

Dear Diary  
I gained five pounds today. Mom is going out to get a bill. I'll do an work.

ore  
el m  
el st  
this  
dat  
ing t  
a s  
capt  
ats  
ope  
iso  
☺☺☺

or car  
we st  
He has  
a back seat  
in rod  
found out!

**BITCHES**

... not I want. Why  
cant she just leave me  
alone?? ☹  
That new girl is really  
bugging me. She is trying out



©1993 Sean Abley

**ALL RIGHT RESERVED**

**Copyright Protection.** This play (the “Play”) is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America and all countries with which the United States has reciprocal copyright relations, whether through bilateral or multilateral treaties or otherwise, and including, but not limited to, all countries covered by the Pan-American Copyright Convention, the Universal Copyright Convention, and the Berne Convention.

**Reservation of Rights.** All rights to this Play are strictly reserved, including, without limitation, professional and amateur stage performance rights; motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video, and sound recording rights; rights to all other forms of mechanical or electronic reproduction now known or yet to be invented, such as CD-ROM, CD-I, DVD, photocopying, and information storage and retrieval systems; and the rights of translation into non-English languages.

**Performance Licensing and Royalty Payments.** Amateur, stock and professional performance rights to this Play are controlled exclusively by Dark Blue Theatricals (“DBT”). No amateur or stock production groups or individuals may perform this Play without obtaining advance written permission from DBT. Required royalty fees for performing this play are available from DBT ([newplays@darkbluefilms.com](mailto:newplays@darkbluefilms.com)). Such royalty fees may be subject to change without notice. Although this book may have been obtained for a particular licensed performance, such performance rights, if any, are not transferable. Required royalties must be paid every time the Play is performed before any audience, whether or not it is presented for profit and whether or not admission is charged. All licensing requests and inquiries concerning amateur, stock and professional performance rights should be addressed to Dark Blue Theatricals, 5724 Hollywood Blvd., Suite 109, Los Angeles, CA 90028 or [newplays@darkbluefilms.com](mailto:newplays@darkbluefilms.com).

**Restriction of Alterations.** There shall be no deletions, alterations, or changes of any kind made to the Play, including changing the gender, the

cutting of dialogue, or alteration of objectionable language, unless directly authorized by DBT. The title of the Play shall not be altered.

**Author Credit.** Any individual or group receiving permission to produce this Play is required to give credit to the author as the sole and exclusive author of the Play. This obligation applies to the title page of every program distributed in connection with performances of the play, and in any instance that the title of the Play appears for purposes of advertising, publicizing, or otherwise exploiting the Play and or/production thereof. The name of the author must appear on a separate line, in which no other name appears, immediately beneath the title and of a font size at least 50% as large as the largest letter used in the title of the Play. No person, firm, or entity may receive credit larger or more prominent than that accorded the author. The name of the author may not be abbreviated or otherwise altered from the form in which it appears in this Play.

**Publisher Attribution.** All programs, advertisements, and other printed material distributed or published in connection with the amateur, stock or professional production of the Play shall include the following notice:

**Produced by special arrangement with Dark Blue Theatricals.  
([www.darkbluefilms.com](http://www.darkbluefilms.com))**

**Prohibition of Unauthorized Copying.** Any unauthorized copying of this book or excerpts from this book is strictly forbidden by law. Except as otherwise permitted by applicable law, no part of this book may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form, by any means now known or yet to be invented, including, without limitation, photocopying or scanning, without prior permission from DBT.

**Statement of Non-affiliation.** This Play may include references to brand names and trademarks owned by third parties, and may include references to public figures. DBT is not necessarily affiliated with these public figures, or with the owners of such trademarks and brand names. Such references are included solely for parody, political comment, or other permitted purposes.

**ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS**

BITCHES was first presented by Some Mo' Productions in association with the Factory Theater, Chicago, Illinois, on September 3, 1993. The production was directed by Sean Abley and Amy Seeley, stage managed by Amy Seeley. Choreography by Kirk Pynchon. Suzy B's Uniforms designed by Carl Andruskevich. Makeup and wig design by Amy Seeley. "Pontificate with Paula" theme written by Dave Springer and Sheldon Wheaton. The cast was as follows:

|  |                   |
|--|-------------------|
| ANGELATINA VINDECHI.....   | Kirk Pynchon      |
| SINDEE SANDSTONE.....  | Sean Abley        |
| CARMELLE CONSTANTINE.....  | Joey Meyer        |
| PEPPER SALTIMBEAUX.....  | Michael Hayes     |
| LILA DENCH.....  | Carl Andruskevich |
| KATHY GRAHAM.....  | Jesse Dienstag    |
| RUBY.....  | Mike Beyer        |
| VERA VINDECHI.....   | Jim Blanchette    |
| CHARLENE SANDSTONE.....  | Mike Meredith     |
| PAULA DEMARCATO.....   | Scott Parkinson   |
| TERRI.....   | Bo Blackburn      |
| GRETCHEN / BENNI / COP #2 / REPORTER /<br>FOREPERSON / WOMEN ASSASSINS.... | George Brant      |
| JANET / COP #1 / JUDGE.....  | Brian Sheridan    |

SETTING:     Tubbsville, IL, USA  
TIME:         Now

NOTE: I prefer the cast of BITCHES to be all male. The somewhat stylized dialogue just feels right coming out of men's mouths. There's never been an all-female production of BITCHES, so I can't really provide any pros or cons to that approach. So if you want to give that a shot, have at it. But having a mixed cast, men and women, would be a no-no.

**DEDICATION**

*This final version of BITCHES is dedicated to the people who made this show such a joy to create, not only directing and performing, but writing as well. The cast, many of whom the show was written for, but all of whom worked their butts off, made this production the single most enjoyable theatrical experience I have ever had the pleasure of being involved in. To a man, this cast was the strongest, most cohesive, and most fun I have worked with to date. Not only did they bring the script alive, they added more to it than I could have imagined. As I write this, we are still performing the show, and it is still a blast!*

*The other person responsible for making BITCHES the success it was (and still is!) is my good friend and co-director, Amy Seeley. Even though my name is all over this show, making it look like I'm an egomaniacal control freak, Amy must be given at least half, if not more, of the credit. Not only did she co-direct (taking over the reins completely once I had to concentrate on rehearsing my performance), design the hair and make-up, and stage manage, she kept an unruly bunch of guys determined to prove their masculinity, despite their bras and pantyhose, in line. She is one of the few people I trust enough to completely hand over a script to. Amy, I love you very much... now give me back that half a brain you've got that we're sharing!*

*Sean Abley  
January 13, 1994*

I wrote the above dedication in 1994, and it brought back such great memories I wanted to keep it for this edition.

In the years since BITCHES ended its two-year run, we lost one of our original cast members, who also happened to be my best friend. So I'd like to dedicate this version of the script to Joey Meyer, the original "Carmelle." I still miss him very much.

