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## ***Party Girl***

*a play in one act*

by Kitt Lavoie

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### **Synopsis**

A young lawyer arrives at his cousin's bachelor party to find his girlfriend, and Ivy League PhD student, working the party as an exotic dancer—two days before he was to introduce her to his family. They must work out how—and if—they can possibly go on together.

### **Playwright Bio**

**Kitt Lavoie** is author of seventeen produced plays and musical books, including *Twice Rather Perish* and *The Median Line* (both winners of the Herbert J. Robinson Award for Dramatic Writing). His new full-length play, *Makes Three*, recently had its first public reading with The CRY HAVOC Company, which is also currently developing his newest full-length play, *A Writer for Children*. He has directed more than seventy-five shows in New York City, including the original productions of more than thirty plays. Kitt also regularly assists stage and television director Lonny Price, with whom he has recently worked on the Roundabout Theatre's Broadway revival of *110 in the Shade* (starring Audra McDonald and John Cullum), the American Premiere of *Night Season* by Rebecca Liefkowitz, and the PBS filming of the Tony Award winning John Doyle revival of Stephen Sondheim's *Company*. Kitt has also appeared onstage as Macbeth, Benedick (*Much Ado...*), and Roy Cohn *Angels in America*, among others, and has designed sets/lights for more than sixty shows. He holds a Master of Fine Arts in Directing from the Actors Studio Drama School, is a founding member of the Professional Playwrights Workshop at the Players Club and is a Member of the Society of Stage Directors and Choreographers (SSDC). Kitt is Artistic Director and co-founder of The CRY HAVOC Company ([www.cryhavocnyc.com](http://www.cryhavocnyc.com)). [www.kittlavoie.com](http://www.kittlavoie.com)

### **Character Breakdown**

**Lorelei** An Ivy League PhD student working her way through school as an exotic dancer (mid- 20s)

**Philip** A young lawyer; Lorelei's boyfriend (late-20s)

**Kal** An amphetamine addicted exotic dancer; Lorelei's co-worker (late teens)

### **Setting**

A bachelor's bedroom adjoining a raging bachelor party.

### **Time Period**

Present day.

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*Lights rise on a cramped bachelor's bedroom. A pile of coats on the bed. A party rages in the next room. After a moment, the door swings open and Philip, 29, pushes a scantily clad Lorelei, 24, through the door and shuts it behind them. They look at each other for a moment.*

**Lorelei**        What?

**Philip**        What??

**Lorelei**        *What?*

**Philip**        What? *What?*... What the fuck, that's what.

**Lorelei**        What are you doing here?

**Philip**        What am *I* doing here?

**Lorelei**        How was the movie?

**Philip**        What movie?

**Lorelei**        The *movie*.

**Philip**        Oh come on, I just—... On the list of transgressions, okay? I just—, it's my cousin's bachelor party. You're not supposed to tell your girlfriend—

**Lorelei**        I wouldn't have minded—

**Philip**        Clearly. How long has this been going on?

**Lorelei**        What?

**Philip**        The—... How long have we been together?

**Lorelei**        Five months.

**Philip**        And how long have you been doing this?

**Lorelei**        Almost a year.

**Philip**        Oh, Jesus.

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**Lorelei**           What?

**Philip**            Stop asking “what.” You’ve been lying to me.

**Lorelei**            I have not.

**Philip**            You have, too. A lie of omission, maybe.

**Lorelei**            I told you what I did.

**Philip**            You said you *danced*.

**Lorelei**            Yes.

**Philip**            Well this, with the—, the—... This is not what I was picturing.

**Lorelei**            What did you *think* I was doing?

**Philip**            *Dancing.*

**Lorelei**            Like, ballet?

**Philip**            Or something, yes.

**Lorelei**            Who have you ever heard of working their way through school as a ballet dancer?

**Philip**            I thought you.

**Lorelei**            And you didn’t think it was odd that I never invited you to a recital?

**Philip**            You said it was private.

**Lorelei**            Yes, I said I was doing private parties. What, did you think I was dancing *Orpheus* in someone’s kitchen.

