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Trying to Get to You

A Beatlemania Play in Two Acts

by
Peggy Aultman

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Trying to Get to You
by Peggy Aultman

THE SETTING:

Time: *The Summer of 1964.*

Place: *The small town of Crosby, USA.*

CHARACTERS:

Rockin' Ray: *The local radio D.J. host*

Linda Fischer: *A sixteen year old girl completely smitten with "The Beatles" and all things pop in the summer of 1964*

Kathy: *Linda's best friend; a slightly more sensible teen but no less crazy over "The Beatles."*

Mr. Fischer: *Linda's caring but staunch father.*

Mrs. Fischer: *Linda's mother who sympathizes more with her daughter than the times allow.*

Sandy Davidson: *One of Linda and Kathy's classmates; more of a rival than a friend.*

Extras: *Caller #1; a teenage girl*
 Caller #2; another
 Caller #3; another

ETC:

The majority of the set is dedicated to two rooms in the Fischer's modest home: their living room and Linda's bedroom. Represented on stage right, visible throughout the play, is the local radio station's "D.J. booth". Down left stands a stool and small table which holds the phone used for Kathy's calls to the

Fischer's home.

ACT I

Scene One: *The Living room*

Scene Two: *Day one of Beatle countdown; Linda's bedroom*

Scene Three: *Eight days later; bedroom*

Scene Four: *Next day; living room*

Scene Five: *A few days later; bedroom*

Scene Six: *Later that day; living room*

Scene Seven: *Next day; bedroom*

Scene Eight: *A few days later; bedroom*

Scene Nine: *Five days later; living room*

ACT II

Scene One: *A few days later; living room*

Scene Two: *Same day, an hour later; bedroom*

Scene Three: *The next evening; bedroom*

Scene Four: *Later that same evening; living room*

Scene Five: *A few hours later; living room*

Scene Six: *Twenty minutes later; living room*

Scene Seven: *Two weeks later; living room*

Scene Eight: *The next morning; living room*

Trying to Get to You

by Peggy Aultman

ACT I, Scene One

SETTING: *The set consists of a small “D.J. booth” of a local radio station and two rooms in the Fischer family’s modest home: the living room and Linda’s bedroom. The living room is represented by a sofa, an end table, a coffee table, a T.V. set, and off to one side, a table for dining. Linda’s bedroom holds a dresser, a desk, and a twin bed. Her bedroom walls are plastered with anything and everything related to The Beatles: posters, magazine covers, and photos. Prominently displayed on the wall is a large homemade “Beatle Countdown Calendar” which indicate the number of days remaining until the concert.*

AT RISE: *MR. and MRS. FISCHER are having coffee at the dinner table. LINDA and KATHY are seated on the sofa, staring excitedly above the audience’s heads, transfixed by the (imaginary) T.V. that is moments away from televising the Beatles’ first appearance on The Ed Sullivan Show. LINDA clutches an instamatic camera. Soon Ed Sullivan is heard announcing, “The Beatles!” As the televised screams of the fans erupt, LIGHTS RISE on the living room. LINDA and KATHY have joined in the on-screen hysteria, clutching on to each other and jumping up and down in their seats. MRS. FISCHER looks on the scene with amusement, but MR. FISCHER, is obviously annoyed with the girls’ antics which have disrupted his nightly reading of the newspaper. As the Beatles begin to play, LINDA and KATHY’s screams intensify.*

MR. FISCHER.

(He slaps the newspaper to the table) Oh for crying out loud! (To wife.) Is this really necessary?

MRS. FISCHER

(Laughing.) Oh Joe!

(MR. FISCHER grabs his newspaper and exits in a huff. Between screams, LINDA manages to get in a few camera shots before the lights and music fades.)

ACT I, Scene Two

(As ROCKIN’ RAY’S voice is heard, the LIGHTS RISE ON D.J. BOOTH. His voice is expressive and his actions animated.)

ROCKIN’ RAY

Hey, Hey, Hey! This is Rockin’ Ray with WIXY 1260 (*pronounced as “wicksy, twelve-sixty”*) on your dial. That was “Red Rubber Ball” by Cyrcle starting us off on the top of the hour. Just one of the fab bands that will be opening the upcoming Beatles concert. And here

ROCKIN' RAY, *Continued*

at WIXY, we're Counting Down Till The Beatles Come to Town! Only twenty-five days away with a sellout crowd. And for you poor souls out there without tickets, Rockin' Ray is here to say that The R.C. Cola Bottle Cap Contest is going strong. WIXY has TWO concert tickets to give away to the lucky listener who collects the most R.C. bottle caps. That's right; two FRONT ROW TICKETS to the see the Beatles at the Municipal Auditorium on August 18th. But remember, all bottle caps must be in our studio by noon on August 10th. Of course, all employees of R.C. Cola and their families are excluded. And starting this very Friday, we will be asking all you fans to call in with your latest tally of RC bottle caps. If your call is taken, you'll AUTOMATICALLY win a Beatle's album. So where are you going to keep that dial? That's right, on WIXY 1260! And now, what's Ray gonna play? "Can't Buy Me Love" by The Beatles!

(LIGHTS DOWN ON D.J. BOOTH CROSSFADE TO LIGHTS UP ON BEDROOM. LINDA & KATHY are seated on the floor with a large jar containing several handfuls of bottle caps. LINDA drops the caps into the jar as KATHY counts.)

KATHY

Eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, sixteen! *(Records the total on a pad of paper.)* That was ten from my Aunt Betty and the six from us. Which, added to the twenty-seven we've already collected, makes a grand total of – *(Little trumpet noise)* da-da-da! Forty-three!

LINDA

Forty-three, not too bad. But I can't drink another drop of R.C. *(Shudders)* Just the thought of it makes me want to BARF.

KATHY

Well, I can't afford to buy anymore anyway. I already got an advance on NEXT week's allowance.

LINDA

Did you talk to your mom about getting her bridge club to save their caps for us?

KATHY

Yeah. She doesn't want to ask them because she's afraid they'll think it's tacky.

LINDA

Why would they think trying to win Beatle tickets is tacky?

KATHY

Beats me.

LINDA

(Big sigh) We've got to come up with another plan. We've run out of relatives.

KATHY

(Thinking) Hey, we could make some flyers for everyone in the neighborhood asking them to save their caps for us instead of throwing them out.

LINDA

Hey, yeah. I'll bet that would get us scads of caps, especially when they find out what we're collecting them for.

KATHY

Exactly. After all, it IS for a good cause.

LINDA

We can put our phone numbers on the flyers so they can call us whenever they have a few caps, and then we'll just go over to their house and pick them up.

KATHY

Good idea...but is it alright if we just put your phone number? My mom would wig if everyone starting calling our house.

LINDA

Sure. My parents won't mind. My dad will think it shows "perseverance". Oh, that reminds me. *(Makes a face)* Guess who called this morning?

KATHY

Oh, I don't know *(With raised eyebrows)* . . . Paul McCartney?

LINDA

(Annoyed by saying the name) Beverly.

KATHY

Fan Club Beverly?

LINDA

You got it.

KATHY

(Rolls her eyes.) What does "Madam President" want now?

LINDA

(In an "official" tone.) She's notifying all Beatle Fan Club members that she's calling an emergency meeting.

KATHY

Again?

LINDA

Yep. Everyone's supposed to meet at the school flag pole tomorrow at 1:00 for a Fan Club Rally.

KATHY

What's the emergency THIS time?

LINDA

Oh, she's having an absolute conniption about Dave Clark Five's, "Bits n' Pieces," making it to number four this week.

KATHY

Well, what are we supposed to do about that?

LINDA

She wants us all to get together so we can smash their records into little "Bits n' Pieces."

KATHY

You're joking, right?

LINDA

Nope. Beverly thinks it's her most brilliant idea ever. She even said that she's going to call The Chronicle to see if they can get a reporter to do an article on it. She's hoping that the story will (*Mimicking a "Beverly" voice*) "show the world that, here in Crosby, the Beatles will always be number one."

KATHY

Well I hate to be the one to break it to her, but I don't think that The Crosby Chronicle is read worldwide.

LINDA

There's more – she wants each of us to bring a hammer AND a copy of the record.

KATHY

What copy? We all despise Dave Clark Five. She knows that none of us have any of their records.

LINDA

That's what I said. So then she tells me that we all need to go out and buy a record so that we all have one to smash.

KATHY

That is the most IDIOTIC thing I have ever heard.

LINDA

Smashing their records?

KATHY

No! Buying them! If the entire Beatle's Fan Club goes out and buys a Dave Clark Five record, even if it is only to smash, then it will only help their record sales – which is exactly what we DON'T want to happen.

LINDA

(Admiring Kathy's wisdom) Hey, good point, Kath.

KATHY

What she needs to be doing is working on a an idea to help the fan club get tickets to the concert instead of worrying about some dumb Dave Clark Five record making it to number four.

LINDA

You should tell her that. You know, I've always said that you should be fan club president.

KATHY

No thanks. I'll just complain about the one we've got.

LINDA

Okay, what's next?

KATHY

Let's work on our schedules for fall. I'd like to get them to the school office by this Friday at the very latest so that we'll have a chance of getting the classes we want.

LINDA

No! I mean, what's next for getting Beatle tickets? We have to have a back-up plan in case we don't win the bottle cap contest.

KATHY

(Stating the obvious) In case?

LINDA

Kath!

KATHY

(Sighs) Al-right. Landry's Pharmacy is supposed to open their essay contest this Saturday. We could walk over there and see if they're giving out the entry forms yet, so we can get a head start on writing them.

LINDA

Okay, but I'll leave the essay to you. I stink at writing.

KATHY

No. We BOTH need to enter. It will double our chances of winning.

LINDA

(Throwing a doubtful glance) You sure about that?

KATHY

But then, as soon as we get back, we have to work on the schedules. Promise?

LINDA

(Brushing her off) Yeah, yeah.

KATHY

No, I mean it. The earlier we turn them in, the better our chances are of getting the classes we want. I want to make sure I get into Mr. Lux's writing class.

LINDA

(Answering in a sing-song "student" voice) Yes, Miss Kathy.

KATHY

(Lightheartedly) You fink! September is not that far away, you know.

LINDA

As far as I'm concerned, it is LIGHT years away. *(Rising, placing the jar and note pad on her dresser)* Hey, while we're at Landry's, let's get some construction paper for the flyers.

KATHY

And a couple of ice lollies.

LINDA

Ice lollies? What are those?

KATHY

Teen Beat magazine says that's what they call popsicles in England.

LINDA

Really? Ice Lollies. *(Enjoying the sound of it)* Ve-ry keen.

(LINDA and KATHY exit the bedroom into the living room where the lights rise on MRS. FISCHER sitting on the sofa folding clothes.)

KATHY

Goodbye, Mrs. Fischer.

