

# JENNY & PETE

A ROMANTIC COMEDY DUET

by  
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## CHARACTERS: JENNY and PETE

**JENNY stands facing the audience, while PETE stands sideways, his back to JENNY, at a perpendicular angle.**

JENNY: (*talking very fast*) Omigosh! You will never believe it! I am so excited I feel like I'm floating on air! I finally got assigned to my high school newspaper, you see, it's kinda hard to get onto the staff here, because our school paper has won all kinds of national awards and stuff . . . so it took two whole months and a whole lot of failed submission pieces to get on the staff, and finally! . . . Here I am, a staff writer! But that's not the exciting part, not EVEN! The exciting part is that Ms. Caney assigned Jackson Smythe to show me the ropes! JACKSON SMYTHE! I can't believe it! He is the coolest boy in the whole school! He's a senior! Okay, I know I sound totally childish and all, but seriously, he's from England. ENGLAND! And he has this totally sexy accent! TOTALLY SEXY! He calls me Jen-NAE, because of his accent and all, and I just totally melt into a pool of . . . of . . . of something gooey when he says my name. Not that he says my name a lot, he barely knows who I am, but when he was introduced to me the other day, he said (*imitating a bad English accent*), "Nice ta meet ya', Jen-NAE. Lukes like we'll be warking to-gather for the first couple ov wakes." Okay, I totally can't do an English accent, because I'm like, American and all, but WHATEV! You get the idea! I hear his accent and something inside me just goes . . . all liquid. It's like all my internal organs dissolve into something the consistency of warm chocolate chip cookies . . . and I kinda lose my breath a little, and the hair stands up on my arms and my knees get sweaty and my throat goes dry and . . . and it's like, I must totally be in love, because I've NEVER felt this way before and . . . all I know is that Jackson Smythe ROCKS! Jackson Smythe. Mrs. Jackson Smythe. Mrs. Jenny Smythe. Jen-Nae Smythe. Jenny Parker Smythe! Jen-NAE and Jackson Smythe! (*looks to the side, towards PETE*) OMIGOSH! Omigosh, omigosh . . . he's coming! Jackson said to meet him in the staff room at 7:15 A.M. and according to my cell phone it's exactly 7:15 A.M. and I hear footsteps and . . . ah! The door knob is turning and . . . (*catches her breath and holds it, then says to herself*) . . . just breathe, Jen-nae, just breathe . . .

(*SHE slowly lets her breath out as SHE turns to the left, and stands sideways with her back to PETE, at a perpendicular angle. PETE turns and faces the audience.*)

PETE: Here we go . . . great, she's already here. Just breathe . . . don't hold your breath, dude. She's just a girl, just a girl, just a girl. Man, she smells like lilac . . . or something flower-like . . . no, I'm sure it's lilacs . . . I'm not sure what lilacs smell like, but they probably smell like her. (*takes deep breath in*) Yep, lilacs, I'm pretty sure. DUDE! SNAP OUT OF IT! She's just a girl . . . Yeah, right! Just a girl you've been in love with since first grade! SO! . . . She's just a girl, just a . . . girl who smells really good and looks like a goddess and doesn't know you exist, dude! GET A GRIP! Don't be lame, okay, just don't be lame. Be cool . . . yeah, think cool, calm . . . collected . . . Yeah right! You're about as cool, calm and collected as a sweaty, nervous geek on a double shot latte with a Jolt chaser . . . LOSER! . . . Wait . . . wait, don't talk to yourself like that, dude! You've got a lot of good stuff goin' on for you . . . you're a straight A student. You're in line to be Editor in Chief next year . . . the other kids respect you . . . well, the guys respect you . . . the girls don't know you exist. Not that I care about any girl but Jenny (*sighs*) . . . Jenny . . . Jenny . . . Jenny, who if she married me one day would be Jenny McKinney . . . hey, that rhymes! Jenny McKinney . . . who's just a girl, just a girl, just a girl . . . how come my palms are sweating? Man, she is totally bogalicious! BOGALICIOUS? Is that even a word? Bogalicious, you geek (*hits himself in the forehead*) . . . is not a word, and if it were a word you wouldn't use it to describe Jenny Elizabeth Taylor Consuelo Parker. I mean, BOGALICIOUS? You meant booty-licious or bodacious or . . . or I don't know what you meant, dude . . . but bogalicious is not a word and if you weren't such a sweaty-palmed, knee-knocking, over hair-jelled loser, you'd know that! Bogalicious . . . totally lame . . . oh, man, oh, man, oh, man . . . She's wearing her yellow skirt with the floofy thing around the bottom . . . er, the hem. What is that floofy thing called? Anyway, it makes her legs look long and tan . . . are her knees sweating? Naw, must be cream from when she shaved her legs this morning . . . if she shaved her legs . . . I mean, why am I thinking about her legs? Uh, DUH, DUDE! You're thinking about her legs because they're long and tan and they look totally smooth – yeah, looks like she shaved this morning – and even though her knees look like they're a little sweaty, YOU my friend, are a red-blooded American boy with explosive hormonal surges who never should have even considered having that double shot latte this morning because YOU are off the hook, dude . . . over the top! Simmer down . . . breathe, just breathe . . . she's just a girl, just a girl . . . just a . . . really beautiful, knock-the-breath-out-of-you, curl-the-hair-on-your-toes . . . girl . . . (*sighs*) . . .

