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## Cast of Characters

HALEY

KAREN

BRIDGET

BEN

## Acknowledgments

*Late Night in the Women's Restroom of the Jungle Bar* was originally produced by The Ensemble Studio Theatre (Curt Dempster, Artistic Director; Jamie Richards, Executive Producer) in New York, New York as part of the 2001 Marathon of One-Act plays. It was directed by Eileen Meyers; set design was by Warren Karp; lighting design was by Greg MacPherson; the sound design was by Robert Gould; costume design was by Christopher Peterson. The cast was as follows:

HALEY.....Melinda Paige Hamilton  
KAREN ..... Jen Drahan  
BRIDGET .....Diana LaMar  
BEN .....Kevin Shinick

# LATE NIGHT IN THE WOMEN'S RESTROOM OF THE JUNGLE BAR

by David Riedy

*(The bathroom of a dive bar in Upper West Side, Manhattan. Filled with the usual accoutrements: two bathroom stalls, a tampon machine, garbage can, sink, and mirror. There is a small window high up on the SL wall of cracked tile, and a heavy wood door covered in graffiti swings in SR, leading to the bar. On the rear wall in peeling paint, is a mural of a "jungle scene" with snakes and palm trees and several monkey couples in various amorous poses.)*

## Scene 1—11 p.m.

*(Lights up to an empty bathroom and the sound of muffled music. Pause. The door swings open, banging into the back wall, letting in a stale blast of non-descript loud pop music with entirely too much bass. The music brings HALEY in with it, who is carrying a heavy suitcase in one hand and pulling KAREN through the door with the other.)*

**KAREN.** —But you don't understand—I was talking to Jerry!

**HALEY.** I know. I'm sorry—

**KAREN.** I can't leave him out there alone.

**HALEY.** I really need to talk to you.

**KAREN.** Could we talk tomorrow?

**HALEY.** It's important.

**KAREN.** Yeah but—

**HALEY.** It'll just take a minute, I promise.

**KAREN.** Okay. But just a minute. *(Sees suitcase:)* Oh. You have a suitcase. How come you have a suitcase?

**HALEY.** I left Ben.

**KAREN.** You did?!?

**HALEY.** Yes.

**KAREN.** Wow. Who's Ben?

**HALEY.** My husband.

**KAREN.** Oh. Ohmygod! You left your—I mean you *just* left your—tonight?

**HALEY.** Yes!

**KAREN.** And you came to see me?

**HALEY.** You invited me.

**KAREN.** But you came.

**HALEY.** Is that okay?

**KAREN.** Yes—that's—but *tonight!* I'm sorry.

**HALEY.** What?

**KAREN.** Are you okay?

**HALEY.** No.

**KAREN.** I should do something for you. You want a drink?

**HALEY.** No.

**KAREN.** Okay. You want a hug?

**HALEY.** No. Thanks.

**KAREN.** Okay.

*(Beat.)*

I really have to go back out—

**HALEY.** Can I stay with you tonight?

**KAREN.** Oh. Um.

**HALEY.** Your roommate's still in Spain, right?

**KAREN.** Yeah, but—

**HALEY.** It's just for tonight. You're the only person I can go to.

**KAREN.** But, I thought you didn't like me. You never have lunch with me when I ask.

**HALEY.** Of course I like you.

**KAREN.** You didn't come to my birthday party.

**HALEY.** I know, I'm sorry. I think Ben had a thing—

**KAREN.** Sure. It's just—this may sound kind of silly—and I know you're going through all this emotional turmoil and all—but I've always really liked you and I've always thought we could be really good friends—and so it means a lot to me that you came to me, you know, when you were upset.

**HALEY.** Well, sure.

**KAREN.** So, I *want* to say yes, but—If I say “no” does that make me a bad person?

**HALEY.** I've been walking for hours. I just need a place to sleep.

**KAREN.** I don't want to be selfish, but my therapist says it's okay for me to stick up for myself—

**HALEY.** I'm sorry I never go out to lunch with you. I like to eat alone.

**KAREN.** You went out with Mary from Mr. Helprin's office.

**HALEY.** She paid.

**KAREN.** I'd pay.

**HALEY.** We'll have lunch on Monday, I promise.

**KAREN.** Okay! But—it's not about that.

**HALEY.** What is it?

**KAREN.** It's Jerry.

**HALEY.** Who's Jerry?

*(KAREN starts to put more make-up on.)*

**KAREN.** I was talking to him when you came in.

**HALEY.** Right—and...?

**KAREN.** Well, I met him last week and we really hit it off. He bought me like four or five drinks and we talked and talked and he asked me if I would go home with him, but I wasn't comfortable with that because I hardly knew him and he said he could respect that (!) and that he'd meet me here again, tonight, to try to convince me because he said he Really Likes Me—and he's out there right now!—and so, Julia's in Spain you know, and I usually sleep on the couch—it folds into a bed—but I pay less rent than Julia so it's okay—and I thought I could take Jerry back to my place and we could sleep in Julia's room and it would be okay because I'd feel better being in my own apartment. But I don't want him to know where I live, so I'll tell him it's Julia's apartment and that I'm taking care of her cat while she's in Spain. She doesn't have a cat, but I'll tell him it's hiding because it's scared.

*(Beat. HALEY stares at KAREN for an uncomprehending moment.)*

**HALEY.** Oh Gooooooooooooood...!

**KAREN.** I'm really sorry.

**HALEY.** I don't have any place to go!

**KAREN.** What about your parents?

**HALEY.** They live in Arizona.

**KAREN.** Oh. Well, don't you have any other friends...?

**HALEY.** They're all Ben's friends. They'd tell him I was there.

**KAREN.** And you don't want him to know—?

**HALEY.** No!

**KAREN.** What about Mary?

**HALEY.** I hate Mary. I only went to lunch with her because she's good friends with Bill Peterman who was looking for a new assistant.

