

some of us

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Honorable Mention, One-Act Play

CHARACTERS: SHARLA, a voluptuous 45-year-old office worker, dressed trashy-provocative.
MEREDITH, a beautiful 33-year-old high-powered executive, dressed business-sexy.
SANDY, a frumpy 51-year-old secretary, along with her triplet sisters.
CANDY, a frumpy 51-year-old secretary.
MANDY, a frumpy 51-year-old secretary
(all dressed in different shades of matching pastel jogging suits)
JUSTIN, a 19-year old waiter.

SETTING: A festive chain restaurant where the women have come on their lunch break. Kitschy artifacts cover the walls. Menus are oversized with bright photographs of the food to be ordered. SHARLA and MEREDITH are seated at a large booth. Five glasses of iced tea are on the table. A large tote bag is on the seat of the booth, away from SHARLA and MEREDITH.

(SHARLA and MEREDITH are seated at a large booth, looking at menus.)

MEREDITH: They're at the bathroom again. They went before we left. Next time you invite me because "some of us" are going out to lunch, explain that "some of us" is the Andys, OK? I could have gotten potato chips from the machine.

SHARLA: Try to accept people where they are. They're really nice ladies, Meredith. Give them a chance.

MEREDITH: And why did we come in their car? With the What Would Jesus Do bumper sticker? Here's what Jesus would not do, wave some idiot across three lanes of traffic, blocking everyone behind Him for a mile. *(gestures as if she's driving, waving another car across traffic while speaking in a mock-sweet voice)* Oh, go ahead. It's clear, come on.

(The ANDYS enter, fumbling with contents inside their large purses.)

MEREDITH: *(looks at their outfits, says to SHARLA)* Business casual?

SHARLA: *(to MEREDITH)* They have husbands. It's okay for them to look...comfy.

SANDY: Hello! Hello!

CANDY: Hi!

MANDY: Hi, hello!

(The ANDYS laugh. SHARLA pretends to join in. The ANDYS arrange themselves, their tote bag and purses in the booth.)

SANDY: Sharla, I got that darling e-mail you sent!

CANDY: Me, too!

MANDY: Me, three!

MEREDITH: Tell me you're not talking about that group e-mail with a white Persian kitten's face superimposed on a pink rose. What the hell is with all these group e-mails? Everyone with Photoshop and bad taste thinks it's their duty to send this garbage all over the place. "You're a peachy keen friend. Forward to 5 special women and you're a great gal, forward to 10 special women and you are super beyond belief." Who the hell has time for this shit?

SANDY,

CANDY,

MANDY: Oh wow.

SHARLA: (*quickly*) I will never get over how you all say the same thing at the same time. You must have such a mystical sister connection.

SANDY: Everyone always asks us if we trade clothes to try to fool people.

CANDY: But we would never do that.

MANDY: It's important to us to be an individual.

JUSTIN: What can I get for you, ladies?

(*SHARLA admires JUSTIN, the ANDYS take his attention with going over menu items, MEREDITH yanks SHARLA aside*)

MEREDITH: (*gestures toward ANDYS*) Combine their IQ points and you get one whole person.

SHARLA: Shh! Meredith! (*to JUSTIN, provocatively*) What do you recommend?

JUSTIN: What have you got in mind?

MEREDITH: (*to JUSTIN*) You know how to get a tip.

SHARLA: I'll have the chef salad.

MEREDITH: Baked potato grande.

(*JUSTIN leaves*)

SANDY: I splurged and ordered the cheeseburger deluxe!

CANDY: Me, too!

MANDY: Me, three!

SHARLA: Meredith, I was wondering, since your office is so big and all, if we could use it for lunchtime yoga or meditation sessions.

MEREDITH: What?!

SHARLA: Well, you've already got all those nice posters. My favorite is that Teamwork and Dedication one of a beautiful still mountain lake - I could just go inside that picture and sit forever and ever and never come out. Your cherry wood furniture is so nice. And the sun comes streaming in through those big windows. It's just so pretty in there. We could get the negative energy out really quickly, I'm sure.

SANDY: I think Sharla's the expert on this stuff.

CANDY: Me, too.

MANDY: Me, three!

MEREDITH: Sharla, do your hoolie-goolie stuff on your own time.

SHARLA: *(to the ANDYS)* Her feng shui is totally off, anyway. We'll figure something else out.

SANDY: We can continue our lunchtime walks, anyway.

CANDY: Absolutely.

MANDY: For sure.

JUSTIN: *(carrying a tray with plates of food)* Here's your food, ladies. Anything else I can get you?

SANDY: I'm fine.

CANDY: Me, too!

MANDY: Me, three!

(The women talk while eating their meals.)

SHARLA: I like my office anyway, there's just not room in there to do anything,

MEREDITH: You mean your cubicle?

SANDY: I think it's beautiful what you've done with that cubicle.

CANDY: Me, too!

MANDY: Me, three!

SANDY: Those stacks of different colored sticky notes

CANDY: And your wind chimes.

MANDY: And your inspirational quotes.

SHARLA: And there's no door to keep people out.

