

**BETTY**

What's the matter with your body?

**CAROLE**

Boys want some of my parts to be bigger than they are, and some of the other parts to be smaller. I have the right amount of body, it's just not organized properly.

**BETTY**

You don't see yourself right. I gotta go to Home Ec. Hi, Gerry! Bye, Carole.

**CAROLE**

Bye, Bets.

*BETTY exits. Carole and Gerry are now alone.*

**GERRY**

How do you know Betty?

**CAROLE**

We're both freshman. You?

**GERRY**

Junior. You go here? How old are you?

**CAROLE**

16. I skipped two grades. What's your major?

**GERRY**

Chemistry. But I'm going to be a playwright.

**CAROLE**

Really? I write, too. Songs.

**GERRY**

Me, too. But just lyrics. What about you?

**CAROLE**

Both but I'm not so good at words. Maybe that doesn't matter in rock and roll.

**GERRY**

Until words matter, rock and roll won't. It's just lame-o teenybopper junk. Plus a single is three minutes. What can you say in three minutes? Songs by Cole Porter or Gershwin are like little plays. You should listen to Bach some time.

*HE exits. SHE goes to the piano and plays an intricate section of Bach. GERRY comes back in, amazed.*

(GERRY)

Ok! I'm an asshole. Now I see why you skipped two grades! So you're a classical music major?

CAROLE

No, education. And I like all music. I think rock and roll is fun— it's harder than you think.

GERRY

Hey, I'm writing a play. There's a scene where I need a song. You wanna write the music?

CAROLE

Uh, sure, yeah—

*HE opens his notebook, flips through, finds a page.*

GERRY

Here. Those are the lyrics. See what you think.

*HE hands her the page. SHE starts to read.*

If you don't understand them, I can explain. There are a lot of references to stuff in the play.

*SHE keeps reading. He can't tell what she is feeling.*

And there are some literary allusions, too, so if you don't—

*She does not look up but keeps reading. She still does not reveal her feelings. HE starts feeling nervous.*

You know it's only a first draft. And I had a toothache that day. Give them back.

*HE reaches for them but SHE pulls them away.*

CAROLE

Stop.

*SHE keeps reading. Then looks up:*

They're incredible. They have so much feeling in them. But it's put so simply.

GERRY

Yeah, that's what I was going for cause the guy, that's how he is.

*CAROLE looks at him with a new respect.*

CAROLE

And I thought you were just cute. Yeah, I'd love to try and write this. If I do, will you write some words for my lame-o teenybopper songs?