**KAREN.** Oh. Did you get the job?

**HALEY.** No. Karen—please, you can bring Jerry home. He'll never know I'm there. I'll sleep in the bathtub.

**KAREN.** But there's only one bathroom—

**HALEY.** I'll sleep in the *closet*.

**KAREN.** I want to help. I do! But—I don't know. I wish Bridget was here.

**HALEY.** Bridget?

**KAREN.** She's kind of like my coach. You know her—she just started two weeks ago —

**HALEY.** The one with the body and the tight bright suits?

**KAREN.** She's real nice. She introduced me to Jerry. She's helping me with—I've been really nervous because I haven't been with a man in three years. Since Ronnie left.

**HALEY.** Who's Ronnie?

**KAREN.** This guy that I was in love with for five years and who promised he was going to marry me and then dumped me for my former best friend. I'm over him now, though.

**HALEY.** I know I'm asking a lot—but I don't have any other choice. I left my purse at home. I don't have any money.

**KAREN.** Neither do I.

**HALEY.** I'm not asking you for money —

**KAREN.** I think he might be another Ronnie.

**HALEY.** Who?

**KAREN.** Jerry!

**HALEY.** WELL HE'S NOT! HE'S NOT ANOTHER RONNIE! YOU ONLY GET ONE RONNIE! YOU ONLY GET *ONE*! And *yes*, it makes you a horrible person and a bad friend and a selfish bitch! You're always nice to me at work, flipping your hair, saying "hi!" and asking me to lunch but when I really need your help you'd rather have sex with some stranger, than—!

*(Beat. HALEY gets control of herself.)*

I'm sorry. I hardly know you...

**KAREN.** No. It's okay. You're kind of right.

**HALEY.** I'm the one who's being a bad person.

**KAREN.** No. You're upset. You just left your husband. That's probably pretty upsetting. I wouldn't know. But it probably is.

**HALEY.** You've always been so sweet to me and I thought I could—When I left the apartment I just started walking. I walked for almost two hours, wandering up and down the streets with my stupid suitcase. I went into a Barnes and Noble and sat down in the children's section, and I started reading *Little House on the Prairie*.

**KAREN.** I love that book! I have—

**HALEY.**—that picture of Laura on the wall by your desk, right! And you'd asked me if I wanted to have a drink with you tonight and—it was like I was supposed to ask you for help. And I'm exhausted and miserable and I just need a place to stay for one night—until I can get into the apartment tomorrow while he's at work.

*(Beat.)*

Please, Karen.

**KAREN.** I... okay.

*(BRIDGET enters, slamming the door open. She holds one drink in each hand: a martini and a red wine.)*

**BRIDGET.** Honey, what the hell are you doing in here? Jerry's waiting—*(Seeing HALEY:)* Oh. Hi. I know you. Right? You're—

**HALEY.** Talking to Karen.

**KAREN.** This is Haley. Haley, this is Bridget—

**HALEY.** ...Mr. Peterman's new assistant.

**BRIDGET.** Right. Oh... I remember you now. Kare, you have to get out there: Jerry's talking to this Bucktoothed Girl in a Hat.

**KAREN.** He is?!? I just left a minute ago—!

**BRIDGET.** She's attached to him like a leech.

**KAREN.** Ohhhhh...! What should I do?

**BRIDGET.** Drink this. *(To HALEY:)* Here. Help yourself. I get 'em free here.

*(BRIDGET hands her red wine to KAREN and the martini to HALEY. KAREN starts to drink, hands shaking.)*

*(To KAREN:)* Don't spill it on yourself. And—what happened to your face? Did you put more make-up on?

**KAREN.** Maybe.

**BRIDGET.** Stop doing that. C'mon—we'll fix your hair real fast and scrape off some paint.

*(BRIDGET begins to fix up KAREN. Beat. Wiping KAREN's face:)*

*(To HALEY:)* So. What's up?

**KAREN.** She just left her husband.

**HALEY.** Thanks, Karen.

**KAREN.** Well, maybe Bridget can help.

**BRIDGET.** What happened?

**HALEY.** Nothing. Never mind.

**BRIDGET.** He hit you?

**HALEY.** No! Nothing like that.

**BRIDGET.** Drinks?

**HALEY.** No.

**BRIDGET.** An affair?

**HALEY.** No.

**BRIDGET.** You?

**HALEY.** What?

**BRIDGET.** Have an affair?

**HALEY.** No! It's not that easy. I wish it was, but—it's a whole bunch of little things—a million little things all lumped together in this big pile—

**BRIDGET.** Right.

**HALEY.** Karen, can we go?

**BRIDGET.** Go? What do you mean go?

**HALEY.** Back to Karen's.

**BRIDGET.** No no no. Karen's taking Jerry home tonight.

**KAREN.** I told her that.

**HALEY.** I need a place to stay tonight and—

**BRIDGET.** Hotels all full? Shriner's Convention?

**HALEY.** I forgot my... Look, Karen already said she'd—

**BRIDGET.** No. Not possible. Tonight Karen is taking Jerry back to her place to have the best sex she's ever had in her *entire life*. If you need to, you can crash at my place.

**KAREN.** Really? That's great! Ohmygod, thank you Bridget! That's so great!

**HALEY.** Karen—I don't want to—

**BRIDGET.** *(Finished with KAREN's face:)* There. Now go to the bathroom before you go back out.

**KAREN.** Right. Okay.

*(KAREN tries the stall door that doesn't work.)*

**BRIDGET.** Other door.

**KAREN.** Right, right.

*(KAREN goes into the other stall. BRIDGET takes her martini from HALEY. Beat.)*

**BRIDGET.** Left your husband, huh?

**HALEY.** What?

**BRIDGET.** Just—walked out.

**HALEY.** Yes.

**BRIDGET.** What did he say?

**KAREN.** *(From inside the stall:)* They never have toilet paper here.

**HALEY.** He wasn't there.

*(Toilet flushes.)*

**BRIDGET.** Ah.

**HALEY.** Look, Bridget—

*(KAREN comes out of the stall.)*

**KAREN.** I'm so nervous.

**BRIDGET.** Here, drink this:

*(BRIDGET hands KAREN wine. KAREN drinks it all, then gives BRIDGET the empty glass.)*

Remember: If you're not having fun, you're not drunk enough.