Sean  
December 16, 2008

**CHARACTERS**

SINDEE SANDSTONE -- Evil teen, leader of the pack  
ANGELATINA VINDECHI -- Nice teen, new girl in town  
CARMELLE -- Friend of Sindee, easily manipulated  
PEPPER -- Friend of Sindee, a little meaner than Carmelle

CHARLENE SANDSTONE -- Sindee's mom, domineering  
VERA VINDECHI -- Angelatina's mom, ditto  
KATHY GRAHAM -- Charlene's friend, easily manipulated  
RUBY -- Hard-bitten waitress, Charlene's friend, crass

MS. DENCH -- Gym teacher and cheerleading coach

PAULA DEMARCATO -- Talk show hostess  
TERRI -- Her assistant... grudgingly

JANET -- Talk show guest  
GRETCHEN -- Same

BENNI -- Tough prison inmate

WOMAN -- Assassin, but can you blame her?  
WOMAN #2 -- Ditto

GUARD

NURSE

COP ONE

COP TWO

REPORTER ONE

JUDGE

FOREPERSON

CAMERAWOMAN

**BITCHES****Written by Sean Abley****ACT ONE**

*(SUSAN B. ANTHONY HIGH SCHOOL GYMNASIUM. On the stage as the audience files in is a sign on a chair –*

*Susan B. Anthony High School  
CHEERLEADER TRYOUTS!!!  
Final Cuts Today!*

*LIGHTS go to BLACK. We hear MUSIC. Something hip-hop with a great beat. The LIGHTS FADE UP. Cheerleading tryouts. SINDEE, PEPPER, CARMELLE, and ANGELATINA do a complicated, funky cheerleading routine. After they finish, MS. DENCH, the gym teacher and cheerleading coach, enters.)*

**DENCH.** Alright, ladies, that was very nice. Very nice indeedy. Susan B. Anthony High School would be proud to have any of you on the squad. Unfortunately, there are only three spots on the Suzy Bees, so one of you is going to have to go home disappointed. I know it's an emotional time, and I'll try to comfort you the best I know how.

**SINDEE.** I bet.

**DENCH.** Don't start with me, Sindee! Your lip is what's going to keep you off the Suzy Bees.

**SINDEE.** That's just 'cause you want to use my lips for something else.

**DENCH.** *(Furious:)* Take a lap!

**SINDEE.** Why don't you make me?

**DENCH.** Look, Sandstone! I don't care if your mother is the social chair of the Tubbsville Ladies Auxiliary. You better get your ass around that track before I kick it around!

*(It's a standoff. Finally SINDEE exits for a lap.)*

**DENCH.** It's just as well she's gone. I've got the results of the tryout right here. Read 'em and weep. *(She posts the list and exits.)*

**PEPPER.** Move it, Angelatina!

**CARMELLE.** Yeah, blow.

*(They push her out of the way. They scream in excitement as they realize they "made it." Then --)*

**PEPPER.** Holy shit.

**ANGELATINA.** What?

**CARMELLE.** Sindee's gonna shit a brick!

**ANGELATINA.** What? What? *(She pushes her way to the list.)* Oh my goodness! Oh my goodness! I made it! I'm a Suzy Bee!

*(SINDEE enters, panting.)*

**ANGELATINA.** Isn't it great!

**SINDEE.** Isn't what great?

**ANGELATINA.** I made it! I'm a Suzy Bee!

**SINDEE.** What?

**CARMELLE.** It's true.

**SINDEE.** You're kidding.

**ANGELATINA.** Isn't it exciting?

**SINDEE.** I'm thrilled. So, which one of you sorry sluts didn't make the squad?

**PEPPER.** Well...

**SINDEE.** Move it. (*Reads list:*) Alternate?

**CARMELLE.** Now, Sindee...

**SINDEE.** Alternate?!

**PEPPER.** Now, Sindee, it's not that bad -

**SINDEE.** That fucking BITCH MADE ME AN ALTERNATE!!  
THAT STUPID LESBO MARTINA NAVRATILOVA WANNA-BE  
MADE ME AN ALTERNATE!!!

**CARMELLE.** Now Sindee, maybe a spot will open up. Maybe somebody will get hurt. And there's always next year.

**SINDEE.** There is no next year, stupid! I'm a senior! This was my last chance. I'm supposed to be captain of this fucking squad!

**ANGELATINA.** You're a senior? Wow. I'm only a sophomore.

*(They all stare at her.)*

**ANGELATINA.** Gosh. Well, I'll see you gals at practice. Congratulations, Pepper. Congratulations, Carmelle. No hard feelings, huh Sindee?

*(She holds out her hand. The other girls don't move.)*

**ANGELATINA.** Well. Anyway. See you at practice! (*She exits.*)

**CARMELLE.** What are we gonna do?

**SINDEE.** Quit whining, Carmelle.

**PEPPER.** Yeah, quit whining.

**SINDEE.** Shut up.

**CARMELLE.** Well, I'm sorry, but it won't be the same. You have to be on the team. We planned it that way. There must be something we can do. Let's see. The only way an alternate -

**SINDEE.** Stop saying that word! Pepper, gimme a cig.

**PEPPER.** Here.

**CARMELLE.** The only way an... um... person can be on the squad is if one of the regular members can't make it. Like if they're sick or something.

**SINDEE.** So which one of you is gonna get sick?

**PEPPER.** Sindee!

**CARMELLE.** No way!

**SINDEE.** Alright, alright! Don't get your undies in a bunch. It's that Vindechi bitch we gotta get rid of.

**CARMELLE.** How?

**SINDEE.** Well, it can't be me. I gotta be as far away as possible when it happens, 'cause I'm the prime suspect.

**PEPPER.** We still don't know how.

**SINDEE.** Don't worry about that. I'll figure it out. Come on. I need something chocolate.

**PEPPER / CARMELLE.** Me too!

*(They start to exit. DENCH enters.)*

**DENCH.** Well, well. It looks like we got two thirds of our Suzy Bees here. And Sindee, too.

**SINDEE.** I'll get you for this, Dench! My mother --

**DENCH.** -- is the social chairman of the Kiss My Ass Society of Tubbsville. Turn that record over, Sandstone. I've heard that side already. As long as it's my gym and my cheerleading squad you play by my rules. Got it?

**SINDEE.** Shove it.

**DENCH.** Oh, I will. Down your throat. You know, you little rich bitches make me sick, and the only thing that makes me feel better is dumping you on your ass. And I feel real good right now. Now get out of my gym.

**SINDEE.** *(Under her breath:)* ...Dyke...

**DENCH.** What?

**SINDEE.** Bike. I'm gonna ride my bike home. Got a problem with that?

*(The three girls squeal with laughter and race out. SHIFT FOCUS TO:*

*SANDSTONE HOME. Meeting of the Ladies Auxiliary. MRS. SANDSTONE [with a martini], MRS. VINDECHI [lady drink with umbrella], MRS. GRAHAM [scotch on the rocks], and RUBY [beer] are in attendance.)*

**KATHY.** ...and they were swapping husbands! Can you believe it?

**RUBY.** Swapping them for what? I could use a new toaster.

*(They all laugh.)*

**VERA.** (*Covering her mouth.*) Oh, stop! I can't believe I'm laughing at that. It's so bad... hee hee hee...

**CHARLENE.** Oh, loosen up, Vera. Let your girdle out a notch.

*(They laugh. We sense they may be a little drunk.)*

**VERA.** I do not wear a girdle!

**KATHY.** Oh, come on. If you hit somethin' sharp, you'd fly outta that thing like Pillsbury cookie dough.

*(More laughter.)*

**VERA.** I think some of the ladies at the meeting today have had a little too much loosey juicy. And I think that's causing the language to get a little... rough.

**CHARLENE.** You mean bitchy? If you don't like it, why don't you leave? Remember, Mrs. Vera Vindechi, you shouldn't even be at a Tubbville Ladies Auxiliary meeting. You haven't lived here for over a year. So, unless you want to go back to drinking cooking sherry and watching "Wife Swap" marathons alone each afternoon, I suggest you catch up with the program.