**Philip**            No, I thought, like, benefits or something.

**Lorelei**            Philip—

**Philip**            You said you took lessons.

**Lorelei**            Until I was fifteen, yes. (*re: her breasts*) Then I grew these. I started falling over.

**Philip**            Oh, Jesus. Oh, Jesus, Jesus, Jesus.

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**Lorelei**        Could you, please? You know I don't like that.

**Philip**        Right, 'cause Jesus, (*re: her outfit, or lack thereof*) he would—, he would fucking *love* this. Could you, ah...

*Philip goes to the bed and picks up a coat.*

**Philip**        Could you just, ah—. Yeah.

*Philip hands her the coat and paces away. Lorelei pulls the coat on.*

**Lorelei**        Phil, I'm sor—

**Philip**        Do you know? Do you? Whose party this is?

**Lorelei**        I'm guessing Brad's—

**Philip**        Yeah. Yeah, it's Brad's party. My cousin. Brad. 'Cause, ah, Brad's getting married on Saturday. You remember about the wedding, yeah?

**Lorelei**        Yes.

**Philip**        'Cause, you know, I had this whole, ah, this whole speech worked out. You know, um, "Dad, Mom, this—, *this* is Lorelei." That, ah, that stutter there, the, um, "this—, *this* is Lorelei." I'd practiced that.

**Lorelei**        Phil—

**Philip**        And now, I'm not—, not so sure that's gonna work out. 'Cause, 'cause, remember when I came in. You know, like first came in.

**Lorelei**        Yes—

**Philip**        And saw you with that guy.

**Lorelei**        You mean, like, a minute ago. Yes, I remember that.

**Philip**        You know that old, *old* guy.

**Lorelei**        Yes.

**Philip**        Yeah, 'cause that old guy, that was my dad. Yeah. He, um—, I almost didn't come tonight 'cause I really didn't dig the idea of seeing my dad with strippers. But, ah, you know, when you had to *work*, I figured—

**Lorelei** He was very polite.

**Philip** As opposed to whom?

**Lorelei** As opposed to—, I don't know what that meant.

**Philip** As opposed to all the guys who—... Ahhh! Okay, so the wedding's off. That's clear.

**Lorelei** I didn't know we were—

**Philip** I mean we're not going to the wedding on Saturday. I'm going, but you can't.

**Lorelei** Come on, Philip—

**Philip** No! Your tits and my dad and the... no.

**Lorelei** It's not that bad.

**Philip** It is *that* bad, and then it is badder.

**Lorelei** I bought a new dress.

**Philip** No, no, you're right. The dress would probably throw them off.

**Lorelei** Maybe it would. I want to meet them, Phil. And I want you to meet mine. And even if they do recognize me, so what?

**Philip** So what?

**Lorelei** It's a job, Philip. Not the one I would want most in the world, maybe, but it's a job. It pays my bills and gets me through school and all in two nights a week. Would you rather I waitress six nights?

**Philip** I would.

**Lorelei** And never see you? Because that's what I used to do.

**Philip** You are so much *better* than this.

**Lorelei** I know I am. But, for now, this is what I do. What did you do in law school?

**Philip** Cathy Stritch.

**Lorelei** No. For money.

**Philip** No, not for money. She was my girlfriend, and that's exactly my point.

**Lorelei** I mean, what did you do for money when you were in law school?

**Philip** I worked the midnight to eight shift at Kinkos.

**Lorelei** There you go. Now I didn't know you then, but I'm betting you were better than that.

**Philip** The difference being that only rarely did I suck off the customers while they waited for their copies.

**Lorelei** Excuse me?

**Philip** Excuse *me*. The gall, the fucking gall, for real, "It's just a job." How 'bout I go out and fuck that little cashier girl at CVS. The one with the ass. I'll grab some pens for the office while I'm there and call it a job.

**Lorelei** I—

**Philip** No, seriously, can you imagine. If I didn't come tonight. Saturday I all introduce you to my brother Bill and you're all, "I'm so glad to see you got the stain out of those pants. Sorry about that. I was just so goddamned *full*."