**KAREN.** Right. How do I look?

**BRIDGET.** Like a hungry tigress on the prowl.

**KAREN.** Oh. Really? Haley?

**HALEY.** You look—nice.

**KAREN.** Thanks. Okay. Watch out buck-toothed woman, here I come!

*(KAREN exits to bar.)*

**HALEY.** Look, Bridget, I appreciate you letting me stay at your place. First thing tomorrow, I'll—

**BRIDGET.** You're not staying at my place tonight.

**HALEY.** Oh. Uh...

**BRIDGET.** You got bored, didn't you?

**HALEY.** What do you mean?

**BRIDGET.** Your husband. What's his name?

**HALEY.** Oh. I don't really want to talk about it.

*(BRIDGET stares. Beat.)*

Ben.

**BRIDGET.** Yeah. You got tired of Boring Ben; of the same thing night after night: the same arguments; the same stupid stories; how *he* always wanted foot rubs but never offered to give *you* one. And, worst of all, the sex became insert tab A into slot B, jiggle it around a little bit, and call it an orgasm.

*(HALEY goes to leave.)*

**HALEY.** I'm going to find someplace else to stay. A park bench somewhere.

*(BRIDGET stops her.)*

**BRIDGET.** No no no! I'm not judging—I understand. Believe me. And we both know—some people, that's all they want out of life: routine, safety. But you're not like that. You want more than that. You got bored.

**HALEY.** I—don't know about "bored"...

**BRIDGET.** It's not a crime. And there is a cure.

**HALEY.** What's that?

**BRIDGET.** How long have you been married?

**HALEY.** Three years.

**BRIDGET.** So, what? Together six years total?

**HALEY.** About.

**BRIDGET.** That's a long time with one dick. Yeah, you need a new... utensil for the job. Imagine it: any length or thickness your little... heart desires. A brand new dick. Built to order.

**HALEY.** I think you're trying to be nice, but —

*(BRIDGET opens HALEY's suitcase, rummages through it.)*

**BRIDGET.** So what do we have to work with?

**HALEY.** What are you...? That's private property!

**BRIDGET.** I bet you grabbed something sexy "just in case." Didn't you? I bet you did.

**HALEY.** I just threw a bunch of —

**BRIDGET.** What's this?

*(BRIDGET holds up a mini photo album and thumbs through it.)*

The happy couple?

*(HALEY grabs pictures. BRIDGET continues to rummage.)*

Ahh... Here we are.

*(BRIDGET pulls out a small, black dress.)*

**HALEY.** I just randomly threw things—

**BRIDGET.** And shoes!

*(BRIDGET holds up shoes that go quite nicely with the dress as KAREN enters.)*

**KAREN.** I hate my life!

**BRIDGET.** Can't you stay in one place for more than a *minute*?!

**KAREN.** I just got my period!

**BRIDGET.** Oh Jesus.

**KAREN.** I sat down for two minutes and then whoosh! It's not supposed to be until tomorrow!

**HALEY.** Whoosh?

**KAREN.** Do either of you have anything?

**BRIDGET.** No.

**HALEY.** Sorry.

**BRIDGET.** How bad is it?

**KAREN.** Bad enough. Why did this have to happen tonight?!?

**HALEY.** You should go home.

**BRIDGET.** Nobody's going home. *(To HALEY, handing her dress:)*  
Here, put this on.

*(HALEY begins to gather her things up and get the suitcase out of the way.)*

**KAREN.** It was going so well... he touched my knee, you know, casually, when he was talking—

**BRIDGET.** Good! What's the problem then?

**KAREN.** I'm bleeding!

**BRIDGET.** So?

**KAREN.** So—he won't want to...!

**BRIDGET.** So don't tell him.

**KAREN.** I have to tell him!

**BRIDGET.** Tell him you're a virgin.

**KAREN.** I can't tell him that!

**BRIDGET.** Three years—close enough.

*(KAREN starts to cry.)*

**HALEY.** Karen...

**BRIDGET.** *(To KAREN:)* Honey, he's not going to care. He's not even going to notice.

**HALEY.** Until he sees he's covered in blood.

**BRIDGET.** That's after. You're just scared. You're finally going to get what you want and you're scared.

**HALEY.** You don't have to do this if you don't want to.

**BRIDGET.** Haley, be a help and try the tampon machine?

**HALEY.** Karen, let's go home.

**BRIDGET.** Enough with the “going home!” Going home is not an option. Haley: try the tampon machine. Karen: listen to your coach: if you don’t make this into a big deal this isn’t a big deal. Remember Ronnie—