(*JENNY hears him sigh and turns to face the audience, as though SHE's looking at him.*)

JENNY: Heeeey . . . uh . . . oh, hi. Hello . . . uh . . . (*to audience*) Awkward!

PETE: Hey . . . Jenny . . .

JENNY: I thought you were someone else.

PETE: (*nervous*) I am . . . uh . . .

JENNY: What?

PETE: Well no one is really . . . uh . . . what I meant was . . . you never really know who someone is until you get to know them . . . and then they seem . . . uh . . . other than . . . you . . . thought they . . . were.

JENNY: Huh?

PETE: (*embarrassed*) I . . . don't . . . know . . .

JENNY: I'm supposed to meet Jackson. (*looking at her cell*)

PETE: I know, that's why I'm . . .

JENNY: (*interrupting him*) Hmm, he's late. Guess he's having trouble finding a parking space in the senior lot . . . he's a senior.

PETE: I know.

JENNY: He's English.

PETE: I . . . know . . .

JENNY: By English, I mean he's from England . . . (*joking*) . . . across the pond, as they say . . . that's funny . . . ahem, or maybe not . . .

PETE: (*realizing SHE's nervous*) You seem a little . . .

JENNY: I'm a little nervous . . . he's the coolest guy in school and well . . . you know . . .

PETE: (*defeated*) Yeah.

JENNY: Could I ask you something?

PETE: (*excited*) Totally!

JENNY: Do you think I look okay? I mean, for my first day on the newspaper staff?

PETE: (*lights up*) You look totally bogalicious! (*to audience*) CRIKY!

JENNY: What?

PETE: I mean . . . I meant . . . you look . . . haa . . . hot.

JENNY: Oh . . . I was going for snappy, up-and-coming, career girl with a dash of moxie.

PETE: That's what I meant . . . you look like you . . . have a lot of moxie . . . or, I mean . . . you look good. And that skirt really highlights your . . . legs . . . which are . . . legs. Did you know your knees look shiny?

JENNY: I . . . oh . . . (*giggles*) . . . my knees sweat when I'm nervous . . .

PETE: That's funny . . . my palms sweat.

JENNY: Oh . . . (*laughs*) . . . your palms! That is funny! Hey, your palms actually look like they're sweating now . . .

PETE: Yeah, you got sweaty knees and I got sweaty palms. (*laughs, a little too loudly, so nervous*) What a . . . what a couple we'd make!

JENNY: (*giggles with him*) Yeah! (*stops laughing*) Wait . . . what?

PETE: No, nothing . . . I was just saying . . . you know . . . it's a saying, "what a couple we'd make" or "what a pair" . . . you know!

JENNY: I don't get it.

PETE: Well, you with your sweaty knees and me with my sweaty palms . . . and . . . uh, I . . . don't . . . know . . .