**VERA.** (*Silence, then haughtily.*) I have to use the powder room. Excuse me.

**RUBY.** (*To KATHY*) Why? Did ya fart?

*(They giggle. VERA flounces out.)*

**CHARLENE.** That tight-ass really puts a cramp in my style.

**RUBY.** God put a cramp in your style.

*(RUBY and KATHY giggle.)*

**CHARLENE.** Ruby, don't you have to get back to the diner?

**RUBY.** My shift doesn't start for another half hour. You're not gonna get rid of me that easy.

**KATHY.** Separate corners, girls, separate corners. Let's at least talk some business before "Oprah" comes on.

*(VERA enters.)*

**CHARLENE.** We'd better wait until her highness gets back or she'll throw a snit.

**VERA.** Present and accounted for, sans snit.

**KATHY.** Okay, last year you weren't around, Vera, but we started a thing where we have a contest throughout the community and all the entrance fees go to a good cause. Oh, what was it the first year...?

**RUBY.** Starving kids or something.

**CHARLENE.** I think it was crack.

**VERA.** There's crack in Tubbsville?

**RUBY.** Only in the back of my plumber's pants.

*(They titter.)*

**VERA.** *(From behind her hand:)* Hee... hee... hee... Stop it!

**KATHY.** That's it. It was crack babies. Just horrible. So we had all the money go to...oh, what was it called? "Operation Safe Distance," that was it. So the mothers, the horrible, drug-addicted, homeless mothers who did this to their babies in the first place would never see their children again.

**VERA.** Hooray!

**RUBY.** Last year we had an origami contest. Sin Lu from Bamboo Heaven, over in the mall? She was the judge.

**VERA.** Oh, Sin Lu! I met her last week. She is so sweet. Is she a member of the Auxiliary?

**CHARLENE.** Of course not!

*(Awkward silence while the others stare at VERA.)*

**KATHY.** Anyway, we need to come up with something new for this year's contest.

**RUBY.** How about a hot dog eating contest? The diner could supply the wieners.

**KATHY.** Mmmm, no. But my husband would sure like to watch me practice.

*(They giggle.)*

**VERA.** *(From behind her hand:)* Hee hee hee... Stop it!

**KATHY.** How about a dance-a-thon?

**CHARLENE.** And ruin my hair? I don't think so. Besides, I'm a Baptist.

**VERA.** How about a beautiful garden contest?

**CHARLENE.** *(Almost cutting her off:)* I know! How about a beautiful garden contest?

**KATHY / RUBY.** Perfect! Lovely! etc.

**CHARLENE.** We'll call it "How Green Is My Valley" and everyone will have two months to get her garden together.

**ALL.** Hooray! etc.

**KATHY.** I'll get the flyers printed and all that, and we'll meet next week to get started.

**VERA.** I'm so excited!

**KATHY.** So, unless there's some other business, we'll adjourn the meeting.

**RUBY.** I'll second that.

**KATHY.** Meeting adjourned. Ruby, do you want a lift to the diner?

**RUBY.** Sure, hon. Thanks.

**KATHY.** Bye, Charlene! Thanks for the use of your rec room.

*(The three women exit. SINDEE storms in, bumping into VERA.)*

**VERA.** Oh, excuse me Sindee! Say, have you seen Angela?

**SINDEE.** Yeah. *(A beat, then she storms out.)*

**VERA.** *(Awkward silence)* Oh... well, thanks. Bye Charlene. *(She exits.)*

**CHARLENE.** Bye! *(Under her breath:)* Don't let the door hit your ass...

*(SINDEE re-enters with a bag of potato chips, eating them furiously.)*

**CHARLENE.** Sindee, what are you doing? Sindee, stop! Stop it! Sindee! Snap, little miss! *(She grabs the bag away.)* Now darling, what's the matter?

**SINDEE.** Nothing! Leave me alone!

**CHARLENE.** Sindee Sandstone, you only binge when something is wrong, so you better fess up now, Miss Ma'am.

**SINDEE.** I didn't make the cheerleading squad.

*(CHARLENE slaps her.)*

**CHARLENE.** Don't you ever talk like that while I'm alive! What do you mean, you didn't make the cheerleading squad?

**SINDEE.** Angelatina took my spot, and she's only a sophomore! I hate that little bitch!

**CHARLENE.** Well, obviously you weren't trying hard enough. You're grounded.

**SINDEE.** What?!

**CHARLENE.** You and I and everyone else knows you should be on that squad. How are you going to be Queen of the Spring Formal if you're not captain of the cheerleading squad? I was Queen of the Spring Formal, as was your grandmother, and I will not have you breaking the royal lineage. So until you figure out how to regain the position that is rightfully yours, you're grounded. No losers in my family. *(Hands her back the bag of chips.)* And when you're done with these, go make yourself throw up, because it's almost time for dinner.

*(SINDEE stomps out. SHIFT FOCUS TO -*

*TV STUDIO. The "Paula DeMarcato Show" is taping. The THEME MUSIC plays. PAULA is a brash talk show host, 30s. She is berating a VOICE on a speaker.)*

**PAULA.** Okay, we're back, so let's take another caller. Hello, pontificate with Paula.

**VOICE.** *(On phone:)* Hello? Hello? Uh, hello -

**PAULA.** Oh, let's not play that "Hello, hello, am I on?" game, shall we? Speak up!

**VOICE.** (*On phone:*) Well, I can identify with the topic because I'm being abused by my husband.

**PAULA.** So?

**VOICE.** (*On phone:*) Uh... well... don't you want to talk about it? I thought that's why you took calls.

**PAULA.** Oh, well, alright. When did he hit you last?

**VOICE.** (*On phone:*) Last night. He came home late and I'd already made dinner with the kids. He was mad we hadn't waited.

**PAULA.** And?

**VOICE.** (*On phone:*) What?

**PAULA.** And? Get on with it.

**VOICE.** (*On phone:*) Well...

**PAULA.** You didn't wait, and I'm supposed to crucify this guy on national television because his temper flared up a little?

**VOICE.** (*On phone, incredulous:*) What?

**PAULA.** Look, honey. You know what the problem is, so solve it, for cripes sake. You just spelled it out for me right here. Stop wasting your husband's and my time and get on the ball.

**VOICE.** (*On phone:*) You're insane!

**PAULA.** Yeah, and you know what? I've got my own TV show. (*She hangs up the phone.*) Let's take a question from the audience. You, over there.

(A WOMAN stands up in the audience.)

**WOMAN.** I've got a question.

**PAULA.** Yes?

**WOMAN.** Which do you prefer, Smith or Wesson?

*(She draws a gun and points it at PAULA. Commotion. TERRI, Paula's assistant, rushes on with a female security GUARD.)*

**PAULA.** Terri, do something!

**WOMAN.** Don't take one more step, or I'll blow her guts out!

*(TERRI and the GUARD look at each other, then the GUARD, very purposefully, takes a deliberate step forward. The WOMAN shoots and hits PAULA in the arm.)*

**PAULA.** I'm shot!

**GUARD.** Damn! *(As in, "she missed!")*

**PAULA.** Grab her, you idiots!

*(TERRI and the GUARD wrestle the WOMAN to the ground. In the struggle, the gun falls to the floor. PAULA snatches it up.)*

**PAULA.** Move away from her. Who are you?

**WOMAN.** I represent -

*(PAULA shoots her dead.)*

**PAULA.** That's it for today. Join me tomorrow on "Pontificate With Paula." *(Cameras off.)* Your ass is grass, Police Woman! I saw you take that step. Now get this body out of here before I decide to use this again.

And Terri, my lovely assistant. Where the fuck were you? Gail would have taken that bullet for Oprah.

**TERRI.** She gets paid a little bit more than minimum wage.

**PAULA.** Your father owns this pathetic production company, so don't pull that with me you little bitch! We both know this "assistant" bullshit is because he made me take you on so you'd know the ropes for when he croaks and leaves it all to you.

