

KATIE. And is it really necessary to be tested in front of the entire class. Like I need that added pressure.

SAM. I know! What are we, playing Hot Lava out there?! Save that energy for the playground.

*(They both laugh. Then have nothing to say. Awkward beat as they go back to eating. SAM goes in again...)*

SAM. And that spelling bee this morning...

KATIE. Oh yeah, sorry I can't spell "parachute" correctly. Like that's really a first round word.

SAM. You totally got screwed on that one. "C-H?" What the hell are those letters doing in that word?

KATIE. I know, right?!

*(They stare at each other for a beat, then smile.)*

KATIE. I'm Katie.

SAM. I'm Sam.

KATIE / SAM. Nice to meet you.

KATIE. What do you do, Sam?

SAM. I eat paste. That's more of a hobby really. I'm a day trader in the lunchroom. Snoballs, Star Crunches, desserts mostly. And yourself?

KATIE. I'm in sales.

SAM. Oh, what area?

KATIE. Girl scout cookies.

SAM. Really?

KATIE. I'm still just a brownie, but fingers crossed.

SAM. Wow. It is so great to finally meet a girl in this grade who does not want to be a princess. How's that going for you?

KATIE. Please—the cookies sell themselves. In fact, I made a huge sale this morning to Timmy Baker. He bought like six boxes of Thin Mints. He's so sweet—oh, there he is!

*(Calling to offstage Timmy:)*

Hi Timmy! *(Beat.)* I don't know how they get 'em so minty, they just do! *(Then to SAM:)* He's so yum.

SAM. Yeah, he is. So yum. *(Beat.)* It's too bad.

KATIE. What?

SAM. He got his test results back. Cooties.

KATIE. He tested positive?

SAM. Extremely positive.

KATIE. Timmy Baker has cooties?

SAM. Big ones.

KATIE. He seemed like such a nice boy.

SAM. Timmy Baker? He is kissing girls *all the time*. His mouth's all over the water fountain. And he's always sniffing those fruit scented markers, that can't be healthy. But I'm clean, Katie. Circle circle dot dot, I got my cootie shot, but Timmy...that guy's dirty.

KATIE. Thanks for the tip. It's nice to meet a boy who's not just trying to get into my cookies.

SAM. Boys can be such jerks, can't they?

KATIE. All I really want is someone to pull my hair, pull my skirt over my head, make me feel special, you know? I'm so sick of these boys who think they're so cool.

SAM. And I'm so sick of these girls where all they care about is, what kind of Big Wheel do you drive, and hanging out in the back of the bus. I've hung out in the back of the bus, it's really not that cool. What am I missing?

KATIE. Most people are so full of doody.

SAM. My last girlfriend was the worst.

*END*