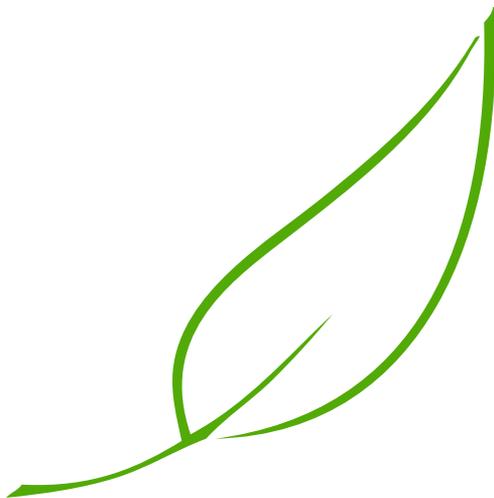


DEAR JOHN

by Ken Bradbury



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(Two girls are getting ready for the big dance. Babette is frantically doing her hair in front of a mirror in her bathroom. Rickie is offstage.)

RICKIE: Would you hurry up? They're going to be here any minute!

BABETTE: Hold your horses, Rickie. It takes time to create real beauty.

RICKIE: You don't have that much time.

BABETTE: Very funny.

RICKIE: Come on girl, they said they'd be here at six and it's five 'til.

BABETTE: *(singing to herself)* "I feel pretty! ..."

RICKIE: *(singing)* "Pretty slow."

BABETTE: Darn! It always happens! The very night you've got the biggest date in the world and your hair won't cooperate!

RICKIE: Just tie it in knots or something. *(entering the bathroom and shutting the door behind her)* Come on, Babette, I mean it. Mark's always on time.

BABETTE: Richard is not. Richard was born late. Do you think I should wear it up or over my shoulders?

RICKIE: Drop it around your face for all I care. Just hurry! Man, this is some bathroom. How long have your folks lived here?

BABETTE: Couple of weeks. It's the dream home Mom always wanted. Still got a few bugs, though. When you take a shower the toaster comes on.

RICKIE: Hurry up.

BABETTE: Okay! *(with a grand gesture to her mirror)* Viola! The Queen is ready!

RICKIE: Then move it, your majesty. *(stops suddenly)* Listen! They're here!

BABETTE: *(a moan/whimper of terror)* How do I look?

RICKIE: Gorgeous. Let's go. (*she moves to the door and takes hold of the knob*) Hey. Something's wrong.

BABETTE: (*turning to the mirror*) My makeup? Don't tell me my makeup is smeared!

RICKIE: It's not your makeup, Babs, it's the door. It's locked.

BABETTE: What?

RICKIE: Door. Locked. Tight.

BABETTE: Oh, no! Dad said the locks were all fouled up. Why'd you lock the door with only two of us in the house?

RICKIE: I didn't lock the door! I shut the door. The door locked the door. Call for your folks.

BABETTE: They're in Chicago.

RICKIE: Then shout loud! Listen! They're knocking! (*shouting through the door*) Stay away from the doors! They're boobie-trapped!

BABETTE: (*grabbing Rickie*) What're we gonna do, Rickie?

RICKIE: This is so embarrassing! The biggest dance of the year with the coolest guys in school and we're trapped in your john!

BABETTE: The window!

RICKIE: We can't crawl through that! Besides, it's probably locked like everything else.

BABETTE: They're ringing the doorbell!

RICKIE: Keep calm! Keep calm!

BABETTE: (*shouting*) I am! I am!

RICKIE: Let's try the window! (*crawls up on a chair and struggles with the window as Babette holds onto her*) I have never climbed up on a toilet in my life.

BABETTE: Don't slip!

RICKIE: If I do, don't touch that handle! I can't ... (*struggling still*) I can't quite ... It's stuck, Babs! I don't think it's even made to open!

BABETTE: They're knocking again!

RICKIE: (*jumps down and runs to shout through the door*) Come on in! We're stuck in the john!

BABETTE: (*clamping her hand over Rickie's mouth*) Don't tell them that! They'll think something's wrong.

RICKIE: Think something's wrong? Bab's, when they get to the park and have to dance with each other, they'll know something's wrong.

BABETTE: But we can't let them know we're in here!

RICKIE: You wanna explain this to everybody Monday morning at school? Uh ... we missed our dates with the hottest guys in school because we were both in toilet all night. (*turns to the door and shouts*) If you can hear me, come in! We're in the john!

BABETTE: We need a weapon! (*looking around*)

RICKIE: They're not gonna attack us, Babs!

BABETTE: I mean to open the door. (*sees something and grabs it*) Yes!

RICKIE: A hairbrush? You're gonna attack the door with a hairbrush? Are you sure that thing is loaded?

BABETTE: Get out of my way! (*draws back the hair brush to hit the door...then stops*) No. I'll chip the paint.

RICKIE: (*picking something up*) How about toothpaste? I could grease you up with it and slide you under the door.

BABETTE: Listen! Somebody just opened the front door!

RICKIE: Good!

BABETTE: Bad! They can't find us here!

RICKIE: Somebody had better find us here. I can only live so long on mouthwash and dental floss.

BABETTE: We've got to make up a good story.

RICKIE: We've already got one. It's called the truth.

BABETTE: Okay, okay ... how about this? Robbers! We were getting ready for the dance when two thieves broke into the house ...

RICKIE: ... and for some unexplained reason didn't steal a thing then locked us in the john. Really great, Babs. You should write soap operas.

BABETTE: I was brushing my teeth when a hurricane came up and slammed the door shut!

RICKIE: And then blew me right through a window that won't open and I ended up in your bathtub. Look Babs, let's just tell them what happened.



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