

CLINT. I can tell you everything you need to know in five minutes. Helps if you throw in some women's lib stuff too. Tell 'em you're real worried cause the ERA's in trouble.

RICKY. (Pause.) Would you say you've had a pretty good score ratio with this technique?

CLINT. It's dynamite.

RICKY. Talk some numbers. How many?

CLINT. My whole freshman year? Five, six.

RICKY. That means two. And a couple more you got up, till they found out you were a freshman.

CLINT. Listen, college happens to be a fantastic place to score! You don't even know what you're missing.

RICKY. I'm sure that's true, Clint. But with all due respect, we've got one evening to operate here, not two semesters. So bear in mind that although my old man is not allowing several grand to float me through four years of summer camp, I have, in the course of my travels and in my own humble way, stumbled across one or two points of practical interest. May I?

CLINT. (Sourly.) Be my guest, Ricky baby.

RICKY. Point One: Surprise.

CLINT. Surprise.

RICKY. Key element. These chicks think we're all going out to a restaurant, correct?

CLINT. We're not?

RICKY. No way. Picnic. Moonlight. I-so-la-tion.

CLINT. But we invited them to a restaurant! What if they don't accept going on a picnic?

RICKY. You don't give chicks a choice, idiot. You tell them.

CLINT. But what if they won't go?

RICKY. Believe me, they'll go. If there's one thing chicks like more than getting laid, it's eating. We bring along the food and we brush a few of 'em in their direction.

CLINT. I don't know . . .

RICKY. Okay, now you've caught them off-guard and you're ready for Point Two: Beer. Plenty of it. We serve lots of extra-salty fried seafood, and we make sure there's nothing non-alcoholic to drink. Warn me so far?

CLINT. Got it.

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that are a little off-color. They pretend to be shocked, but actually they find it titillating, and I think that word says it all.

CLINT. Is this what you did all through high school? Developed this system?

RICKY. Point Four: Divide and Conquer.

CLINT. Meaning?

RICKY. Meaning we carve the gargoyle away from the Ten. Deprive her of the natural ally! One of us waves a flag in front of this Ronda creep while the other goes in for the kill. Matadors use this same technique. So, that's my plan. Sound good?

CLINT. Crude, but effective. It might just work.

RICKY. Repeat after me: Point One, Surprise. Point Two, Beer. Point Three, Talk Dirty. Point Four, Divide and Conquer.

CLINT. Surprise, beer, dirty talk, divide and conquer. Okay, I'm willing to try it your way. But no better work.

RICKY. Hey, I wasn't Ronda the Stick for nothing. Stick with the Stick and you'll get an education that means something.

CLINT. Great, then we're set on our plan of attack.

RICKY. All set on the Ten.

CLINT. Ready to go after the Ten!

RICKY. Great on that Ten!

CLINT. Okay then, buddy! You and me.

RICKY. Okay!

CLINT. Okay! (Pause.) There's just one little thing.

RICKY. What's that?

CLINT. (Pause.) Which one of us is going to walk the dog?

(Blackout.)

Scene Five. Saturday Evening.

The women's room. They are almost finished dressing to go out. They wear pretty summer dresses, big heels, jewelry, etc. Cheryl smokes, puts on makeup.

RONDA. Where's my bracelet?
CHERYL. I haven't seen it.

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HOOTERS

RONDA. I let you wear it yesterday. You were the last to see it.
CHERYL. I gave it back.
RONDA. You did not.
CHERYL. Yes I did.
RONDA. When?
CHERYL. Last night, when we were unpacking.
RONDA. You better not have lost that bracelet.
CHERYL. Ronnie.
RONDA. If you have I'll murder you. Jerry Potts gave me that bracelet. It's very special.
CHERYL. It must be around here somewhere.
RONDA. I've looked everywhere. It's gone.
CHERYL. Well, you must've put it in with your makeup and your other jewelry. Did you look in here?
RONDA. Of course I looked in there! I'm really not a total moron, thanks a lot.
CHERYL. (*Looking in makeup bag.*) Ronnie, why are you being so hostile?
RONDA. I'm not being hostile. I just want that bracelet you stole.
CHERYL. If you didn't want to go out tonight you could've just said something.
RONDA. Oh sure. I could've said excuse me, but I really think both you guys are total creeps. They wouldn't have even heard me—you were *panting* too loud for normal conversation.
CHERYL. I see. We should've stayed in our room tonight and watched the lightbulb burn out.
RONDA. How in the world you could just stand there and pretend you *believed* that crap about the movies—it was enough to turn my stomach!
CHERYL. Ronnie, it was fun! Didn't you think it was fun to let those two kids think they could impress us into going out to dinner?
RONDA. But we are going out to dinner!
CHERYL. So?
RONDA. So who's so smart?
CHERYL. When he started talking about Paul Newman it was all I could do to keep a straight face. And when he did that scream—? (*Imitates Ricky's expression and arm-slapping.*) Could you just die? (*She laughs.*)
RONDA. Great logic. He can throw a spastic fit on a public