LINDA

Bye, mom.

(The girls walk to the front door.)

MRS. FISCHER

Where are you girls off to?

LINDA

We're going down to Landry's to get some ice lollies.

MRS. FISCHER

Ice lollies?

LINDA

(In a British accent) Yes mum, that's British for popsicles.

MRS. FISCHER

(Smiles.) Is that so? Well, be back in time for dinner.

LINDA

I shall, luv!

KATHY

Toodles!

(Giggling, the GIRLS walk to the door and exit. MRS. FISCHER laughs softly as the LIGHTS FADE OUT.)

ACT I, Scene Three

(AT RISE: Eight days later, ROCKIN' RAY live in the D.J. Booth)

ROCKIN' RAY

Hey, Hey, Hey, it's Rockin' Ray here to say that it's time for today's R.C. Cola's Bottle Cap Count update! The sold-out Beatles concert is only 17 days away which is 17 days too soon for those of you without tickets. But WIXY and R.C. Cola want to change that for at least two of you. On August 10th we'll be countin' those caps, and the lucky person that has the highest count will be the recipient of TWO front row tickets. Now last hour I announced that the 17th person to call our studio with their R.C. Bottle Cap count would receive a free copy of the Fab Four's LP, *Something New*. And I just happen to have our 17th caller on the line right now, and from the sounds of it, she's well on her way to winning. But first, young lady, why don't you tell us your name?

(SPOTLIGHT on a very excited teenage girl holding a telephone to her ear.)

CALLER #1

(Giggling) Patty Nolan.

ROCKIN' RAY

Now Patty, tell me, have you purchased your tickets for the Beatles concert yet?

CALLER #1

No, I couldn't cause they're already sold out!

ROCKIN' RAY

(Feigning surprise) Sold out? Patty, do you mean to tell me that you're going to miss the most exciting event ever to take place in Crosby history?

CALLER #1

NO! 'Cause I'm gonna win WIN them from WIXY!

ROCKIN' RAY

And it sounds like you're off to a good start. Now I'm sure our listeners are anxious to hear – just how many R.C. Cola Bottle Caps have you collected so far?

CALLER #1

Um, I have four hundred and eighty-six!

ROCKIN' RAY

Four hundred eighty-six! *(Whistles)* You didn't drink all that R.C. Cola yourself, did you?

CALLER #1

(Giggling) No!

ROCKIN' RAY

Well Patty, Rockin' Ray has some good news for you because YOU are our eighth caller – which makes YOU today's winner of the R.C. Bottle Cap Count Update. And today's prize is The Beatles album, *Something New!*

CALLER #1

Oh my gosh!

ROCKIN' RAY

So tell us, Patty, what's your favorite radio station?

CALLER #1

(Enthusiastically) W-I-X-Y!

ROCKIN' RAY

And who's your all-time favorite D.J.?

CALLER #1

Rockin' Ray!

ROCKIN' RAY

(Chuckling) That's my girl! Now Patty, you can pick up your free Beatles album anytime between 9 and 5, Monday through Friday, at our downtown studio. Good luck!

CALLER #1

Thank you SO much!

(As CALLER #1 hangs up the telephone, SPOTLIGHT OUT.)

ROCKIN' RAY

Well listeners, you heard her. Patty Nolan is off and running with 486 R.C. bottle caps and I've got a feeling that she's only just gotten started. WIXY will continue to hold the R.C. Cola Bottle Cap Count Update at this time every afternoon until we announce our concert tickets winner on August 10th at 3:00 p.m. But until then, sounds like you have your work cut out for you. So get yourself a couple of cases of cold R.C. Cola – and tell 'em Rockin' Ray sent you. And now what does your favorite D.J. have comin' your way? Three in a row, with no interruptions! So keep it tuned to WIXY 1260! I'm starting it off with "*I Saw Her Standing There*" by none other than The Beatles, who else?

(LIGHTS DOWN D.J. BOOTH, CROSS FADE TO LIGHTS UP BEDROOM. The Countdown calendar now reads "17 Days to Go." KATHY is sitting on the floor reading a Teen Beat magazine; LINDA is lying on her bed looking at some photographs.)

LINDA

(Studying a photo) I should of gotten closer to the T.V. Geez! Wouldn't you know? The only good shot I got was of Ed Sullivan! Look, you can kinda see Paul in this one, *(Frowning)* except for that big white spot. Maybe I shouldn't of used a flash. What do you think? *(Handing photos to KATHY)*

KATHY

(Looking at the photo) Yeah, maybe not. It probably reflected off the TV. *(Checking out another photo)* Boy, now this would have been a good one. *(Sympathetically)* Gee, it's too bad that Paul's head got cut off. *(Returning photos to LINDA and back to reading)*

LINDA

I know. I'll definitely have to improve my picture-taking skills by concert-time. *(SHE pushes the photos aside.)* Darn it! I thought they were going to be so good.

KATHY

The important thing is that you now have photos of the first time we saw The Beatles on American television which means that YOU have recorded history. It makes me wish that I had taken some.

LINDA

(Glumly) I wish you had too, then maybe we'd have at least ONE good photo.

KATHY

Well this year, as juniors, we get to choose an elective. And guess what? They're offering photography sixth hour. You even get to use the darkroom.

LINDA

Really? Hey, that sounds pretty keen. You going to take it?

KATHY

I can't, that's the only time they offer creative writing.

LINDA

Oh. That stinks.

KATHY

(Trying to sound nonchalant) Of course photography is a really popular class, so you should probably register for it right away. You might miss out if we put off doing our schedules too much longer.

LINDA

You know, you are starting to sound a lot like my mother.

KATHY

Holy cow! Listen to this! *(Reading from magazine)* "Paul's Secret Hideaway: He thought no one could find him – but Teen Beat did!"

LINDA

(Rolling over onto her stomach) Ooh, read that one.

KATHY

(Expressively) "It's not easy for The Fab Four to get away from it all, especially for the handsome Paul. However, Teen Beat was able to track him down and get this exclusive report WITH pix. Where's our Beatle's favorite place when he's desperate for some space? Clever Paul's choice is hotel stairways. Paul explains that most guests choose the elevators to move from floor to floor. Which is fine with him as it leaves the stairways free for his private hideaway. Unfortunately for you dear readers, Paul's solitude is safe from his adoring fans; as the stairway doors to the Liverpool Lad's hotel floor are always kept locked. That way Paul's secret hideaway will stay just that!" *(In anguish, SHE slaps the magazine against her legs.)* That's IT?

LINDA

What a gyp! My dad says that they always do that stuff to sell magazines – big headlines, no story.

KATHY

Well, at least there's this photo – the only redeeming feature of the whole article. (*Holding the magazine above her face, in a dreamy tone*) Gosh, isn't he absolutely the most magnificent human being on the face of this entire planet?

LINDA

(*Leaning to take a look*) Let's see? Hmm . . . he's got my vote.

KATHY

(*Snapping out of her dreamy state*) Oh! Guess who has the ONLY black and white Beatle card that we need?

LINDA

(*At attention*) You mean card number 127?

KATHY

Uh huh.

LINDA

Who?

KATHY

Sandy Davidson.

LINDA

No! Not Sandy Davidson!

KATHY

The one and only.

LINDA

But that's not fair!

KATHY

And you would NOT believe how much she wants for it.

LINDA

Oh yes I would.

KATHY

Five dollars.

LINDA

Five dollars! For ONE Beatle card?

KATHY

That's right.

LINDA

What a fink! Who could pay five dollars for one Beatle card?

KATHY

She's the only one that I know of.

LINDA

She doesn't deserve to have card number 127!

KATHY

No kidding. Paul's not even her favorite.

LINDA

She doesn't HAVE a favorite. She doesn't even LIKE the Beatles! You know, she actually said that Dr. Kildare is cuter than any of them.

KATHY

(Scoffing) Richard Chamberlain?

LINDA

Yep. Martha Baker told me that Sandy has this HUGE poster of him hanging right above her bed – and you won't believe this – she put on about a trillion coats of Yardley's and kissed him all over his face and then she left all her lipstick marks!

KATHY

Oh don't make me BARF!

LINDA

And Martha told me that Sandy said she'd never wipe it off.

KATHY

That's about her speed. And THIS is the girl who has tickets to the Beatles concert!

LINDA

(Dejectedly) She has everything. Did you hear her say that last year she went to school forty-two days in a row without wearing the same outfit twice?

KATHY

Well, that's only technically correct. Most of the time she just changed the color of her tights.

LINDA

Oooh! She drives me berserk! We have GOT to get to that concert.

KATHY

Well I don't think we're going to get there by collecting bottle caps. We only have sixty-two between us. You heard that girl tell Rockin' Ray that she already has almost five hundred, and the contest doesn't even end for another week! At this rate we'd have to have a thousand caps to win.

LINDA

Then YOU will have to write Landry's winning essay.

KATHY

(Ignoring that, SHE reads aloud.)

Teen Beat: What's your favorite food?

Paul: Fish n'chips.

(To LINDA, somewhat patronizingly) Chips – that's what they call french fries in England.

LINDA

I know that!

KATHY

(Continuing)

Teen Beat: John, what is your favorite brand of cigarette?

John: We enjoy American-made cigarettes, but we don't like to advertise any particular brand."

LINDA

Too bad. They're always smoking in their photos, but I can never make out what brand it is. *(Thinking)* I'll bet their favorite is...“Lark”. *(Sitting tall, crossing her legs, and lifting her chest, movie-star-style, SHE pretends to inhale glamorously on a cigarette, and after a long exhale, says in an affected voice...)* As for me, I prefer menthol.

KATHY

(Laughing) Linda, you are SO queer!

(MRS. FISCHER knocks at the bedroom door.)

LINDA

Come in!

MRS. FISCHER

(Opens door and leans in) Linda, *(Spots KATHY)* Oh, hello Kathy.

KATHY

(Politely) Hello, Mrs. Fischer.

MRS. FISCHER

Before I forget, Mrs. Zollinger called. She wanted me to tell both of you that she thought your flyers were just precious.

LINDA

(Perks up) Does she have any bottle caps for us?

MRS. FISCHER

No, she said that she doesn't drink R.C., but if she did, she would save them all for you.

LINDA

(Disappointed) Oh.

MRS. FISCHER

Linda, I just got off the phone with your father. He got held up at the office and missed his bus, so he'll be a little late getting home. Tonight's my ceramics class, and I'll be leaving in a few minutes. There's a tuna casserole in the oven. Don't let it burn.

LINDA

(Makes a face) Tuna casserole again?

MRS. FISCHER

It'll be done by 6:30. I've set the timer, but keep an ear open for it. The salad's in the fridge. Kathy, you're welcome to stay for dinner if you'd like.

KATHY

Thanks. I'll ask my mom.