**Lorelei** I wasn't planning to stain anybody's anything.

**Philip** 'Cause you're a pro.

**Lorelei** 'Cause I'm a *dancer*.

**Philip** You're a fucking stripper.

**Lorelei** I'm a student. And I'm your fucking girlfriend. And don't talk to me that way.

**Philip** Look, I chipped in. You're here on my time.

*Lorelei stands before him. She readies to drop the coat.*

**Lorelei** Fine. What do you want me to do? Tell me. Tell me what you want.

**Philip** I'm sorry.

**Lorelei**      *Tell me.*

**Philip**      No.

*Lorelei moves aggressively for his belt.*

**Lorelei**      You want me to blow you? Is that what you want? You want me to suck your cock?

**Philip**      Stop it.

**Lorelei**      Do you want it in here? Or out there, so your friends can see? God, can you imagine? The hooting and hollering when you come on my tits? Then the twenties come out. Hundreds, if you've done your job right. All bidding on who gets to go next.

**Philip**      Fucking stop it!

*Silence.*

**Lorelei**      Is that what you think I do? I dance. Some girls work for tips. I don't. I dance. And yes, I show them my tits. And I show them my box. And it took me a long time to be okay with that. But whatever I show them is mine to show them. And I dance.

*Silence.*

**Philip**      So you don't fuck?

**Lorelei**      Not when I work.

**Philip**      And there's no blow jobs.

**Lorelei**      No blow jobs. No hand jobs. No jerking off. The dick comes out, the pants go on.

*A beat.*

**Philip**      So you're not going to fuck him?

**Lorelei**      Who?

**Philip**      *Brad.*

**Lorelei**      No.

**Philip**      Then who *is*?

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**Lorelei** I—

**Philip** Does Terry know about this?

**Lorelei** Who?

**Philip** The best man.

**Lorelei** I don't know.

**Philip** That stupid fuck.

**Lorelei** What?

**Philip** It's fucking Brad's bachelor party is what. And Terry knows your not gonna fuck him?

**Lorelei** It hasn't come up.

**Philip** Fuck. Stay here.

*Philip hustles out of the room. A beat later, KAL, scantily clad, zips into the room and makes a bee-line for a jacket on the bed. She removes a pouch of powder from the pocket, spreads some out on the table, and snorts it up.*

**Kal** They're getting restless out there.

**Lorelei** Sorry. Personal stuff. Long story.

*Philip breezes back into the room.*

**Philip** Okay, he didn't know. And he's fucking pissed.

**Philip/Kal** (*simultaneously*) Who's this?

**Lorelei** Okay, short story. Kal, this is Phil.

**Kal** Hi, Phil.

**Lorelei** My Phil.

**Kal** Ohhhh. *Hi*, Phil. You came down to see Penny dance?

**Philip** I came down to—who are you?

**Lorelei** This is Kal. She's dancing this party with me.

**Philip** Alright, what am I supposed to tell Terry?

**Lorelei** I don't know.

**Philip** This is fucking terrific. Jesus Christ, Lorelei.

**Kal** What's wrong?

**Lorelei** Well, my boyfriend seems to be pissed off that I'm not going to fuck his cousin.

**Kal** Who's his cousin?

**Lorelei** Brad.

**Kal** Short guy? Red hair?

**Lorelei** The groom.

**Kal** Oh. Yeah. I'll fuck him.

**Philip** You will?

**Kal** Yeah. I just figured I would be.

**Lorelei** Fixed.

**Philip** I guess. I mean, it's just, you know, there are *reasons* you get two strippers for a party like this.

**Lorelei** Really?

**Philip** Yeah. I know you haven't *met* Merideth, his fiancé, but trust me, if he was ever going to fuck two girls it was going to be tonight. But, you know, hey, Kelly here is nice looking. Nicer looking than Merideth. So there's something.

