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Girls' Weekend

By

KAREN SCHAEFFER



Dramatic Publishing Company

Woodstock, Illinois • Australia • New Zealand • South Africa

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KAREN SCHAEFFER

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(GIRLS' WEEKEND)

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Girls' Weekend was originally produced by the Des Moines Community Playhouse, Des Moines, Iowa, on Oct. 17, 2014.

Cast:

Meg Rebecca Scholtec
Dot..... Nancy Zubrod
Carol..... Megan Schettler Schug
Rick..... Gabe Thompson
Ellie..... Kaci Kohlhepp Conetzkey
Bubba Michael Tallman
Stephen.....Cody Schug
Sheriff Tom LanePeter Dean

Production Staff:

ProducerJohn Viars
Director Kathy Pingel
Assistant Director..... Josh Visnapuu
Scenic Director.....Kevin Shelby
Costume Designer.....Angela Lampe
Lighting Designer Virgil Kleinhesselink
Sound Designer/Composer Maxwell Schaeffer
Properties Designer..... Michelle Coburn
Properties Designer.....Barbara McClintock
Stage Manager Alice Robertson
Assistant Stage Manager.....Nancy Darsee
Assistant Stage Manager..... Jenna Darsee

Girls' Weekend

CHARACTERS

DOT: 50- to 60-something. Orchestrates the weekend. Has a 30-something-year-old son, Stephen.

MEG: 40s. Dating Stephen. Has a 20-something-year-old daughter, Ellie

CAROL: 30s. Trying to have baby with her husband, Rick.

ELLIE: 20s. Single. Free spirit. Doesn't really want to be there.

STEPHEN: 30s. Dot's son. In a relationship with Meg.

RICK: 30s. Carol's husband.

SHERIFF TOM LANE: 40s. Divorced. Newly elected.

BUBBA: 20s. Townie. Went to college with Ellie. Currently working for his dad.

PLACE

The living room of a cabin in Minnesota. The space should have a potbelly stove, stairs leading up to a second floor, a large picture window, a front door, six coat hooks next to the door, a swinging door to the kitchen, a door to a closet and a bedroom with a door leading to an attached bathroom. The bathroom is not seen. The closet door and bedroom door should be next to each other. The cabin should be tastefully decorated and comfortable with each item in the cabin having a story behind it and should include a couch, a coffee table, a small dining table with four chairs and tablecloth, a special chair for Dot and an end table to hold crossword puzzles. Through the window, it is snowing.

Dot, Meg and Ellie have the upstairs bedrooms, which are also unseen. Carol has the bedroom off the main living space.

Prop list and additional notes about sound, lighting and set can be found at the back of the script.

PROP LIST

2 large suitcases
3 small suitcases
2 makeup cases
4 purses
1 overnight bag
2 boxes with multiple wine bottles
2 packages boxed wine
10 wine glasses
1 reusable grocery bag of shoes
1 pill bottle with pills
Long matches to light the fire
Firewood
1 decorative pie plate with lid
1 grocery bag, filled
1 Riesling
1 Chardonnay
1 bottle of white wine; practical (no need for cork)
1 wine bottle; half-filled (same color as before)
1 basal thermometer
1 book
Magazines
2 cellphones
Fresh flowers
Crossword puzzle books
Crossword puzzle dictionary
Pencils
Couch; seats 2-3
Living room chair
Coffee table
2 end tables
Kitchen table
4 kitchen chairs

Gallon-size Ziploc bag containing 20 joints
Apple pie on a plate
Travel mug
Ladder
Reusable bag for clearing wine bottles
1 standard issue revolver
Sandwich
Flashlight
Vase with real flowers; will need to remove the flowers
Vase-like bong (must appear to be lit)
2 lighters
Tomato sauce can for ashtray
Small plastic baggie with loose weed
Lasagna dinner, salad and bread leftovers; room should give the impression they ate a lot—many empty wine bottles on the table and in the room.
Lemon air freshener, needs to emit a visible spray
Various off-season weekend cabin items.