MRS. FISCHER

Linda, remember to do the dishes. *(LINDA sighs loudly.)* I'll let you know before I leave. *(Begins to exit, then pushes the door back open and gives a big smile to both girls.)* Oh, your father told me to tell you that he has something very special, for both of you.

LINDA

Really! What is it?

MRS. FISCHER

He didn't say, but he seemed pret-ty pleased with himself. He told me that it was a big surprise! *(SHE exits to Living room.)*

LINDA

(With eyes as big as saucers) Oh my gosh! Did you hear that?

KATHY

What do you think it could be?

LINDA

He must have gotten us tickets to the Beatles concert!

KATHY

(Her eyes get as big as Linda's) The Beatles Concert! Holy Toledo!

LINDA

(Thoughtfully) He knows how hard we've been working to get tickets.

KATHY

Do you really think so?

LINDA

"A big surprise" – what else could it be!

(LINDA leaps up onto the bed KATHY jumps up and joins her. LIGHTS FADE on BEDROOM as GIRLS holding hands, jumping gleefully. LIGHTS UP on LIVING ROOM with MR. FISCHER entering, carrying a small brown paper bag.)

MRS. FISCHER

Oh Joe, you're home! I didn't expect you this soon.

MR. FISCHER

(Gives her a kiss) Bill saw me at the bus stop and gave me a lift.

MRS. FISCHER

That was nice of him.

MR. FISCHER

Is Linda home?

MRS. FISCHER

Yes, she and Kathy are in her room.

MR. FISCHER

Wait till they see what I have for them.

MRS. FISCHER

Oh, you should see how excited they are. What is it?

MR. FISCHER

(Proudly holding up a small lunch bag) Forty-eight R.C. Cola bottle caps! Now that ought to make them winners!

(LIGHTS FADE OUT.)

ACT I, Scene Four

(LIGHTS RISE: The following Day, ROCKIN' RAY live in the D.J. booth.)

ROCKIN' RAY

Hey, Hey, Hey it's Rockin' Ray, and that was "Bits & Pieces" by the Dave Clark Five which is currently Billboard's number two hit of the week, climbing its way up the charts from last week's number four spot and hot on the trail of the Beatles. And now, you know what time it is? That's right; it's time for today's Fastest-Caller-Contest! Sometime during this next hour I'll be playing this recording – *(HE makes a dramatic gesture of pushing a button and the SOUND OF SCREAMING GIRLS is heard, similar to what one would hear at a Beatles Concert.)* That will be your cue to grab the phone and start dialin'. The first caller through to our station will win TWO FRONT ROW TICKETS, compliments of WIXY, to see the Beatles concert on August 18, at the Municipal Auditorium! But remember, don't touch that phone until you hear the recording, or you will be disqualified. So keep it tuned to the station, and the D.J., that brings you more ways to win - WIXY 1260.

(LIGHTS DOWN BOOTH, CROSSFADE UP ON LIVING ROOM. LINDA and KATHY are seated on the sofa. The phone is sitting on Linda's lap. LINDA clutches the receiver tightly in her hand, which is pressed against her ear. KAHTY is holding the button down on the receiver's cradle. THEY hold that pose as THEY listen intently to the radio. Soon WIXY 's "SCREAMING GIRLS" recording is heard.)

LINDA.

(Shouting a bit too loudly) That's it!

KATHY

Dial! *(Prompting LINDA)* TF4- 0022!

LINDA

Kath! Let go of the button! *(Jerking Kathy's hand away from the phone)*

KATHY

(Flustered) Sorry!

(LINDA begins frantically dialing as KATHY chants the number.)

KATHY

TF4-0022! TF4-0022! TF4-0022!

(LIGHTS FADE OUT.)

ACT I, Scene Five

(AT RISE: In the bedroom, a few days later. The Beatles Countdown Calendar shows “12 Days-to-Go.” LINDA and KATHY are sitting on the bed each intently writing in separate note pads.)

LINDA

Okay, I’m done. You?

KATHY

Hold just a sec . . . *(Writing a few more words)* Alright, I’m finished.

LINDA

Let me go first – I want to get it over with. *(Reading)* “Why I love Landry’s Pharmacy,” by Linda Fischer. Landry’s Pharmacy is the very best place to shop in town. It has everything you need and more. From Yardley make-up to Beatle cards, from the latest magazines to shampoo. Landry’s Pharmacy has alot to choose from. I love Landry’s Pharmacy and so does my whole family. You will too!

KATHY

(Encouragingly) Pretty good. How many words?

LINDA

Uh. . . I can never remember, is “a lot” one word or two?

KATHY

Two.

LINDA

Then I’ve got fifty-one.

KATHY

Well, you’ll have to kick out one word. You can only have fifty.

LINDA

Oh come on. It’s only one word over.

KATHY

(In a serious tone) The rules state that any entry which does not strictly adhere to the guidelines will be rejected.

LINDA

So what? Mine’s going to be rejected any way!

KATHY

(Firmly) One word.

LINDA

(Muttering) Okay, okay. Um. . . I'll take out "very." *(Crossing out "very")* Now yours.

KATHY

Okay. *(With feeling)* "How do I love Thee, Landry's? Let me count the ways. London Girl cosmetics – so very hip; thee soda fountain – stop by for a sip; Teen Beat magazines – best around; Beatle card selection – largest in town. An easier essay for me might be: What I DON'T love about thee, Landry's." *(Looks up at LINDA)* Fifty words.

LINDA

Kath, that is SO good.

KATHY

Really?

LINDA

Are you kidding? How did you think of that?

KATHY

I just based it off that poem we learned last year. *(LINDA gives her a blank stare.)* You know, "How do I love thee, let me count the ways"...by Elizabeth Barrett Browning? Remember?

LINDA

(Looking confused) Uh. No. *(Beat)* But I do know that YOU are holding the winning essay!

KATHY

Geez, wouldn't that be exciting? *(Thrilled)* I can't imagine what it would be like to actually have something of mine published!

LINDA

Uh, excuse me, but the important thing is that we win tickets to see the Beatles. Remember them?

KATHY

(Slightly embarrassed) Oh, sure. *(Picks up a sheet of paper and reads)* It says . . . "Completed entries are to be received no later than 5:00 p.m. on August 8th".

LINDA

Good. Let's take them down there after lunch. Oh, I can't wait! What should we wear?

KATHY

To Landry's?

LINDA

No! To the concert!

KATHY

Oh. Well, Paul loves a white blouse and a straight black skirt.

LINDA

He does?

KATHY

(Authoritatively) That's what it said in Teen Beat.

LINDA

Then that's what we'll wear! *(With confidence)* And, because we'll be in the first row, we'll be easy for Paul to spot.

KATHY

Maybe we should make a sign. Something large and colorful, so that it will really grab his attention.

LINDA

Yeah. Something really super. We can decorate it with flowers and stuff. Um. . . well, you're the writer, what should it say?

KATHY

How about... *(Writes across the air)* "Paul, We Luv You, Yea, Yea, Yea! Kathy & Linda."

LINDA

Yeah!

KATHY

You don't think it will hurt the others' feelings if we just write it to Paul, do you?

LINDA

(Takes a moment to consider this.) No, I think it will be alright. I mean, I'm sure there'll be scads of signs for each of them. *(Smiles as SHE envisions the scene.)* Oh, can't you just see it? They'll be on stage, right there in front of us, singing! *(Sitting up on her knees)* And we'll be sitting in the first row—

KATHY

(Joining in on the fantasy) Wearing our straight black skirts and white blouses—

LINDA

And we will REALLY be listening to the words and the music. *(Disdainfully)* We won't be like all those other girls who are all jumping up and down screaming their heads off.

KATHY

No. Paul will see right away that we're different, that we are more than just "fans". He'll notice that we're acting very mature, and then he'll give us that look, you know, like the one on card number 37—

LINDA

The black turtleneck one?

KATHY

Uh huh.

LINDA

Oh, I LOVE that one! *(Smiles at Kath mischievously)* And I know just what he'll be thinking. . . *(Puts on a British accent)* "What good-looking byrds, not like the others, maybe I'll ask them backstage for a cuppa tea."

(LINDA and KATHY look at each other and dissolve in laughter.)

KATHY

You are SO queer.

(THEY sit for a few moments, with contented smiles on their faces, staring off into the distance. MRS. FISCHER'S voice interrupts their thoughts.)

MRS. FISCHER, OFF

Linda!

LINDA

(Sighs and then yells back.) Yes?

MRS. FISCHER

I need you to run up to Vonn's and get some eggs.

LINDA

Mom! I just went yesterday.

MRS. FISCHER

Sorry, but I didn't need them yesterday.

LINDA

Oh, al-right! *(To Kathy, grumbling)* Geez! I have to do EVERYTHING around here!

KATHY

Linda, I just got an AMAZING idea!

LINDA

Shoot.

KATHY

(Trying to contain her excitement) You know how Vonn's has a soda machine out front?

LINDA

Yeah.

KATHY

Well, it has R.C. in it.

LINDA

(Totally underwhelmed) Ugh! There is NO way I can drink another—

KATHY

Listen! After you pull the soda bottle out of the machine, what do you do?

LINDA

Duh! Drink it.

KATHY

But BEFORE you can drink it, you have to use the bottle opener on the machine. And when the cap comes off, what happens to it?

LINDA

(Catching on) It drops into the machine!

KATHY

Exacto! We can ask Mr. Vonn to save all the bottle caps for us when he empties them, and then we'll go through them and pull out all the R.C. caps!

LINDA

(Jumping to her feet) Kath, your I.Q is off the charts!

KATHY

(Proudly) Thank you.

LINDA

Between the caps we get from Vonn's and your essay, we'll be sure to win some tickets!

KATHY

(Picking up the essays) If you say so.

LINDA

(Getting her transistor radio off her dresser) Hey Kath, maybe Mr. Lux was right. He always said that someday you'd be published!

KATHY

Holy Cow! Wouldn't that be the absolute greatest!

LINDA

Hey, while we're at Landry's, let's check out the nail polish. They've got all the new London Girl colors. *(Putting the earphone into her ear, then turning to KATHY and pointing to her radio)* Hurry! It's The Beatles!

(KATHY grabs her radio and earplug.)

LINDA & KATHY, *Together*

(Breaking into song, singing along with the Beatles tune THEY hear through their earplugs, clapping at the appropriate points in the song)

*"...Eight days a week
I l-o-o-o-o-ve you,
Eight days a week is not enough to show I care.
Love you every day girl, always on my mind.
One thing I can say girl, love you all the time.
Hold me, love me,
Hold me, love me,
Ain't got nothin' but love babe, eight days a week.
Eight days a week.
Eight days a week..."*

*(As LINDA and KATHY exit singing, **LIGHTS FADE OUT.**)*

ACT I, Scene Six

(AT RISE: Later that day, "Screaming Girls" playing on the radio. Lights come up quickly on KATHY and LINDA in the living room.)