**TERRI.** I'd guess that would mean you should be a little nicer to me then, huh?

**PAULA.** Don't count on it. By the time that geezer kicks I'll have my own production company, and then TransWorld can kiss my crack. You first.

**TERRI.** Can't wait. Meantime, you have promos to tape at 4:30. You should stop by Wardrobe and see if they can get that blood out.

**PAULA.** Are you kidding? When I tape those promos, I'm gonna look like Jackie at Johnson's swearing in. Move your tail. We've got work to do.

*(They exit. SHIFT FOCUS TO -*

*CHEERLEADER PRACTICE. CARMELLE and PEPPER have big bees on their jerseys. SINDEE has a big "A" for "alternate.")*

**CARMELLE.** Don't worry, Sindee. We'll make sure you get a real bee.

**SINDEE.** You fucking better. You got the stuff?

**CARMELLE.** Right here. "Syrup of Ipecac." What's this do?

**PEPPER.** It makes you puke.

**CARMELLE.** What are you gonna do with it?

**SINDEE.** You are gonna put it in that uptight bitch's Gatorade. After the next routine, she'll be thirsty and drink it down and then I'll get to be on the squad for tonight's game.

**CARMELLE.** I'm not sure -

**PEPPER.** C'mon, Car. Do it for Sindee. She can't because she's the most likely suspect. She can't be anywhere near that cup just in case.

**CARMELLE.** What if I get caught?

**PEPPER.** You just say it was a mistake, you thought it was... I don't know, vanilla or something.

**SINDEE.** C'mon! She'll be back soon.

*(CARMELLE hesitates, then pours ipecac into one of the cups.  
ANGELATINA enters.)*

**ANGELATINA.** Hey, girls! Mom said I could have a slumber party Friday night. Won't you come?

**CARMELLE.** Um, no.

**PEPPER.** I've gotta perm my hair...

**SINDEE.** We'd love to come (*winks at girls*), wouldn't we, girls?

*(DENCH enters.)*

**ANGELATINA.** You would?! Hooray!

**DENCH.** Alright, girls, let's get back up. It's time to go through the last routine, then hit the showers.

**SINDEE.** Will you be showering with us today, Ms. Dench?

**DENCH.** Watch your mouth... alternate.

*(A staredown. SINDEE backs off.)*

**DENCH.** Okay. Fern, hit the music.

*(Another funky cheerleading routine. As they dance, MS. DENCH shouts encouragement from the audience. When they finish -)*

**SINDEE.** I have to... be somewhere else. I'll be right back.

*(She exits. ANGELATINA grabs what is obviously the wrong glass - i.e., no ipecac--)*

**ANGELATINA.** I'm parched.

*(She gulps it down. SINDEE enters.)*

**PEPPER.** Uh, wait! Don't you want some more?

**SINDEE.** How's that juice?

*(SINDEE grabs the ipecac cup.)*

**CARMELLE.** Wait -

*(PEPPER elbows her. SINDEE drinks the juice. Her eyes bulge. She gags.)*

**SINDEE.** You are dead. *(She runs off. We hear vomiting.)*

**ANGELATINA.** What was that all about?

*(The other two giggle despite themselves.)*

**PEPPER.** Nothing. Let's hit the showers.

*(The three exit. SHIFT FOCUS TO -*

*OUTSIDE THE DINER. VERA walking her dog. CHARLENE approaches.)*

**VERA.** Hello, Charlene!

**CHARLENE.** What's that?

**VERA.** This? It's Poopsie!

**CHARLENE.** What?

**VERA.** A dog, you silly noodle. His name is Poopsie.

**CHARLENE.** Poopsie?

**VERA.** Yeah. We named him that because he, you know, a lot. I have to take him out three times a day.

**CHARLENE.** I certainly hope he never gets off his leash.

**VERA.** Oh, certainly not. We had a bad experience with one of our little boys who got off his leash.

**CHARLENE.** (*Hopefully:*) Oh? (*Realization:*) Oh. You mean a dog.

**VERA.** Yes. You see, we got Angelatina a puppy for her tenth birthday. It was a cocker spaniel. Not too big, not too small. Beautiful golden color. It was the runt of the litter, and the breeder said he would need lots of love to get over being taken from its mother. And if there's one thing Angelatina is full of, it's love. So we went to the breeder on the morning before her b-day party, picked up Scooter -- that was his name, Scooter -- and put him in a big box with lots of holes in it and a big pink bow and drove right home for the party. All of Angelatina's friends were there, streamers everywhere, cake, the whole number. We set the box down in front of "A" -- sometimes we call her "A" for short -- and she had this look in her eyes, like "Could it be?" Like she had some sixth sense, as if she were psychically connected somehow to Scooter. Oh, it was magical. And she opened the box, and out jumped Scooter and he

ran across the yard and into the street and got hit by a car and died. Angelatina's father was so panicked he ran out into the street and slipped in the blood and fell and hit his head on the pavement, and then, all woozy, staggered back into this screaming group of children covered in dog intestines. Well, I won't go into the whole mess except to say that the cake was ruined and very soon after, Mr. Vindechi left us. So no, he never ever gets off his leash.

**CHARLENE.** What? Sorry. I've got this song in my head and I just can't concentrate. Gotta go. Picking up lunch.

**VERA.** Oh, bye.

*(VERA exits with dog. CHARLENE enters -*

*DINER. RUBY is working.)*

**RUBY.** Hey there, honey! The usual?

**CHARLENE.** Yeah, and pack it to go. I gotta get back and water the garden before "Pontificate With Paula."

**RUBY.** Water? Don't tell me you're takin' this "How Green" contest seriously?

**CHARLENE.** Of course I am!

**RUBY.** But you know you'll win. Nobody else gives half a crap about this thing but you. They'll all pay the entrance fee just 'cause it's a good cause.

**CHARLENE.** News flash, Ruby. That Vindechi woman will take this seriously. You know how much she wants to fit in. She'll be out there at midnight trimmin' her bush with a tweezers if she thinks it'll help her win.

**RUBY.** *(Snickers.)* Which bush?

**CHARLENE.** What? Oh, Ruby. That mouth.

**RUBY.** Well, it might be nice for her to win. Maybe it would give the Auxiliary a kick in the underpants.

**CHARLENE.** And what do you mean by that?

**RUBY.** I mean that it might be nice to have some new blood in the governing body of the Auxiliary. Look, Char, we're friends and all, but I gotta tell ya -- sangria and the stories every Tuesday is fine for a while, but we need something new. Some sorta challenge or something. Kathy and I talked about it last night --

**CHARLENE.** Oh, so you and Kathy talked.

**RUBY.** Well, yeah. We do have conversations without you in the room every once in a while. And we decided there might be a need for a change.

**CHARLENE.** (*Confrontational*) Uh huh.

**RUBY.** And, well, that's about it.

**CHARLENE.** Oh, it is, is it? Well, I have a little "it" to add. How about we up the stakes on this little contest that nobody seems to be taking seriously.

**RUBY.** What do you mean?

**CHARLENE.** I mean, how about whoever wins this little botanical competition becomes the new president and chair of the Tubbsville Ladies Auxiliary?

**RUBY.** Oh, well --

**CHARLENE.** Oh, well what?

**RUBY.** Well, I mean it doesn't have to --

**CHARLENE.** Put your garden where your mouth is, "honey." 'Cause as social chair for the Tubbsville Ladies Auxiliary I hereby declare that the winner of the "How Green Was My Valley" contest will take over as president and acting chair, effective immediately after the contest concludes. So if you want a change, you can make it happen. Capiche?

