

Dumped In The City  
By: Carly Pandza

Setting: Empty Small Apartment. New York City.

LIGHTS UP.

*Hailey (25) lies alone on the floor of her empty apartment with pictures scattered all over the ground around her along with used tissues. There is a KNOCK at the door but she doesn't hear it.*

Wendy: *(offstage)* Hello?

Angela: *(offstage)* Maybe she's not here.

Jen: *(offstage)* I just hope we don't find her hanging from the shower rod.

*Jen (26), Angela (25) and Wendy (23) come around the corner. Angela has a pizza box in her hand and Jen has beer and a bottle of tequila in her hands. Hailey meekly picks up her head to look at them. She lets out a pathetic cry/sigh*

Jen: Oh baby.

Wendy: We brought you food.

Angela: And life's' other necessities.

*Jen holds up the tequila and the beer. They make their way towards her to sit in a circle on the floor. Angela sets down the pizza and Jen sets down the booze.*

Jen: We're gonna have to use the bottle cap to take shots cause I forgot my shot glass.

Hailey *(laughing)* I thought you carried it in your purse at all times for emergencies.

Jen: I do but I left it at some bar this weekend I think. *(Looking through her purse)* Oh and I also brought you my Vicodin that I had left over from when I broke my leg.

*Jen starts to hand over the pills to Hailey when Wendy grabs them abruptly..*

Wendy: What's wrong with you?! Are you trying to encourage her to take up an addiction at a time this?

Jen: What? Vicodin is just a strong painkiller. Trust me it will help.

Hailey: Can we please not say "at a time like this?" It makes it sounds like I'm mourning

a death or something.

Angela: When I broke up with Adam that's what it felt like.

*Awkward silence. Wendy tries to change the subject.*

Wendy: So...I like what you've done with the place.

*Jen looks at her sad attempt to distract Hailey.*

Jen: Shut up.

Angela: When did the movers come?

Hailey: Yesterday.

Wendy: You've been here this whole time?

*Hailey doesn't answer.*

Jen: No wonder you look like shit.

*Angela and Wendy glare at Jen.*

Jen: I'm just kidding. Sorry for trying to lighten the mood.

*Silence.*

Angela: Soooooo I say its time for a shot.

Hailey: You guys, I really don't wanna.

Angela: Come on. We know you're feeling shitty but we might as well have a little fun tonight. Celebrate saying goodbye to this piece of shit apartment and...and--

Jen: Your piece of shit boyfriend.

*Silence. Hailey looks at them all contemplating.*

Jen: Come on. *Even* Wendy's gonna drink.

*Hailey looks at Wendy.*

Hailey: No way.

*Wendy nods.*

Wendy: I'm breaking my rule for you just this once.

*Hailey gives in.*

Hailey: Okay.

*They all CHEER!*

Jen: Oh shit. We can't take them all at the same time? No shot glass.

Angela: Well Hailey first.

*They pour a shot for Hailey in the tequila cap and she takes it. They all let out a "WOO!" The other girls proceed to pour a shot for themselves and take it. Hailey takes the bottle from Wendy the last one to drink and takes three more shots. They all just stare at her in awe.*

Jen: *(to Angela)* Well tonight's gonna be interesting.

*LIGHTS OUT. TIME LAPSES TO A FEW HOURS LATER.*

*Hailey is drunk and the others are well on their way.*

Hailey: So he brought me into this room and then just stared at me for like 5 minutes. He didn't do anything. So I just stood there, waiting for him to make a move- to do something, anything- and then I got bored so I left.

Angela: You did not.

Hailey: What was I supposed to do? I hate when guys don't take initiative. It's such a cop out. I mean if you like me just get up the balls and do something about it.

Angela: Or a least meet you half way.

Jen: Exactly.

*Jen holds up another shot as a type of cheers to the statement before she takes it.*

Wendy: I had a situation like that too, kind of.