LINDA

(Jumping up and down nervously as KATHY dials.) Now! Go!

KATHY & LINDA, *Together*

TF4-0022, TF4-0022, TF4-0022!

*(**LIGHTS FADE OUT.**)*

ACT I, Scene Seven

(AT RISE: The next day. LINDA's bedroom. Countdown calendar reads "11 Days-to-Go." KATHY is on the floor kneeling over a piece of white poster board. LINDA is sitting on the bed going through a shoe box of Beatle cards.)

KATHY

I think that's enough flowers, don't you? We don't want it to be so crowded that he can't even read it.

(KATHY holds up the poster which reads "Paul, We Luv Ya, Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, Linda & Kathy." Around the words, she has drawn several flowers.)

LINDA

Yeah, that's good. Anyway, we have to save room for the Beatle cards.

KATHY

(Puts the poster back down on the floor) Which ones did you pick out?

LINDA

(Handing her the cards) I've got four. One for each corner. Two color and two black and white. What do you think?

KATHY

(Looking through them) Oh, this is going to work out perfectly. *(SHE begins to place the cards on the poster.)* Look. Each corner has a card with Paul looking toward the center. And there's even enough room in the middle to add one more.

LINDA

Hey, for that, let's use one of him where he's looking straight ahead.

KATHY

Okay. How about #23? That is a FABULOUS one of Paul.

LINDA

Number 23? *(Looking through the shoe box and pulling out the card)* Well, I wouldn't actually say "fabulous."

KATHY

You've got to be kidding! What's NOT fabulous about it?

LINDA

He looks a little too. . .um. . . wholesome.

KATHY

Wholesome! *(Laughing)* Linda, you crack me up.

LINDA

Well! It's just that it looks like one of those school photos that we take every year. (*Holding up the card*) I mean, isn't this just like a picture you'd find in our yearbook?

KATHY

Uh, not in any yearbook I've ever seen.

LINDA

(*Smiling*) One #23 coming up. (*SHE hands the photo to LINDA.*)

KATHY

(*Placing the card on the poster*) Oh, wait till Paul sees this! You have to admit, it's fantastic.

LINDA

Oh, you know what we should of done?

KATHY

What should we HAVE done?

LINDA

Well "Miss Kathy", we should HAVE cut Paul's head out of all the cards and pasted them down as the center of each flower. Then we could HAVE drawn the petals all around his face.

KATHY

But...then we would have to cut up our best Beatle cards. I just don't think I could do that. Do you? I mean, it would seem almost...sacrilegious.

LINDA

I guess you're right. Here, hand them to me. I'll put glue on them, and you paste them down.

(*LINDA prepares to put glue on the backs of the cards.*)

KATHY

(*Picking up one of the cards*) I even hate the fact that we're putting glue on these. We'll probably end up ruining them when we pull them off.

LINDA

Well then, let's not. We'll keep it just like it is – our very own souvenir poster of the concert. We'll even ask Paul to autograph it.

KATHY

(*Laughing*) You're nuts.

LINDA

The only problem we'll have is deciding which one of us gets to keep it.

KATHY

No problem there. My mom would never let me hang it up in my room (*Imitating her mother*) “It will ruin the wallpaper.” (*Holding a card against the poster*) Is this centered?

LINDA

Move it just a smidge to the left. (*KATHY moves it.*) Yeah. That’s good.

KATHY

Now let’s put a color one in this corner. Do you have one with him looking left?

LINDA

Yep. (*Starting to apply the glue, SHE stops and laughs.*) Geez, you should read what’s on the back of this one!

KATHY

Read it.

LINDA

“Beatles Diary Entry #142: Dear diary, what a potty performance today—”

KATHY

“Potty performance?” Does it REALLY say that?

LINDA

Yes, I swear!

KATHY

Boy, he IS wholesome!

LINDA

(*Continuing to read*) “The girls came to the show with their pocketbooks full of jelly babies—”

KATHY

(*Interrupting*) That’s British for jelly beans.

LINDA

I know that. (*Continuing.*) “—I suppose they had read the interview which said how much we enjoy eating them while we rehearse. As soon as we started singing, they began pelting us with the candy pieces. I sure am glad that the reporter didn’t write that we like apples. Signed Paul.” (*Looks at KATHY*) You don’t think he really wrote that, do you?

KATHY

No! Paul would NEVER write anything that corny. (*Shrugs*) They probably pay their secretaries to sit around and think up all that sort of stuff.

LINDA

Geez. You could do MUCH better than that.

KATHY

Hmmm... *(Composing out loud)*...Diary Entry #607: Tonight's concert started out to be a real toilet of a performance. The girls were screaming so bloody loud that we couldn't even hear ourselves sing! But suddenly, I saw these two really fab-looking byrds out in the audience. They were sitting right in the front row wearing straight black skirts and white blouses, and they were holding up this really fantastic sign. *(LINDA bursts out laughing as KATHY lifts the sign over her head.)* After the show I invited them backstage for a couple of ice lollies. All us lads fell MADLY in love with them. Signed, Paul.

LINDA

(Claps enthusiastically) Much better!

(MRS. FISCHER enters and knocks on the bedroom door.)

LINDA

Yes?

MRS. FISCHER

(Speaking through the door) Sandy Davidson is here to see you.

LINDA

(Stunned) What?

MRS. FISCHER

(Motioning to SANDY offstage) Go on in, dear. *(She exits.)*

(SANDY glides into the bedroom. She's picture perfect in a starched white tennis dress. Her hair is pulled up in a ponytail tied with a pink ribbon, not a hair out of place. Her gleaming white bobby socks and tennis shoes are a sharp contrast against her tan legs. SHE carries a tennis racket which is tucked inside a monogrammed cover.)

SANDY

Well, I knew that if I found one of you – there would be the other!

LINDA

Here we are.

(SANDY glances at the walls, taking in all the Beatle paraphernalia. LINDA and KATHY, suddenly self-conscious of their appearance, try – futilely – to smooth their clothes and hair.)

SANDY

(With just a hint of condescension) Gee, I hope I'm not interrupting a "secret fan club meeting" or anything.

KATHY

(Laughing weakly) No, of course not.

SANDY

Well, I heard that you two were fans, but THIS is really something. *(KATHY tries to push the poster under the bed, but SANDY spies it and reads aloud.)* “Paul, We Luv Ya, Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, Linda & Kathy.” Well, isn’t that the CUTEST thing! I’ll bet you two have been working on that all morning!

KATHY

Uh...not really.

LINDA

(Abruptly) So, what brings you over here?

SANDY

Oh, I was just on the way to the club for my tennis lesson. I heard that you two have been scurrying around town trying to hunt down bottle caps to win tickets to that concert, and my father buys RC by the caseload. So I thought I’d pop in and give you these. *(SHE unzips her racket cover and removes an envelope which SHE hands to LINDA.)* They’re bottle caps, for both of you.

KATHY

(Annoyed, but polite all the same) Thanks.

LINDA

(Curtly) Yeah, I’m sure it’ll save us a lot of “scurrying.”

SANDY

I can imagine that you’d just about die if you didn’t make it to the concert.

LINDA

We’ll be there.

SANDY

Well, I hope so. I mean, I almost feel guilty for getting to go myself. But, everyone is always giving my father tickets to that sort of thing – so there I’ll be, sitting right up front and center – and I’m not even a fan.

LINDA

Well, gee Sandy, we’d be more than happy to take the tickets off your hands.

SANDY

(Giggling) Linda, you are SO funny! I’ll tell you what though, if you want, I’ll save my ticket stubs for you. You could paste them on your “poster”.

LINDA

(Flatly) Wow.

SANDY

Okay then. I really need to move along. I don't want to be late for my lesson. You should see my tennis instructor! He is such a doll – I swear, he looks just like Dr. Kildare. *(SANDY crosses to the door, opens it, then looks back over her shoulder.)* Bye Bye.

KATHY

Bye.

(SANDY takes a few steps into the living room, but then walks back to the door.)

SANDY

Oops! I almost forgot to shut the door. *(With a big smile and raised eyebrows.)* We don't want the details of your "secret meeting" to get out.

(SANDY winks, and pulling the door shut, exits.)

LINDA

(Frustrated) Ohhh!

*(LINDA stands, and hurls the envelope against the closed door as **LIGHTS FADE OUT.**)*

ACT I, Scene Eight

(AT RISE: A few days later; the D.J. Booth)

ROCKIN' RAY

And now to WIXY'S 9th caller and today's lucky winner of the R.C. Cola Bottle Cap Count Update, Connie Levine!

CALLER #2

Oh my gosh! I can't believe it!

ROCKIN' RAY

It's true! Now Connie, don't keep us in suspense any longer. You need to let our listeners know exactly what they're up against. So, just how many caps have you collected?

CALLER #2

One thousand, one hundred, and twenty-nine!

ROCKIN' RAY

(Dramatically, HE sits at attention.) Now just hold on there, Connie! 'Cause Ray's thinkin' he must not have heard you right. Did you say, "One thousand, one hundred, twenty-nine"?

CALLER #2

(Joyfully) You heard me right! *(Emphatically)* One thousand, one hundred, and twenty-nine!

ROCKIN' RAY

(Long whistle) Lord have mercy! That's a lot of caps! Congratulations, Connie Levine. You are today's R.C. Cola Bottle Cap Count Update lucky caller, which means you've just won the LP, "Meet The Beatles"!

(CALLER #2 shrieks.)

ROCKIN' RAY

Now tell Ray what station you keep your radio tuned to?

CALLER #2

WIXY 1260, so I can hear Rockin' Ray all day!

ROCKIN' RAY

(Chuckling) I couldn't have said it better myself! Now here's a tune off of their new LP, "All My Lovin"!

(LIGHTS DOWN D.J. BOOTH CROSSFADE UP ON BEDROOM. The Countdown calendar is at "9". LINDA is seated on the floor, folding gum wrappers and attaching them to each other in a long zigzag chain. KATHY is sitting on the bed, holding a newspaper.)

KATHY

(Reading, without enthusiasm)

*Landrys is a shop that is very good,
If you've never shopped there you really should.*

*Toiletries, candy and much, much, more.
Come and see what's new in the store.*

*The clerks are helpful in a friendly way,
So come on in and buy something at Landry's Pharmacy today.*

(KATHY emits a huge sigh as LINDA responds incredulously.)

LINDA.

That's IT? THAT is the winning entry?

KATHY

That's what it says. (*Shaking her head in disbelief*) That is the most UNINSPIRED thing I have ever read.

LINDA

I'll say! Who wrote it – his daughter?

KATHY

(*Reading*) “Why I love Landry's Pharmacy” by Cynthia BYERS.