**RUBY.** Cap -- ... Yes.

**CHARLENE.** Good. Now hand over my lunch.

*(RUBY exits, returns and hands over an impossibly small package wrapped in foil. KATHY enters.)*

**CHARLENE.** Adios. *(She passes KATHY as she exits.)* How's that garden comin' along, darling?

**KATHY.** Garden? Oh, that. Okay, I guess.

**CHARLENE.** Glad to hear it. *(She exits.)*

**KATHY.** What's up her rumpus? Besides the usual?

**RUBY.** Come on in the back. I'll tell you over lunch.

*(They exit. SHIFT FOCUS TO --*

*ANGELATINA'S BEDROOM. Slumber party. ANGELATINA, SINDEE, CARMELLE, PEPPER and VERA enter.)*

**VERA.** This is so exciting! A slumber party! A rite of passage for every young American girl.

**ANGELATINA.** American? Don't you suppose they have sleepovers in the Soviet Union?

**VERA.** With the recent fall of communism I would suppose yes, the former Union of Soviet Socialist Republics would be very receptive to the idea of a pajama party.

**ANGELATINA.** Thank goodness! No girl, no matter what her social or political background, should be denied the excitement of staying up all night with some of her closest friends.

**PEPPER.** You have a wicked nice house, Mrs. Vindechi.

**VERA.** Well, thank you.

**CARMELLE.** Did you really sew all of the comforters and pillowcases for all of the bedroom sets?

**VERA.** That I did.

**SINDEE.** Well, they're just beautiful!

**VERA.** Thank you, Sindee. That was very nice of you to say.

**SINDEE.** Yes, it was, wasn't it?

**VERA.** So, what do you girls have planned for this evening?

**ANGELATINA.** Well, we're going to have some snacks, and then play some records and dance, and then have a séance --

**VERA.** Ooooh...

**ANGELATINA.** -- and then we're going to share some of our most private secrets from our diaries.

**VERA.** Sounds like you girls have everything all planned out.

**SINDEE.** That we do.

**VERA.** You know, we used to do some pretty crazy stuff when we were kids.

**SINDEE.** (*Under her breath:*) Like inventing the wheel...

**VERA.** Excuse me?

**SINDEE.** Like what?

**VERA.** Well, the far out thing we used to do -- do kids still say that? "Far out"? -- was, well, freeze each other's brassieres.

**ANGELATINA.** (*Giggling:*) Mother, stop it!

**VERA.** I won't! That's exactly what we did. Take the bra, dip it in water, and put it in the freezer overnight!

**ANGELATINA.** Oh, mother! You never told me that!

**VERA.** And I'm sure you can imagine my mother trying to control a group of frozen bra-ed teenagers at seven a.m. Saturday morning.

**ANGELATINA.** Grandma! Oh, my goodness! Girls, isn't that crazy?

**SINDEE / PEPPER / CARMELLE.** (*Too enthusiastically:*) Hee hee hee, crazy... etc.

**VERA.** Time for bed. Well, for me anyway. I'll see you girls in the morning. 'Night.

**ALL GIRLS.** 'Night.

**ANGELATINA.** (*With a wink*) Mother, could you clear out the freezer?

**VERA.** What...? Oh, of course... (*Wink.*)

*(They start a laugh. Vera claps twice, the lights dim, and she exits.)*

**ANGELATINA.** What shall we do first? The séance? Now that my mother mentioned her, I would like to contact my grandmother. I've missed her so much since she passed away. She was my favorite. She

was fat, just like grandmas are supposed to be. She used to bake every Wednesday, and every week we would have special time when she would braid my hair and tell me stories about the Depression. You know, they didn't have much money then. That's why they called it a depression.

*(A beat of silence as ANGELATINA reflects.)*

**SINDEE.** Where the hell are the snacks?

**ANGELATINA.** Oh! Where's my head? I'll go get the snacks, and you stay right here. You stay right here, and I'll be in there. But I'll be right back. *(She exits.)*

**CARMELLE.** Now what?

**SINDEE.** We get this diary thing going. Then later, while dumbass is freezing our bras, we swipe her diary. I paid one of the forensics geeks to read select passages Monday morning during the school announcements.

**PEPPER.** That's awful. *(They laugh.)* Here she comes.

*(ANGELATINA enters.)*

**ANGELATINA.** Okay, Diet Coke and Snackwells.

**PEPPER.** Great. Hey, let's get right to the diaries!

**SINDEE.** Subtle.

**CARMELLE.** Yeah, let's. Who wants to go first?

**ANGELATINA.** How about Pepper since she suggested it.

**PEPPER.** Oh, okay. Let's see... I know. You give me a page number and I'll read it. Between one and one hundred seventy-three.

**ANGELATINA.** One hundred and two.

**PEPPER.** Okay... (*Reads:*) "...and the store security must have seen me, Dear Diary, because before I knew it, I was hauled into the back of the store and asked to empty my bag. I was so embarrassed. When I pulled out the lipsticks, the store security called the police. I knew I had to act fast, so I pretended to start crying. By the time the cops got there I was in 'hysterics,' so hey just gave me a lecture and let me go. I went straight over to --"

**CARMELLE / SINDEE.** Keep going!

**PEPPER.** Uh, uh. She said page one hundred and two, and that's all that's on that page. You'll have to wait for next turn.

**ANGELATINA.** You got caught shoplifting?

**PEPPER.** Yeah.

**ANGELATINA.** You shoplifted?

**CARMELLE.** It's no big whoop. Everybody does it.

**SINDEE.** Don't you shoplift, Angelatina?

**ANGELATINA.** (*Obviously lying:*) Uh...sure...sometimes.

**PEPPER.** Okay, Carmelle. You're next.

**CARMELLE.** Okay, between one and seven hundred twenty-six. (*She pulls out a huge diary.*)

**PEPPER.** Three hundred and six.

**CARMELLE.** Okay. This is from last Tuesday. (*Reads:*) "Today's affirmation - Not everyone is looking at your thighs. They are looking at your brain by way of your knees. Now on to the good stuff, Diary. I am in love. L-U-V, love. With Zach. 'Z' is for the zero times he is mean to



**ANGELATINA.** Okay. Pick between one and two hundred forty-seven.

**CARMELLE.** Fifty-eight. (*She laughs again. They shush her.*)

**ANGELATINA.** (*Reads:*) "We haven't seen him for months, and I have to draw the conclusion that he is not coming back. Mother cries almost every night, and I try to comfort her, but inside I'm crying too. Can anyone see this sunny façade for what it is? A mask? Inside I'm dying, but on the outside I must keep a smiling persona because that's what the world wants. No one wants to be confronted with the reality of emotions, at least the bad ones, like anger, or sorrow, or pity, or jealousy, or grumpy, or persnickety or anything like that. I'm sorry, Elizabeth -- " That's what I call my diary, it makes it more personal that way. (*Reads:*) "I'm sorry, Elizabeth. I've gotten off the track. I just know that if I keep a happy face that soon mother will be all better, and then I can cry alone and come back to the world a better person for it."