beach, so he must be a good date. What does he have to do to be the father of your children—dribble down the side of his chin?
CHERYL. I think you're getting a little carried away here. It's just a dinner date.
RONDA. Terrific. And who do I get, the bodyguard?
CHERYL. I think he's cute too.
RONDA. Great. Remind me to go down on him under the table.
CHERYL. I don't know how you can be so cynical. Don't you ever just want to have a good time?
RONDA. A quickie on Cape Cod with a couple of jerky strangers is not my idea of a good time.
CHERYL. Who said anything about a quickie?
RONDA. Oh don't tell me the thought hadn't occurred to you.
CHERYL. Ron, they're kids!
RONDA. Don't tell me it hasn't occurred to them.
CHERYL. Of course it has. It's the only thought their little heads are capable of holding at one time. That's the fun part.
RONDA. Fun part?
CHERYL. Leading them by the nose.
RONDA. Or whatever else is straight and sticks out.
CHERYL. Sure!
RONDA. You're not back in junior high, even if you act like it.
CHERYL. And you're not the principal, even though you talk like him.
RONDA. You make me sound like some kind of prude.
CHERYL. You are.
RONDA. I've slept with men!
CHERYL. Two.
RONDA. Three!
CHERYL. Well. Two and a half.
RONDA. (*Angrily.*) You leave Jerry Potts out of this! He's suffered enough.
CHERYL. I didn't say anything.
RONDA. Anyway it doesn't matter who I've slept with. It's not something you keep a scorecard in!
CHERYL. Of course not.
RONDA. Even though you think it is.
CHERYL. I do not!
RONDA. I don't know how you could do this to David. You're practically *engaged* to him.

CHERYL. Oh-Ho! Now it's David.
RONDA. I think this is just a crude attempt to score points on him in some kind of dumb game you've made up. I'd ask myself what I was after if I was you.
CHERYL. David wants me to feel middleaged. David wants me to be the mother of three in a ranch wagon on my way to the PTA! Well forget that.
RONDA. Try your real age.
CHERYL. Oh, okay, what's that? How are you supposed to act when you're 25? You tell me, you're the expert—does it mean you're still allowed to have fun, but not quite as much? Or you can have it, but you can't let it show?
RONDA. Being a kid and acting immature are not the same thing.
CHERYL. (Pause.) You know what you are, Ron? You're a conscientious objector. When the trumpets sounded for the sexual revolution, I think you just charged in the opposite direction.
RONDA. Maybe I just refused to be drafted!
CHERYL. Well you can relax now, the revolution's over. This is just a mopping-up operation.
RONDA. (Very upset.) I hate it! I hate being so free that I'm compelled to do something I never asked for the freedom to do in the first place! I never asked for it, so thanks a lot! And something that somebody as pretty as you could've always done anyway. Well where does that leave me if I don't want to? Where does that leave me?
CHERYL. (Pause.) You really are getting very worked up over a crummy little seafood dinner. A couple shrimp and a lousy clam roll? (She laughs.)
RONDA. Where's my bracelet?
CHERYL. Ron, talk to me.
RONDA. If I'm going to have zits all over my face from seafood, I can at least wear something shiny. Maybe it'll distract them.
CHERYL. You're really mad at me, aren't you?
RONDA. (Pause.) I thought I came to the beach to be with you. I thought you wanted to get away from guys for one weekend, and we'd talk. Maybe get some sun, and talk things out. (Pause.) This isn't fair, Cheryl.
CHERYL. I'm sorry, Ron. (Pause.) I guess I got a little carried away here. (Pause.) Listen. We'll have a couple drinks, we'll eat, we'll say goodnight and come home together. Alone. Okay?

RONDA. Do you mean it?
CHERYL. Yes.
RONDA. But do you really mean it?
CHERYL. I promise.
RONDA. (Pause.) Okay.
CHERYL. Okay. (Ronda runs to Cheryl, hugs her impulsively. The doorbell rings.)
RONDA. Oh God it's them. The epileptic and his bodum.
Cher, what am I going to do?
CHERYL. Get the door.
RONDA. Right. (Ronda runs off to answer the door. Cheryl smooches her cheek. Ronda returns with Clint and Ricky, who wear beach gear—jeans, shirts, windbreakers. Ricky carries a large picnic basket and a blanket. Clint struggles with the cooler, now very heavy. The men are tensely cheerful, open warfare is just below the surface.)
RICKY. Hey hey hey!
CLINT. Whattya say?
RONDA. Go a-way.
RICKY. Pardon?
RONDA. Did I say something?
CHERYL. What's all this?
RICKY. This—is dinner.
CLINT. And this is liquid refreshment. Whew! Long way from the parking lot. (He drops the cooler on a bed.)
RICKY. We had to drive all the way into town to get this stuff. Cost us an arm and a leg.
CLINT. Guy wouldn't even let us rent the basket.
RICKY. Had to flat out buy the damned thing.
CLINT. No problem, though.
RICKY. No problem. Care for a starter? (Offers a beer to Cheryl.)
CHERYL. Wait a minute! What happened to dinner out? I thought there was this great place you guys knew.
CLINT. Uh, that place was closed.
RONDA. Closed?
CLINT. Yeah, health inspection. Lost their license.
RICKY. What he means is, we thought it would be a lot more fun, since none of us gets to the beach that often, and since it's such a nice night, maybe you guys—I'm sorry—maybe you ladies—