**KAREN.** Ronnie! (*Renewed crying.*)

**BRIDGET.** Ronnie loved you. Someone can love you. Maybe Jerry will love you. But you have to give him the chance.

**HALEY.** Jerry is not going to love her.

**BRIDGET.** He might.

**HALEY.** Men come to bars to get laid, not fall in love.

**BRIDGET.** She met Ronnie in a bar.

**HALEY.** (*To KAREN:*) What do you want to do?

**KAREN.** I don’t know. I need a tampon!

**BRIDGET.** Haley?

*(HALEY goes to tampon machine.)*

**HALEY.** It’s not going to work. They never work.

**BRIDGET.** Honey, you want me to talk to Jerry?

**KAREN.** No!

**BRIDGET.** I’ll tell him that you’re nervous. He’ll understand—

**KAREN.** No! Don’t do that—I’m okay—

**BRIDGET.** Well, he’s probably wondering what’s going on.

**KAREN.** I know.

**BRIDGET.** What did you say to him, when you left just now?

**KAREN.** I don’t remember. I just ran.

**HALEY.** Doesn’t work.

**BRIDGET.** Try it again.

**HALEY.** It doesn’t work. What do you want to do, Karen?

**BRIDGET.** Well, keep trying until it does. Goddamnit, Haley—

**HALEY.** Karen?

**KAREN.** I don't know!

**BRIDGET.** Goddamnit Haley—help or leave.

**HALEY.** Fine. Fine.

*(HALEY goes to machine. Starts banging on it.)*

**KAREN.** What should I do?

**HALEY.** Do what you *want* to do.

**BRIDGET.** *My* advice, as your coach, is: don't let this get to you. Stay focused. Just go out there and be your sweet, charming self. It'll work out fine. He likes you.

**KAREN.** You think so?

*(Tampon falls out of machine, onto the floor.)*

**HALEY.** Hey—what do you know?

*(HALEY hands KAREN tampon.)*

**KAREN.** Is it still okay to use?

**HALEY.** Oh. Good question.

**BRIDGET.** I'm sure it's fine.

**KAREN.** Okay.

*(KAREN goes into stall.)*

**HALEY.** I don't know why she lets you treat her like that.

**BRIDGET.** She needs it. Tomorrow morning, she'll call and tell me how she was so scared but she's *so* glad I made her go through with it; that she's so *happy*.

**HALEY.** For about a day.

**BRIDGET.** That's a start.

**HALEY.** Then she'll feel cheap and even more lonely.

**BRIDGET.** Not everyone has your hang-ups.

**HALEY.** I don't have hang-ups. I have common sense. You don't care if she gets hurt.

**BRIDGET.** Honey—

**HALEY.** Don't call me "Honey."

**BRIDGET.** Haley. Honey. Everybody gets hurt. I know you think life's supposed to be a fairy tale with flowing gowns and true love, but it's not. It's real people—real fucked up people—just trying to find someone. And sometimes you find them in a bar, and sometimes, if you're lucky, you find them in bed.

*(Toilet flushes.)*

**HALEY.** Nothing that lasts.

**BRIDGET.** Love doesn't last.

**HALEY.** It can.

**BRIDGET.** Like you and Boring Ben?

**HALEY.** Sometimes it's not meant to be.

**BRIDGET.** It's never "meant" to be. Sometimes it's the right thing for now. And then it ends. And then you move on. Just like you're doing.

**HALEY.** I'm not...

**BRIDGET.** What?

**HALEY.** "Moving on."

**BRIDGET.** Then what's that dress for?

**HALEY.** Not everyone has your hang-ups, Bridget.

**BRIDGET.** Yes they do. That's why everyone comes to me for help. Karen asked me to help her. She's afraid, because she knows how it is. At least *she* knows.

**HALEY.** What's that supposed to mean?

*(KAREN enters from stall. She has more make-up on.)*

**KAREN.** I feel all ucky.

*(BRIDGET wipes make-up off KAREN's face.)*

**BRIDGET.** Haley's thinking about staying for a while.

**KAREN.** Oh—stay! Stay! I like having you here. It makes me feel less nervous. And I need all the help I can get.

**BRIDGET.** I'm trying to convince her to hook up.

**KAREN.** She should! *(To HALEY:)* You should! That'd be so cool!

**HALEY.** Right.

**BRIDGET.** You'd better get out there, Kare. He won't hold your place forever.

**KAREN.** Yeah.

**BRIDGET.** Have another drink.

**KAREN.** Right. Okay.

*(KAREN exits. HALEY goes to her suitcase, closes it.)*

**BRIDGET.** Going home?

**HALEY.** Somewhere. Maybe I'll go to the office.

**BRIDGET.** Can I ask you a question?

**HALEY.** I suppose.

**BRIDGET.** Why tonight. What happened?

**HALEY.** Can I stay at your place? Or are you taking someone home, too?

**BRIDGET.** Maybe.

**HALEY.** Maybe what—I can stay?

**BRIDGET.** What happened?

**HALEY.** Nothing "happened."

**BRIDGET.** You left.

**HALEY.** I left. He wasn't there. He's never there. Even when he's there. I left. That's all.

**BRIDGET.** And you came here.

**HALEY.** Karen had invited me for a drink.

**BRIDGET.** Of course.

**HALEY.** What?

**BRIDGET.** You went home to any empty apartment, *again*. Alone. Nothing but the ticking of a clock you got as a wedding present that you've always hated, and you remembered Karen and knew that somewhere out there were places full of noise and *life*. And you could be out there—*living*. And so you put this dress in your suitcase—maybe without even knowing what you were doing—and you came *here*. To see how it would feel. To have a different skin. Maybe for just a little while. Maybe not. Everyone deserves to know for sure who they are. You can't leave now, when you've come this far. I'll help you.

*(Beat. HALEY is stunned into silence.)*

Tell me I'm completely wrong.

**HALEY.** Why are you doing this?

**BRIDGET.** I like to help people. It's easier than helping myself. Look, I'll make you a deal: stay for an hour. Just one hour. See what happens. If you're not having Fun after an hour, you can stay at my apartment.

*(Beat.)*

**HALEY.** One hour?

**BRIDGET.** One hour.

**HALEY.** Until *(Checks watch:)* 12:13.

**BRIDGET.** Okay.

**HALEY.** And you'll give me the keys to your place if I want.

**BRIDGET.** Of course.

**HALEY.** Okay.

*(HALEY takes dress. Goes into stall to change.)*

**BRIDGET.** Now I'm the coach, and the coach is always right. You will talk to who I tell you to talk to, how I tell you to talk to them, and you will have Fun. Fun doesn't just happen—you have to make it happen. First, you need a few drinks. What do you drink?

