

**ANYBODY WANT
MY SISTER...
AGAIN?**

by Ken Bradbury



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BRETT: *(entering room and speaking to his imaginary date)* Look, I felt terrible about having to take my little sister, T.J., with us to the drive-in movie on our last date. But this time, here at my house, it's gonna be a *lot* better. Really. *(he listens while date says she misses T.J.)* What? You miss havin' my sister with us? You know sometimes I just don't understand women. *(looks around)* Coast is clear. Mom and Dad are at a meeting until late ... and T.J. is gone! *(date asks where she is)* I strangled her. *(date reacts)* Okay. She's in jail. Her tongue was clocked at over eighty miles an hour in a library zone. *(a pause as his date stares at him)* All right. She's over at some friend of hers. I don't know which one but there couldn't be that many. *(arranges the chairs so they are together, UC)* This is gonna be great. I rented this really cool movie and we've got popcorn and ... *(date says she thinks T.J. is fun)* What? You still think T.J. is fun? You know, I'm not sure this relationship is gonna work. You got some really weird tastes. Come on now, just have a seat. *(she does as he kneels DC to insert a tape)* I'll get this movie goin' and we'll be all set. *(he sits beside "her")* Now this is what I call great. Nothin' to bother us and ... *(his eyes widen)* What's that? *(date asks what)* That! Didn't you hear somethin'? I wish you hadn't mentioned my sister. I'm startin' to hear things. *(he again relaxes and puts his arm around his date's shoulders)* Okay! We got the whole evening to our ...

TJ: *(popping up from behind the couch)* Cowabunga, man!

BRETT: *(a blood-curdling yell)* Ahhhhhhhhh!

TJ: Like, so what's shakin'?

BRETT: I can't believe this is happening to me!

TJ: What's up, Brett-y boy?

BRETT: The return of the living dead! *(rises, confronts her)*
What are you doing here?

TJ: Me?

BRETT: You!

TJ: I dunno. It's my house!

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BRETT: But you were supposed to stay overnight with a friend! Couldn't you find one?

TJ: Well, it was like this ... (*she rips into one of her famous rapid fire, one breath streams of adolesca-babble*) Like I was just hangin' around Marcie's house and like she was like "Let's go to your house where there's more room!" So I was like ... "Gee! That's cool!" So we like called up just, like you know, maybe a dozen or more girls and they were like "Cool! OK!" so like ...

BRETT: (*his hand over her mouth, with deadly slowness*) You--did--what?

TJ: (*talks rapidly but it comes out incoherently muffled by Brett's hand. She babbles at some length. Brett, too stunned to even move, removes his hand at the very end of her muffled monologue*) ... and they were like "Cool! OK!" so like ...

BRETT: Stop!

TJ: Whatsa matter, Bretty-boy?

BRETT: I cannot believe this is happening to me. And stop calling me that!

TJ: Bretty-Boy!

BRETT: (*painfully*) Ahhhh! I get the house for one night. My date and I just want a quiet evening watching a movie. Mom and Dad said it was okay. All I wanted was peace and quiet. And what do I get? Sheeba! The spastic Vampire Queen! Out!

TJ: But Bretty-Boy ...

BRETT: Don't ...

TJ: Brett ... Listen, hon, I've already made plans!

BRETT: Out!

TJ: The girls are on their way over.

BRETT: Out!

TJ: And if I'm not here then you'll have to drive them all home!

BRETT: Ou ... (*it hits him, he turns DS and whimpers*)

TJ: Hey, like if I'd known you and sweet thing were gonna ...

BRETT: T.J.!

TJ: Oh. (*to the date*) Sorry, but that's what Brett calls you. His "sweet thing."

BRETT: Teeg.!

TJ: (*to date*) Look, you don't mind, do you? I mean there's only like maybe twenty of us.

BRETT: Twenty!

TJ: The others couldn't make it.

BRETT: Twenty! You asked twenty girls over here while I've got a date?

TJ: It'll be fun! *(to the date)* Wanna play "Truth or Dare?"

BRETT: Teeg!!!!

TJ: We're gonna do each other's hair!

BRETT: *(nearly in a daze now)* I cannot believe this is happening!

TJ: Oh, there's the doorbell! *(begins to go, but returns to Brett)* You wanna kinda straighten thing up, Brett-y? I got like company at the door.

BRETT: I'm gonna kill you!

TJ: Brett, that is not a nice thing to joke about.

BRETT: Who's joking?

TJ: *(smiles, taking none of this seriously, pinching his cheek)* Thanks, hon. *(heads toward the door and shouting off stage)* I'm coming!

BRETT: *(jumping between her and the door)* You are not going to let twenty, spastic, giggling, scatter-brained, idiotic friends through that door! Do you understand me, Teeg?

TJ: *(silent for a moment, seemingly cowed ... after a moment)* Sure.

BRETT: *(breathes a sigh, then)* That's better.

TJ: *(quietly)* They just came in.

BRETT: *(just as quietly)* What?

TJ: *(an explosion of joy)* I like forgot and left the door open!

(the following two speeches are spoken simultaneously as both Brett and T.J. react to the flood of young girls entering the room)

BRETT: No! No! Please! You don't understand! This is not a bunking party. T.J., get these girls out of this house. Hey! That's my popcorn! You're standing on my couch! Hey! You're standing on my date! Somebody call 911! I cannot believe this is happening!

TJ: All right, This is my brother Brett-y and this is his date! You brought the CD's? Great! Look, Brett-y's a little grumpy so we'll have to like just sit on the floor and watch his video. Anybody got the boys' phone numbers? Oh, this is just gonna be like fantastic!



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