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The Bachelorette Party (Girls' Weekend 2)

By

KAREN SCHAEFFER

Dramatic Publishing Company

Woodstock, Illinois • Australia • New Zealand • South Africa

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KAREN SCHAEFFER

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The Bachelorette Party (Girls' Weekend 2) was originally produced by Iowa Stage Theatre Company in Des Moines and premiered on April 29, 2022.

CAST:

Dot..... Nancy Zubrod
Margaret Mary Lahm (Meg)..... Becky Scholtec
Carol..... Megan Schettler Schug
Rick..... Gabe Thompson
Ellie..... Kaci Kohlhepp Conetzkey
Bubba..... Michael Tallman
Stephen..... Cody Schug
Sheriff Tom Lane..... Peter Dean
Deputy Brenna Casburn..... Tiffany Flory-Haack
Mr. Smitty..... Josh Visnapuu

PRODUCTION:

Director..... Kathy Pingel
Assistant Director..... Josh Visnapuu
Stage Managers..... Lyndsy Darland,
Lauren Dursky, Brianna Leonard
Scenic Designer..... Jay Michael Jagim
Lighting Designer..... Alex Snodgrass
Master Electrician..... Dakota Sommer
Costume Designer..... Caroline Frias
Sound Designer..... Max Schaeffer
Carpenter..... Krister Strandkov
Artistic Director..... Matthew McIver
Director of Production..... Jay Michael Jagim

The Bachelorette Party

(Girls' Weekend 2)

CHARACTERS

DOT: 50s to 60s; owns the cabin.

MARGARET MARY LAHM (MEG): 40s; engaged to Sheriff Tom Lane.

CAROL: 30s; married to Rick.

ELLIE: 20s; Meg's single, free-spirited daughter; in a relationship with Bubba.

STEPHEN: 30s; Dot's son.

RICK: 30s; Carol's husband.

SHERIFF TOM LANE: 40s; engaged to Meg.

DEPUTY BRENNAS CASBURN: 30s. Sheriff Tom Lane's sidekick.

BUBBA: 20s; Sheriff Tom Lane's son; in a relationship with Ellie.

MR. SMITTY: 50s; father of twelve children; entrepreneur.

TIME: Late afternoon.

PLACE: The main floor of a cabin in Minnesota.

PRODUCTION NOTES

PACING: The dialogue needs to be driven like a car chase in *Fast and Furious*.

SET REQUIREMENTS: The audience sees the main living space with a potbelly stove, stairs leading up to the second floor, a large picture window with a long bench underneath, the front door, a light switch and six coat hooks next to the door, a swinging door to the kitchen, a door to a closet, and a bedroom with a second door leading to an unseen bathroom. 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 lamps, a couch, coffee table, small dining table with four chairs and tablecloth, a special chair for DOT, an end table to hold crossword puzzles, and a boat oar mounted on a wall. The porch should be visible with an outside light and a light switch inside by the front door. The closet contains shelves and has hooks on the walls. There should also be a ladder positioned “outside” of the picture window to appear as though it leads to the top floor of the cabin.

DOT, MEG and ELLIE are staying in the unseen upstairs bedrooms, while CAROL has the bedroom on the main floor.

A complete list of properties can be found in the back of the book.

The Bachelorette Party

(Girls' Weekend 2)

ACT I

(Lights up on the empty cabin, which is outlandishly decorated for MEG's bachelorette party.)

The doorknob rattles as someone fits keys into the lock.

MEG enters and admires the room with the bachelorette decorations. A beat later, SHERIFF TOM LANE follows carrying a reusable grocery bag and box of wine.

They both stop, stunned by what they see. They look at each other and laugh.)

TOM. This looks ...

MEG. Adorable.

TOM. Not the word I was going to use, but OK. What happened to Dot's cabin?

MEG. Ellie and Dot came up last night so they could prep for the weekend.

(TOM carries the reusable grocery bag and box of wine into the kitchen.)

MEG *(cont'd)*. Dot? Ellie? Are you here?

(TOM re-enters from the kitchen chuckling.)

MEG *(cont'd)*. What's so funny?

TOM (*before heading back out to the car*). That's an interesting cake you got there.

MEG. Why do you say that?