**HALEY.** Um... Chardonnay?

**BRIDGET.** Tequila shots.

**HALEY.** Tequila shots? I've never had tequila before...

**BRIDGET.** You'll love 'em. And remember: if you're not having fun, you're not drunk enough.

*(HALEY enters in dress. She is transformed. No longer frumpy, she has a kind of awkward sexiness. BRIDGET hands her shoes, takes the old shoes and dress, puts them in suitcase.)*

**HALEY.** I always wanted to wear this dress, but never had a reason to.

*(BRIDGET zips the dress, then looks her over.)*

**BRIDGET.** You'll do fine.

**HALEY.** Really?

**BRIDGET.** Really. Oh—

*(Puts out hand:)*

Ring.

**HALEY.** Oh. Right.

*(HALEY takes off her wedding ring. By reflex, she almost gives it to BRIDGET. Stops herself. Puts it in her bra. Beat.)*

**BRIDGET.** Okay. Let's go.

*(BRIDGET grabs HALEY's arm and pulls her through the door, out to the noisy bar. Music blares as lights fade—the door swinging less and less until... blackout.)*

**Scene 2—1 a.m.**

*(Lights up. Beat. BRIDGET enters, pulling HALEY into the bathroom, swings her toward the sink with one arm. HALEY is drunk.)*

**HALEY.** Ow! Jeez Bridget, you're going to break my arm!

**BRIDGET.** What are you doing?

**HALEY.** What?

**BRIDGET.** I told you not to talk to him.

**HALEY.** But he's the bartender—I have to talk to him. Besides, he says I have nice eyes.

**BRIDGET.** I'm sure. What's that—in your hand?

**HALEY.** Keys. He gave them to me to hold on to.

**BRIDGET.** Mike?

**HALEY.** He said I could stay on his couch tonight. And he'd sleep on the bed.

**BRIDGET.** His couch is his bed, Haley.

**HALEY.** Oh. *(Laughs.)*

**BRIDGET.** Give me the keys.

**HALEY.** How do you know about his couch?

**BRIDGET.** Everyone knows about his couch.

**HALEY.** Do you have *carnal knowledge* of his couch? Is it comfortable?

**BRIDGET.** Haley, Honey, listen to me—

**HALEY.** Bridget, Honey, I think you need another drink. You're not having enough Fun.

*(BRIDGET pulls her keys out of her purse and puts them in HALEY's hand—she tries to get Mike's keys from her other hand.)*

**BRIDGET.** Here: corner of 77th and Amsterdam, apartment—

**HALEY.** Thanks, but I have a place to stay.

**BRIDGET.** I know he comes across as a sweetheart—but he's not. He's dangerous. Especially when he's drinking.

**HALEY.** But he's *really* hot.

**BRIDGET.** He could hurt you. I mean physically *harm* you.

**HALEY.** He won't hurt me. He likes me.

**BRIDGET.** Look, there's not going to be champagne chilling when you get there or bubbles and a waterbed. He's going to throw you on the floor, fuck you, and then pass out on top of you.

**HALEY.** You didn't think I could go through with it, did you?

**BRIDGET.** Are you listening to me?

**HALEY.** I'm telling everyone my name is Heather. I thought I should assume a different identity.

**BRIDGET.** What about Ben?

**HALEY.** Heather doesn't know Ben. But Heather knows Mike. And Heather likes Mike. And when he pours me a drink I can feel it splash and slide all the way down between my legs...

*(KAREN enters, slams door behind her, stands in front of it, and screams:)*

**KAREN.** I'm not going back out there! You can't make me!

**HALEY.** What happened?

**KAREN.** I can't do it anymore.

**BRIDGET.** Do what?

**HALEY.** What happened?

**KAREN.** Look at me!

*(HALEY and BRIDGET look at her in the mirror.)*

I'm shrinking! I'm getting smaller and smaller. Look at my hands! Don't they look smaller!?

*(KAREN shows hands to HALEY.)*

**HALEY.** No.

**BRIDGET.** Karen...

**KAREN.** Jerry's sitting there talking and talking and I'm sitting there smiling and laughing but all I can think is if he can tell I'm shrinking—

**BRIDGET.** You're not shrinking.

**KAREN.**—because if he notices I'm shrinking he's not going to want to have sex with me. Nobody wants to have sex with a shrinking woman!

**BRIDGET.** You're not shrinking, Karen!

**KAREN.** Are you sure?

**HALEY.** Yes.

**KAREN.** Oh God. I'm freaking out. I think I'm going crazy.

**HALEY.** You're fine.

**KAREN.** Why hasn't he asked me home yet? It's after one!

**BRIDGET.** He's not ready to go yet.

**KAREN.** I'm not pretty enough for him.

**BRIDGET.** Stop it, Karen.

**KAREN.** I'm not pretty enough for him. I'm going to stay in here until he finds someone pretty enough and leaves with them.

