

RAHEEM

Phone rings.

Mom: Hello ... I'm sorry she's not home yet. Can I take a message?...Her mother... That's right- Well thank you. Rah.
..Would you spell that... Yes Raheem I'll tell her, goodbye.
(Crumbles up message.)

Kris: (offstage) I'm home.

Mom: Hi baby. How's Karen ? Did you remember to say hello to her mom for me?

Kris: Karen's fine. Fever's down to 99.5. Her mom says hi . Any calls?

Mom: No. None. It's been a quiet afternoon.

Kris: What's for dinner?

Mom: Your favorite, chicken ala grandma. Help me set the table.
pause

Who's Raheem?

Kris: Oh God I Did he call here?

Mom: Who is he Kris?

Kris: I thought you said no one called. Did he leave a message?

Mom; That doesn't matter Kristen. Now tell me who is this boy and what is he to you!

Kris: A friend.

Mom: Yes ,and...

Kris: Just a guy I know.

Mom: What kind of guy?

Kris: What do you mean by that!

Mom: You know exactly what I mean Kristen.

Kris: No I don't. What do you want to know ? Is he black ? Yes he is, but you probably figured that one out from his name, huh ?

Mom: Don't get fresh with me. I won't have it in my house !

Kris: I'm sorry.

pause

Mom: Are you seeing him ?

Kris: Yes.

Mom: That's it ! Yes.

Kris: I'm seeing him. We've been going out.

Mom: How long ?

Kris: Two months and a couple of days.

Mom: Why ?

Kris: What do you mean, why ?

Mom: Out of all the boys in the neighborhood and at school you had to choose this, this Raheem !

Kris: The black boy.

Mom: Yes Kristen, yes ! The black boy !!

Kris: I love him.

Mom: What do you know about love ? You're not even sixteen and you know it all don't you ! It won't work. It won't last. No matter how hard you try, how much you want it to, it won't last.

Kris: He loves me.

Mom: That's great. I suppose you believe him.

Pause

Mom: How old is he?

Kris: Seventeen.

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