



Proudly Presents

FRIENDS 4 LIFE

WRITTEN BY GREGORY T. BURNS

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Cast of Characters:

Tracy

Matt

Time: The present and various stages in Tracy and Matt's youth

Locations: Tracy's house, Matt's backyard, backstage of an elementary school auditorium, onstage in an elementary school auditorium, a junior high classroom, and a cemetery

Tracy: *(To audience.)* Matt and I first met when I was five. My family had just moved to suburbia, and my mother had a brainstorm. She put flyers on all of the neighborhood doors inviting all mothers and their appropriately-aged children to an informal brunch. The goal was to create an *instant* circle of friends for the both of us. When the big day arrived, our house was filled with eight moms, seven little girls, and Matt.

Tracy's house.

Matt: I don't want to be here. My mother's making me.

Tracy: What's your name?

Matt: Matt Morgan.

Tracy: Hi, I'm Tracy Calloway, and this is Stephanie, Tiffany, Mallory, Brittany, Brittany, Brittany, and Brittany.

Matt: This is a Barbie party.

Tracy: No, it's not. We're playing Miss America. We all brought our Barbie's and we're ready to have the swimsuit competition. We were going to have evening gown, but two of the Brittany's don't have an evening gown. All of our Barbie's came with a swimsuit, so we're just going to have swimsuit competition and questions. Did you bring a Barbie?

Matt: Noooo...

Tracy: Well, then you can hold Ken and be the judge. Okay?

Matt: Do I have to do anything?

Tracy: Just pick the winner. Okay?

Matt: *(To audience.)* The girls put on a CD and modeled their Barbie's by holding their feet and slowly turning them to give the illusion of a runway catwalk... with attitude! Tracy did lie to me, however, when she said all I had to do was pick a winner. No, my duties also included asking a question of each *contestant*. *(Laughs.)* I asked each of the Barbie's which *bug* they liked *best*. Stephanie, Tiffany, Mallory, and Brittany to the Fourth Power squealed, grimaced their faces, and shouted in no uncertain terms that they *hated* bugs. Then it was Tracy's turn to answer.

Tracy: I like too many bugs! Can I have more than one answer? I like crickets and grasshoppers. Oh, I once kept a praying mantis in a pickle jar for twelve days! And I like ants. In fact, I have an ant farm out on the back porch. Wanna see?

Matt: And the winner is... That one!

Tracy: *(To audience.)* After I accepted the crown for Malibu Barbie a.k.a. Miss California, all of the little girls and their mothers left that afternoon. Matt, on the other hand, asked his mother if he could stay and watch the ants in the ant farm out back.

Matt: *(To audience.)* What can I say? Tracy was the first girl I'd met who didn't...*bug* me.

Tracy: *(To audience.)* But like most boy-girl relationships, ours soon came to an end.