

## “SPORK”

*Cafeteria. Lunchtime. Two girls, Tricia and Marcy, enter with their lunch trays and take a seat at an empty table.*

TRICIA. So, he was all like, “Woh woh woh. Woh woh. Woh woh woh wowoh woh.” He is such a dick! So, I’m like: “Excuse me, Mr. Von Pfefferkorn, but just because I can’t define metaphor doesn’t mean I don’t know what one is, you stupid buttwad!”

MARCY. You called Mr. Von Pfefferkorn a buttwad?!

TRICIA. No, of course not. I added that to the story for dramatic effect.

MARCY. Oh.

TRICIA. I begged and pleaded to God not to put me in his class. I wanted to be in Mr. Griffin’s lit class. He gives A’s to anyone with tits. But, no, I get the fag.

MARCY. Do you really think Mr. Von Pfefferkorn is a fag?

TRICIA. Well, if he were straight, then obviously I wouldn’t be failing his class.

MARCY. Totally!

TRICIA. The thing is: I really think that God is punishing me for sleeping with Fatty-fat Frieda’s boyfriend.

MARCY. You slept with Craig Kovelsky?!

TRICIA. I blew him. You knew that! I totally told you right after it happened!

MARCY. You did not!!

TRICIA. I so did!

MARCY. Ewwwww!

TRICIA. I was drunk, okay? Speaking of, is anybody looking??

MARCY. No, sir.

TRICIA. *(Condescendingly.)* Sweetie, you’ve gotta stop calling me that. *(Over the following dialogue, Tricia reaches into her backpack and produces a large bottle of vodka. She pours a large amount into her milk carton, she passes it to Marcy, who does the same. Tricia quickly puts the bottle back into her backpack. Marcy produces a bottle of Kahlua from her backpack, and they repeat this action. They take their cartons, close them and shake vigorously, in unison. Switching gears:)*

I think I did it, subconsciously, just because I fucking hate Frieda Fatass.

MARCY. Oh my God! I know, right?!

TRICIA. Totally right! I mean, seriously, whenever one of us is upset over a real problem, she has to butt her fat ass in and start crying about how she can't stop puking up her food.

MARCY. It's soooo pathetic!

TRICIA. I swear to God, if I have to hear her bitch one more time about how Craig won't sleep with her until she loses weight, I'm going to stick my foot up her ass. That is, if I can find the entrance. If she's bulimic, will someone please tell me why she's such a heifer? I mean, come on, Frieda.

MARCY. She told me the other day she was on a diet and I was thinking, like: What? You can't eat anything larger than your head? Survey says —

MARCY and TRICIA. YOU'RE FAT!

MARCY. Take your finger out of your throat and drag your ass to Lane Bryant.

TRICIA. And speaking of her fashion sense, why is she always wearing that shirt that says WWJD? What the hell is that supposed to mean? Who wants jelly doughnuts? (*Marcy spits her drink all over the place.*)

MARCY. (*Laughing.*) I think it's: What would Jesus do.

TRICIA. Well, He wouldn't wear that ugly-ass shirt with those nasty-ass spandex shorts. SPANDEX! Who wears Spandex?!

MARCY. Somebody needs to explain "camel toe" to her.

TRICIA. Her body is so gross! (*Imitating Frieda.*) "I'm not just the president of the Itty Bitty Titty Committee; I'm also a client!" Blech! "What would Jesus do?"

MARCY. He wouldn't let Darryl Farmer finger Him under the bleachers during a pep rally, that's for damn sure!

TRICIA. Totally! Now, what should we drink to?

MARCY. How about "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness"?

TRICIA. Marcy, I hate to tell you this. But sometimes you are really bland.

MARCY. Screw you! I am not.

TRICIA. Well, hello!!! There's a thousand things in this world to toast to and you pick the lamest one ever!

MARCY. Okay. Here's to ... (*Looking down at her tray.*) Tater tots.

TRICIA. Well, that's slightly more interesting. (*They "clink" cartons and down their drinks.*)

MARCY. I'm buzzed.

TRICIA. Me too. (*They stare at their plates. Tricia picks up her spork and studies it.*) The spork is a great invention. Simple, but effective. It's like, who came up with it? (*Tricia makes them another round.*)

MARCY. The spork was invented in the 1940s. After the war, when the U.S. Army occupied Japan, General MacArthur decreed that the use of chopsticks was uncivilized, and the conquered should use forks and spoons like — quote — the civilized world. But fearing that the Japanese might rise up, revolt and retake their country with their forks, he and the U.S. Army invented the much less dangerous spork, which was then introduced into the public schools. But really all a spork is, is a plastic descendant of the run-cible spoon. (*Tricia is shocked.*)

TRICIA. Okay. Umm. How did you know that?

MARCY. Can you keep a secret?

TRICIA. Can Frieda eat a moon pie in only two bites?

MARCY. No. Seriously. I'm the smartest person in the world.

TRICIA. Yeah. And she's the skinniest.

MARCY. No, it's true. I was part of this government experiment in elementary school. It was a drug that made kids, like, super geniuses. Able to retain everything they learned. But the drug had a side effect ...

TRICIA. (*Without missing a beat.*) Backne?

MARCY. Shut up, bitch! You know I'm sensitive about that!

TRICIA. I am not sorry, girlfriend. Why don't you just go to the damn dermatologist?

MARCY. (*Annoyed.*) Can I please finish my story? So, this miracle super genius drug fucks with all the kids' hormones and turns everybody into, like, horny children. Like, all these third graders are running around humping, like, everything. (*Tricia is dumbfounded by this information.*)

TRICIA. That is so weird! You WERE really smart when we were kids! And really horny ... (*Marcy bursts out laughing.*)

MARCY. Got you! Ha ha! You're so fucking gullible!

TRICIA. You're a snatch!

MARCY. You'll believe anything.

TRICIA. How did you know all that stuff about the spork?

MARCY. Duh! I looked it up on the Internet. Every time we do get drunk at school, you pick up a spork and say, "The spork is such a great invention. I wonder where it came from." So, I decided that I was going to be ready one day with the answer.