**BRIDGET.** You are going back out there right now—

*(BRIDGET grabs KAREN by the arm and starts to pull her toward the door. KAREN breaks free and hides behind HALEY.)*

**KAREN.** No! I don't want to go out there anymore. *(To HALEY:)* I don't have to go out there, right Haley?

**HALEY.** She's right, Karen.

**KAREN.** She is?

**HALEY.** You need to relax. He's the one who's nervous. He's afraid you're going to say "no."

**KAREN.** Do you think so?

**HALEY.** He's scared.

**KAREN.** So am I. I'm really scared.

**HALEY.** Everyone gets scared. You just have to control it.

**KAREN.** Yeah. How?

**HALEY.** Drinking helps.

**KAREN.** But I've been doing a lot of that...

**BRIDGET.** There's nothing to be scared of. He wants you. You know he wants you.

**KAREN.** Then why hasn't he asked me?

**BRIDGET.** He will.

**KAREN.** I don't think I'm ready for this.

**BRIDGET.** *Three years, Karen.*

**KAREN.** What if he doesn't want me?

**BRIDGET.** He wants you.

**KAREN.** But what if he doesn't?

**HALEY.** Then you'll find someone else.

**BRIDGET.** He's not going to come into the bathroom to ask you, that's for sure.

**HALEY.** That's true.

**KAREN.** I'm going to stay in here until the bar closes. Then—if he's still waiting—I'll know he really likes me.

**BRIDGET.** No! You are not going to screw this up, Karen! You are going to have sex with Jerry if I have to carry both of you to your bedroom and put his erect penis inside of you myself. Now I want you to stop crying and feeling sorry for yourself and get your ass on that stool out there and smile, and nod, and laugh, and *stay the same size* until he asks you. And when he does, I want you to act pleasantly surprised, say "yes," and take him *home*.

*(BRIDGET pushes KAREN out door. Beat. KAREN enters.)*

**KAREN.** Okay. I want to. I really do. It's just—

**BRIDGET.** What?

**KAREN.** Can I ask you a question?

**HALEY.** Sure.

*(Beat.)*

**KAREN.** Am I pretty?

**BRIDGET.** Karen...

**KAREN.** What?! I'm serious! Haley?

**HALEY.** You're very pretty.

**KAREN.** Really? Oh... thank you!

**HALEY.** Do you want me to go out with you? Would that help?

**KAREN.** Would you? Yeah...

**BRIDGET.** Karen, listen to me: It doesn't matter what I think or Haley thinks or especially what you think. What matters is that you act like you are the most beautiful flower in the garden, alright? And every guy out there will want to pluck you. Understand?

**KAREN.** My Mom used to say that if you smiled long enough, eventually you'd mean it.

**BRIDGET.** That's right.

**KAREN.** I could never do it, though.

**BRIDGET.** Try.

*(BRIDGET walks KAREN out. HALEY follows. BRIDGET stops HALEY.)*

No. You're not leaving until you give me those keys.

**HALEY.** Bridget, I'm getting really tired of—

**BRIDGET.** Maybe you should go home with your husband, then.

**HALEY.** I know what this is about, you know. You're jealous.

**BRIDGET.** Oh what?

**HALEY.** I've seen you looking at me and Mike. You're jealous he's talking to *me*.

**BRIDGET.** I don't think so.

**HALEY.** Or is it that I'm invading your turf? I don't notice any of the virile young men talking to you this evening.

**BRIDGET.** I don't come here to talk.

**HALEY.** What do you come here for, Bridget?

*(BRIDGET takes the wrist of HALEY's hand that holds Mike's keys, and slowly squeezes. HALEY buckles under, in pain.)*

Ow! OW! Bridget—don't!

*(BRIDGET takes the keys from HALEY's hand and puts them in her purse.)*

**BRIDGET.** You can go now.

**HALEY.** Bridget! He gave me those so he wouldn't lose them.

**BRIDGET.** Guess he made a mistake.

**HALEY.** Please, Bridget. Give me the keys.

**BRIDGET.** I just did you a favor. Go find someone else.

**HALEY.** No. I can't—I'm not good at this. I don't know how to talk to people—but I can talk to him—he thinks I'm beautiful and funny—

**BRIDGET.** He's telling you what you want to hear.

**HALEY.** I don't care! I haven't heard it in so long, I don't care.

**BRIDGET.** It's after midnight. Go home, Cinderella.

**HALEY.** No! Bridget... please. Just like you said... about Karen and Jerry... that maybe she can find love in a bed... maybe I can, too.

**BRIDGET.** Jerry's only going home with Karen because he owes me a favor.

**HALEY.** No he's not! He's—he's...

*(Beat. HALEY looks at BRIDGET. Realizes.)*

Oh my God! You mean you—

**BRIDGET.** I set her up.

**HALEY.** But she thinks he's going to fall in love with her!

**BRIDGET.** No she doesn't.

**HALEY.** She thinks he's another Ronnie!

**BRIDGET.** Then maybe she'll finally figure out that there are no more Ronnies.

**HALEY.** But you let her think that he likes her.

**BRIDGET.** She's been alone for a long time. She thinks she's ugly. She thinks she's shrinking, for Christ's sake.

**HALEY.** But she should know. She should know why—

**BRIDGET.** If she knew, she wouldn't go with him.

**HALEY.** You can't mess around with people's lives like that.

*(HALEY goes to leave. BRIDGET stops her.)*

**BRIDGET.** Don't fuck this up for her. There's not going to be any Knight coming down off the mountain to take you or Karen to his castle to live happily ever after.

**HALEY.** I never said Mike was a knight in shining armor.

**BRIDGET.** He's just an excuse to run away from your marriage.

**HALEY.** I'm not running away!

**BRIDGET.** Quit lying to yourself.

**HALEY.** Why should I? What's the difference between believing in Mike and my marriage? I have this book of pictures of me and Ben on our honeymoon: kissing on a beach holding umbrella drinks, dancing, walking together—Ben's arm around my waist, holding me against him like it's the most natural thing in the world. And I don't remember any of it. I don't remember him holding me like that—looking at me like that. I don't remember him ever looking at me like he does in those pictures. And I'm tired of pretending that I'm that smiling woman. I need to find out who I am now.

**BRIDGET.** You know who you are? You're a scared little girl who isn't getting her every wish fulfilled.

**HALEY.** You don't know—

**BRIDGET.** Look, I thought it would be fun to help you screw around for one night, but go home. You don't know what you're doing.

