carried away here. It's just a dinner date.

Rhonda - Terrific. And who do I get, the bodyguard?

Cheryl - I think he's cute too.

Rhonda - Great. Remind me to go down on him under the table.

Cheryl - I don't know how you can be so cynical. Don't you ever just want to have a good time?

Rhonda - A quickie on Cape Cod with a couple of jerky strangers is not my idea of a good time?

Cheryl - Who said anything about a quickie?

Rhonda - Oh don't tell me the thought hadn't occurred to you.

Cheryl - Ron, they're *kids!*

Rhonda - Don't tell me it hasn't occurred to them

Cheryl - Of course it has. It's the only thought their little heads are capable of holding at one time. That's the fun part.

Rhonda - *Fun* part?

Cheryl - Leading them by the nose.

Rhonda - Or whatever else is straight and sticks out.

Cheryl - Sure!

Rhonda - You're not back in junior high, even if you act like it.

Cheryl - And you're not the principal, even though you talk like him.

Rhonda - You make me sound like some kind of prude.

Cheryl - You are.

Rhonda - I've slept with men!

Cheryl - Two.

Rhonda - Three!

Cheryl - Well. Two and a half.

Rhonda - (*Angrily.*) You leave Jerry Potts out of this! He's suffered enough.

Cheryl - I didn't say anything.

Rhonda - Anyway it doesn't matter who I've slept with. It's not something you keep a scorecard in!

Cheryl - Of course not.

Rhonda - Even though you think it is.

Cheryl - I do not!

Rhonda - I don't know how you could do this to David. You're practically *engaged* to him.

Cheryl - Oh-Ho! Now it's David.

Rhonda - I think this is just a crude attempt to score points on him in some kind of dumb game you've made up. I'd ask myself what I was after if I was you.

Cheryl - *David* wants me to feel middle-aged. David wants me to be the mother of three in a ranch wagon on my way to the PTA! Well forget that.

Rhonda - Try your real age.

Cheryl - Oh, okay, what's that? How are you supposed to act when you're 25? You tell me, you're the expert - does it mean you're still allowed to have fun, but not quite as much? Or you can *have* it, but you can't let it show?

Rhonda - Being a kid and acting immature are not the same thing.

Cheryl - (*Pause.*) You know what you are, Ron? You're a conscientious objector. When the trumpets sounded for the sexual revolution, I think you just charged in the opposite direction.

Rhonda - Maybe I just refused to be drafted!

Cheryl - Well you can relax now, the revolution's over. This is just a mopping-up operation.

Rhonda - (*Very upset.*) I hate it! I hate being so *free* that I'm *compelled* to do something I never asked for the freedom to do in the first place! I never *asked* for it, so thanks a lot! And something that somebody as pretty as you could've always done anyway. Well where does that leave me if I don't want to? Where does that leave *me*?

Cheryl - (*Pause.*) You really are getting very worked up over a crummy little seafood dinner. A couple shrimp and a lousy clam roll? (*She laughs.*)

Rhonda - Where's my bracelet?

Cheryl - Ron, talk to me.

Rhonda - If I'm going to have zits all over my face from seafood, I can at least wear something shiny. Maybe it'll distract them.

Cheryl - You're really mad at me, aren't you?

Rhonda - *(Pause.)* I thought I came to the beach to be with you. I thought you wanted to get *away* from guys for one weekend, and we'd talk. Maybe get some sun, and talk things out.

*(Pause.)* This isn't fair,

Cheryl.

Cheryl - I'm sorry, Ron. *(Pause.)* I guess I got a little carried away here. *(Pause.)* Listen. We'll have a couple drinks, we'll eat, we'll say goodnight and come home together. Alone. Okay?

Rhonda - Do you mean it?

Cheryl - Yes.

Rhonda - But do you really mean it?

Cheryl - I promise.

Rhonda - *(Pause.)* Okay.

Cheryl - Okay. *(Rhonda runs to Cheryl, hugs her impulsively. The doorbell rings.)*

Rhonda - Oh God it's them. The epileptic and his bodyguard. Cher, what am I going to do?

Cheryl - Get the door.

Rhonda - Right. *(Rhonda goes off to answer the door. Cheryl smooths her clothes.)*