

Voices heard offstage

Katie: I don't understand why we're going to this.

Jason: Because we were invited.

Katie: But, I'm not gonna know anybody.

Jason: We're already here, so why does it matter? Make the best of it. Have some drinks.

Katie: Fine

They enter. Katie wearing a dress and heels, Jason wearing a nice collared shirt with a mediocre looking tie, carrying presents.

Katie: Are you kidding me? I thought you said this was a fancy dress party.

Jason: Yeah, I thought so....

Katie: Who invited you to this?

Jason: Marty.

Katie: Well, where is he?

Jason: I dunno, I don't see him. Here hold these. *Hands off presents*

Katie: Why did we get two?

Jason: One's a gag gift and one's a real one. Ok, I just texted Marty asking where he was.

Katie: Fine. *Hands presents back. Silence.* Whose party is it?

Jason: Janice's.

Katie: See her?

Jason: No, she's probably schmoozing with her guests.

Katie: Do you see anybody you know?

Jason: Not really. I'm pretty sure most people here are from accounting. Oh! Here hold these again. Ok, Marty says he's on his way.

Katie: What does that mean? 5 minutes? 10 minutes? *Hands presents back.* 3 hours?

Jason: Just chill.

Katie: I can't believe this. People are wearing jeans. That guy is wearing socks with sandals, for crying out loud. I bought a new dress for this.

Jason: You didn't have to. That's just because you didn't fit into your old ones.

Katie: Did you just call me fat? Because, lord help you if you called me fat.

Jason: What? No! I would never call you fat! You're just a bit more to love than you were when you wore your old dresses. It's ok, it happens. We're not in college anymore. I still love you.

Katie: Glad to see your love for me depends on my weight. Should I show some more cleavage as well? Perhaps just let my tits hang out?

Jason: Hey! Listen! That's not what I meant; it's just that...

They see a person walking by them (unseen by the audience)

Jason and Katie: Hi!

Katie: Love the decorations. So festive. I'm loving the tiki mask. It's like I'm gonna get cursed!

Jason: Oooo, careful sweetie. Don't want to taunt it. *They laugh.*

Watches as person continues walking on

Katie: ...forget it. I just wish I wasn't wearing this dress right now.

Jason: I know. I can't believe I wore a tie. Be lucky you don't have to wear a tie. It's so uncomfortable.

Katie: Are you fucking kidding me right now? I am wearing heels. Do you know what heels are? Imagine standing on toothpicks. And keeping balance. And pretending they don't hurt. When they do. Oh they do.

Jason: Yeah, but feet aren't as sensitive as necks. It feels like I'm choking.

Katie punches close to Jason's crotch.

Jason: Ouch!

Katie: I missed on purpose. Does that scare you?

Jason: Well it sure as hell doesn't comfort me! You know I dressed up for this too!

Katie: Your tie looks like shit and your shirt needs to be ironed.

Jason: I know, but you didn't iron it.

Katie: That's my job!?

Jason: Well, you were already ironing your stuff, so I just figured....

Katie: Ok, it's bad enough that I already do your laundry, but trying to make me your little clothing slave...?

Jason: I would do your laundry...except I don't wanna touch your used panties.

Katie: Oh you're one to talk, Mr. Shit-Stain!!!

Another person walks by

Jason & Katie: Hey there!

Katie: Have you tried the punch? It's delicious. I swear they spiked it. Haha.

Jason: It's tropical flavored. The blue makes it taste better. You should get some before I drink the entire bowl.

Katie: Oh sweetie. Remember you're the DD. *They laugh*

Person walks on

Jason: I don't even think there is punch here.

Katie: Shut up. Just, shut up.

Jason: I'm just saying...

Katie: And what was that tropical talk? 'Blue makes it taste better!' Should I dye my vag-hair blue so it tastes better?

Jason: Look, you can douse it in blueberries, but it's still gonna taste like anchovies.

Katie: Oh...no you fuckin' didn't. I'm leaving right now. *Starts to leave*

Jason: You don't have the keys.

Katie: I'll walk.

Jason: Ok, so suddenly heels aren't that bad.

Katie: *comes back*. Fine. *Silence*. Is there anybody you know here that can take you away from me, then?

Jason: I think that's Sarah from customer service over there. Though it's hard to tell from the back. She dyes her hair a different color every week. Woop, no that's not her. I would definitely have remembered.....those.

Katie: Are you seriously checking out some chick's tits in front of me?

Jason: Oh please, I can't help it. They are just...there!

Katie: That's fine. I mean, sometimes other men's dicks are just there and I can't help but grab onto them and hold on for dear life.