**SINDEE.** (*A beat:*) Okay, time for that séance!

**ANGELATINA.** Let's do it in the rec room. I feel more psychic energy there.

**PEPPER.** Okay. Why don't you bring the snacks and we'll get the rest of the stuff.

**ANGELATINA.** Okay. Meet you there. (*She exits.*)

**SINDEE.** Okay, you grab her diary. I've already paid Betty, so just drop it off Monday morning and split.

**PEPPER.** Okay.

**CARMELLE / SINDEE.** Here we come, Angelatina!

*(SINDEE and CARMELLE pick up some stuff and exit. PEPPER pick's up ANGELATINA's diary, and then spies SINDEE's. She holds both of them up, shrugs, and exits. SHIFT FOCUS TO -*

---

*VINDECHI HOME / GARDEN. VERA is tending her garden and singing something to herself. ANGELATINA enters and does a little cheer.)*

**ANGELATINA.** Hooray, they like me!

**VERA.** Well, what's that all about?

**ANGELATINA.** The slumber party was a success! They like me! They really like me!

**VERA.** Yay team!

**ANGELATINA.** I've finally been accepted by my peers!

**VERA.** You see? What goes around comes around. You know that.

**ANGELATINA.** Like a Ferris wheel?

**VERA.** Or a merry-go-round?

**ANGELATINA.** Or a blender?

**VERA.** Or a rotisserie microwave.

*(They both laugh.)*

**VERA.** That's fun! Now see? It's not that bad.

**ANGELATINA.** I guess not.

**VERA.** Why don't you go in and make us some raspberry iced tea, and then come out and help me with the garden. I think we got a winner here.

**ANGELATINA.** Okay. Thanks, Mom.

*(She exits. VERA tends her garden. KATHY enters and begins tending her garden.)*

**VERA.** Howdy-do! Kathy!

**KATHY.** Vera!

**VERA.** How's the green valley coming?

**KATHY.** Oh... fine. Did you hear about the new rules?

**VERA.** That I did. And I'm gonna give you gals a run for your money.

*(RUBY enters in her garden.)*

**VERA.** Hidey-ho! Ruby!

**RUBY.** Hey, Vera. How's it hangin'?

**VERA.** How's...? Oh, you!

*(CHARLENE enters and tends her garden.)*

**VERA.** Ello-hay, Arlene-shay!

**CHARLENE.** What?

**VERA.** Ig-pay Atin-lay. Pig Latin, silly! It's fun! You just take the first consonant from each word and put it at the end following by the sound "ay."

*(SINDEE and ANGELATINA have both entered from different parts of the stage.)*

**ANGELATINA.** Mom loves cunning linguistics, like Pig Latin, ooh, and the Name Game!

**VERA.** The Name Game! Hey! Let's do "Vera"!

**VERA / ANGELATINA.** "Vera, Vera, bo bera! Banana fana fo fera!  
Mi my mo mera! Vera!"

**SINDEE.** Mother, make them stop! They're scaring me!

**ANGELATINA.** Let's do "Chuck!"

**VERA / ANGELATINA.** "Chuck, Chuck, bo buck! Banana fana fo -"

**VERA.** Whoops! That's enough of that!

**CHARLENE.** I'll say.

**ANGELATINA.** Would anyone like some iced tea? It's raspberry.

**KATHY.** Sure.

**RUBY.** I'll take some.

**ANGELATINA.** Hello, Sindee, Mrs. Sandstone. Tea?

*(VERA's dog comes out barking.)*

**CHARLENE.** Holy shit! It's attacking!

*(She shoves SINDEE in front of the dog and runs away.)*

**VERA.** No, no! He's not attacking! He's just frisky! Poopsie, now stop barking!

**KATHY.** Puppy!

**RUBY.** Hey, ya mangy little mutt!

**KATHY.** Come over here, you two. Pet the dog.

**SINDEE.** I hate dogs.

**CHARLENE.** (*Petting Sindee.*) Good girl.

**ANGELATINA.** Mother, let's invite everyone in for coffee and snacks.

**VERA.** My little banana bread! A hostess in the making! Would anyone like to come in for coffee and cake? I have chocolate swirl bundt.

*(RUBY and KATHY look uneasily at CHARLENE.)*

**RUBY.** Well, why not.

**KATHY.** Oh, okay.

**VERA.** You will? Oh, my goodness, we're havin' a little hen party!

**CHARLENE.** Cluck, cluck.

**VERA.** Charlene? Sindee?

**CHARLENE.** Humph. No. We have a garden to attend to.

**VERA.** Oh. Well. Maybe next time, then.

**CHARLENE.** Maybe.

**VERA.** Come on, girls! Hup, two, three, four!

*(They exit.)*

**ANGELATINA.** Bye Sindee!

**SINDEE.** (*Mocking:*) Bye!

**ANGELATINA.** Thanks for the slumber party.

**SINDEE.** (*Mocking:*) My pleasure!

**ANGELATINA.** See you at school! (*She exits.*)

**SINDEE.** (*Mocking:*) Monday morning, bright and early! (*Seething:*) Ooh! I'd like to kick her where it counts!

**CHARLENE.** You should have thought of that before that little snip took your place on the cheerleading squad. Kick her where it counts. I'll show you "kick her where it counts." Pay close attention, young lady. (*She goes over to the dog, which growls at her.*) Shut up, you little toilet seat cover in the making. (*She unties his leash. The dog just stands there, barking.*) Move it, fleabag! Come on... !

*(She kicks the dog into the street. We hear the sound of a car hitting the dog.)*

**KATHY.** (*Off*) What was that?

**RUBY.** (*Off*) Sounded like a car crash...

**VERA.** (*Off*) Oh, my goodness! POOPSIE!

**CHARLENE.** Kick them where it counts.

*(SHIFT FOCUS TO -*

*"PONTIFICATE WITH PAULA." TERRI enters and, using the theater audience as the studio audience, explains the format of the show. This should be very loose, as each audience will be different.)*

**TERRI.** Hello, everyone. Welcome to "Pontificate With Paula." I'm Terri, the floor manager. How is everyone today? (*If no answer, she should work them until they do.*) Now, your host, Paulo DeMarco, hates spontaneous outbursts or questions, so we've devised a little system of call and response. First off, we have the "Applause" sign. When I hold it up, you applaud. Very simple. Let's try it, shall we? (*They try it.*) Good, good. Second, we have some very simple response cards. All you have to do is, when I hold up the card, you read what it says. Okay?

(Holds up a card that says "Okay." The audience responds.) Great! Oh, looks like it's time to go. Music is cued.

(As the music starts, VERA, PAULA, JANET, and GRETCHEN file in and take their positions.)

**TERRI.** We'll go in 5, 4, 3, ...

(Two, one, and on the air.)

**PAULA.** Welcome. Welcome in from the storm outside. I'm Paula, and this is our time. Today we have some guests. Friends, really. All of whom...who? Whom? Who. All of who have suffered a loss. An irreplaceable loss. The loss...(Checks her notes:)...of a pet. (To Terri:) Are you F-ing kidding me? (Realizes:) The loss of a pet. Let's meet them, shall we?

**CROWD.** Yes.

**PAULA.** Everyone, meet Janet.

**CROWD.** Hello, Janet.

**PAULA.** Janet Michaels, you're from --

**JANET.** But... but... wait... You said you weren't going to use my last name!

**PAULA.** (Suddenly exasperated and angry:) Well, what the fuck! Come on! You're holding up my show!

**JANET.** But you said --

**PAULA.** Alright, alright, alright, alright, ALRIGHT! Fucking A! It was only a cat, for shit's sake!

**JANET.** But she was all I had --

**PAULA.** Terri! I need a name!

**TERRI.** (*Rushes on.*) Jane. (*Rushes off.*)

**PAULA.** (*Back to her original tone, but the magic is gone:*) Alright, Jane, why don't you tell us your story?

**JANET.** Well -- (*she breaks down*)

**PAULA.** (*Over it:*) Here. (*She throws a box of tissues roughly at JANET.*) Moving on. Gretchen. I assume you have no problem with your real name?

