

GIRLS WILL BE GIRLS 1-1 (SM)

ABBEY

And who was that?

LUCY

Joe! That was Joe! That, Abbey was Joe!

ABBEY

I doubt it. I mean, millions of people call themselves Joe, but Lucy, nobody's really named Joe. What'd he say his last name is?

LUCY

Joe--I don't remember. Something very nice.

ABBEY

But.....did you? I mean, it looks like you did, it seems like you did, you look like you did, you seem like you did, he looked like *he* did like you looked like you did, but if you can't remember his name I can't believe you did, but you did, didn't you, did you?

LUCY

O'Malley!

ABBEY

You did.

LUCY

Abbey, please, I haven't even had my coffee yet. I gotta have lunch with a writer at two o'clock---what time is it?

ABBEY

Ten-oh-six.

LUCY

Thank God, I have hours---hours!---I'm gonna need a nap, though.

GIRLS WILL BE GIRLS 1-2

ABBEY

Didn't you get any sleep?

LUCY

Not much.

ABBEY

How much not much? Six hours? Three hours? A coupla minutes? He was here nine hours and twenty-five minutes.

LUCY

You timed how long he was here?

ABBEY

My watch did all the work. Naturally I was concerned, Lucy, what do we really know about his person?

LUCY

His name is Joe. Joe C. O'Malley. He's twenty-three. He's an assistant to Connie Stone at Dell. He lives in Brooklyn. And he's got ass cheeks so hard--you could crack an egg on 'em.

ABBEY

Ya, that's really important.

LUCY

And he's so sweet. With a face like that he could be stuck-up as all hell but he's not, he was so nervous around me, I don't know why he was so nervous.

ABBEY

Maybe he has something to hide.

GIRLS WILL BE GIRLS 1-3

LUCY

Don't be ridiculous, he's too young to have done anything that he would need to hide.

ABBEY

Are you a fucking moron?! (pause) Do you know if he slept with anybody who slept with anybody who slept with anybody who slept with anybody who's bisexual or an I V drug user in the past ten years? Do you know his travel habits? Ever been to Haiti? Ever owned a green monkey?

LUCY

Abigail.....

ABBEY

Did you bother to check out his arms for needle marks?

LUCY

Ya, I checked out his arms. But it's hard to see much when your face is buried in a pillow.

ABBEY

You slut. (pause) Do you know I love you so much? I just worry about you, that's all.

LUCY

Sorry, Abbey. I just don't feel like worrying. I don't think I could worry, even if I wanted to. Every cell in my body's been swept clean of worrying like a street after a spring rain.

ABBEY

Did you at least use a condom?

LUCY

Condoms.