(*KATHY drops the paper.*)

LINDA

Okay, so it was written by his uninspired niece. “Toiletries?” Geez! Where'd she get that line – her grandma?

KATHY

(*Sighing once again*) I guess I won't be getting published after all.

LINDA.

I don't get it. It's NOT fair. Yours was SO much better!

KATHY

(*Subdued*) Thanks.

LINDA

In fact. . .even mine was better.

KATHY

Oh well. How many wrappers?

LINDA

Two hundred and thirty-one, and counting. (*Proudly holding up the chain*) A symbol of our unending devotion to Paul.

KATHY

Well, I don't think that Paul is going to get a chance to see just how devoted we truly are.

LINDA

Don't say that! (*Confidently*) We are going to that concert.

KATHY

I don't know if you've noticed, but we have run out of contests.

LINDA

(With great optimism) We still have the Bottle cap contest. And we haven't checked with Vonn's today. He might have scads of caps from the machine.

KATHY

(Glumly) Yeah, as of today, we're only 823 behind.

LINDA

AND there's still three days left for the Fastest Caller Contest. *(KATHY shoots her a doubtful look.)* Stop that! We'll never get to see The Beatles if we just give up! You have to think positive.

KATHY

You're right.

LINDA

(Surprised) I am?

KATHY

You know, I think I'm more disappointed about not being published than I am about not winning concert tickets.

LINDA

(Shocked) Kath!

KATHY

Sorry.

LINDA

Well anyway, what does Landry's know?

KATHY

About creative writing? Not much.

LINDA

Exactly!

KATHY

(Tentatively) I almost got published last year, you know. Mr. Lux submitted something of mine to the school journal.

LINDA

You never told me.

KATHY

I didn't want to say anything unless mine was chosen.

LINDA

What was it about?

KATHY

He gave us an assignment to compose a poem, but I couldn't come up with anything. So finally, I ended up writing about not being able to think of anything to write.

LINDA

That is the KEENEST idea ever! Do you remember it?

KATHY

Yes.

LINDA

Let's hear it.

KATHY

(Shaking her head) I'm too embarrassed.

LINDA

Oh, come on! I really want to hear it. *(KATHY hesitates.)* Please.

KATHY

O-kay. *(Composing herself)*

*I'm sorry, Mr. Lux.
My mind is so empty, and so cold.
My ideas lie in the darkness
Like great slabs of ice
Refusing to melt to the birth of a poem.*

LINDA

(Sincerely) Gee Kath, you ARE a good writer.

KATHY

Thanks.

LINDA

You WILL be published someday. I just know it.

KATHY

I appreciate your confidence.

LINDA

In fact, I'll bet you'll end up as a writer for Teen Beat. You'll write VERY inspired articles about the Beatles, and you'll get to interview them and follow them wherever they go.

KATHY

And YOU will be my assistant. No! Even better, you will be the photographer for Teen Beat. Of course you will take absolutely fabulous shots of The Beatles – all WITH their heads attached—

LINDA

And Sandy Davidson will beg me to sell them to her for twenty bucks a piece!

(THEY both laugh.)

KATHY

(Soberly) Can you imagine Sandy Davidson sitting in the front row at the Beatle's concert and us sitting at home? I swear, I won't be able to take it.

LINDA

And you won't have to. That is NOT going to happen. We are going to that concert. I'll make sure of it.

KATHY

And I have complete faith in you. But, until then, I am forcing you to sit here and help me figure out our class schedules.

LINDA

(Whining) No. Please. I just don't want to even think about school yet.

KATHY

Well you must. We are running out of time.

(KATHY picks up the schedule and takes LINDA by the arm, leading her to the bed and making her sit.)

LINDA

(Surrenders) Oh, geez!

KATHY

Okay, I've been thinking.

LINDA

Uh-oh.

KATHY

(Ignores that) Since we both absolutely abhor math—

LINDA

Abhor? What does that mean?

KATHY

It means to completely despise something.

LINDA

“Abhor” – now THAT is a neat word.

KATHY

I know, isn't it? Anyway, let's just take math first hour and get it over with.

LINDA

Yeah, okay.

KATHY

Good. *(Jotting it down)* Now, which teacher should we request? *(Looking over the list)* There's...Campbell—

LINDA

Yeah. I've heard that Campbell doesn't give too much homework.

KATHY

But he does give pop quizzes.

LINDA

Sheesh! Forget that! *(Smiles mischievously)* You know how I just ABHOR those pop quizzes!

KATHY

(Amused) But the only other math teacher at that time is...Kirby. *(Exchanging looks of wide-eyed horror)* O-kay, so it's Campbell first hour. *(Jots it down)* Alright, now for second hour we could take—

LINDA

Study hall.

KATHY

Study hall? So early?

LINDA

Yeah. That way I can do any homework I have due that day, before I go to class.

KATHY

You might try doing it the night before. I think that's why they call it HOME work.

LINDA

(With mock concern) You're going to be a teacher someday. I just know it.

(Writing) Second hour "study hall".

KATHY

LINDA

Good. Now, how about lunch?

KATHY

Lunch at third period? That's a little early, don't you think?

LINDA

I mean, let's go get some lunch NOW.

KATHY

Linda!

LINDA

What?

KATHY

We just got started on this!

LINDA

But we already finished the first two hours. We're a third of the way done.

KATHY

This HAS to be in the school office by the 22nd, or they will schedule it for us.

LINDA

Stop being such a worry wart. It will be.

KATHY

Not at this rate it won't.

LINDA

How can you expect me to think about school when the Beatles are coming to this very town in only eleven days!

KATHY

I know what you're up to. You're just waiting for me to get so frustrated that I end up doing your schedule for you.

LINDA

(Brightens) Could you?

KATHY

No, I could not. You are going to help me; even if I have to force you do it – which probably won't be until after the Beatles are gone.

LINDA

(Gasps) After the Beatles are gone! *(Too unbearable to consider)* Kath, what are we going to do when we don't have the Beatles concert to look forward to?

KATHY

(Ponders this for a moment) What did we do before we had the Beatles concert to look forward to?

LINDA

I can't remember.

KATHY

Me neither.

(THEY sit thoughtfully.)

LINDA

(Glancing at her watch) Come on, let's get something to eat. There's only forty-five minutes until the Fastest Caller Contest begins. *(Stands)* Oh, and after that I need you to pin up the hem on my black skirt.

KATHY

Why?

LINDA

I have to shorten it before the concert.

KATHY

(Also standing) No, you don't. It's fine.

LINDA

It needs to be just a smidge higher.

KATHY

Linda, if you smidge it any higher, you'll look like Tina Hooper.

LINDA

Tina Hooper! You fink! I don't want it THAT short. By the way, did you see that huge hickey on her neck? She was standing right in front of me at Vonn's yesterday so I had to stare at it the whole time I was in line. It's at LEAST the size of Russia!

KATHY

That's disgusting!

LINDA

You're telling me! And I'll bet I know who gave it to her—

KATHY

(Scoffing) Take your pick.

LINDA

He doesn't even go to our school!

KATHY

(Intrigued) Really? Who is he?

LINDA

I don't know his name, but he was that guy that was hanging around outside the gym at the Freshman Farewell. You know, the really icky one.

KATHY

Which icky one?

LINDA

The one with the Elvis sideburns; he kept trying to pick up Ellen Baker. Remember?

KATHY

You mean the guy in that light green windbreaker?

LINDA

Yes!

KATHY

(Heading out the door with LINDA following) Oh, don't make me BARF!

LINDA

You're telling me...

(KATHY and LINDA'S voices fade as THEY exit with LIGHTS OUT.)

END ACT I

ACT II, Scene One

(AT RISE: Five days later, MUSIC PLAYS with lights up on both the D.J. Booth and Living room. ROCKIN RAY, in the D.J. Booth, looks over playlists waiting for the song to end. LINDA and KATHY are seated on the couch near a small radio; LINDA clutching the receiver of the telephone with one hand, her other hand's index finger is inserted in the dial. At the same time, KATHY holds the receiver's button down waiting for just the right moment to dial in to the radio station. BOTH wear serious expressions and are intensely focused on the radio.)

LINDA

(Solemnly) Now, this is our very last chance for tickets.

KATHY

I know.

LINDA

Ray's GOT to play it soon.

KATHY

Right.

LINDA

It's coming up. I can feel it.

KATHY

Okay.

LINDA

Okay – he's almost done talking.

KATHY

Alright.

LINDA

Are you ready?

KATHY

Yes.

LINDA

Remember, this is it.

KATHY

I know.

LINDA

Okay...okay...here it comes!

(ROCKIN' RAY reaches over to push a button. The recording of "THE SCREAMING GIRLS" is heard.)

KATHY

Go! *(LINDA begins dialing)*

KATHY & LINDA, *Together*

(Chanting) TF4-0022! TF4-0022! TF4-0022! TF4-00—

ROCKIN' RAY

(Calling out in an excited voice, ROCKIN' RAY lifts his arm in triumph.) Attention, WIXY listeners! We now have our winner!

LINDA

(Distraught) NO!

ROCKIN' RAY

I have the lucky caller on the line with me at this moment! Okay young lady, as you must know, you are the FINAL winner of WIXY'S Fastest Caller Contest. You were today's first caller which means YOU have just won the last two available tickets for the Beatles concert! Now tell Rockin' Ray your name.

(Numb with disappointment, LINDA and KATHY'S faces are expressionless.)

CALLER #3

Oh my gosh! *(Shrieks)*

ROCKIN' RAY

(Laughing) Man, I think that broke the sound barrier!

CALLER #3

You mean I REALLY won?

ROCKIN' RAY

You REALLY did!

CALLER #3

Oh my gosh! I can't believe it! Oh, my gosh!

ROCKIN' RAY

We'll believe it because you were the first caller through, and the LAST caller to win. I know that our WIXY listeners would love to know the name of the lucky winner.

CALLER #3

My name. . .um. . .

ROCKIN RAY

(Laughing) Well, we have a VERY excited young lady here, for good reason. Now take a deep breath and—

CALLER #3

(Breathless) It's...Oh, I can't believe it! It's...Janet.

ROCKIN' RAY

And Janet, do you have a last name?

CALLER #3

Parker! Janet Parker!

ROCKIN' RAY

Congratulations to you, Janet Parker! YOU are going to see the Beatles!

(A loud, excited scream from CALLER #3.)

ROCKIN' RAY

Janet, as everyone knows, this was WIXY'S very last ticket give-away which leaves a lot of broken-hearted listeners out there. In fact, I'd say that today, YOU are probably the luckiest girl alive.

CALLER #3

Oh my gosh! Thank you! Thank you! *(Squeals)*

ROCKIN' RAY

So, Janet, tell me, what's your favorite radio station?

CALLER #3

W-I-X-Y 1260!

