

### III

*Breaktime.*

*Marty and Theresa are squatting by their bags in the corner, talking quietly. Schultz is lurking in the other corner, drinking from his water bottle.*

THERESA. It's natural.

MARTY. It *is*?

THERESA. Weird, right?

MARTY. Well. It's beautiful.

THERESA. Thanks.

MARTY. Have you ...

*(A pause.)*

I just ... I saw them in CVS the other day, and I ... have you seen these things?

THERESA. Wait, what are you talking about?

MARTY. These um ... they're like these little packets of dye, but they're ...

*(She giggles, then whispers.)*

They're for ... it's for *pubic* hair.

THERESA. Oh my god.

MARTY. They were in their own little section, and I was: I said: Oh. My. God. and I called James over and he said: what's the big deal?

THERESA. Well. Of / course. He —

MARTY. And I was in a huff about it, I was in this big huff, and then I thought ...

*(Marty stops talking and glances over at Schultz.)*

THERESA. *(Giggling.)*  
Can you hear us, Schultz?

*(Schultz lowers his water bottle.)*

SCHULTZ. What? No.

*(Marty and Theresa dissolve into more giggles. Schultz looks tormented.)*

SCHULTZ. I have to check my uh ... my phone messages.

*(Schultz takes his cell phone out of his pocket, crosses to the front corner of the room, and pretends [convincingly] to listen to a message.)*