SOUND/LIGHT NOTES

Porch light stays on throughout show.
SFX “Dancing Queen” ringtone, or something similar
SFX doorbell
SFX toilet flushing
Lights flicker three distinct times.
SFX pots and pans crashing in the kitchen (could be practical)
SFX glass breaking
SFX chairs falling
SFX body falling
SFX items falling off table upstairs
Salsa music
Act II opening music

SET NOTES

Front door has a peephole, locks, latch is broken and latches on its own, and dead bolts. At the end of Act II it will need to be broken into and reset enough to make it through the end of the show and dead bolted.

Light switch by the door controls the porch light and is used during Act I

Couch needs to be situated for cast to hide in front of and not seen by other people from the kitchen and stairs.

Table needs to be large and strong enough to handle four diners and the meal but small enough to not look odd set with two chairs at the top of the show.

The kitchen door swings both ways.

Through the picture window we see action taking place.

Snows throughout the show and is seen through the picture window.

CAROL's bedroom contains a double bed raised enough for the audience to see STEPHEN under the bed. There's a bathroom door upstage of the bed. There should be a bench or chair for CAROL to put her suitcase on and STEPHEN to put his coat on.

The L closet and CAROL's bedroom have to be close enough for the two rooms to be confused. The closet has to be deep enough to hold a person. Should also contain off-season weekend cabin items. DOT's pot is hidden in the closet.

Girls' Weekend: A Synopsis

A freak snowstorm isolates Meg, Dot and the girls in the book club at Dot's cabin for the weekend, but they discover there are many ways to keep warm. Meg is a confident, vibrant woman trying to find who she is now that she's divorced her idiot husband, and Dot is Ethel to her Lucy.

As snow accumulates outside, the girls unpack, light a fire and settle in for an evening of salsa, wine and gossip because who in book club really reads the book? They retreat to the kitchen to start dinner leaving Meg to answer the front door. Stephen has unexpectedly followed her there in hopes of bringing their relationship to the next level. Stephen, the handsome young man who makes Meg laugh and a little weak in the knees. Stephen, who is Dot's son.

She really should send him home. This is a girls' weekend. All it takes is a well-placed kiss on the back of her neck and she agrees Stephen can return for their long awaited tryst. He'll hide in the boat house, she'll flick the porch light, he'll sneak in. Simple, right?

Unbeknownst to Meg, Carol has similar plans with her husband—she's ovulating after all, and Ellie is flicking the lights for Bubba. Not one of them knows what mischief the others are up to. First things first: get Dot to bed.

To ensure she sleeps soundly through the mattress racket, the ladies slip Dot an Ambien or two (or three) and never let her see the bottom of her wine glass. And, okay, there might have been a joint, but that was Dot's idea.

When Dot finally conks out, under the table, there's another knock at the door. The local sheriff has arrived to alert the residents the roads are closed. The police! What looks worse, the comatose body or the bag of reefer? After a spirited clean-up, Meg answers the door and is tickled to see a handsome man in uniform. Thankfully, he's more interested in her pie than the bong on the coffee table. She sends him on his way with a hot cup of coffee and the plan is back on. But Mother Nature gets the ball rolling early with a short in the electricity that causes the porch lights to flicker. Three times. The signal.

The untimely visitors are quickly stashed under the bed and pushed into a closet to avoid detection. Bubba scales the outside of the house to climb in Ellie's window to declare his undying love. Detecting a possible break-in, the sheriff bursts through the door waking Dot and turning the spotlight on everyone's secrets.

After everyone invents a plausible excuse for her extra guest, they happily sort themselves into the right bedrooms, leaving Stephen and Meg to sort out their relationship. Although Stephen is not the one to rekindle Meg's desires, she does find an unlikely knight in shining armor in the man with the badge.

ACT II

(About ten minutes later.

When the lights come up there are several empty bottles on the stage.