ROCKIN' RAY

And who's your favorite D.J.?

CALLER #3

Rockin' Ray!

ROCKIN' RAY

Bing-o! Okay. Now Janet, just stay on the line and we'll tell you how you can retrieve those tickets. And for the rest of you fans, you have my condolences. You might not get to SEE them, but you know where you can HEAR them – Ray's got a little something from the Beatles just for YOU, "Love, Love Me Do"!

(As the MUSIC PLAYS, LINDA and KATHY sit motionless, staring blankly ahead. LIGHTS FADE OUT.)

ACT II, Scene Two

(AT RISE: A few days later. The dining table is set for dinner. MR. FISCHER is sitting in a living room chair reading the newspaper. MRS. FISCHER enters with a serving bowl which SHE places on the dinner table.)

MRS. FISCHER

Joe, would you like milk or water?

MR. FISCHER

Water, please. *(Puts the paper down and walks to the table.)*

MRS. FISCHER

(Calling) Linda, dinner's ready. *(To JOE)* Linda is very upset about missing the Beatles concert, so please try to be understanding.

MR. FISCHER

Oh, to have such problems. I think I'll lie on the couch all evening and mope about losing the Krieger account.

MRS. FISCHER

(Warning) Joe.

(MRS. FISCHER exits to the kitchen as LINDA solemnly enters from her bedroom. LINDA sits at the table without speaking. MR. FISHER takes a seat at the head of the table. MRS. FISCHER enters wearing oven mitts and carrying a casserole dish. SHE places the dish on the table and takes a seat across from LINDA.)

MR. FISCHER

Let's say grace. *(ALL bow heads, holding hands.)* Dear Lord, we give You thanks for this food that You have provided for our table. We ask that You bless it and help it to nourish our bodies. In Your name, Amen.

ALL

Amen.

(MR. & MRS. FISCHER begin passing bowls of food around the table. LINDA sits silently showing no emotion, taking very little food from the bowls passed to her.)

MR. FISCHER

Bill mentioned that he and Pam are planning on asking us up to their lake house for a barbeque later this month.

MRS. FISCHER

Wouldn't that be nice? I've always liked Pam. In fact, I've been thinking of asking her to join the bridge club.

MR. FISCHER

You should do that. *(Glancing at Linda)* I believe they have a daughter about your age, Linda.

LINDA

(Disinterested) Really?

MR. FISCHER

Her name's Mary, I think.

MRS. FISCHER

(Corrects him) Marsha. *(To Linda)* She's a very nice. I'll bet you two have a lot in common.

(Still no reaction from LINDA.)

MR. FISCHER

Well, Linda, you're quiet tonight. Which, I suppose, is due to the lack of concert tickets.

MRS. FISCHER

(Sympathetically) Oh, sweetie, we're so sorry. This was something you worked for all summer.

MR. FISCHER

Yes, I'm very proud of you. That showed real perseverance.

MRS. FISCHER

But I'm sure that it won't be too long before the Beatles come back in town. It doesn't seem as though they'll go out of fashion anytime soon.

LINDA

(Horrificed) Mom! The Beatles will NEVER "go out of fashion!"

MR. FISCHER

In any case, I promise that next time, we'll get you some tickets.

LINDA

(Carefully) Dad, do you think that I could go down to the auditorium tomorrow night? Maybe someone would be selling an extra ticket.

MR. FISCHER

Linda, if there was any chance whatsoever that you could get into that concert, I would stand out there for you myself. But believe me, there are no “extra” tickets.

LINDA

But if I could just go down there, I mean, just to BE there. That would at least be...something.

MR. FISCHER

I realize how disappointed you must be, but I can't let you get caught up in that rush. It's all over the news about the trouble the police had with the fans in Detroit, I'm sure you heard about it – girls screaming outside the hotel all night, fainting for God's sake. Some were actually taken to the hospital, not to mention that the traffic that was backed up for hours. I can't imagine all the fuss.

MRS. FISCHER

Well, I can. I remember feeling just that way about Clark Gable when I was young.

LINDA

Then you know how I feel! Did you ever get to see his band?

MRS. FISCHER

Clark Gable was a movie star. Back then we didn't have bands like the Beatles.

LINDA

(Trying to imagine this) Gosh. I'd hate to of grown up when there weren't any Beatles.

MRS. FISCHER

(Smiles, reminiscing.) Well, I used up an entire box of stationary writing to him one summer. I'm sure that my friends and I would have done anything to see him in person, if we had gotten the chance.

MR. FISCHER

Anyway, the answer is “no”.

LINDA

(Anxiously) Dad, you can't actually expect me just to sit at home when the Beatles are RIGHT HERE in Crosby!

MR. FISCHER

That is exactly what I expect. It's going to be bad enough just getting around downtown, let alone anywhere near the auditorium.

LINDA

(Turning to her mother, pleading) Mom, what if that...that Clark guy had come to your town – the VERY town that you lived in, but your parents wouldn't even let you go to where he was playing!

MRS. FISCHER

(With empathy) I'm sure that I would be just as heartbroken as you, although I can't say as though I would blame them.

LINDA

Ooh! If I don't get to go...I'm going to die! I SWEAR I will!

(Frustrated, LINDA clanks her silverware down on her plate.)

MR. FISCHER

Alright now, Linda, calm down. The point is that although this is a huge disappointment, it's something you are just going to have to live through, and believe me, you will. The whole downtown area is going to be in total chaos, and I absolutely refuse to let you anywhere near it. Even the bus driver warned us about the traffic delays he expects on Monday morning. Supposedly the police are going to have to block off some streets around the Sheraton, which of course just happens to be on my bus route.

LINDA

The Sheraton? Is that where the Beatles are staying?

MR. FISCHER

That's the word. And because of them, I'm going to have to leave about an hour earlier than usual on Monday morning.

MRS. FISCHER

That's a shame. Your day is long enough as it is.

LINDA

May I be excused?

MRS. FISCHER

Linda, you haven't even touched your food.

LINDA

I'm just not hungry right now.

MRS. FISCHER

But you have to eat something. I don't want this to upset you to the point of not eating.

LINDA

I'm just going to call Kath. I'll get something later. I promise.

MRS. FISCHER

(Concerned) Well...alright.

(LINDA gets up and walks to the phone in the living room, sits on the couch, and dials the phone. Seconds later the phone rings at "Kathy's house". KATHY enters and answers it.)

KATHY

Hello?

LINDA

Hello, Kath?

KATHY

Yeah?

LINDA

You've got to get over here right away.

KATHY

What's up?

LINDA

(Glancing at her parents) I can't tell you on the phone.

KATHY

Well, I can't right now, I'm washing the dishes.

LINDA

Well ask your mom if you can you wash them later!

KATHY

Are you nuts?

LINDA

(Sighs) Then come right over as soon as you're done. But just wash them as fast as you can.

KATHY

I always do.

LINDA

Okay. Bye

KATHY

Bye.

(LIGHTS FADE OUT.)

ACT II, Scene Three

(AT RISE: An hour later. Scene opens on bedroom where LINDA is selling her plan to KATHY. Countdown Calendar reads "2 days" to go.)

LINDA

Okay, so you spend the night here. We wait until my parents fall asleep, and then we sneak out of the house and go down to the hotel.

KATHY

How are we going to get to the hotel?

LINDA

(Waving a piece of paper) I've got my dad's bus schedule. The last one leaves from Roycroft at 11:05.

KATHY

Suppose your parents don't go to bed until after the last bus?

LINDA

Not a chance. My parents go to bed EVERY night right after the 10:00 news. We'll leave here about 10:45. That will give us plenty of time to make the bus.

KATHY

But how do we get from the bus to the hotel?

LINDA

It's just a one block away. We can walk it in five minutes.

KATHY

And what about getting home?

LINDA

A bus leaves downtown at 5:10 in the morning. My dad's alarm rings at six o'clock. *(Cocky)* By that time we'll be back in my bedroom pasting Paul's autograph in our scrapbook.

KATHY

Gee, Linda, I don't know...

LINDA

What's to know! You want to see the Beatles, don't you?

KATHY

Well, sure. But what if something happens?

LINDA

(Irritated) Like what?

KATHY

I don't know. It sounds a little dangerous.

LINDA

(Exasperated) Dangerous! How? We're catching the bus right down the street. It lets us off one block from the hotel, which is exactly where it picks us up! Don't be such a fraidy cat!

KATHY

But we'll be alone, downtown, in the middle of the night.

LINDA

And there'll be police all over the place.

KATHY

What if we get caught?

LINDA

Will you quit your worrying! We are NOT going to get caught.

KATHY

But what if we do? We'll be grounded forever!

LINDA

So! What if we are! It would be worth it, wouldn't it? At least we could say we saw the Beatles! *(Calmly)* Listen, I've spent my whole summer trying to get tickets to their concert. I'm NOT about to let them leave town without at least getting a look at them, even if it is from their hotel window.

KATHY

(Reluctantly) Okay. I'm in.

LINDA

(Relieved) Okay.

(LINDA and KATHY quietly contemplate the daring thing they're about to do. Abruptly THEY shift gears.)

KATHY

We should bring our autograph books, just in case we get close enough.

LINDA

And scads of film and flashbulbs.

KATHY

Oh, and I need to get my skirt and blouse over here.

LINDA

Just wear them to church tomorrow. Then you can just come home with me, and leave them in my closet.

KATHY

Alright. (*Nervously*) I can't believe we're really going to do this.

LINDA

This is going to be great.

KATHY

(*Not convinced*) Yeah.

LINDA

Okay, on to the most important thing – our “look”. First, which color nail polish should we wear? (*Picks up two bottles of nail polish off of her dresser. In a “spokes-model” voice SHE holds up one color.*) Almost Apricot, or (*Then holding up the other*) Orange Gone Wild?

KATHY

I don't think Paul will be able to spot our nails from twelve floors up.

LINDA

Kath, you've gotta think big! (*Winks*) We might just end up sharing an ice lollie with him.

KATHY

(*Unimpressed*) I'm sure.

LINDA

I think that Orange Gone Wild would look better with a white blouse and black skirt, don't you? Almost Apricot might be too washed out.

KATHY

Well, Teen Beat did say that Paul doesn't go for loud colors.

LINDA

(*Disappointed*) He doesn't?

KATHY

No. He likes his women VERY feminine. You know, pastels – that sort of thing. I'm afraid that Orange Gone Wild might be a bit too wild.

LINDA

Almost Apricot it is. (*Looks in mirror*) Now, about our hair.

KATHY

(Looks in the mirror, frowning at her reflection) Geez, what am I going to do? The Beatles love long straight hair.

LINDA

(Picks up a clump of KATHY'S hair) Hmm...I suppose we could iron it.

KATHY

(Pulling it out of LINDA'S hand) Nothing doing. Don't you remember what happened to Marcia Binda's hair?

