

Side 2

MEGAN

Yeah, I remember Cindy Logan. *(snidely)* She was a whore.

AMY

A whore?! *(furious)* She was 13 years old. She was fun. She was nice to me. Cindy was my only friend. And after you chased her away, I didn't have any friends. No one would come near me because they thought I had scabies. *(choked up)* You ruined junior high school for me, Megan. *(fighting back tears)* You ruined my life.

MEGAN

Ruined your life?! I saved your life, Amy. This Cindy person had so much influence over you, it was a good bet you'd be knocked-up by the time you were 15.

LUIGI

If I may interject. Shouldn't kids be allowed to make mistakes? I mean, isn't that part of "growing up"? If they aren't allowed to make mistakes, how do they learn?

MEGAN

I realize you're Murray's friend, Luigi, *(sternly)* but please don't make us regret having allowed you in our home.

LUIGI

I'm sorry. *(flustered)* I didn't mean....

MURRAY

Hey, he was just trying to...

MEGAN

You're not hearing me. Getting pregnant at 15 isn't part of "growing up."

AMY

But I wasn't going to get pregnant!! *(loud)* All she was going to do was teach me how to apply make-up. And you drove her away. You drove away my only friend!

PRISCILLA

We were going to discuss your books, Megan. Why don't we do that? *(firmly)* **Now.**

MEGAN

With pleasure.

AMY

No. *(impatiently)* No books. Not yet. Not 'til I'm done.

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MEGAN

Oops, I almost forgot. (*mocking her*) You want to make this a “productive” visit. *Desole, mais c’est ridicule.*

PRISCILLA

(*to no one in particular*)

Why is this woman speaking French?

AMY

Are you going to deny that you stole money from me?

MEGAN

No (*casually*), I’m not going to deny it. Why would I deny it?

AMY

She stole my babysitting money.

LUIGI

Really? (*stunned*) You mean she...like...robbed you?

AMY

Yes. She robbed me of almost \$90. I was saving up for a prom dress.

MURRAY

I remember you telling me that.

PRISCILLA

And for the record, I tried to make her give it back, but she wouldn’t.

MEGAN

Must I remind you, Amy—and Priscilla—that our family was not only poor, we were flat broke. And I needed textbooks. Which were expensive and infinitely more important than your fucking prom dress. I thought I explained all this to you.

AMY

But who are you to say what’s important? (*angry*) Who are you to decide that?

MEGAN

And as I recall, you went to the prom anyway.

AMY

What’s that got to do with it?

MEGAN

Did you go or not?