ELLIE enters, grooving to the music, and crosses to the upstage chair at the window and moves it to the table—she can do a couple of twirls with the chair; a beat and a half later, MEG dances in with salt and pepper shakers, and at the appropriate moment, she and ELLIE [now at the table] sing a short riff of the song using the shakers as microphones. ELLIE exits into the kitchen. MEG places the shakers and crosses into the kitchen passing by DOT, who also enters dancing and is carrying four sets of silverware wrapped in napkins, She distributes them around the table; a beat and a half later, CAROL dances in with a bread basket in hand. She crosses R of the kitchen table and the kitchen door opens. Unseen, ELLIE throws rolls out through the open door. CAROL catches them and puts them in the basket. CAROL places the basket on the table.

DOT is R of the table, CAROL is L of the table, ELLIE enters and stands between the door and CAROL. The wine glasses arrive via a bucket brigade. MEG passes to ELLIE, who passes to CAROL, who passes to DOT, who takes the wine glass to the table, taking a substantial gulp from each glass before putting it down. This will work best if the line is not too tight.

All exit simultaneously following ELLIE.

DOT sits at the table.

MEG, ELLIE and then CAROL carrying DOT's plate and her own re-enter with full plates. MEG, ELLIE and CAROL

are all talking. DOT tries to add to their conversation and then takes a header into it.

DOT is passed out on the table face-down in a plate of lasagna, ELLIE stares wide-eyed at MEG, CAROL is in hysterics and MEG leans over DOT.)

CAROL (*hysterically*). Oh my God! Oh my God! Oh my God! Oh my God! Oh my God! Oh my God! Oh my God!

MEG (*to CAROL*). Shhhhhhhh!

CAROL. Oh my God! Oh my God! Oh my God!

MEG. Would you SHUT UP?! (*Leaning in close to DOT. DOT snores loudly*) See, she just passed out ... nothing to worry about.

(Everyone takes a deep breath, and all talk at once.

The doorbell rings. They all freeze and then look at the door. The doorbell rings again and all look at each other. MEG goes to the door and looks through the peep hole. Throwing herself back against the door, MEG turns to the room with a look of panic on her face.)

CAROL. Who is it?

MEG. IT'S the POLICE!

(CAROL freezes in fear.)

ELLIE. What do we do?

MEG (*realizing DOT is passed out on the table*). GET DOT!

ELLIE. GET DOT ... How am I supposed to GET DOT?!

MEG (*crossing to DOT*). We'll all get her.

(ELLIE moves DOT's head out of the lasagna. DOT folds her arms and rests her head on the table. MEG tries to

move the chair but can't, so she and ELLIE move the table forward. DOT flops forward and then falls forward on her stomach so she's lying under the table.)

MEG (*cont'd, seeing CAROL standing transfixed and staring at the door*). CAROL! MOOOOVE!

CAROL. Where?

ELLIE (*crossing to DOT's opposite side*). GET DOT!

(CAROL crosses and sees the bag of weed, bong and bag of joints sitting on the coffee table.)

CAROL (*pointing at the bag of joints*). What about that?

MEG. Oh my God! Ellie, the pot! (*Moves the extra chair up by the window.*)

ELLIE (*crossing to the coffee table*). Right.

CAROL (*grabbing the bag of joints*). I got it.

(CAROL crosses to her bedroom. ELLIE follows.

During ELLIE and CAROL's conversation, MEG returns to DOT and tries to pull her by the arms and legs but is unable to move her.)

ELLIE. Where are you going with that?!

CAROL. I'm going to flush it.

ELLIE. Why?!

CAROL. That's what they do in the movies.

ELLIE. That's in a raid! (*Grabbing the bag, which effectively makes this a tug of war.*) Give it to me.

CAROL. What if he searches the house?!

ELLIE. He's not going to search the house!

CAROL. It will be safer if we flush it.

ELLIE. There's no reason to waste good pot!

CAROL. Give it to me.

ELLIE. No, me.

(The bag bursts and joints fly all over the room.)