Jason: Sweetie...you know what I mean...

Katie: No, apparently I don't since I'm just a robot meant to wash and iron your clothes.

Jason: *Jokingly*. Don't forget the sex.

Katie: *Serious*. You do know I'm going to have to stab you later, right?

Uncomfortable silence

Jason: Oh! Here, hold these. *Hands over presents* Ok...Marty said he's getting gas and beer. Should be here soon. Should I tell him to get some Smirnoff for you? I know you love Smirnoff.

Katie: That was your old girlfriend. I prefer White Zin. *Silence*. What did we get Janice? Just so I know if I ever see her.

Jason: Oh, well, the real gift is a special edition of The Notebook. She's crazy for that movie.

Katie: And the gag?

Jason: Well...I mean, it would only be funny between her and me.

Katie: What is in the box?

Jason: ...it's a sex doll with a vibrator penis.

Katie: You better be joking.

Jason: It's an inside joke! Besides, the vibrator actually shocks the person once it's inside them. Kinda like those pens that shock your fingers when you press them.

Katie: So, essentially, you are giving a woman a doll that she is supposed to have sex with-

Jason: But, she can't-

Katie: But she'll try! And she will be thinking of the person who gave her the doll which would be you! You are seriously the worst human being alive! You are sleeping on the couch for the next month, if I stay that long! Also!-

Person walks by

Jason & Katie: How's it going?

Jason: I like your shirt. Princess Toadstool. Nice. I'm more of a Samus man myself. *Fake Laughs.*

Person moves on. Silence.

Katie: What were you talking about? That looked like some sort of cartoon character.

Jason: Don't worry about it. You wouldn't understand.

Katie: Was she from one of your video games?

Jason: I said don't worry about it.

Katie: Would you prefer a Princess like that....what did you say? Toadstool? On that guy's shirt. Or a princess like that Samus you mentioned?

Jason: Samus isn't a princess.

Katie: Oh, I'm sorry. Is she a queen...is she a he?

Jason: Well you would fucking know that if you took any interest in what I like! Samus is not a he! Though you wouldn't have known that unless you got the secret ending in Metroid. Also, she's not a princess. She's a fucking bounty hunter. Meaning she actually works. Gets her own pay. Unlike somebody else I know. How much did that dress cost? Wanna know why I haven't bought a better tie? Because I can't fucking afford one! When was the last time you looked for a job?

Katie: It's called not being desperate. I can't just take any job. It needs to be one that I can see a future in! Unlike you, who took the first job after graduation.

Jason: Somebody needed to make sure we could have a roof over our heads, and food in our stomach-

Person walks by

Jason: Can you believe this weather? It feels like I'm driving a boat! It would probably be easier that way, actually.

Katie: We should really start investing in a Toyota Schooner instead of a Toyota Prius.

They laugh. Person moves on.

Katie: So do you masturbate to pixilated princesses on your Nintendo PS360?

Jason: First, I hope you know that what you just said literally made me go just a bit insane. Second, it's not like I have much choice. It's not like we have sex, so I have to go online and see what Rule 34 has in store for me. Sometimes it's Cruella-Devil deep-throating Optimus Prime, and other times it's Wonder Woman getting DP'd by Skeletor and Mark Zuckerberg!

Katie: I'm not entirely sure what half of what you said mean, but it did make me want to take a shower. Besides, we do have sex!

Jason: We do not have sex! You never want to have sex and I am frakking sick of it!

Katie: It's not that I don't want to-! Wait...did you honestly say frakking?

Jason: Maybe...

Katie: Wow...just, wow. You have officially gone to the far side.

Jason: Like, with the cows?

Katie: What?

Jason: Nevermind. Here hold this real quick. *Hands her presents.* Ok, Marty said he has got some White Zin...and Smirnoff, and is officially heading over here.

Katie: You know what, I don't fucking care anymore! *Throws presents at Jason, who barely catches them.* We are leaving! This is complete bullshit! Not even **you** know people here and it's your own fucking work part-

They immediately start singing.

Jason & Katie: Happy Birthday to you! Happy birthday to you! Happy birthday dear Janissmen... happy birthday to you.....

Katie: Jasmine? I thought you said her name was Janice.

Jason: Her name is Janice...this is 1923 Skyknoll Way, right?

Katie: No. I thought you said 1943 Skyknoll Way....shit.

Jason: Are you fucking serious?...hold these. *Hands presents over.* ...Marty wants to know where we are...

Blackout.

Note: All people who walk by are only seen by the actors, not the audience.

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