*They all look at Wendy. A little surprised that she has a story to share.*

Wendy: So I was talking to this guy at a party. And it was at his place and he was really

nice and sweet and he told me he wanted show me something in another room. I thought it was maybe some pictures or a cool painting or something. So he led me into this room and--

Jen: *(laughs)* Ha! I bet it was his cock.

Wendy: *(deadpan and disappointed)* It was.

*They all erupt in laughter.*

Wendy: It was quite shocking and scary.

Angela: It's not a monster Wendy. Was that your first time seeing a dick?

Wendy: *(annoyed)* No!

Jen: You know if you think about it they really are quite scary looking. I remember the first time I saw one I thought "EW, really?"

Angela: That's what I thought when I saw my first uncircumcised one. I just didn't know what to do with it.

Hailey: I know! It's so annoying! God makes the female body so beautiful and curvy and just slaps this big awkward stick in the middle of a bush for guys and *we're* supposed to swoon.

Wendy: I agree!

*Wendy takes a shot and makes a repulsive face.*

Angela: Okay guys so promise you won't judge me?

Jen: If I judged anything you said or did you think I'd still be your friend?

Angela *(sarcastic)* Funny. *(slight pause before jumping into the story)* Okay so I went on a date with this total hottie last week. We were making out and then we boned and it was amazing. And we were lying there cuddling naked when he leans over and asks me if I'm relaxed.

*The girls all look at her and each other confused.*

Angela: Before I can even answer all of sudden I feel like I'm getting a freaking enema. And I said, "Well NOW I'm not!"

Wendy *(horrified)*: That's horrible.

Jen: I would of gotten a banana to stick up his ass and ask him how he likes something being stuck up there without permission.

Wendy: Why do guys always wanna use the backdoor anyway?

Jen: It's tighter that's why.

Wendy: But it's also poopier.

Jen: What do you mean *poopier*? Does your vagina have the slightest bit of poop in it at all?

*Angela, Jen and Hailey laugh.*

Wendy: Ew Jen! You know what I mean!

Angela: Guys can't just spring things on you like that without asking. Especially in the bedroom that's a no no.

Jen: It's controlling that's what it is! When did guys start thinking they could control women? I once went out with this one guy and we were taking a walk in Central Park when we got into an argument and I was talking to him in my calm, normal voice when he, no joke, shushed me and told me to use my 6-inch voice.

Angela: What's a 6-inch voice?

Jen: Like a quiet voice where he could still hear me if we were only 6 inches away from each other.

Angela: I didn't know that you had a 6-inch voice.

Hailey (*to Angela laughing*): She doesn't

Wendy: Well your normal voice is very loud Jen. You can't really blame him.

*All the girls glare at Wendy as if to say, "Whose side are you on?"*

Wendy: Okay sorry. So what'd you tell him?

Jen: I told him I'd slap him with my 6-inch cock if he ever told me use a 6-inch voice again.

*Hailey laughs and Angela high fives Jen.*

Wendy: Ew Jen. Why do you always have to joke about having a penis?

Jen: Why do you always think I'm joking?

*Jen leans in close to Wendy in a joking sexual way and grabs her crotch to readjust her fake penis.*

Wendy: You never take anything seriously.

Jen: What? If I was a guy I know I'd have a big dick. Why is that such a horrible thing to say?

Angela: I think I'd have a good medium size dick.

Hailey: (*self pitying*) If I was a guy I bet I'd have chode.

*Jen and Angela and Hailey erupt with laughter.*

Wendy: What's a chode?

Jen and Angela (*simultaneously*): You don't know what a chode is???

*Jen, Angela and Hailey laugh even harder.*

Wendy: What? Come on guys, tell me!

Angela: A chode is when a dick is wider than it is long.

Wendy: EWWWWWWWWWWW!!!