CAROL *(hysterical)*. Oh my God! Oh my God! Oh my God!
Oh my God! Oh my God! Oh my God! Oh my God!

(CAROL grabs a handful of joints and rushes to the bathroom. ELLIE grabs another handful and rushes upstairs. Some of the joints are left on the floor. MEG crosses and picks up some joints. DOT curls up under the table. The doorbell rings. Startled, MEG flings the joints into the air. Toilet flushes. CAROL enters from the bedroom into the living room.)

MEG. Help me get Dot.

CAROL. Why? I already handled the pot!

(MEG and CAROL move the table off DOT.)

MEG. And you did a really good job.

CAROL. Thank you.

MEG. But we can't just leave Dot here like this!

CAROL. Oh ... good thinking. Have you tried waking her up?

MEG. What do you suggest?

CAROL. Have you tried shaking her?

MEG. I don't think shaking will work!

CAROL. You could try.

MEG *(nudging DOT with her foot)*. Dot ... wake up.

(DOT snores.)

MEG (*cont'd*). See!

CAROL. She's out cold

MEG. You think!

CAROL. You don't have to get snippy.

MEG. Just help me.

CAROL. What do you want me to do?

MEG. Sit her up. You push, I'll pull.

(The doorbell rings again. CAROL and MEG get her partially up and DOT falls back on CAROL.)

CAROL. It's not working.

MEG. I can see that.

(DOT curls up around CAROL's leg.)

CAROL. Do we have to move her?

MEG. We can't leave her in the middle of the floor!

(Urgent knocking at the front door.)

MEG. Can we get her to the closet?

CAROL & MEG (*thinking*). Roll her!

(MEG and CAROL roll DOT with difficulty. ELLIE enters from the upstairs carrying a can of lemon-scented aerosol spray. She runs around the room, vigorously spraying it, trying to cover the smell of pot then exits back upstairs.

Doorbell startles both MEG and CAROL.

DOT wakes up and stands.)

DOT. What's the hell's going on?

MEG. Dot, honey, it's time to go beddy-bye.

DOT. Okey-dokey.

(DOT heads for the stairs but wanders into the closet. MEG crosses to the closet, opens the door slightly and hears DOT snore. CAROL grabs the plates and exits into the kitchen. MEG collects wine glasses and follows CAROL into the kitchen. Upon their exit, ELLIE enters from upstairs with the reusable bag to collect the wine bottles. After doing so, she crosses to throw the bag into the closet. As she opens the closet, DOT spills out.)

ELLIE. OH!

(Doorbell. ELLIE puts the bag in the closet as DOT falls forward into her arms. ELLIE grabs DOT and drags DOT to CAROL's room.)

ELLIE *(cont'd, to DOT)*. Stay.

(DOT falls asleep leaning against the door, face forward.

ELLIE runs back and closes the door. She begins to exit back upstairs.

CAROL enters.

Doorbell.

CAROL and ELLIE freeze. They look at each other.)

CAROL & ELLIE *(to each other)*. You get it.

(ELLIE runs up the stairs. CAROL crosses to her room. When she opens her bedroom door, DOT falls backwards into CAROL's arms.)

CAROL (*hysterically*). Oh my God! Oh my God! Oh my God! Oh my God! Oh my God! Oh my God! Oh my God!

(*CAROL drags DOT over to the closet and puts her in.*

Doorbell.

CAROL exits to her room as MEG simultaneously enters from the kitchen. MEG looks around and realizes she is the only one left to open the door. Crosses to it.)

MEG (*straightening herself and breathing into her hand to smell for alcohol*). Just a minute. (*Opens the door to reveal SHERIFF TOM LANE.*)

TOM (*instantly smitten*). Oh. Hello.

MEG. Hi.

TOM (*laughing as he checks his list on his phone*). Are you Dorothy Gale?

MEG (*pause and then recognizing the name*). Dot? You mean Dot. She's disposed ... ah, indisposed.

TOM. Oh. I heard she was at the cabin.

MEG. She is ... we are ... you heard?