TOM. Take a look for yourself. I'm gonna get the rest of the stuff outta the truck.

(TOM exits. MEG takes off her coat and hangs it and her purse on a hook. She crosses to the kitchen and exits.)

MEG (*from the kitchen*). HA!

(TOM re-enters rolling a suitcase and carrying a pie. Leaving the suitcase by the door, he crosses to the table and sets the pie down. MEG re-enters.)

MEG. There's a knife sticking /out of the groom.

TOM. / Out of the groom. *Someone* has it in for me.

MEG. You're being paranoid.

(TOM gestures toward the kitchen.)

MEG (*cont'd*). It's probably a theme.

(TOM gives her a look.)

MEG (*cont'd, gestures at the decorations*). For the bachelorette weekend.

TOM. It's not just a bachelorette party ... it's an entire weekend?

MEG. According to Dot, "You can't fit all this fabulous fun into one night."

TOM. Who all is coming?

MEG. The whole gang! Carol, Rick—

TOM (*distastefully*). Stephen?

MEG. That's ancient history.

(MEG pulls out her phone and taps on the screen, clearly doing something.)

TOM. What are you doing?

MEG. Checking off "license" from our wedding list.

(TOM looks at her phone.)

TOM. Your list looks a lot different from mine.

MEG. What's on your list?

TOM. Get tux ... show up.

MEG. You had to put "show up" on your list?

TOM. I'm just kidding.

MEG. Not funny.

TOM (*walking over and hugging her*). We promised each other to keep our sense of humor during the wedding planning.

(TOM gives MEG a little peck. MEG smiles and breaks the embrace.)

MEG. Dot and Ellie must have gone out for a bit.

TOM. Must have.

MEG. Good thing Dot told me where to find the key.

TOM (*pulling MEG back into his arms*). Good thing.

(TOM kisses MEG as if he hasn't seen her in a while.)

MEG. I don't know how much time we have.

TOM. I don't need much time.

MEG. They could be back any minute.

TOM. That should be just enough ...

MEG. You don't want them walking in on us ... think of your reputation.

TOM. I think my reputation can handle a little controversy.

MEG (*giggling*). Sheriff Tom Lane.

TOM (*still holding MEG, walking her to the bedroom*). So if no one is here ...

MEG. Yes ...

TOM. This bedroom must be empty.

MEG (*leading TOM to the couch*). Yes ... I mean ... no!

TOM. There's someone in there?

MEG. No. I mean we can't.

TOM (*leading MEG to the bedroom*). Sure, we can. In the time we've spent talking, I could've gotten you partially undressed.

MEG (*leading TOM back to the couch*). Tom ...

TOM. So, fully clothed ... kinky.

MEG. Tom!

TOM (*walking MEG back to the bedroom*). I haven't seen you in two weeks.

(The couch/bedroom back-and-forth ends as MEG finally wins, and they end up on the couch.)

MEG. That's so I could finish up at the office. We both agreed I should keep my job until the wedding.

TOM. I don't think I actually agreed to that.

MEG. You did ... I have it in writing.

TOM. I believe I was under duress at the time.

MEG. You may have been slightly compromised.

TOM. If I remember correctly, I was fully compromised.

(MEG giggles.)

TOM. I believe that situation was orchestrated so I would agree without questioning your motives.

MEG. I had no motive.

TOM. Oh, didn't you?

MEG. Disentangling myself from the law firm was not easy. I had to notify my clients and find them new representation.

TOM. That's just handing over a bunch of files.

MEG. Please do not minimize this.

TOM. I'm not.

MEG. You are.

TOM. I want you here.

MEG. And I want to be here.

TOM. Do you?

MEG. You know I do. I can't wait to be Mrs. Sheriff Tom Lane.

TOM. Say it again.

MEG *(smiling)*. Mrs. Sheriff Tom Lane.

TOM. Those are the most wonderful words in the English language.

MEG. Tom.

TOM. Yes, Mrs. Sheriff Tom Lane?

MEG. I'll be here in a week. We get married in two weeks.

TOM. I know. I'm counting the days. Aren't you?

MEG. Of course, I am.

TOM. Really?

MEG *(hesitating)*. Yes, really.