*They all laugh. Hailey all of sudden breaks the laughter by speaking. The alcohol is definitely beginning to affect her emotional state.*

Hailey: Why does this always happen to me? I just can't believe I let myself fall in love with him

*Hailey rests her head sadly against her knees. Wendy tries to comfort her.*

Wendy: Gravity cannot be held responsible for people falling in love.

Jen: That's retarded.

Wendy: Einstein said it

Jen: Well Einstein was retarded.

Wendy: Can you please not say retarded?! Thanks!

*Silence.*

Hailey: I know it sounds stupid but I just don't think I'll ever fall in love again.

Angela: Shut up. You will.

Hailey: But I don't want to if it's gonna feel like this every time it ends.

Wendy: Even if it does you can't close your heart off forever yah know?

Hailey: I always thought coming to New York would be just like "Sex and the City," glamorous and chic but its totally not. *(beat)* If you truly slept with that many guys like they do you'd have *sooooo* many STDS.

Angela: Not if you used protection.

Hailey: When did you EVER see them making a big deal about using protection on that show?

Jen: Don't listen to Angie. She's just super sensitive because she knows she'd have as many STD's as Samantha would have if that show were realistic.

*Angela flicks her off.*

Wendy: Karma will get him.

Hailey: I don't believe in karma. If I believed in karma Brad Pitt would be alone and crippled or least with some fat ugly chick addicted to drugs or drinking himself into a coma. Sometimes the bad guy doesn't get his.

Angela: But look at Aniston. She's kicking so much ass now. Even more than ever. What's it matter what he's doing? If it wasn't for him breaking her heart who knows where she'd still be.

*Hailey takes this in.*

Jen: No fuck that. I agree with Hailey. Karma doesn't always get everyone. *(beat)* I saw Brian the other day.

*Everyone turns to Jen. Her seeing Brian is obviously a big deal.*

Jen: He looked great. He was with her. *(fighting back emotion/doing anything she can to*

*not show her vulnerable side*) Who of course looked like a fucking supermodel while I hid behind the cold medicine aisle.

Wendy: Did he see you?

Jen: Yeah.

Angela: And?

Jen: He acted like he didn't even know me. Like those 3 years spent together never even fucking happened.

Angela: What a pussy.

Jen: You always look the shittiest when you run into people you never want to see again. It's God cruel way to remind you how pathetic you are doing compared to the people you run into.

Angela: Dramatic much?

Jen: Shut the fuck up.

Wendy: What we you wearing? I'm sure it wasn't that bad.

Jen: I was wearing nasty-ass sweatpants, a big t-shirt and my hair was all greasy because I had just rolled out of bed to go get medicine.

Wendy: Oh.

Jen: Exactly.

*Suddenly Wendy gets an idea on how to lighten the mood.*

Wendy: *(to Jen)* I know what will cheer you up. Why don't you tell us all how your date went last night?

Hailey: You had a date and you didn't tell me?!

Angela: Yep! Ask her how we got all this lovely pizza here for free!

Jen: Fuck you guys.

Hailey: What? What happened?

Jen: Nothing. It wasn't even a date. He's not even a possibility.



Angela: But if he's a manager of a Dominoes you could always get free pizza!

Jen: True. I do love my pizza. It's such a tough decision. Sleep with a creeper or never have to worry about doing the 5 5 5 deal again.

Wendy: Well what about Mark?

Jen: What about him?

Angela: He wants your vagina real bad.

Jen: *(smiles as she thinks about Mark)* He doesn't just want my vagina, he wants my mind and soul too.

Hailey: He wants your vagisoul.

Wendy: At least some guy *wants* your vagisoul.

Angela: Aw, Wendy babe. Don't feel bad. You have much higher standards than Jen, or else everyone would want your vagisoul.

Jen: Yeah. And if you had Angie's standard everyone in the tri-state area would want your vagisoul, minus the soul.

*Angela makes a face at Jen.*

Hailey: Seriously, Jen. Why don't you make a move on Mark?