**HALEY.** You've never been married—

**BRIDGET.** You come in here, spouting all this crybaby nonsense about “finding yourself” when all it comes down to is that you're too fucking *scared* to deal—

**HALEY.**—you don't know what it's like. I'm trying to figure out whether or not I *still love him!*

**BRIDGET.** You don't love him!

**HALEY.** How can you say that? You don't know—

**BRIDGET.** Because if you're trying to “figure out” whether or not you love Ben, then honey, you don't, and you don't have a fucking clue what you're talking about.

**HALEY.** Mike's told me all about you, you know. About how you push away every man who tries to get close to you—but go ahead and tell me all about being afraid, Bridget. Go ahead and tell me all about what it means to be IN LOVE!

**BRIDGET.** I spent five years of my life with one man—until he came home one day and told me he didn't love me anymore—just like that—like the winds had changed direction. But I didn't let him go—I fought for him with every drop of spit and blood in my body. And I fucking died every time he said no, every time I saw him walking away from me, thinking it would be the last time. But I fought. That's what you do when you love someone. That's what love is.

Now look, I don't really give a shit what you do—I don't care if you and Ben ever see each other again. Stay if you want. Get fucked by all the guys you want. But stay away from Michael because I will break your fucking arm if I ever see you talking to him again.

**HALEY.** Michael? It's Michael?

*(Beat.)*

I'm sorry... I didn't know. I wouldn't have—

**BRIDGET.** Just stay away from him.

*(BRIDGET goes to sink, wipes eyes, etc.)*

**HALEY.** Are you getting back together?

**BRIDGET.** No.

**HALEY.** Oh. Then—why do you still come here?

**BRIDGET.** Because he's here.

**HALEY.** Why don't you find someone else?

**BRIDGET.** I can't.

**HALEY.** There's got to be a lot of guys out there who'd—

**BRIDGET.** No, Haley. You don't know. Do whatever you think you have to do.

*(BRIDGET exits. Beat. HALEY looks at herself in the mirror. KAREN enters.)*

**KAREN.** Ben's here!

**HALEY.** What?

**KAREN.** Your husband's here! I'm sorry!

**HALEY.** What?! Ben? Ben's here?

**KAREN.** He recognized me from the Christmas party.

**HALEY.** What is he doing here?!

**KAREN.** He asked me where you were.

**HALEY.** What did you tell him?

**KAREN.** I said I didn't know who he was talking about. And then I ran in here.

*(Pounding on the door.)*

**BEN.** *(Offstage:)* Haley?! Haley?! Are you in there?

**KAREN.** I think he knows I was lying.

**HALEY.** How did he find me?

*(Pounding.)*

**BEN.** *(Offstage:)* Haley! It's Ben!

**HALEY.** I'm not talking to him.

**KAREN.** *(Yelling at the door:)* Haley's not here. Go away!

**HALEY.** I don't want to talk to him! Should I talk to him?

**KAREN.** Do you want to hide? In the stall?

**HALEY.** *(To self, ignoring KAREN:)* Not right now. I can't right now.

*(Pounding.)*

**KAREN.** Okay.

**BEN.** *(Offstage:)* Haley!

**KAREN.** Maybe you should talk to him.

**HALEY.** Shit! Shitshitshit!

**BEN.** *(Offstage:)* I'm going to come in there if you don't come out!

**HALEY.** *(Yelling at door:)* Go away!

*(BEN bursts through the door, with his eyes covered.)*

**BEN.** Okay! I apologize! I'm sorry! I'm not looking! I'm not seeing anything! Will all the women in here who aren't my wife please leave? I'm sorry about this. Will just be a minute. Thank you.

*(KAREN starts to leave. HALEY grabs her and holds on. Beat.)*

Is everyone gone? Haley? Haley!?? Are you here? You didn't leave did you?

**HALEY.** Open your eyes.

*(BEN uncovers his eyes. Freaks out when he sees KAREN. Covers eyes.)*

**BEN.** Sorry! I didn't see anything!

**HALEY.** Ben, this is my friend; Karen: Ben. Ben: Karen.

*(He shakes her hand while still covering his eyes.)*

**BEN.** Nice to meet you.

**KAREN.** I've heard a lot about you.

**BEN.** Could I talk to my wife alone, please?

**HALEY.** You can talk to me in front of her.

**KAREN.** Maybe I should go...

**HALEY.** No!

**KAREN.** Okay.

**HALEY.** What do you want? Ben—put your hand down.

**BEN.** This note—*(Pulls out note from pocket:)*—you left.

**HALEY.** I did.

**BEN.** You left? You're leaving? Me?

**HALEY.** How did you know I was here?

**BEN.** Someone called. Told me. Said she was a friend and she was worried about you.

*(HALEY looks at KAREN who slowly shakes her head. BEN slowly moves his hand away.)*

I have been up all night, calling everywhere for you. I was just about to call the police—

**HALEY.** What do you want?

**BEN.** You just leave this note and disappear?

**HALEY.** What do you want?

**BEN.** I want you to come home.

**HALEY.** Why?

**BEN.** So we can talk about this.

**HALEY.** Go ahead: talk.

**BEN.** Let's do this at home. Please.

**HALEY.** Why?

**BEN.** Because it's two in the morning and I just ran across town and am standing in the women's restroom of some dive bar talking to my wife who's in a little black dress I've never seen before! This is embarrassing. I am exhausted. Come home.

**HALEY.** There is a man out there who thinks my name is Heather and who says he has 100 reasons why I should let him take me home and have dirty filthy sweaty sex with him. He said he wants to make electric currents pulse through my body until I'm writhing on the bed in ecstasy—I'd be the socket and he'd be the plug!

