Proud Harry

(Julio flings the ball at Harry who moves out of the way. The ball goes out of the playground, hits a parked car and goes rolling down the sidewalk.)

(Harry spots the Girl with the books sitting on one of the parked cars. He wanders over to her.)

HARRY: (CONT'D) Excuse me, do you think you can help me get my ball back?

GIRL:  Sorry, I'm slow on my feet.

HARRY:  What do you mean? I saw you run.

GIRL : You saw me run? You did not. When was I running?

HARRY:  Between fifth and sixth periods. Hallway. Third floor.

GIRL:  Oh, English. I like to sit close. Mr. McCourt tells good stories.

HARRY:  I hear all the girls like him.

GIRL: (yells to Juan) HEY, YOU! YOU THREW IT, YOU GO GET IT!

HARRY: (startled) Whoa.

GIRL:  You want your ball back, don't you?

HARRY: (smiles) You're gay, right?

GIRL: That's right.

HARRY: Too bad.

GIRL: What's too bad?

HARRY:  I thought maybe if you were straight, maybe, like, you and I--

GIRL:  That's my name, stupid. Would you like to see I.D.?

HARRY:  Your name? You're kidding me? Really? Gay is your name. I'm Harry. Nice to meet you, Gay. (beat) How come I've never seen you before?

GAY : It's a big school. Six hundred and ninety-seven seniors will graduate in June. Plus, I go to class. That puts me inside the building. You, on the other hand, are a jock. That puts you on the playground. Hence--

HARRY:  Oh, I get it. You're a wise-guy.

GAY:  We're just going to have little to talk about.

HARRY: How do you know?

GAY:  Intuition. You're captain of the basketball team. You like to play sports. You're a guy-guy. I like to read books. Talk, discuss ideas. That makes me a girl-girl.

HARRY:  I can discuss things too, you know.

GAY:  Some other time, buddy. I've got gym class.

HARRY: With who, Tienberg?

GAY: Yeah.

HARRY:  Forget it. I know him. He'll understand.

GAY:  Understand? Are you asking me to cut class?

HARRY:  Yeah. Why not? He won't care.

GAY: What do I tell him?

HARRY:  Tell him it's that time of the month and you're embarrassed to wear the white shorts.

GAY:  You're a maniac. You can't have your period three times in a month.

HARRY;  You used that line before?

GAY:  Of course. I hate gym class.

HARRY: So let's go.

GAY: Where?

HARRY:  I don't know. Where do you live?

GAY: Uptown. West side.

(He grabs her books.)

HARRY:  Come on, I'll let you walk me home.

(She gives him the once over.)