TOM. Why do I feel like you're not being honest.

(MEG looks at him and then looks away.)

TOM *(cont'd)*. Meg?

(MEG looks at him again.)

TOM *(cont'd)*. You're making me nervous.

MEG. There's just so much ... leaving the firm ... all the wedding plans ... and not knowing what my life's going to look like when I move here. I'm used to being in a city where I can get to anything in twenty minutes. It takes an hour just to get to a movie theater from here.

TOM. I have all the major channel subscriptions.

MEG. It takes forty-five minutes to get to a grocery store that has hummus.

TOM. You're freaking out over ground-up chickpeas?

MEG. You know what I mean.

TOM. I know this is a small town.

MEG *(crossing to TOM)*. Small? People still ride their horses to the bar.

TOM *(pulling her over to the window)*. That's one guy. You want to move to a bigger town. We'll move to a bigger town. I'll drive the hour to get to work. I don't care where we are as long as I'm there with you.

MEG. Tom ...

TOM. I love you.

MEG. I love you, too.

(Her phone rings.)

MEG *(looking at her phone)*. I better get this. *(Answers it.)*
Meg Lahm *(Pronounced "Lamb.")* ... What? No, no, no don't tell me that. *(She stands.)*

TOM. What is it?

MEG. I don't want my money back. I want the venue I reserved twelve months ago. We have a contract.

(MEG listens.)

TOM. What?

MEG *(waving him off)*. I wouldn't call it an act of God exactly. OK, well, maybe a flood does count as ... and a fire, too? Don't you have another property I can use. What do you mean ... ? But ... but ... no. All right. Thanks. *(Hangs up.)* What's next? We just lost the venue. How do you feel about holding the wedding and reception in the jail.

TOM. I don't think the guests would all fit.

MEG. This isn't funny.

TOM. Can't we find another place?

MEG. Not with this short notice. Venues are reserved for months, sometimes years. Why do you think I reserved the date so far in advance?

(TOM kisses MEG.)

TOM. What if we get married tonight? Here? At the cabin?

MEG. What?

TOM. Marry me tonight. We already have the license.

MEG. But I'm still living in the city.

TOM. You don't have to be. You can finalize everything over the phone or on video chat.

MEG. The house ... my stuff.

TOM. Let Ellie take care of it.

MEG. The ceremony is in two weeks.

TOM. In the jail?

MEG. I hate that this is happening.

TOM. You seem so stressed about everything. Wouldn't you feel better if we were already married? It would be one thing you wouldn't have to stress over anymore. In about a month, we'll find another place for a party to celebrate, and you can still wear your dress.

(TOM can see MEG is caving. He just needs to give her that final shove.)

MEG. Can we do that?

TOM. We can do whatever we want. We'll just do a small ceremony tonight.

MEG. How?

TOM. Everything we need is right here. You ... me ...

MEG. We're missing the officiant.

TOM. Deputy Casburn can do it. She's already licensed.

MEG. Has she done it before?

TOM. All the time.

(TOM smiles to seal the deal.)

MEG. We're supposed to go into town tonight for my bachelorette party ... your bachelor party is tonight, too.

TOM. We'll sneak away. I'm the sheriff. It'll be easy for me to get away.

MEG. Sneak away?

TOM. Ten o'clock. Make up some excuse to get away. You can text them after, and we can all celebrate together.

MEG. It would be a fun, little secret we would have ... just between us. *(Considering.)* OK.

TOM. OK?

MEG. Yes.

TOM. Yes!

MEG. How do I let you know I'm here?

TOM (*thinking*). Um. There's a front porch light. (*Opening the front door and turning the light on.*) Looks like it still works. Flash the front light three times.

MEG. Why don't I just text you?

TOM. Even better.

MEG. Where will you park when you get here?

TOM. In the driveway ... everyone will be gone.

MEG. What if they come back?

TOM. Good thinking ... I'll park on the road.

MEG. OK, so I'll come home at ten and text you.

TOM. You better give me a little time to make all the arrangements. That will give you time to make sure no one's home. Text me at 10:30.

MEG. OK, so I'll come home at ten ... make sure the coast is clear ... I can't believe I just said that ... I'll send you a text at 10:30. You and Deputy Casburn will come to the house, park on the road and then we'll get married.