*(Beat.)*

**BEN.** Okay...

**HALEY.** Why shouldn't I go home with him?

**BEN.** You're not making any sense. Are you drunk? You always get irrational when you're drunk.

**HALEY.** I am very rational right now.

**BEN.** *(To KAREN:)* Has she been drinking?

**KAREN.** Yeah. A lot.

**HALEY.** Enough.

**BEN.** Come on, Haley, let's go home and we can talk about this in the morning—

**HALEY.** This can't wait until morning!

**BEN.** Then we'll talk about it tonight. But not here.

**HALEY.** What if I should go home with him?

**BEN.** What do you mean "should?" You should come home with me. You're my wife.

**HALEY.** Not right now, I'm not. In this restroom right now, in my head I'm not. I'm nobody. I'm homeless. I am a woman without a home, a ship without a harbor, a—a car with no garage.

**BEN.** Haley—

**HALEY.** I don't know who I am: Haley or Heather.

**BEN.** You're Haley. My wife. You know that. You're just unhappy and mad—

**HALEY.** I'M NOT "JUST!" DON'T "JUST" ME, BEN! I am a lot more than just unhappy and mad. I am questioning tonight. I'm questioning me. I'm questioning you. I'm questioning us.

**BEN.** Did something happen—?

**HALEY.** I have a question for you.

**BEN.** What?

**HALEY.** "What is love?"

**BEN.** I don't want to, but—

**HALEY.** Okayokay—that's kind of broad. "What is the right way to love someone?"

**BEN.** I will carry you out of here if I have to.

**HALEY.** How about "Why should I go back to being the ugly old wife in our boring old marriage when there are perfectly good, brand-new men out there willing to love me for who I want to be for however long I want to be it? What does three years mean, anyway?" Tell me, Ben.

*(Beat.)*

**BEN.** You're always testing me—!

**HALEY.** Answer the question.

**BEN.**—comparing the Christmas presents I get you with the ones your sister got from her boyfriend, asking if I remember that August 15th—!

**HALEY.** Answer the question.

**BEN.**—is the day we first kissed in public, standing on a street corner. And if I remember that you want to know what street corner!

**HALEY.** ANSWER THE QUESTION!

**BEN.** WHICH ONE!!?!?

**HALEY.** ALL OF THEM! Any of them.

**BEN.** I can't Haley. I can't. They're impossible to answer, because you're the only one with the answers. Tell me what you want me to say, and I'll say it. I'll say whatever you want.

**HALEY.** I want you to tell me why I should keep loving you.

**BEN.** Because I'm so irresistible you can't help yourself.

**HALEY.** I mean it.

**BEN.** I can't tell you that either, Haley. I can only stand here and tell you that three years is not a long time. It's not. My parents have been together for 35 years. And I know that your parents didn't stay together—

**HALEY.** Don't bring my parents into this.

**BEN.** Okay. Okay.

**HALEY.** You don't listen. You don't... This is serious.

**BEN.** I know it is. We'll talk about it tomorrow. Come home.

*(BEN reaches his hand out to HALEY. Beat. She takes her wedding ring out of her bra and puts it in his hand. Beat.)*

What does this mean?

**HALEY.** Hold on to that for me for a while. I'm not sure if it fits anymore.

*(BEN looks at the ring.)*

**BEN.** What is happening here?

**HALEY.** I have to know for sure, before—

**BEN.** Know what?

**HALEY.** If—I'm only part of myself when I'm with you. I don't know if I want to let the other part of me go, yet.

*(Long pause.)*

**BEN.** So... I should go?

**HALEY.** Yes.

**BEN.** Look, Haley—I don't know why you should keep loving me. I don't know why you fell in love with me in the first place. I always figured that we were lucky we found each other. Not everyone—

*(BRIDGET enters, carrying a martini and a red wine.)*

**BRIDGET.** Karen—

*(KAREN stops her by the door.)*

**BEN.** I know we have problems. But we're not going to solve them standing here in the bathroom. Are you sure you won't come with me?

*(Beat. Nobody moves.)*

Okay. Jesus. How do you leave something like this? Jesus.

*(BEN exits. HALEY goes to sink, runs cold water, splashes her face with it.)*

**KAREN.** Haley? Are you okay?

**HALEY.** No.

**KAREN.** Do you want a hug?

**HALEY.** No.

**KAREN.** Okay.

**HALEY.** I wanted him to make me want to go with him. But he didn't. He just was...he doesn't listen to me. He never hears what I'm saying. Should I have gone with him?

**KAREN.** He loves you. He came all the way down here.

**HALEY.** Yeah. He does love me. He just doesn't make me happy anymore.

**KAREN.** Did he used to?

**HALEY.** I think so. I look happy in those pictures.

**KAREN.** What happened?

**HALEY.** I don't know.

**BRIDGET.** Sure you do. You got bored, remember?

**HALEY.** You called him, didn't you?

**BRIDGET.** Somebody had to.

*(Pause. BRIDGET gives KAREN the glass of red wine.)*

Karen, Jerry's looking for you. He's ready to go.

**KAREN.** He is?

**BRIDGET.** Yeah.

**KAREN.** Oh.

*(Beat.)*

**BRIDGET.** Drink that real fast. You don't want to keep him waiting.

**KAREN.** Uh. I don't know if I'm going to go with him.

**BRIDGET.** Karen...

**KAREN.** Well...

**BRIDGET.** Now is not the time to—

**KAREN.** Well, I don't know! I mean, he's real nice to me. And I am attracted to him. Still, I don't know. He's not Ronnie. I know that—I know I'm not going to find another Ronnie. But I want that, you know. I want to stop thinking about everything and just fall in love. I'm so tired of thinking all the time. I just want to love someone again! I miss having this face, this body, that's part of me, you know? Part of my life? I miss knowing all the stupid little things about him. I want to know everything about someone and I want to tell someone all the stupid little stories that I have that I don't tell anyone else because they're too stupid—like the dog in the little jacket walking through the puddle that one time that made me

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