**GRETCHEN.** No, ma'am.

**PAULA.** Uh huh. So. Gretchen. Tell us.

**GRETCHEN.** Well, actually, there's been a wee mistake.

**PAULA.** A what?

**GRETCHEN.** A mistake. You see, I just thought Chuckie was dead.

**PAULA.** What?

**GRETCHEN.** Yes, see, he just woke up and he was fine. See? (*GRETCHEN pulls out a bloody dog carcass she uses as a puppet.*) Woof! Bow-wow! Ruff ruff! Grrr! Woof Woof! Aoooh!

**PAULA.** (*Slow burn:*) Gretchen, you have your hand up that dog's ass.

**GRETCHEN.** No, I don't.

**PAULA.** Yes... you... do.

**GRETCHEN.** No, I don't.

**PAULA.** Gretchen --

**GRETCHEN.** Careful. He bites. Grrr --

*(PAULA snatches the dog off GRETCHEN's hand and grinds her heel into it. GRETCHEN makes dog-getting-hurt noises.)*

**PAULA.** Terri! Get out here and get rid of this thing!

*(TERRI rushes out and takes the dog off. GRETCHEN makes dog noises that seem to fade as the dog goes further away.)*

**PAULA.** *(Seething:)* Vera.

**VERA.** Paula.

**PAULA.** Have you something to share with us?

**VERA.** *(Carefully:)* My dog was killed.

**PAULA.** And?

**VERA.** It was very sad.

**PAULA.** I'm thinking we can do better than that, Vera.

**VERA.** *(Sighs)* This is my second little boy who has met his death prematurely. Under the wheels of a car. The first time it happened I thought I'd never get over it. You see, it wasn't just losing a pet; it was losing a member of the family. I know that sounds ludicrous. It did to me before I had my first. But they are family. They have personalities, and you get used to them being there for you. You get used to them listening when no one else will, or you don't want anyone else to. They know when you're happy... or sad. *(Begins to cry.)* And they can hold a family together with their little wagging tail. I found that out the hard way. After a horrible incident where we lost our first, Mr. Vindechi left the family. He just stopped loving me or something. I'll never know, because he just disappeared leaving me to raise our daughter alone. And now... now I'm afraid it will happen again. I've lost my little one, and

now I'm afraid I'll lose my daughter... and I couldn't live through that again. I'm sorry... (*Breaks down sobbing.*)

**PAULA.** (*A beat, she hasn't moved, then:*) **YES!** THAT'S what I meant when I asked you if you had something to share, you pathetic nimrods! That's a story! Not that Muppet freak show! (*Mocking:*) "Please don't use my name or I'll have to kill myself over my fucking cat!!" Get some guts and do it, baby! Do us all a favor!

(*JANET rushes off.*)

**PAULA.** What are you looking at?

**GRETCHEN.** Woof! Grrr --

**PAULA.** Get her out of here!

(*TERRI drags GRETCHEN off, growling all the way.*)

**PAULA.** (*Off-handed:*) That's the end of the program goodbye.

(*Theme music. Off the air.*)

**PAULA.** That was great! Who wrote that?

**VERA.** What?

**PAULA.** You really pulled this show out of the crapper today.

**VERA.** Thank you... I think.

**PAULA.** I... whoa, this is strange.

**VERA.** What?

**PAULA.** For some reason, I'm feeling like I should do something nice for you now. Wow. That's weird.

**VERA.** Nice? Like what?

**PAULA.** I don't know. You tell me.

**VERA.** Well, I... wait a minute. I do have an idea.

*(They exit. SHIFT FOCUS TO --*

*CLASSROOM. SINDEE, PEPPER, and CARMELLE enter and take their seats.)*

**PEPPER.** That was fab how your Mom killed that hosebag's dog and everything.

**CARMELLE.** I don't know. I feel kinda sorry for the dog.

**SINDEE.** Shut up, you idiots! You wanna get my Mom thrown in jail? That stupid mutt ran out into the street and that's it.

**PEPPER.** Sorry.

**SINDEE.** Gimme a smoke.

**PEPPER.** I don't have any.

**SINDEE.** What?

**PEPPER.** Well, I quit.

**SINDEE.** What? What the fuck is wrong with you two?

**PEPPER.** I was having shortness of breath --

**SINDEE.** Carmelle, fork over! *(She snatches a smoke from Carmelle. Mocking:)* "I feel sorry for the dog. I quit smoking." You two better get your fucking act together, or it's over.

**CARMELLE.** What do you mean?

**SINDEE.** I mean you two stupid skanks will be out of the most popular clique in the school.

**CARMELLE.** You wouldn't!

**SINDEE.** Try me.

**PEPPER.** (*Uneasy silence.*) Carmelle, gimme a smoke.

**SINDEE.** That's better. Carmelle?

**CARMELLE.** I... um... hate that dog...

**SINDEE.** I'm not sure I believe you, Carmelle. I think you're faking it.

**CARMELLE.** I'm not! Serious! Really, I hate that cute little dog!

**SINDEE.** Uh, huh...

**PEPPER.** I think she's lying.

**CARMELLE.** Pepper!

**SINDEE.** You know, I heard Carmelle was secretly going out with Brett Cooper.

**CARMELLE.** (*Horried:*) Sindee, stop it!

**PEPPER.** Yeah, I heard she let him feel her up.

**CARMELLE.** (*Near tears:*) Stop it! Somebody will hear!

**SINDEE.** I heard it was Brett Cooper and Jack.

**CARMELLE.** Jack who?

**SINDEE / PEPPER.** The custodian!

**CARMELLE.** STOP IT! I do hate her! I'll prove it!

**BETTY.** (*Off, via intercom:*) May I have your attention please for the morning announcements?

**PEPPER.** Where's Angelatina?

**SINDEE.** It doesn't matter. She'll find out about it.

**BETTY.** (*Off, via intercom:*) There will be a Science Club meeting after school today in Room 219. Will both members of the club please be prompt as you have a lot of material to cover. All students who have not received their student activities cards must report to the office sometime today. The pep band will be playing pop standards for your enjoyment during pre-game ceremonies at tonight's game, so please come early. Mr. Berg says an empty gym causes an echo effect that throws off the band's timing, as evidenced by their pre-match show at the girls' volleyball game last week. And now for something special. (*Reads:*) "Hurt my ankle in aerobics today, so I won't be able to go on that date with Eddie Bryant. He said he'd pay, so why not?"

**PEPPER.** (*Terrified:*) Oops.

**BETTY.** (*Off, via intercom, reads:*) "It's too bad, too, because the last date we went on ended up in his garage. I've done it in the back seat of a car, but not on the hood. Eddie may be a geek on the outside, but on the inside, he's all man, if you know what I'm saying. One of my knees actually hit my face and gave me a black eye. After an experience like that I can truly say I am a woman. I am a slave to his manhood. A willing slave. Pull me by my hair, caveman, and treat me like the loathsome animal I was meant to be. Knock me over the head and then rock my world. And with that I leave you, Diary, to ice my wounded ankle." That was a passage from the diary of (*Sound of turning pages.*) Sindee Sandstone. (*Realizing what she has done:*) Uh... this will be the last time you hear my voice, as I expect to be murdered within twenty-four hours. Goodbye!

**SINDEE.** You are fucking dead --

*(DENCH enters.)*

**DENCH.** Alright! Quiet down and take your seats.

**SINDEE.** What are you doing here? This is Our Ever-Changing Bodies, not gym.

**DENCH.** I'm subbing. Ms. Julian is out with her lady friend who makes a visit once a month to her basement apartment to replenish her secret garden.