TOM. Mrs. Margaret Lane.

MEG. Oh!

TOM. What?

MEG. I thought I'd hyphenate.

TOM. Mrs. Margaret Lahm-Lane. (*Crosses to right of the window while teasingly contemplating it.*) I like it.

(*MEG takes a deep inhale.*)

TOM (*cont'd*). Nervous?

(*TOM extends his arm to hold out his hand to her.*)

MEG (*nodding*). But it's a good nervous.

(MEG takes TOM's hand, and he pulls her toward him—a good kiss—then he begins to pull up her sweater as DEPUTY BRENNAS CASBURN pops into the view of the window on the left. She looks into the cabin through the window and, not seeing anything, crosses away from the door.)

MEG (*pulling her sweater down*). Did you hear something?

TOM. Nope.

(TOM pulls MEG's sweater up over her head [but not off] as CASBURN looks in again. This time, not seeing anything, she crosses toward the door.)

MEG (*with sweater still up*). I swear I heard something.

(A car door shutting is heard from outside.)

MEG (*cont'd, pulling her sweater down*). I definitely heard something.

DOT (*offstage*). Can I help you, Deputy?

CASBURN (*offstage*). I'm looking for the sheriff. His vehicle is here ...

MEG. Shit. Hide.

TOM. Hide?

MEG. I don't want Dot to think—

TOM. Think what?

MEG. That we're—

TOM. What?

MEG. Using her cabin for sex.

TOM. There's no way she would ever know.

MEG. She has a weird sex sense.

TOM. Sixth sense?

MEG. Sex sense.

TOM. Like a sex-dar?

MEG. Exactly! Now go in the kitchen until it wears off.

TOM. Really?

MEG. Yes, really.

(TOM starts to cross to the kitchen.)

MEG *(cont'd)*. Wait. *(Hands him the pie.)* Take this with you.

(TOM takes the pie and crosses to the kitchen.)

MEG *(cont'd)*. Wait.

TOM. What?

(MEG kisses him.)

MEG. I love you.

TOM *(leaning in to kiss MEG)* I love—

(The door handle rattles.)

MEG pushes TOM into the kitchen.

DOT and CASBURN enter. CASBURN is carrying DOT's groceries and a box of wine.)

MEG. Dot! Deputy Casburn! What are you doing here?

DOT. Looking for Tom. Are you by yourself?

MEG. Yes. No ... Tom's here. He's in the kitchen putting away the pie. Deputy Casburn let me take that stuff from you. Dot, you shouldn't have asked Deputy Casburn to carry this stuff.

DOT. She offered.

CASBURN. Is that the infamous pie?

PROPERTIES

Crossword puzzle books (3)
Pencils in a tin can
Reusable grocery bag
Boxed wine (3)
Rolling suitcase (2)
Suitcases (2)
Cellphones (7) for multiple characters
Bed pillows (2) and pillow cases
Quilt for small bed
Two bags of groceries
Piece of pie on a plate with a fork
Gun holster with gun for Deputy Casburn
Handcuffs for Deputy Casburn
Wine glasses (4)
Box of extra decorations and favors for the party
Penis straws
Pins, reading:
 Drunk AF
 Firecracker
 Frisky
 Swipe Right
 Dancing Queen
Sparkly sunglasses (2)
Selfie props (4)
Bride sash
Balloons
Bachelorette party decorations
Personalized bride and groom figurine cake toppers
Snacks in a bowl
Bottle of wine (cork or cap removed) (3)
Specialty wine sippy cups

Bottle of Brut (unopened)
Baggy with 3 - 4 cookies
Wood for fireplace or stove
Long-stemmed lighter
Dental floss
Pie in pie plate with a fork
Plastic wine bottle
Gallon-sized travel mug with lid (NOTE: Lid has to have a
hole to put long penis straw in)
Long penis straw (NOTE: Straw the length of the travel mug
plus 4" for penis)
Bowl of potato chips
Small bag of Flaming Hot Cheetos
Ring in a fancy hinged jewelry box
Two plain wedding bands
Old lady handkerchief
Blue checked table napkin (NOTE: Could have a pattern other
than checks)
Old family bible