JENNY: I don't think my knees are actually sweating anymore.

PETE: Oh . . . uh, well, anyway. You look good, Jenny.

JENNY: Now, what's your name?

PETE: (*sighs*) Pete. Pete McKinney

JENNY: Pete . . . I haven't seen you before . . . are you new to this school?

PETE: (*sighs*) No, Jenny . . . I've known you since first grade.

JENNY: Really?

PETE: (*exasperated*) Yes. We were in Mrs. Mingle's first grade class together.

JENNY: Oh. You know, all I remember about first grade was this boy who kept pulling my ponytail and put sand in my chocolate pudding.

PETE: THAT WAS ME!

JENNY: Really?? Were you the one that put a lizard in my pencil bag?

PETE: It was supposed to be a gift.

JENNY: IT BIT ME!

PETE: I thought it would make a good pet.

JENNY: WHY would you think that?

PETE: Well, on show and tell day for pets, you cried because your parents wouldn't let you have any pets . . . and you had nothing to show and tell about. I felt bad for you, so I thought you could keep a lizard in a shoe box in your room.

JENNY: Oh . . . that was . . . that was nice, I guess.

PETE: Sorry it bit you.

JENNY: Well, you should've told me it was in there . . .

PETE: Yeah, well it was not very well thought out . . . I was six.

JENNY: Yeah . . . (*giggles a bit*) . . . me too. So we were in first grade together, huh?

PETE: And in second grade we were in the same math class . . .

JENNY: . . . Oh . . .

PETE: . . . and in fourth and fifth grade we were in the same homeroom . . .

JENNY: REALLY?

PETE: Yes, really . . . and in sixth grade we were science lab partners! You made me cut the frog open, remember, because you said it was 'icky'.

JENNY: Oh. Wow . . . so, where've you been since sixth grade?

PETE: (*sighs again*) Right here . . .

JENNY: At this school?

PETE: Jenny, we've got English Lit, Geometry and Chemistry together.

JENNY: Oh.

PETE: And on Tuesdays and Thursdays we're in the same Spanish class.

JENNY: I . . . oh . . . I, uh . . .

PETE: And we're both in drama club and choir and . . .

JENNY: . . . really, choir too?

PETE: . . . yes, choir too, and we're also in the same lunch period.

JENNY: I didn't know . . .

PETE: I sit at the other end of the table from you!

JENNY: Next to Greg Sutter?

PETE: Yes, next to Greg Sutter . . . sure, him you know. He moved to town a month ago and HIM you know!

JENNY: Sorry . . . I . . . sorry . . . uh . . . I really am sorry, Paul.

PETE: PETE! It's PETE MCKINNEY!

JENNY: PETE! Yes! Pete . . . sorry! Gosh, just . . . sorry!

PETE: (*fed up, HE gets down to business*) Look, Jackson's not coming. He broke his leg last night. Had to have surgery, they say he'll be out for a month and I'm here to show you the ropes.

JENNY: Oh, no, he broke his leg?

PETE: Yes, so . . .

JENNY: I wonder if I should go see him in the Hospital.

PETE: Ah, not a great idea.

JENNY: Really, why not?

PETE: Because his girlfriend is there with his mom and dad.

JENNY: Girlfriend? Jackson doesn't have a girlfriend at this school.

PETE: Nooo . . . but he has a girlfriend who's a college freshman. I hear she's the jealous type.

JENNY: Oh . . . well. It's probably not serious . . . I mean, they don't even go to the same school. And, duh, she's like, an older woman!

PETE: You seem more concerned with his girlfriend than his broken leg.

JENNY: No . . . that's not true!

PETE: Okay.

JENNY: How bad?

PETE: Bad?

JENNY: His leg . . . I hope it's not bad . . . is it bad?

PETE: It's broken, so yes, I guess it's bad.

JENNY: Is he in a cast?

PETE: (*sarcastic*) That is the standard for treating broken legs, so yes, he's in a cast.

JENNY: Ah, sarcasm. Not a good substitution for witty repartee, you know?

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