**Lorelei** Kal.

**Philip** What?

**Lorelei** Kal. Her name is Kal.

**Philip** Great. Kal. Kal, your ass is great, it's great, and I'm sure his semen will look just fantastic across it. But I'm sure you can sympathize that it's just not quite the same as the old double-team, which, you know, hey, it's just his *bachelor party* after all.

**Lorelei** He's your cousin—if you want me to make an exception—

**Philip** I *don't* want you—

**Lorelei** *Then stop being such an asshole.*

**Philip** (*to Kal*) Do you know what she does? Do you? Other than the—?

**Kal** I know she goes to school.

**Philip** Yeah. She's 18 months away from her PhD in Classical Literature from Princeton. You know Princeton?

**Kal** I know Princeton.

**Philip** You don't go to Princeton?

**Kal** I don't go to Princeton.

**Philip** Well, she does. And I don't know how the fuck she's going to look her students in the eyes when she knows that she paid for that degree by soiling the armrests of basement sofas across Central Jersey.

**Kal** I think I'm going to leave you two alone.

**Philip** What do you do?

**Kal** What do you mean?

**Philip** What *do* you do?

**Kal** I strip.

**Philip** And fuck.

**Kal** When the money's right.

**Philip** Is it ever wrong?

**Kal** Make me an offer. It'll be wrong.

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**Philip** Yeah?

**Kal** I'm headed back out. See you out there, Pen?

**Lorelei** In a minute.

**Philip** And her name isn't "Pen." Or "Penny." It's "Lorelei."

**Kal** I know.

**Lorelei** It's a stage name.

**Philip** A nom-de-poon?

**Lorelei** I'm Penelope. She's Kalonika.

**Philip** Oh, Jesus. And you say you don't fuck these guys.

**Lorelei** I don't. That's the point.

**Philip** You don't think they get it.

**Lorelei** Honestly, I don't.

**Philip** The invitation, with all the sitting and the sofa and their fucking phallic hard-on phalluses? "Come on and fuck me, you phallic fucking phallus fuckers."

**Lorelei** Well, a), I doubt that many of them have *read* it, and b), the "no fucking" is the whole fucking point.

**Philip** (*to Kal*) Have you read *Lysistrata*?

**Kal** No.

**Philip** Then why did you pick "Kalonika?"

**Kal** Penny suggested it.

**Philip** And you didn't ask why?

**Kal** I thought it was some sort of enema superhero thing. I don't know. It's sort of a specialty.

*Philip looks at Lorelei.*

**Philip**            *"Nemo enim fere saltat sobrius, nisi forte insanit."\**

**Lorelei**            *No inceptis infigo cum suis scientia directus de Cicero. Nisi poscis venia de mei amica continuo, te podex perfectus, nunquam spectis mihi foras induviae interim.\*\**

*Kal laughs.*

**Philip**            *(to Kal)* You caught that?

**Kal**                 No, but she's yelling at you in *Latin*. Your girlfriend *rocks*.

*Kal leaves.*

**Philip**            This is who you spend your nights with?

**Lorelei**            I have to get back to work.

**Philip**            You don't, you know.

**Lorelei**            I really do.

**Philip**            Do you not see why I would be bothered by this?

**Lorelei**            I see why you would be. But I don't see why you should be.

**Philip**            You don't?

**Lorelei**            You came here tonight expecting to see a cadre of girls dancing naked for the amusement of you and your friends. And, it seemed, you expected a few of them to take your buddy Brad out for one last spin. And you would have been okay with that. So, it turns out I'm one of the cadre.

**Philip**            But you're better than that.

**Lorelei**            No I'm not. No, I'm not, Phil. I'm a girl who needs money. Just like the girls you thought were going to be here tonight. And this is a way to get it. It's okay, what I do.

**Philip**            I—

\*translation: *"No-one dances sober, unless he is completely insane."*

**\*\*translation:** *Don't try to impress me with your cursory knowledge of Cicero. If you don't apologize to my friend right now, you fucking asshole, you will never see me naked again.*

**Lorelei** It took me a long time to believe that, Phil. That it's okay. And this job *really* sucked before I did. Don't take that from me.

