

## Dibs

Intellectual Addie is tutoring her best friend, Becky, in the library when a cute boy catches their eye. A battle of wits, wills, and wisecracks ensues as they banter about fate and friendship, compatibility and the Cosmos, and the DOs and DON'Ts of declaring dibs.

*AT RISE: BECKY and ADDIE sit at a table in the library reading from a history textbook that sits between them. BECKY loses interest in the book and starts to look around the room casually. Something downstage center catches her attention. She smiles, eyes wide, and points forward.*

BECKY: Dibs!

ADDIE: *(Looking up.)* Huh?

BECKY: Dibs. I call dibs.

ADDIE: On what?

BECKY: *(Draws ADDIE's attention downstage center.)* The cute guy at the computer. Be right back.

*(BECKY starts to stand. ADDIE stops her.)*

ADDIE: Wait.

BECKY: What?

ADDIE: You can't call dibs on a guy when I'm not looking.

BECKY: Since when?

ADDIE: I don't know. The beginning of recorded time?

BECKY: Oh. I didn't realize you were an expert on history.

ADDIE: You *know* I'm an expert on history. That's why I'm tutoring you.

BECKY: *(Honestly.)* Right. And I appreciate it. You're the best friend and greatest tutor ever. *(A beat.)* But I still call dibs.

*(BECKY starts to stand. ADDIE stops her.)*

ADDIE: Wait.

BECKY: What?

ADDIE: Why can't I have this one? You have a billion guys interested in you. When was the last time I had a date?

BECKY: I don't know. The beginning of recorded time?

ADDIE: Ouch.

BECKY: (*Regretfully.*) Sorry. That was mean.

ADDIE: Yes. But it was also accurate. (*Laughs it off.*) It's the first history question you've gotten right all day.

BECKY: I told you that you were a great tutor.

ADDIE: So, why not reward my hard work by giving me the chance to talk to him before you?

BECKY: Sorry. No can do. I saw him first. You had your nose in your book.

ADDIE: It's *your* book. I was tutoring you. Your nose was supposed to be in here, too.

BECKY: I'm sorry. A person can't go back on dibs once they call it.

ADDIE: Says who?

BECKY: The universe. I called dibs. It's like a verbal agreement with the Cosmos. There are certain bonds that can't be broken.

ADDIE: Like the bonds of *friendship*?

BECKY: Look, I don't make up these rules.

ADDIE: I think you kind of do.

BECKY: Come on. Everyone knows the rules. If you call "shotgun," you get the front passenger seat. If you call "not it," you're not required to be it. If you call "jinx," the other person can't speak.

ADDIE: Jinx!

BECKY: (*Deadpan.*) That's not how it works.

ADDIE: It was worth a shot. (*A friendly laugh.*) It's funny that you can memorize all of these cosmic rules, but you can't get a single date right on a history test.

BECKY: There's only one date I want to get. And it's with him. Now, if you'll excuse me.

*(BECKY starts to stand. ADDIE stops her.)*

ADDIE: Wait.

BECKY: What?

ADDIE: He's wearing glasses.

BECKY: So?

ADDIE: So, it could be a sign that he's an intellectual. He may not be your type.

BECKY: He's also wearing a baseball hat, so he could be an athlete. Definitely not *your* type.

ADDIE: *(Points.)* He's getting up! *(Her hand comes down.)* And... sitting back down.

BECKY: He looks confused.

ADDIE: Maybe he *is* your type. *(A beat.)* Hey. I have an idea. You believe in the Cosmos and everything, right?

BECKY: Yes.

ADDIE: Why don't we leave this up to fate, then?

BECKY: *(Intrigued.)* I'm listening.

ADDIE: I think it's unfair that you called dibs when I was helping you study, so I'm calling a do-over. I'll give you first shot at a re-dib, though.

BECKY: Re-dib?

ADDIE: It's a thing. Hear me out. We each call dibs on a section of the library. Whoever's section he goes to gets the first shot to talk to him. You call dibs first. Fiction or non-fiction?

BECKY: *(Ponders a second.)* Which is which?

ADDIE: *(Points down stage.)* Fiction is to the left. Non-fiction is to the right.

BECKY: I mean, which is which? Fiction and non-fiction. What's the difference?

ADDIE: Fiction is made up. Non-fiction is real. (*A beat.*) Maybe I should tutor you in *English* instead of history. Anyway, go ahead and pick one. I'm giving you first dibs.

BECKY: To be fair, I already had first dibs, but, because Karma is an equally powerful cosmic force, I am agreeing to be nice and un-dib my first dib so we can re-dib and leave it to fate.

ADDIE: Double-dibbing: The sign of true friendship.