Jen: 'Cause I'm not in the mood to teach some guy how to fuck me.

Wendy: What does that even mean?

Angela: I totally get what she means.

Jen: Mark is a baby. He's a baby man. I'm not in the mood to deal with immature baby men. Who first of all don't know how to please me emotionally, second of all physically. What's the point? I'm getting too old to waste my time on that shit.

Wendy: But who says he won't be able to do those things? You are just assuming that. Just because Mark is shy and little dorky doesn't mean he couldn't be an animal in the sack.

Angela: Don't ever say animal in the sack. You're not her mother and this is not the 70's.

Hailey: Wendy's right Jen.

*Jen has finally had it.*

Jen: *(yells)* I don't wanna talk about it anymore. Mark is my best friend and I don't wanna fuck things up so just drop it okay!

*Silence. They know they have all pushed it too far.*

Angela: *(comforting)* If you never open up your heart again you're never gonna find love.

Jen: Shut up! Who are you now? Wendy? *(to Wendy)* Always spitting out all this sentimental bullshit about how if you just believe in love it will find you. Newsflash-- love is not a fucking hallmark card and it usually NEVER ends like those stupid ass chick flicks. *(to Angela)* And what the fuck would you know about opening up your heart to anyone anyway? All you ever do is open your legs to any guy that's interested because you think that's how you'll find you love. Well trust me the last place guys look for love is where your thighs come together!

*Angela and Wendy are truly hurt.*

Angela: *(teary)* Fuck you Jen.

Wendy *(on the verge of tears, trying to stay strong, softly)*: I don't even like hallmark cards.

*Silence.*

Hailey: Jen, that wasn't called for. I think you should apologize.

Jen: Don't even get me started on you, Hailey. You sit here wallowing in your sorrow acting like it's the end of the goddamn world when its not! We've all been there in case you haven't noticed! Or maybe you were too self absorbed in your own relationship that you thought was the end all and be all of everything to realize when your best friends we're in pain and going through shit. Did it ever occur to you the reason this keeps happening to you over and over again is because you keep choosing the same piece of shit guy?! Maybe now that Joe is out of your life you can get your head out of your ass and actually start living in the real world with the rest of us!

*Awkward silence. Everyone has their feelings hurt. Hailey takes this in and breaks down into tears.*

Hailey *(hesitant)*: Was I really *that* selfish?

Jen *(harsh)*: Yes.

*Hailey looks to the others for their perspective.*

Wendy: Kinda.

Angela: *(hesitant and slow)* I just don't think you realized how shitty it was for the rest of us 'cause all you ever thought about was with how great Joe was.

Jen: Welcome to the life of us single women.

*Hailey starts to realize how selfish she's been. Silence.*

Hailey *(quietly)*: I'm sorry. I didn't think...

*Hailey starts to get teary and curl into a ball. The others comfort her.*

Jen: Don't worry about. Shit happens.

Angela: To the best of us.

Wendy: Yeah. *(beat)* We still love you. We'll always love you.

Hailey *(teary)*: Thanks guys.

*Jen tries to lighten the mood.*

Jen: I mean you always told me he was a Mr. Cunnilingus expert so it makes total sense you peaced out on us to cash in on that. Shit I'd do it in a second.

*They all laugh. As the laughter dies down.*

Wendy *(hesitant)*: I'm not a huge fan of...*that*.

Jen: WHAT?!?!?! ARE YOU KIDDING ME?!

Wendy: I'm sorry I just don't like it.

Angela: How could you not like getting oral?

Hailey: It's one of the best things about having sex. It's like the bonus package.

Jen: YEAH! If I didn't feel bad about the guy not getting off, I'd skip sex altogether. God invented sex for the man anyway.

Wendy: First of all that is not true. Lots of women have orgasms during sex.

Jen: Like who? You?

Wendy: Well no. But—

Angela: I've boned a lot of guys and I've only had 3 orgasms vaginally. And that's only cause that guy *really* knew what he was doing.