*A beat.*

**Philip** I don't know what to say to you.

**Lorelei** You don't have to say anything.

**Philip** I love you, you know. The whole way over here I kept finding myself thinking about what I would want to do for *my* bachelor party. Or would I even *want* one. And that whole thing with the horses pulling them up to the chapel or whatever-the-fuck they're doing, I keep thinking what a stupid idea that is and how I sure don't want any horses at *my* wedding.

**Lorelei** Your horse thing is truly bizarre.

**Philip** But I never thought about that before. That kind of thing. I've been to weddings. That shit has never registered. And the *registry*. The whole, "hey, buy me a gift" thing. "*This* gift," you know. I don't want that at *my* wedding.

**Lorelei** Okay.

**Philip** *Would* it be okay? Because, because I've been thinking that maybe it really matters if you'd be okay with what I want at my wedding. "This—, *this* is Lorelei." I must have rehearsed that speech a hundred and forty times this week. 'Cause, you know, I think maybe it matters. Or it should. To my parents. Who you are.

*A beat.*

**Lorelei** Is that a proposal?

**Philip** No. Maybe. I don't know.

**Lorelei** 'Cause if it is, it's kind of sweet.

**Philip** Kind of?

**Lorelei** Kind of. But under the circumstances...

**Philip** Under the circumstances.

*Lorelei kisses Philip gently.*

**Philip**        Would you say yes, if it were?

**Lorelei**        Maybe. I don't know. Are you asking?

**Philip**        I don't know. Let's say no. For tonight. Maybe later.

**Lorelei**        Okay.

*They kiss. After a beat, they are interrupted by a knock on the door.*

**Male Voice**    Hey! Phil! I got next!

*Philip pulls away.*

**Philip**        "She's getting her Ph.D. From Princeton." That's what always came next. She's smart. She's beautiful. Driven. And, yeah, I'm not going to lie, I hoped Bill would notice the tits. How they look in that dress. But now... Now... I'll always be the one who brought home the stripper.

**Lorelei**        It shouldn't matter. What they think.

**Philip**        I know.

**Lorelei**        Unless it makes a difference to you?

*A beat.*

**Philip**        I don't know. It might. I'm not sure yet.

*A beat. Lorelei gets up.*

**Lorelei**        Okay... Look, um, I've got to get back to work.

**Philip**        You can't go back out there.

**Lorelei**        I have to. It's my job.

**Philip**        No, look. Look. Here.

*Philip takes out his wallet and hands her a wad of bills.*

**Lorelei**        Came prepared, huh?

**Philip** That will more than cover what you were going to make tonight. Just go home. I need to work out what I want to do.

*Lorelei looks at Philip a moment.*

**Lorelei** Yeah. Work it out. But in the meantime...

*She hands him back his money.*

**Lorelei** I don't work for tips.

*Lorelei slides out of the coat, tosses it on the bed, and leaves. The crowd hoots and hollers as she reenters the party. Philip watches her dance through the open door. After a moment, Kal skitters back into the room and grabs her pouch of powder from her coat pocket. Philip keeps his eyes on the party. She does a quick hit, then heads back out towards the door.*

**Philip** Hey!

*Kal turns in the doorway. Philip tosses the wad of money to her. She catches it.*

**Philip** Got a minute?

**Kal** I don't think I do.

**Philip** Count it.

*Kal flips through the bills. She looks at Philip for a moment.*

**Kal** Penny's my friend.

**Philip** Yeah. She's my friend, too. You got a minute?

*Kal steals a glance at the party. She closes the door.*

**Kal** Yeah.

**Philip** I had a feeling you would.

*Kal sits Philip on the edge of the bed. She kneels down in front of him.*

**Philip** You got a boyfriend, Kal?

**Kal** Not really.

*Kal undoes Philip's belt.*



**Philip**        You like what you do?

**Kal**            No. Not really.

*Kal undoes Philip's pants.*

**Philip**        What do you do? It's a job, right?

*Philip lays back on the bed. Kal begins to sink towards Philip's lap as the lights go down.*

**END OF PLAY**