

GIRLS NIGHT OUT

TEN-MINUTE PLAY

By **Phil Olson**

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PUBLISHED BY

HEUER PUBLISHING LLC

P.O. BOX 248 • CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA 52406

TOLL FREE (800) 950-7529 • FAX (319) 368-8011

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SYNOPSIS: Four years after her divorce, Mindy goes into a bar with her friend to meet men. She finds much more than she bargained for.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(3 WOMEN, 1 MAN)

JESSICA

MINDY

SAM

GUY

SET DESIGN

The set is a bar.

AT RISE:

JESSICA, young and pretty, enters the bar and looks around. She likes what she sees. She looks back toward MINDY, who is off stage.

JESSICA: Come on.

MINDY: *(From off stage.)* I can't do this.

JESSICA: Yes, you can. Get in here.

MINDY: *(From off stage.)* I'm gonna get a cab. I'll see you at work on Monday.

JESSICA: *(As she goes off stage to get Mindy.)* No, you are not going to get a cab. You're going to come in here and meet guys.

JESSICA has MINDY, in her thirties and very out of place, by the hand. She's almost dragging her into the bar.

MINDY: Don't do this. No, no, stop. Let go. *(She pulls her hand away.)* I will scratch your eyes out. Don't think I won't . . . *(She glances into the bar.)* . . . Oh my God, it's a meat market.

JESSICA: Isn't it great?

MINDY: No, it's not great. There are like . . . men in here.

JESSICA: *(Scanning the area.)* Wall-to-wall man meat.

MINDY: I'm not ready for man meat. My therapist says I need to take baby steps.

JESSICA: It's been four years since your divorce. Forget the baby steps. You gotta get out there and shake it up a little.

MINDY: You said we were going to go somewhere and talk.

JESSICA: We are. We're gonna talk to men.

MINDY: I don't wanna talk to men. I hate men. I have sworn off men for life.

JESSICA: No, you haven't.

MINDY: You wanna see my tattoo of a testicle with a knife sticking through it?

She starts to pull down her pants in the back.

JESSICA: *(Turning away, disgusted.)* Oh God. *(She sees a stud across the bar.)* Oh, man, I'd like to play hoop snake with that tongue depressor.

MINDY: What does that even mean?

JESSICA: You need to loosen up, okay? Act like you're having a good time. Guys like women who are fun.

MINDY: How's this?

Putting on a big dopey fake smile. She makes funny dancing motions while making circus noises.

JESSICA: . . . Okay, stop, you're embarrassing me.

MINDY: *(She stops being goofy and calms down.)* I'm sorry. You're right. I guess I should start to think about dating again. I mean, my therapist says I need to start opening up and sharing my feelings with someone, maybe fall in love, fully commit myself to a man again, make dinner for him every night, wash his clothes, take him to Maui for his birthday, and then come home from work early one day to catch him in bed with his new secretary, you fucker!

A GUY who thinks he's way more of a stud than he is walks up to them.

GUY: How you doin'?

MINDY: Keep walkin', Skippy.

GUY: Okay.

He walks past them, checks out another part of the bar, then turns back to look at MINDY.

MINDY: What are you looking at? You wanna piece of me? Bring it on, bee-otch!

GUY: Okay.

The GUY turns away and checks out another part of the bar as if nothing just happened.

JESSICA: (To MINDY.) Maybe you're not ready for the dating scene.

MINDY: I'm sorry. I'm embarrassing you. Look, I'm going to go to the ladies' room for a minute, throw some water in my face, maybe open a vein.

MINDY leaves. After a beat, SAMANTHA (SAM) enters, carrying a strange-looking vacuum attachment thing. She stands next to JESSICA, and smiles. JESSICA looks at the vacuum thing, then at SAM, then the vacuum thing, then SAM.

SAM: Hi.

JESSICA: (A little uncomfortable.) Hi.

There's an awkward silence between them, as JESSICA looks at the vacuum thing again.

JESSICA: Okay, I'll bite. What the hell is that thing?

SAM: A conversation piece.