TOM. People talk ... small town.

MEG. Yes. Can I help you, officer?

TOM. Sheriff. Sheriff Tom Lane. And you are?

MEG. Meg. Dot's friend ... we came up for the weekend.

TOM. From Kansas. (*Making a joke.*) Follow the yellow brick road. (*Or another Wizard of Oz reference.*)

MEG (*laughing with him*). From Iowa.

TOM (*pause*). Um ... I'm just ... that is my office is ... I'm here on official business ...

MEG (*nervously*). Yes?

TOM. About the roads.

MEG. OH!

TOM. May I come in? It's really cold out here.

MEG (*quickly looking around*). Uh, sure.

TOM. Thank you.

MEG. Sure, sure. So ... the roads.

TOM. What's that smell?

MEG. What smell?

TOM. Is that coffee?

MEG. Yes. Yes it is. We were going to have some with our dessert.

TOM. We ...

MEG. The girls and I. We're having a girls' weekend ... at the cabin ... just us girls.

(TOM looks around for the other girls. MEG follows his look and sees the bong and bag of weed left on the table. She puts herself between TOM and the paraphernalia left in the room.)

MEG (*cont'd, laughing nervously*). I have no idea where they could've run off to. Listen, why don't you go into the kitchen and I'll pour you a cup of coffee.

TOM. I really have to get back out there and get the word out to your neighbors. Maybe I could take a cup with me to go? I have a feeling it's going to be a long night.

MEG (*flirting to take his attention away from the living room*). Come on, sheriff ... one cup of coffee. It's already made. You can take five minutes for a cup of coffee.

TOM. I don't know ...

MEG. I have pie.

TOM. Well that's a different story ...

MEG (*flirting*). I never knew a man who could turn down my apple pie.

TOM. That good, huh?

MEG. You have no idea.

TOM. That's too hard to say no to.

MEG. Let me take your coat. We'll go into the kitchen and I'll serve up that pie.

TOM. If it's all the same to you, I'll leave my coat on. It's part of the uniform.

MEG. But surely you can take off your coat.

TOM. Not when I'm on official business.

MEG. How 'bout your hat?

TOM. Official business.

MEG. Business.

TOM. I'm already being derelict in my duties with this little diversion.

MEG (*taking his arm and leading him into the kitchen*). I'll keep it on the down low.

(TOM goes into the kitchen. MEG follows, holding the door open.)

TOM. What?

MEG. Never mind ... Sheriff ...

TOM. Please call me Tom.

MEG. Tom ...

TOM. Uh ... yes

(CAROL comes out of the bathroom and tiptoes over to the bedroom door. She opens the door.)

MEG (*seeing CAROL*). I need to step out for a minute ... if you'll excuse me.

TOM (*seen over MEG's shoulder*). But ...

MEG (*blocking TOM's exit*). Yes?

TOM (*standing very close to MEG*). The coffee and pie?

MEG. I'm sorry ... I really need to ... (*Indicating she needs to pee.*)

TOM. Oh ... right ... sorry.

MEG (*closing the door*). There's a mug. Help yourself to some coffee. (*Goes into the kitchen.*) I'll be just a minute ...

(*CAROL runs to the coffee table, grabs the bag of loose pot and runs back to her room.*)

MEG (*cont'd, entering from the kitchen, whispering but getting louder*). Ellie. Ellie! ELLIE!

ELLIE (*from the top of the stairs*). What?!

(*MEG gestures for her to come down. ELLIE shakes her head "no." MEG points to the spot on the floor in front of her. ELLIE shakes her head "no" again. MEG giving her the "mom look." ELLIE comes down the stairs and stands in front of MEG.*)

MEG (*whispering*). Look at this ...

ELLIE (*whispering*). What?

MEG (*whispering*). The pot!

ELLIE (*whispering*). Oh ... that.

MEG (*whispering*). Clean it up! Every joint, bag and bong!
You have two minutes.

ELLIE (*whispering*). Two minutes?! It's gonna take more than two minutes.