

SCENE 3

*Berdine is in her pajamas writing in her diary*

BERDINE Dear Diary: Last night Chicklet showed up at my house with a real bee in her bonnet. She is determined to buy a surfboard. Her Mom said nix. Boy, parents can be grumps. Anyways, it's a good thing I won that prize money for my essay on Kierkegaard, Kant and Buber. I handed it right over. Chicklet Forrest is my best friend in the whole stratosphere. I've never told this to anyone, not even you, dear diary, but sometimes I catch her talking to herself in this weird sort of voice. I suppose some people would say she's kind of loco but you see, Chicklet is a very creative person and sometimes her imagination just sort of goes blotto but in a noodly sort of way, not a complete geek-out but just a fizzle in her research center. Sorry, that's teenage talk. Well, time to sign off, your ever faithful correspondent, Berdine.

BLACKOUT

SCENE 4

*The beach. Yo Yo and Provoloney enter talking*

YO YO I got my menu for the luau all made up. What do you think of marinated alligator tips? You can buy 'em frozen at Ralph's. An, I thought lots of finger food, but no dips, I am so tired of dips.

PROVOLONEY Yo Yo, would you stop with the food for a minute.

YO YO But, Provoloney, the luau is only three weeks away.

PROVOLONEY Do you realize how much of your life is obsessed with trivia? Finger food, dips. It really upsets me how little scope you have.

YO YO What are you talking about? I've got scope. (*Switching the subject*) What do you want to do with your hair for the luau?

PROVOLONEY (*He screams.*) See what I mean? Trivia! All this talk about recipes and hairstyles. People are gonna think you're kind of, you know, (*Makes a limp wrist*) that way.

YO YO Let 'em try. I'll bash their nuts in.

PROVOLONEY (*Trying to talk sensibly*) Yo Yo, do you ever think about the future?

YO YO Yeah, that's why I'm asking you about the alligator tips.

PROVOLONEY The far future. You're not going to be young forever. We need to plan ahead.

YO YO This was such a beautiful day. You're making me so depressed.

PROVOLONEY (*Very 11pbeat*) Don't be depressed, kid. Stick with me and you'll never be sorry.