GIRLS AND BOYS, WHEN THEY SIT IN TREES AND SHARE THEIR TOYS

A play by: Anna Miles

THE GIRL and THE BOY are in a kitchen, or in a car. They are very young. They might be crying, but probably not.

THE GIRL

HE MET AT THE HOMECOMING

DANCE WHO TOLD HIM

THEY WOULD NEVER MARRY

The books are the only things left.

THE BOY

WHO LIKED TO DRIVE FAST

CARS WHO WISHED HER BOOBS

WERE BIGGER

And you expect me to just hand them over?

THE GIRL

WHO LIKED TO READ BOOKS

 Did you read the books?

THE BOY

WHO HATED SUMMER

 Only the one book.

THE GIRL

 WHOSE PARENTS LET HIM

 SLEEP IN HER BED

 Which one?

THE BOY

 WHO LOVED HER OR SO HE

 THOUGHT

 The one with your notes in it.

THE GIRL

 WHO BOUGHT HIM AN

 AIRPLANE LEGO SET FOR

 HIS 19th BIRTHDAY TO WHICH

 HE SAID I ONLY LIKE THE

 STAR WARS LEGOS

 I didn’t write any notes.

THE BOY

 WHO BOUGHT HER DIAMONDS FOR

 HER BIRTHDAY AND RECEIVED

 ONLY A POLITE SMILE

 IN RESPONSE

 What were the notes then?

THE GIRL

 WHO THREW UP HER DINNER

 WHEN HE TOLD HER SHE WAS FAT

 They were already in the book when I bought it.

 My flight is at 12:45 tomorrow.

THE BOY

 WHO HOARDED FOOD WHEN SHE

 TOLD HIM HE WAS TOO SKINNY

 And?

THE GIRL

 WHO HAD SWORN THAT SHE

 WOULD NEVER LET A MAN’S

 OPINION DICTATE HER CHOICES

 I thought you might want to know.

THE BOY

 WHO EXPECTED SEX SIMPLY

 BECAUSE SHE WAS HIS GIRLFRIEND

 AND THAT IS WHAT GIRLFRIENDS

 ARE SUPPOSED TO DO

 I didn't.

THE GIRL

WHO WOULDN’T WEAR THONGS

 EVEN WHEN HE ASKED NICELY

 Are you going to give me back my books?

THE BOY

 WHO WAS JEALOUS OF OTHER BOYS

 I will if you kiss me.

THE GIRL

 WHO WAS JEALOUS OF OTHER GIRLS

 Your kisses hurt.

THE BOY

 WHO PAID $75 TO BUY HER THE

 CUSTOM CORSAGE SHE DEMANDED

 FOR PROM EVEN THOUGH HIS FRIENDS

 ONLY PAID $40 FOR THEIR DATES

 Not even to say goodbye?

THE GIRL

 WHO WAS ALLERGIC TO GRASS

 I said goodbye a long time ago. You just weren’t

 listening.

THE BOY

 SHE LOVED OR SO HE THOUGHT

 And that’s why you won’t touch me?

THE GIRL

 WHO WEPT THE FIRST TIME AND

 THE SECOND TIME AND THE THIRD

 TIME AND THE FOURTH TIME

 Give me my books.

THE BOY

SHE CALLED EVERY NIGHT

If I threw these books at your eyes, one after the

other, your eyes would turn black. They would grow two

sizes, they would explode. You’d have to grope around

with your hands in the dark, because you’d have no eyes,

because I would have your eyes forever.

THE GIRL

 WHO SWORE TO BE FREE

 I need them back so I can rip them apart. So I can burn

 them.

THE BOY

 WHO LIKED HER PUDDING AND PIE,

 WHO KISSED

 Like I ripped you apart?

THE GIRL

AND MADE HER CRY

Are you going to give me my books?

END OF PLAY