

ELAINE

Anita, is that you?

ANITA

Hey Mom! I already ate.

ELAINE

You sure? I'm making soy cutlets.

ANITA

I'm fine. Already ate.

ELAINE

Wait. You've been kissing.

ANITA

(too quickly)
No I haven't.

ELAINE

(peering at her lips)
Yes...yes, you have...

ANITA

No I haven't.

ELAINE

Yes you have. I can tell.

ANITA

You can't
tell .

ELAINE

Not only can I tell, I know who it
is. It's Darryl. And what have you
got under your coat?

ANITA

It's unfair that we can't listen to
our music!

ELAINE

Honey, it's all about drugs and
promiscuous sex.

ANITA

Simon and Garfunkel is poetry!

ELAINE

Yes it's poetry. It's the poetry
of drugs and promiscuous sex.

Look at the
picture on the cover...honey,
they're on pot.

ANITA

First it was butter, then sugar and
white flour.

Bacon. Eggs, bologna, rock and
roll, motorcycles. Then it was
celebrating Christmas on a day
in September When you knew it
wouldn't be "commercialized."

ELAINE

That was an experiment. But I
understand -

ANITA

What else are you going to ban?

ELAINE

Honey, you want to rebel against
knowledge. I'm trying to give you
the Cliff's Notes on how to live in
this world.

ANITA

We're like nobody else I know.

ELAINE

I'm a teacher. Why can't I teach
my own kids? Use me.

ANITA

Darryl says you use knowledge to
keep me down. He says I'm a "yes"
person and you're trying to raise
us in a "no" environment!

ELAINE

Well, clearly, "no" is a word
Darryl doesn't hear much.