LINDA

Well, that's because she used the iron on the "dry" setting. I would never be that dumb. *(Beat)* I'd use "steam".

KATHY

(A look of concern) Uh...

LINDA

Okay, forget that. We'll just use the giant-size orange juice cans and scads of Dippity-Do. That should do it.

KATHY

Okay. *(Glancing at her wristwatch)* Gosh, it's after 8:00! I've got to get going. I told my mom I was just staying for a few minutes. You know how she gets.

(KATHY exits into the living room.)

LINDA

Do I ever. *(Following)* But wait! We haven't decided on our shoes.

KATHY

Oh, I don't know. *(Shrugs)* Loafers, I guess.

LINDA

(Shocked) Loafers! Kath!

KATHY

What?

LINDA

We don't want to look like school-girls! We need to wear something more sophisticated, something with heels.

KATHY

But we don't have any heels.

LINDA

What about the white ones we got for confirmation?

KATHY

Do you think they still fit?

LINDA

We'll MAKE them fit. Remember, Paul likes his women very feminine...
(Dramatically)...And you know that Paul just ABHORS loafers on his women.

KATHY

(Smiles as she shakes her head) You are SO queer.

(LIGHTS FADE OUT.)

ACT II, Scene Four

(AT RISE: The next evening. ROCKIN' RAY'S voice is heard as the lights come up on both the D.J. Booth and Linda's bedroom. Linda's Countdown calendar is at "1". LINDA is applying nail polish. Her hair is in curlers, and her bangs are scotch-taped flat to her forehead.)

ROCKIN' RAY

Let me tell you, this town is ROCKIN'! I have NEVER seen or heard such commotion, and we have had some big names play in this auditorium. Folks, we are backed up all the way from the Kalman exit on 49 to the Gentilly overpass. For those of you tryin' to make your way downtown, keep tuned to WIXY 1260 for the latest traffic updates. And to those of you at home, tonight, as a tribute to the Fab Four, WIXY will be playin' two hours of non-stop Beatles tunes from 8:00 to 10:00 – that's right TWO full hours with no commercial interruptions. *(KATHY is seen off to the side of the stage dialing her telephone. ROCKIN' RAY continues to speak as the PHONE RINGS at Linda's house. LINDA jumps up and dashes to the phone.)* And don't forget, as if you could, that tomorrow WIXY will be broadcasting my exclusive interview with the Beatles, at ten, noon, and five! And that is something you won't want to miss. *(As LINDA picks up the phone, LIGHTS OUT on the D.J. Booth.)*

LINDA

Hello?

KATHY

Linda?

LINDA

Kath! You should be over here by now. *(Quick glance around, lowers her voice.)* We still have to do your hair!

KATHY

(Upset) You're not going to believe this!

LINDA

What's wrong?

KATHY

My mom won't let me sleep over. I'm grounded!

LINDA

Grounded! What for?

KATHY

My stupid sister! She got into my Beate cards again so I smacked her, and she ran crying to my mom.

LINDA

You can't be grounded for that!

KATHY

That's what I said! But she's not listening to me.

LINDA

I can't believe this! You've got to talk your mom out of it.

KATHY

I have been TRYING to talk her out of it for the last thirty minutes.

LINDA.

Well – try again!

KATHY

No way. She said that if I say one more word about sleeping over at your house, she'd ground me for a month. She wants to know what's so important about TONIGHT. If I push any harder she'll know something's up! She's already suspicious.

LINDA

Okay, okay. Listen, we'll do it this way. Just meet me at the bus stop at 10:45.

KATHY

I can't! There's no way I can sneak out of here. My parents stay up until at least eleven and I'd need to pass by them to get out the door.

LINDA

Then go out your bedroom window.

KATHY

My sister's bed is right under the window. I'll have to step on her to get out!

LINDA

So what are you saying? You're not going?

KATHY

How can I?

LINDA

How can you not!

KATHY

It's not as though I don't want to!

LINDA

(Accusingly) Oh, really?

KATHY

(Irritated) Look, you're not the only one that wants to see the Beatles. You just have an easier time getting out of your house, that's all. I wanted to go just as bad as you did.

LINDA

"Did?" You mean "do." I'M still going!

KATHY

(Concerned) No, Linda! You can't go by yourself.

LINDA

Oh yes I can! I refuse to let the whole summer's work go for nothing.

KATHY

(Pleads) Linda, please don't. It's too dangerous to do by yourself.

LINDA

I am going to be at the bus stop at 10:50. You can meet me there if you want! *(Slams down the receiver.)*

KATHY

Linda! Linda! *(SHE hangs up and then redials.)*

(The PHONE RINGS at the FISCHER home, but LINDA sits and ignores it. As the phone continues to ring unanswered, LIGHTS FADE OUT.)

ACT II, Scene Five

(AT RISE: Later that evening. Living room; MR. & MRS. FISCHER seated on the sofa watching the television. The Nightly News is just ending on the Television.)

REPORTER, *V.O.*

This is Charles Singer with Channel 4 News signing off. Stay tuned for The Tonight Show with Johnny Carson.

(MUSIC signals the end of the News program.)

MR. FISCHER

(Stands and turns off the T.V.) Well, after seeing all that commotion downtown, I'm glad that Linda didn't win tickets to that concert.

MRS. FISCHER

Don't let Linda hear you say that.

MR. FISCHER

You saw all those girls crying and carrying on just because some Beatle boy waved from a hotel room. Imagine how they'd act at a concert! *(Shakes his head)* They don't pay the police enough for that nonsense.

MRS. FISCHER

Still, she's heartbroken.

MR. FISCHER

Well, she worked hard for it, but you know Linda. It won't be long before she's onto a new adventure. Two weeks from now, this will all be forgotten.

MRS. FISCHER

I hope you're right.

MR. FISCHER

I'm turning in.

MRS. FISCHER

I'm right behind you.

(MRS. FISCHER stacks the newspapers in a neat pile on the end table and turns off the lamp. SHE walks to Linda's bedroom and looks in at LINDA, who is supposedly asleep. MRS. FISCHER shuts the door and exits. After a few moments, LINDA, dressed in her black skirt and white blouse, throws back the covers and gets out of bed. SHE arranges some pillows on the mattress and smooths the bedspread over them. SHE takes a quick look in the mirror, brushes her hair and applies a couple of coats of lipstick. LINDA grabs her purse and shoes. Standing on her bed, SHE silently opens her window, climbs out, and carefully closes it

behind her. Once outside, SHE slips on her shoes, looks cautiously around her and walks offstage as the **LIGHTS FADE OUT.**)

ACT II, Scene Six

(AT RISE: A short time later; the Fischer living room. The PHONE RINGS. MR. FISCHER, dressed in pajamas, enters hurriedly.)

MR. FISCHER

(Muttering to himself) Who the hell is calling at this time of night? *(Picks up receiver)* Hello?...Who?...Kathy!

MRS. FISCHER

(Entering, wrapping her robe around her) Who is it?

MR. FISCHER

(Covering the receiver with his hand) Kathy!

MRS. FISCHER

Kathy! Why is she—

MR. FISCHER

(Holds his hand up to quiet his wife then speaks into the phone.) What!

MRS. FISCHER

(Concerned) What's wrong?

MR. FISCHER

(To KATHY on phone) You can't be serious! *(Turns to his wife)* Beth, check Linda's room!
(To KATHY) What time?

(MRS. FISCHER stands frozen in place.)

MR. FISCHER

(Turns back to see his wife still standing there) Beth! For God's sake! Check Linda's room!

(MRS. FISCHER rushes to Linda's room; SHE pushes open the door, flips the light switch, and enters.)

MRS. FISCHER.

Linda? *(Throws back the bed covers)* Joe! *(Rushes to living room)*

MR. FISCHER

(His face falls as HE hears his wife.) Lord! *(To KATHY)* Where is she going? *(Pause, then angrily)* Are you two crazy? *(Slams down the phone)*

MRS. FISCHER

(Starting to cry) Where's Linda?

MR. FISCHER

(As he rushes toward bedroom) Hopefully, she's at the bus stop down the street. *(Exits to bedroom.)*

MRS. FISCHER.

(In disbelief, she calls after him) The bus stop! Are you sure?

MR. FISCHER

(Calls from bedroom offstage) Kathy just told me. Linda is going down to the Sheraton.

MRS. FISCHER

What! Why?

MR. FISCHER *(Offstage)*

To see those damn Beatles!

MRS. FISCHER

(Sinks into sofa) No!

(Moments later MR. FISCHER emerges wearing shoes and buttoning up a pair of pants over his pajamas.)

MRS. FISCHER

(Rising) Joe, please hurry!

MR. FISCHER

Just pray she hasn't gotten on that bus yet.

*(MR. FISCHER Rushes through front door with MRS. FISCHER following towards the door. Distraught, SHE leans against the doorframe as **LIGHTS FADE OUT.**)*

ACT II, Scene Seven

(AT RISE: Fifteen minutes later; MRS FISCHER standing next to the sofa talking to Kathy's mother on the phone.)

MRS. FISCHER

No, I'm just so thankful that Kathy called us; please let her know Joe wasn't really angry at her, but you can imagine how— *(SHE stops as SHE hears MR. FISCHER and LINDA entering.)* Oh, thank God! *(Into the phone)* Jane, I've got to go; they're back. *(SHE hangs up the phone and rushes to embrace her daughter.)* Linda!

MR. FISCHER

(Sternly) Don't comfort her! *(MRS. FISCHER stops in her tracks. Angry, HE addresses LINDA.)* Of all the stupid and irresponsible stunts!

LINDA

Dad—

MR. FISCHER

(Firmly, pointing to the sofa) You have a seat right there.

(LINDA sits. MRS. FISCHER takes a seat next to her, their eyes lowered.)

MR. FISCHER

Do you know what might have happened to you, alone, at this time of night?

LINDA

But the bus was coming in a just few minutes—

MR. FISCHER

Oh for crying out loud! *(Exasperated)* The bus was coming? *(Gets in Linda's face)* The bus was coming?

MRS. FISCHER

(Placing her hand on his arm, trying to calm him) Joe...

MR. FISCHER

(Lifting his finger as a warning to his wife) Beth! *(To Linda)* You're looking at a man that has been riding that crummy bus for longer than you have been on this earth, young lady, and I can tell you the two things that I have learned about our wonderful transit system. One – busses rarely run on time, and two – there are many, many...unsavory characters that ride the bus, especially at 11:30 at night! Did it ever occur to you that, God forbid, someone could have kept you from ever getting on that bus? Or have followed you off the bus?

LINDA

(Hanging her head) No.

MR. FISCHER

Did it ever occur to you that something FAR worse than missing some STUPID Beatles concert could have happened to you tonight!

LINDA

(Starting to cry softly) No.