*Jen and Angela laugh.*

Wendy: It just makes me feel like I'm on display. Like everyone in the world can see my vagina.

Jen: I can't imagine what you feel like when you go to the gynecologist.

Angela: What are you gonna do when you have a baby? Ask the doctor to try to deliver it while not looking at your vag.

Hailey: Joe used to make me come during sex all the time.

*They all stop laughing and look at her.*

Hailey: He took it almost as a challenge to try to please me as much as he could. (*gets teary*) I'm sorry I keep talking about him it's just.... I just don't know what I did.

Wendy: You didn't do anything.

Angela: Yeah stop it.

Jen: Yeah that's bullshit. You did nothing wrong. Joe leaving for some skank was his choice and it had nothing to do with something you did.

Hailey: I just don't know if I'm ever going to be able to find anyone else that loves me the way he did.

Angela: But why would you want to find someone who loves you the same? He left and so did his faulty-ass love.

Wendy (*excited*): What about that guy at Starbucks? He is clearly interested in you!

*Jen laughs at Wendy's positive hopeful comment but decides to go along with it.*

Jen: (*slightly sarcastic*) Yeah who knows, he could be your next long-time lover.

Hailey: Steve is cute and sweet ...but I doubt I'm going to find the love of my life in a

Starbucks.

Angela: Hey, some of the greatest loves of all time met in weird places.

Hailey: Like who?

Jen: Uh, Jack and Rose. I mean the back of a ship. Can't get any weirder than that.

Hailey: True. But Jack dies in the end. And they were only together a few days. If it had been realistic and they had known each other for longer then they would have been at each other's throats. Besides it messed up Rose forever! Spending the rest of her life thinking she could never find another man as good as some random artist she only knew for a few days...when there's a hundred men out there just like him, probably even better.

*They all realize Hailey has answered her own question.*

Angela: Exactly.

*Hailey realizes that she has answered her own question.*

Jen: Just 'cause it ends, doesn't mean your heart stops working.

Angela: Though it may seem like it for a while.

*Wendy speaks all of a sudden.*

Wendy: You guys?

*They all look at Wendy.*

Wendy:(*sadly*) I would be a chode.

*They all laugh. Jen hugs Wendy, then Hailey joins, then Angela.*

Hailey: I think at some point we all have been a chode.

*They all smile and laugh.*

*LIGHTS OUT.*

*LIGHTS UP. NEXT DAY. EARLY MORNING. ALL OF THEM ARE PASSED OUT ON THE FLOOR HUNGOVER.*

Hailey (*groggy*): Uhhhh, what time is it?

*Jen rolls off of the pizza box that she is lying on and looks at her phone.*

Jen: Nine fifteen.

Hailey: What? Shit we gotta get out of here. The realtor is supposed to be bringing a new couple in to look at the place at 9:30.

*The girls all start to gradually, as fast as their bodies permit them, picking themselves off the floor and grabbing their things. Jen picks up the pizza box and Angela grabs the alcohol bottles.*

Jen: Well I don't know about you guys but I'm still drunk and starving.

Wendy: Me too. I don't see how you guys can do this to yourselves every weekend.

Angela: Dunkin' Donuts!

Jen: Oh my god. Yes!

*Jen and Angela start making their way for the door.*

Angela: You coming Hailey?

Hailey: Actually I think I'm gonna stay here a bit longer. I'll meet you guys there. The one on the corner right?

Angela: Yeah.

*Angela and Jen leave while Wendy watches Hailey scan the apartment.*

Wendy: You gonna be okay?

*Hailey looks around and then looks at Wendy.*

Hailey: Yeah. I will be.

*Wendy exits and Hailey continues to scan the room. Hailey smiles looking around lost in her nostalgia. She picks up her photos and Kleenex and throws them in the trash. She looks around the empty apartment one last time before turning off the lights.*

*LIGHTS OUT.*