SANDY: We need to chop chop. All of us don't have long lunch breaks like Meredith!

CANDY: No we don't.

MANDY: We sure don't.

MEREDITH: All of us don't stay until 9:00 most nights and come in on weekends.

SANDY: Oh I would just hate that.

CANDY: Me, too!

MANDY: Me thr—

MEREDITH: *(interrupts)* You'd hate it. We get it.

SANDY: We got you something for your birthday! I think you'll really like this!
(She digs in the totebag, brings out a floppy gift-wrapped package.)

CANDY: Me, too!

MANDY: Me, three!

MEREDITH: What? All those e-mails you send out, you can't let someone know when your birthday is coming?

SANDY: I've got a big wall calendar at home where I write all significant events a year ahead of time.

CANDY: And I'm signed up for e-mail reminders of all the important events in my life.

MANDY: I've got the calendar and I get the e-mail reminders! Otherwise, I'm so forgetful.

SHARLA: You guys! I can't believe you remembered! *(She opens the package, which contains six kitchen towels. She puts four on the table and holds up two more: each with a crocheted top and a big button, and a picture of a white Persian kitten's face superimposed on a pink rose)* Thank you!

SANDY: The buttons are so you can hang them on your oven door or refrigerator handle.

MEREDITH: Let me guess, you each made two?

CANDY: Well, that's a story in itself!

MEREDITH: I bet.

JUSTIN: *(carrying a large dessert with a birthday candle)* A little bird told me it's someone's birthday!

MANDY: It was me!

JUSTIN: Twenty-nine, right?

MEREDITH: You're really hoping for a good tip, aren't you?
(MEREDITH looks disgruntled. SANDY, MANDY, and CANDY open their mouths to sing.)

SANDY,
CANDY,
MANDY: Hap--

SHARLA: Don't! I mean it. Really don't. Thank you guys so much, but don't sing please.

SANDY: You know, I really need to visit the facilities.

CANDY: Me, too!

(awkward pause, they all look at Mandy)

SANDY: Mandy?

CANDY: You're not coming with us?

MANDY: No. I'll probably regret it later.

SANDY: Oh you will.

CANDY: You definitely will.

SANDY: Are you sure you don't want to come with us?

CANDY: Are you sure?

MANDY: No, no, you go on.

(SANDY and CANDY leave)

MANDY: *(confidentially to SHARLA and MEREDITH)* We're really worried about Candy.

SHARLA: Why? What's going on?

MANDY: Her Bob told her he wasn't going to wear his t-shirt—the one that says "I'm a craft widow" to the craft fair next weekend.

MEREDITH: No!

MANDY: We spent a lot of time decorating it. We used masculine colored puff paint. It's so cute. He just won't get on board. So try to give her some extra TLC.

SHARLA: Oh, we will.

MEREDITH: Which one is she?

JUSTIN: *(puts check on table)* Anything else I can do for you, ladies?

SHARLA: Now that's a loaded question.

MEREDITH: Down, girl.

(JUSTIN leaves. SANDY and CANDY return.)

SANDY: Don't you touch that check, Sharla! This is on us.

CANDY: We just need to figure it up, add the tip, and split it four ways.

MANDY: The tip goes after the tax, right?

SANDY: No the tip is before tax, I think.

CANDY: I thought it was before, but I never can remember that.

MANDY: I'm just certain it's after, but I could be wrong.

SANDY: *(laughing)* Oh! This is so crazy!

CANDY: But we're agreed it's ten percent, right?

MANDY: Oh, it must be up to twelve by now.

SANDY: *(laughing)* Oh my gosh, this is why we just can't eat out!

CANDY: *(laughing)* We're such a mess!

MANDY: *(laughing)* We're trapped in here forever!

MEREDITH: *(slapping her credit card on the table)* Christ! I've got it!

(SANDY, CANDY, MANDY and SHARLA exchange glances)

MEREDITH: *(rubs her temples with both hands)* Aspirin, ibuprofen, acetaminophen. Anything? Anybody?

(the ANDYS dive into their purses, each holds out a bottle of pain reliever)

SANDY: Aspirin.

CANDY: Ibuprofen.

MANDY: Acetaminophen.

MEREDITH: Um, acetaminophen, I guess. *(takes the bottle from MANDY, shakes three out, swallows them with a sip of her drink.)* Thank you.

SHARLA: Hey, you guys, thank you so much. This was great! I'm just going to walk back to the office.

SANDY: Walk?

CANDY: Are you sure?

MANDY: It's pretty far.

SHARLA: I'm sure.

(all the women gather their purses and stand up)

SANDY: Are you really sure?

CANDY: It's really far.

MANDY: It's pretty far. Are you sure?

SHARLA: I'm sure.

MEREDITH: She's sure.

SANDY: Well, be thinking about what you're bringing to the potluck next week

CANDY: Dibs on three-bean salad.

MANDY: Just nothing store-bought. *(looks at MEREDITH)* That's so tacky.

MEREDITH: *(disgusted)* Potluck? Don't even get me started.

SHARLA: *(looks at MEREDITH, smiles)* You all can discuss it on the ride back to the office.