MRS. FISCHER

Linda, if Kathy hadn't called us—

LINDA

(Snaps her head up, in disbelief) Kathy CALLED you?

MR. FISCHER

Yes, Kathy called us! Thank the Lord at least ONE of you has some sense.

LINDA

I HATE her!

MRS. FISCHER

(Chastising her) Linda! Kathy was very worried about you.

LINDA

I'll just bet! She's a TRAITOR!

MR. FISCHER

Oh, for the love of God! I have heard about enough nonsense from you tonight. Get to your room this instant! You're grounded!

LINDA

Fine!

(LINDA runs sobbing to her bedroom, slamming the door behind her.)

MR FISCHER

(Furiously, crossing to the bedroom door, shouting) In fact, you're not allowed to leave this house for the rest of the summer! Not for anything! I don't care if the damn house is on fire, you are to stay put! Do you understand? *(Turning to MRS. FISCHER)* Beth, am I making myself clear?

MRS. FISCHER

Yes.

MR. FISCHER

(To LINDA through the door) And by the time I walk through the door tomorrow, I want every one of those damn posters off the walls and into the trash along with anything else to do with the stinkin' Beatles! You got that, little girl? Music and all. *(To MRS. FISCHER.)* In the trash, Beth, ALL of it!

MRS. FISCHER

(Wearily) Alright.

(MR. FISCHER exits, slamming his bedroom door off. MRS. FISCHER looks toward Linda's door as LINDA continues to sob. LIGHTS FADE OUT.)

ACT II, Scene Eight

(AT RISE: Two weeks later, the Fisher living room. MRS. FISCHER is sitting on the sofa folding clothes. KATHY appears off to the side of the stage, on the Fischer's "front porch". SHE grasps some papers in her hand. Clearly nervous, KATHY takes a few moments to compose herself and then rings the DOORBELL. MRS. FISCHER crosses to the door and opens it.)

MRS. FISCHER

Why, Kathy. What a pleasant surprise. It's so good to see you.

KATHY

It's good to see you too, Mrs. Fischer.

MRS. FISCHER

Come on in.

KATHY

(Enters) I went by school today to pick up the fall schedules. I just wanted to come by and give you Linda's.

MRS. FISCHER

Well, that was sweet of you. But why don't you take it to her yourself? She's still grounded to her room, *(Smiles)* but I think in this case, I'll allow a visitor.

KATHY

Um, that's okay, I'll just leave it with you. I don't think Linda wants to see me.

MRS. FISCHER

Oh, I'm sure she does.

KATHY

She still won't talk to me, Mrs. Fischer.

MRS. FISCHER

Kathy, Linda's doing her very best to speak as little as possible to anyone.

KATHY

(Sighs) It's just that I don't know if she'll ever forgive me.

MRS. FISCHER

Well, she's had plenty of time to think this through. Linda's as stubborn as they come, but I'm betting that she's ready to let this come to an end. Her father means to keep her grounded until she's willing to admit she made a serious mistake AND is mature enough to apologize for it. But her giving everyone the silent treatment isn't doing much to convince him that's she's done much maturing. *(Beat)* Why don't you give it another try?

(KATHY reluctantly moves toward LINDA'S bedroom. SHE waits outside the door a moment and then gives it a knock.)

KATHY

(Softly) Linda? (No answer. KATHY looks to MRS. FISCHER who gives her an encouraging wave into LINDA'S bedroom, then exits. KATHY quietly opens the door and steps inside. As SHE closes the door behind her, lights come up on the bedroom. The room's walls are now conspicuously bare. Gone are the posters and any other trace of The Beatles. LINDA is lying on her bed. Softly) Hi. (KATHY walks tentatively to the bed. LINDA turns her head to look at her, but doesn't speak.) I brought your class schedule. (LINDA glances at the papers in Kathy's hand.) They just posted them today. (Still no response) Look Linda, I know you're still angry with me, but you're not being fair.

LINDA

(Sitting up, in a sarcastic tone) I'M not being fair? Really?

KATHY

Yes, really. I did it because I was worried about you. And I'm sorry if that makes you mad at me.

LINDA

You know I'm not mad because you were "worried" – you were born worried. It's because you called my parents.

KATHY

Linda, I had to stop you. I was afraid that something would happen to you!

LINDA

Are you sure about that?

KATHY

(Confused) What do you mean?

LINDA

I mean, are you sure that's REALLY why you called them?

KATHY

Why ELSE would I call them?

LINDA

Because maybe you were jealous.

KATHY

(Indignant) Jealous! Of what?

LINDA

Of me being the only one brave enough to go through with what we had planned to do all summer.

KATHY

What we planned to do all summer was win tickets to a Beatles concert, not to sneak out of the house in the middle of the night for a chance to see them through a hotel window – twelve floors up!

LINDA

You know what I think?

KATHY

Do I have a choice?

LINDA

I think that the whole time we were planning it, you knew you would never come downtown with me. I think you got grounded on purpose because you were too chicken to tell me that you didn't want to go!

KATHY

(Taken aback) That's a rotten thing to say!

LINDA

And that was a rotten thing you did!

(THEY regard each other for a moment.)

KATHY

Well, you know what I think?

LINDA

(Mimics Kathy) Do I have a choice?

KATHY

(Bristles.) I think you didn't want to get on that bus anymore than I did.

LINDA

(Looks away) Says you.

KATHY

You knew all along that I'd call your parents. In fact, you were COUNTING on me to call hem. You were totally confident that reliable, old sensible Kath would do the responsible thing.

LINDA

(Flatly) Well, she always does, doesn't she? *(Lies back on the bed)*

(KATHY drops the schedule next to Linda and walks to the door, opens it, and closes it behind her. Upon hearing Linda's bedroom door shut, MRS. FISCHER enters the living room.)

KATHY

Goodbye, Mrs. Fischer.

(KATHY begins to cry.)

MRS. FISCHER

Oh, Kathy. *(SHE takes a step toward Kathy, but KATHY walks past her to the front door and exits. SHE looks after Kathy a moment then shakes her head and enters Linda's bedroom.)*
You ought to be ashamed of yourself.

LINDA

(Sits up) Oh, what did Kath do? Run crying to you to tattle on me again?

MRS. FISCHER

That's enough, Linda. Kathy didn't say a word to me as you well know. Don't you think that you've punished her enough?

LINDA

Her! I'm the one that's grounded for the rest of the summer – BECAUSE of her!

MRS. FISCHER

You are grounded because YOU were the one that snuck out of the house in the middle of the night. Or are you trying to tell me that was Kathy's plan?

LINDA

You and dad seem to forget that little Miss Goody Two Shoes was planning on coming WITH me – before she chickened out.

MRS. FISCHER

Oh, I see. So when Kathy follows along behind you that's all well and good, but if she stands up to you—

LINDA

Mom! She DIDN'T stand up to me! She agreed with everything I said – to my face – but then she turns around and rats on me.

MRS. FISCHER.

(Doubtfully) She agreed to everything you said? *(Beat)* She didn't try to tell you that it wasn't a good idea TO your face – but you badgered her into it anyway?

LINDA

She's a coward. She could of told me "no"!

MRS. FISCHER

And what do you think you would have done if she had said "no"?

LINDA

Oh, just forget it!

MRS. FISCHER

Admit it, Linda. It didn't matter whether she was honest enough to tell you she wouldn't go with you to your face or not, because either way, you would be angry at her for not doing what YOU wanted her to do.

LINDA

(Rolling her eyes) Mom, do we have to talk about this!

MRS. FISCHER

(Firmly) Yes, we do. *(Sitting on the bed)* Linda, you are a very confident young lady. *(LINDA turns from her mother and sets her jaw, preparing for a sermon.)* And I have no doubt that you could do anything you set your mind to because you have a will of iron. You always have, and, I'll admit that I used to pray for the strength to break it. But after a while, I realized that God had given it to you it as a blessing, and I think that someday, you'll be called upon to put it to good use. But I'm willing to bet that THIS isn't it.

LINDA

(Exasperated) Mom!

MRS. FISCHER

(Ignoring the interruption) There is a big difference between being strong and being stubborn. You're being punished for doing a very foolish and dangerous thing, but you're demanding that Kathy take all the blame. Now I realize that you're only sixteen, and it's hard to see this from the same point of view as your father or me because you can only see the fun that you think Kathy kept you from – but we see the danger. *(Beat)* You say that Kathy's a coward, but Linda, I hope that you at least consider this – knowing you as well as she does, don't you think Kathy knew how angry you would be with her for calling us? But she did anyway it because she decided that feeling your anger was worth keeping you safe. That doesn't sound like a coward to me.

(MRS. FISCHER exits. LINDA sits quietly on her bed as LIGHTS FADE OUT.)

ACT II, Scene Nine

(AT RISE: The next morning. Lights come up on both the D.J. booth and Linda's bedroom. LINDA sits on her bed absent-mindedly flipping through a Seventeen magazine as SHE listens to the radio.)

ROCKIN' RAY

Hey, hey, hey, it's Rockin' Ray, doing his best to help you hang on to those last few days of summer. Now here's a listen-up going out to all those beach bums lucky enough to be out there working on their tans. *(HE makes a dramatic gesture to push a button and a "ding" of a kitchen timer is heard.)* It's 1:30, which means that side's done, baby! It's time to flip on over! And Ray's here to keep these timer-reminders coming every half-hour, so that all you need to do is just relax, lie back, and soak up those rays. *(Chuckles)* And speaking of "rays," what does Rockin' Ray have up for those of you who are within reach of a phone? The WIXY daily Sizzlin' Summer-Give-Away. Today's prize, brought to you by Coppertone Suntan Lotion, is free admission for you and three of your friends to a full day of funnin' and sunnin' at Crystal Beach Amusement Park, home of the famous Tunnel Twister. I'll be taking the sixteenth caller, but remember – don't you start a dialin' until you hear the following Sizzlin' Summer-Give-Away Recording *(HE pushes another button and sounds are heard of something sizzling in a skillet.)* which Yours Truly will be playing each and every afternoon this week between the hours of twelve and four. So why be a paleface when you can get that deep rich Coppertone tan? Go ahead, slather on that Coppertone, pull up a beach towel, and keep it tuned to WIXY 1260. And now, from the group that perfected beach bummin', The Beach Boys' with "I Get Around". *(LIGHTS FADE on D.J. Booth.)*

(LINDA lets the magazine drop as SHE suddenly stands, walks to her dresser and turns off the radio. SHE is thoughtful for a few moments then walks into the living room, sits on the arm of the couch, picks up the phone and dials. Off to the side of the stage, THE PHONE RINGS in "Kathy's house". KATHY enters and answers the phone. LINDA and KATHY face the audience as THEY converse.)

KATHY

Hello?

This is Not the End of the Play
Ending Intentionally Omitted for Security Purposes