JESSICA: (Thinks for a beat.) Oh my God. That's awesome. So guys just come up to you and ask you what that thing is and that starts the conversation?

SAM: In theory.

JESSICA: Does it work?

SAM: No . . . Well, I guess it does. I'm talking to you.

JESSICA: Yeah, that's true. It worked on me . . . (Quickly ponders the fact that she might be hitting on her.)

SAM: Actually, it's a self test breathalyzer.

JESSICA: Wow, that's really cool. Taking responsibility for yourself.

SAM: Oh, it's not for me. If I ever do talk to a man I have him breath into it. If it registers over a 2.0, I know I have a chance to go home with him.

JESSICA: *(Laughs.)* Oh, that is so . . . *(Quickly, her emotions to sadness.)* sad . . . Wow, I think I'm gonna cry.

SAM: No, don't feel sorry for me. It's just kind of a self deprecating defense mechanism. I lost someone four years ago, went through a lot of changes in my life and, well, it's just been tough getting back on my feet. I'm sorry.

JESSICA: That's okay.

SAM: Thanks for letting me cry on your shoulder.

SAM puts one arm around JESSICA. JESSICA is real uncomfortable.

JESSICA: *(Looking at SAM'S arm around her.)* No problem.

At that moment, MINDY comes back in. SAM takes one look at MINDY and recognizes her.

SAM: Oh my God.

She quickly takes her arm away from JESSICA and turns away.

MINDY: Sorry it took so long. Someone was puking in the bathroom. I had to hold her hair back . . . *(Seeing the vacuum thing SAM is holding.)* What in the hell is that?

JESSICA: Oh, ah, this is . . .

SAM: . . . Samantha.

MINDY: Hi.

They shake hands. MINDY looks at SAM carefully.

MINDY: Have we met before?

SAM: I don't . . . think so.

MINDY: You look real familiar.

SAM: I get that a lot.

MINDY: Seriously, though, what the hell is that thing?

JESSICA: It's a conversation piece.

MINDY: *(Laughs.)* Whoa! That is so . . . *(Quickly changes to serious.)* pathetic.

JESSICA: Mindy. Be a little sensitive, alright? Samantha has really low self esteem right now because she's getting older and very few men find her attractive unless they're drunk.

MINDY starts to laugh.

SAM: I'm standing right here.

JESSICA: Oh, I'm sorry. I thought that's what you told me.

MINDY: *(To SAM.)* You told her that?

SAM: Yeah, I guess I did.

MINDY: I'm starting to feel better about myself.

SAM: The fact of the matter is, I'm being real selective, and I just haven't found the right woman . . . *(Quickly correcting herself.)* man. *(Laughs at her mistake.)* It's all so confusing, isn't it?

JESSICA: *(Laughs.)* Yeah.

MINDY: *(Laughs.)* Not really . . . God, I haven't laughed for four years. How sad is that?

SAM: I really missed your laugh.

MINDY: Excuse me?

SAM: Have you ever felt misunderstood?

JESSICA: Oh, my gosh. All the time. I was with this guy three years ago . . . *(Thinks for a beat.)* Or was that last week? . . . Anyway, this guy totally wanted to have sex with me. He was grabbing me and trying to put his tongue in my mouth and stuff, and I was like, can't we just talk and hold each other?

MINDY and SAM wait for the punch line, but it doesn't come.

MINDY: That was a lovely story.

SAM: Mindy. How about you?

MINDY: Are you sure we haven't met before?

SAM: I suppose we could have.

JESSICA: Mindy went through a rough divorce four years ago.

MINDY: (*Thoughtful and calming.*) It wasn't rough as much as it was . . . (*Changes on a dime.*) You cheating bastard, if I ever see you again I will kick you square in the nuts! (*She settles down.*) I'm supposed to do that once a day.

SAM: Don't you think deep down inside your husband really loved you?

MINDY: (*Laughs.*) You make me laugh.

SAM: I'm serious. Maybe he was just confused. Maybe he didn't really know who he was yet.

JESSICA: That's what I've been trying to tell her.

MINDY: No, you haven't.

