

WHO WANTS A BOYFRIEND?

By D.B. Braxton

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CAST: GAIL and ANGIE

GAIL: I'm warning you, Angie!

ANGIE: Okay, I've been warned. Now drop it!

GAIL: No! I won't drop it. If you miss this opportunity, you'll regret it for the rest of the year.

ANGIE: Then let me regret it. I'll be sorry, and you can say "I told you so!"

GAIL: Go ahead. Make fun of my warnings. But you wait. Just you wait. Next Thursday will be one of the darkest days of your high school career.

ANGIE: It'll have to be pretty dim to beat this moment for darkness. You're giving me a headache.

GAIL: Forget it, then. If it gives you some kind of perverted pleasure to ruin your social life, then don't expect sympathy from me.

ANGIE: Did I request any? I'm okay with the way things are. I actually like the status quo. You just can't handle the fact that I want to be dateless on Valentine's Day.

GAIL: How can you say that, Angie?

ANGIE: Easy...I just don't care.

GAIL: But it's the biggest day in the world for sweethearts.

ANGIE: Means absolutely nothing to me.

GAIL: Next Thursday you won't be singing that tune.

ANGIE: Why do you even care?

GAIL: Because I'm your friend. I know what it's like to spend Valentine's Day with no sweetheart. Two years ago, I had the same fate.

ANGIE: And you survived, didn't you?

GAIL: Yes...But it was one of the most embarrassing days of my life.

ANGIE: Embarrassing? Why?

GAIL: Because of the valentines. Everyone gets them. The guys all get their favorite girl a big valentine. Most of them buy candy...or balloons...or roses. For any red-blooded American girl, it's the most important holiday of the year.

ANGIE: Isn't Christmas the most important holiday?

GAIL: Not for a girl, it's not. For a female, nothing is more vital than romance. Without it, life is void of meaning. And Valentine's Day is synonymous with love.

ANGIE: Funny how I'm unattached...yet completely happy.

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GAIL: You're not really happy. You've told yourself that lie so many times, you're starting to believe it. Can't I get you to see what you're missing?

ANGIE: I know what I'm missing. You forget I've had plenty of boyfriends.

GAIL: And you could so easily get a new boyfriend...if you would just try!

ANGIE: Name one reason I should make the so-called 'attempt'.

GAIL: I can name plenty of reasons. What about Romance... Flowers... Three children... a little white house with a picket fence...

ANGIE: Stop already! I'm not ready for houses and children.

GAIL: I know, but what about the romance part? Doesn't that sound cool?

ANGIE: Not particularly. It's always the same story. You begin to like someone. Then you really start to care about the person, and after you build up your hopes, your dreams...Poof! It's all over. And you put all that energy into a relationship for what? For nothing! FOR NOTHING!

GAIL: Hey, Ms. Bad Attitude. That's just the way relationships work. It's the law of the jungle. No one escapes the ugly facts. Those minor set-backs are realities you have to live with.

ANGIE: Minor set-backs!? Well, I don't have to live with them. I'd rather live with the reality of not having a boyfriend. That way, at least I won't have any false expectations.

GAIL: You can't mean that. Believing... Hoping... Dreaming...of someone...anyone...is simply wonderful. For instance, I currently have my eye on a really sweet guy. In my book, he is perfection!

ANGIE: Gail! I can't believe you. You already have a boyfriend. What about poor Bill?

GAIL: He's not a boyfriend. We're just dating.

ANGIE: Oh? I thought you really liked him.

GAIL: I do...to a degree. But that's my point. Even as I date Bill, I dream of love on a higher scale. I chase finer prey! Fairer game!! Now doesn't that sound smart?

ANGIE: Sounds dumb to me. You're chasing a fantasy. Meanwhile, you'll lose a great guy like Bill.

GAIL: Whatever happened to dreams ... to lofty aspirations?

ANGIE: Dreams are great, but they're better when you have both feet planted on the ground.

GAIL: Oh, like you, refusing to even try! Refusing to give some poor guy a chance! If I were you, I would think less of the phrase "Down to earth" and more of the term "Fear".

ANGIE: How do you get the word fear mixed up in this conversation?

GAIL: Because you're scared to take a chance. You can't sit there and honestly tell me you don't want a boyfriend.

ANGIE: I'm telling you right now. If you can't buy that, then think whatever strange thoughts you want.

GAIL: Okay. No problem. Just go along and hide your head in the sand like an ostrich. It makes no difference to me what you do.

ANGIE: Good. Then the conversation is closed.

GAIL: Then again...

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