**SINDEE.** What?

**DENCH.** She's having her period. No lip, Sandstone. Plant it. We've got special visitors today. Angelatina, would you like to come in and introduce your guest?

*(ANGELATINA enters.)*

**ANGELATINA.** Hi everybody! I'm so nervous! Today, I have a special treat I'd like to share with you and the whole school. It's a woman whom I have admired for a long time now. I... well, I don't know what else to say. I'm sure you'll all know her. Ms. Paula DeMarcato!

*(PAULA enters. The girls go nuts.)*

**SINDEE.** Holy shit!

**PAULA.** Hello, ladies!

**ANGELATINA.** Ms. DeMarcato --

**PAULA.** Paula, please.

**ANGELATINA.** I mean Paula Please... oops! *(Giggles)* Paula agreed to come to school and take questions during lunch period.

**PAULA.** This is quite a lovely school you have here. Anything fun planned for the students coming up?

**DENCH.** Yes, actually. The Spring Formal is next month. We'll be electing a court in the next week or so.

**PAULA.** Really?

**DENCH.** Yes. We usually have some sort of local celeb pick the court and then crown them at the dance.

**ANGELATINA.** Couldn't you do it, Ms. De -- I mean, Paula?

**PAULA.** Well, I don't know --

**DENCH.** Angelatina, Rachel Winters from that cooking show, "A Wok On The Wild Side," will be disappointed --

**PAULA.** I'll do it!

**ANGELATINA.** Hooray!

**DENCH.** Well, I'm the head of the committee, so I guess I have the authority to appoint you to the position. It's all yours, Paula.

**ANGELATINA.** I'm so excited!

**PAULA.** Me too, honey. Me, too. Now, as my first official act as the selection committee, I'm going to select the Queen of the court.

**DENCH.** Now?!

**ANGELATINA.** Oh, my goodness!

**PAULA.** That's part of the deal, right?

**DENCH.** Well, I guess so...

**PAULA.** So as the "selector," for the Spring Formal, I choose Angelatina Vindechi as the Queen of the court!

**SINDEE.** (*Leaps out of her seat.*) WHAT!!?

**ANGELATINA.** (*Stunned:*) Oh, my goodness...

**PAULA.** I need to run. (*She exits.*)

**ANGELATINA.** (*Weak:*) Ms. Dench, I've got to lie down.

**DENCH.** Come on, dear. We'll take you to the sick room.

*(DENCH helps ANGELATINA out, but not before shooting SINDEE a "Ha, ha" look. SINDEE just stands there ominously.)*

**PEPPER.** Sindee? Sindee, listen to me. Before you do something rash...

**CARMELLE.** I'm sure there's something in the rules against this --

**SINDEE.** That slutbitchslitcumguzzlingfuckbagWHORE!!

**PEPPER.** Sindee --

**SINDEE.** Who does that bitch think she is?!

**CARMELLE.** She's lost it! Run!

**SINDEE.** Don't move. That bitch can't be Queen! She's a sophomore. I'm a senior!

**CARMELLE.** What do we do?

**SINDEE.** Do you hate her? Do you hate her? ANSWER ME!!

**PEPPER / CARMELLE.** Yes, I hate her! etc.

**SINDEE.** And you said you wanted to prove it to me, right?

**CARMELLE.** (*Nervous:*) Um, right.

**SINDEE.** Well, now is your chance. Come on!

**PEPPER.** Sindee, wait!

**CARMELLE.** You look really pretty!

*(SINDEE stalks out. PEPPER and CARMELLE look at each other and follow. SHIFT FOCUS TO --*

*ON THE STREET. PAULA with TERRI.)*

**PAULA.** I must admit, that was one of my more brilliant moves.

**TERRI.** What now?

**PAULA.** I just named a girl despised by her classmates the Queen of the Spring Formal.

**TERRI.** Why is that brilliant?

**PAULA.** Because, stupid, now there will be a lot of in-fighting among the students, it's likely to get violent, and I'll be there to expose the whole rotten, delicious scandal.

**TERRI.** (*Unenthusiastically:*) Wow. Neat.

**PAULA.** Come on, Terri. I'm feeling charitable. Let's go get a pedicure. I'm sure those hooves could use a little filing down. My treat.

**TERRI.** Your treat? You must be happy.

*(They exit. SHIFT FOCUS TO --*

*SICK ROOM. NURSE and DENCH escort ANGELATINA in.)*

**ANGELATINA.** I'm so embarrassed. *(She passes out onto the floor.)*

**DENCH.** I think she just needs to walk it off.

**NURSE.** *(Excited:)* No, I think she's really sick! Let's get her on the bed.

**DENCH.** I got the top.

*(DENCH's hands find their way to ANGELATINA'S breasts as they heft her onto the bed. DENCH starts unbuttoning ANGELATINA's shirt.)*

**NURSE.** I'm afraid I'm going to have to ask you to leave.

**DENCH.** What? Don't you need me to help her get undressed?

**NURSE.** Thanks, no.

**DENCH.** I hate you!

*(NURSE pushes DENCH out.)*

**DENCH.** *(Off:)* Damn.

**NURSE.** Yay!

*(She starts pulling out various medical instruments, singing to herself. She realizes she has forgotten something and exits. SINDEE, PEPPER, and CARMELLE enter.)*

**CARMELLE.** Sindee, what's going on?

**SINDEE.** Shut up!

**PEPPER.** Yeah, shut up.

**SINDEE.** You shut up, too.

**PEPPER.** Shut up!

**SINDEE.** Everybody shut up! Are you ready, Carmelle?

**CARMELLE.** For what?

**SINDEE.** Is she still out?

**PEPPER.** Cold.

**SINDEE.** Good. Here. *(She pulls out a gun and holds it out to Carmelle.)*

**PEPPER.** Sindee!

**SINDEE.** Take it, Carmelle.

**PEPPER.** Sindee, what are you doing?!

**SINDEE.** Take it.

**CARMELLE.** I can't!

**SINDEE.** That's not what I heard from Brett Cooper.

**PEPPER.** Sindee, stop it!

**SINDEE.** And Jack. Did you blow him in the broom closet?

**PEPPER.** Sindee, this is too far!

**SINDEE.** Did you let him feel you up?

**CARMELLE.** No --

**SINDEE.** Did you let him... finger you?

**PEPPER.** Stop it!

**SINDEE.** Take the gun, Carmelle. (*She forces the gun into Carmelle's hands.*) Now get over there and finish that bitch off.

**PEPPER.** Carmelle --

**SINDEE.** Come on, Carmelle. Get in there. I've got fifty friends outside that door who will swear they saw you suck Jack's dick. Every fucking person in this school, if I tell hem to, will swear that you're pregnant by that freak --

**CARMELLE.** STOP IT!!

**SINDEE.** -- and you can kiss all your friends goodbye when I tell them he bent you over --

**CARMELLE.** STOP IT!!

**SINDEE.** -- and fucked you up the ass!!

*(CARMELLE shoots ANGELATINA, emptying the gun.)*

**SINDEE / CARMELLE / PEPPER.** (*Screaming:*) AAIIIEEE!!!

**SINDEE.** Run!

*(They run out. NURSE enters.)*

**NURSE.** Darling? Angie? (*Shakes her.*) Oh no...

THE PLAY ISN'T OVER!

IF YOU WANT TO FIND OUT IF SINDEE GETS AWAY WITH  
MURDER, CONTACT US AT  
[NEWPLAYS@DARKBLUEFILMS.COM](mailto:NEWPLAYS@DARKBLUEFILMS.COM)  
FOR A COPY OF THE COMPLETE PLAY!