JESSICA: Well, I've been thinking it.

SAM: Did you ever think that he just made a really stupid mistake, and that he wants you back more than the stars and the moon in the night sky?

MINDY: Oh my God, that's just what he said when he . . .

MINDY stares wide eyed at SAM. After a few beats.

SAM: How have you been, Mindy?

MINDY: Dear God in heaven!

JESSICA: What is it?

MINDY: I think I'm gonna be sick.

SAM: Take it easy, Mindy. Don't make a scene.

MINDY: But you have long hair and . . . (*She gestures to her breasts.*)

SAM: They cost four thousand dollars.

MINDY: You never spent a dime on me, you cheap bastard.

SAM: I was confused.

MINDY: Well, you seem real squared away, now.

JESSICA: Can someone please fill me in?

MINDY: What else have you done to yourself? Do you still have a . . .

SAM: A penis? No, I had them . . . cut it off. That cost me eight thousand.

MINDY: (*Grabbing her by the collar.*) I would have done it for free!

SAM: Mindy, you're creating a scene!

MINDY lets go of her and calms down.

JESSICA: Okay, I'm a little confused.

MINDY: This is my ex-husband, Sam. Who now has boobs and a vagina.

JESSICA: Whoa . . . they cut your unit off? What did they do with it?

SAM: It's on a chain around my neck. You wanna see it?

SAM takes her collar, and pulls it out a little to show them the necklace.

MINDY: *(Turning away in horror.)* Oh, my god!

SAM lets go of her shirt. She was just kidding.

SAM: It's not that big of a deal, Mindy.

MINDY: Not that big of a deal? I would say breaking a fingernail is not that big of a deal. Getting your hair done is not that big of a deal. But to me, getting your dick cut off goes in the category of really big fucking deals!

SAM: Would you settle down? You're drawing attention to yourself.

MINDY: Hey, I'm not the one carrying around a vac-u-jack.

SAM: Actually, it's a flobie.

MINDY: A what?

SAM: It cuts your hair. It sucks it in and then cuts it.

She's just about to demonstrate on MINDY when MINDY stops it with her hand.

MINDY: Get that away from me or I will cut your nuts off and . . .
(She stops herself.) You don't have nuts.

SAM: No.

MINDY: So, what do you have?

SAM puts the vacuum thing down.

SAM: Same as you.

JESSICA: Can I see?

MINDY and SAM look at JESSICA for a beat, then ignore her.

MINDY: Why did you do it?

SAM: I did it for you.

JESSICA: Oh, that is so romantic.

MINDY: That is such bullshit.

SAM: It isn't bullshit.

MINDY: I've been in therapy for four years working on my self esteem, when all of a sudden, my ex-husband pops back into my life with a vagina and bigger breasts than mine. Do you know how much more therapy this is going to take?!?!?

The stud wannabe comes back, seeing the "new girl."

GUY: How you doin'?

MINDY/SAM/JESSICA: Fuck off!

GUY: Okay.

The guy turns and checks out another part of the bar, unfazed.

SAM: I've been wanting to talk to you for so long, and when I saw you in the bar, I realized how much I missed you.

MINDY: So, what you're saying is you're still attracted to women?

SAM: I'm saying, I'm still attracted to you.

MINDY: But you're a woman!

JESSICA: Well, you said you were through with men.

SAM: When was the last time we talked like this?

MINDY: Never.

SAM: Right. Because I never felt comfortable with myself. Well, now I do, and I realize more than ever that I want you back.

MINDY: You have a vagina!

SAM: We had great times together. Just because I changed on the outside doesn't mean I'm any less of a person.

JESSICA: You have one less man-stick.

SAM: Think of it this way. I have all the best qualities of a man and a woman. I mow the lawn, take out the garbage, and I like foreplay.

JESSICA: If you don't take her, I will.

SAM: I'm the same person inside that you once loved. All I'm asking is that you give me another chance . . . please.

MINDY looks at SAM for a few beats, looks at her shoes, then:

MINDY: Can I borrow your pumps?

BLACKOUT.

THE END