GABBY quietly opens the front door, unnoticed by the others, and listens surreptitiously.

Rhonda: What do you want to talk about?

Cordy: Dad says you and Gabby used to be best friends. So why can't you even stand to be in the same room anymore?

Rhonda: Because from the moment she was born, he gave her whatever she wanted. Me? I practically had to beg before anyone would listen. So when he said she was going to that game, that was it. That was the last straw.

Gabby: But you never wanted to go.

Rhonda: Yes I did. (*She turns to face Gabby*.) Yes I did. But he never even thought to ask me. And when you came back and I saw how much fun you and daddy had together, I knew I was never going to have that.

Gabby: And how do you think I felt every time I tried to help you and mom?

Rhonda: You never wanted to help!

Gabby: I did too! "Too many cooks in the kitchen". Remember?

Rhonda: You wouldn't have been able to help.

Gabby: How do you know? You never let me!

Cordy: You know what? In six months, I'm outta here. And when I'm gone, you're what dad's left with. You know he misses you guys, right? (*She picks up the photo album*.) He misses these kids right here. (*She shows them a photo*.) Whatever happened to them?

They recognize the picture.

Gabby and Rhonda: The handcuffs… *(they move for a closer look)*

Rhonda: We were stuck together for three days!

Cordy: What?

Gabby: Yeah, because *someone* lost the key.

Rhonda: Excuse me, I did not *lose* it. I just… forgot that I put it someplace other than where I thought I put it.

Gabby: Uh huh.

Cordy: So what did you do?

Gabby: What *didn't* we do?!

Rhonda: We flooded the bathroom!

Gabby: We had to share dad's coat when we left the house!

Rhonda: Mom even bought us matching outfits.

Cordy: How did you get in them?

Rhonda and Gabby: Carefully.

Gabby: Dad called us Tweedle-Dee and Tweedle-Dum.

Rhonda: No, he called us Abbot and Costello.

Gabby: Um, no, I'm pretty sure it was Tweedle-Dee and Tweedle-Dum.

Cordy: Anyway! (*She flips the page*.) Where was this one taken?

#17: Here We Are

Rhonda: That's Uncle Bud and Aunt Dorothy's lake house.

Gabby: That was a great summer.

Rhonda: You were so afraid to go in the water!

Gabby: Only because you kept trying to pull me under!

Rhonda: I was trying to help you!

LOOK AT MY FRECKLES

Gabby:
LOOK AT MY CURLS

Rhonda and Gabby:
CAN YOU BELIEVE WE WERE THOSE LITTLE GIRLS?