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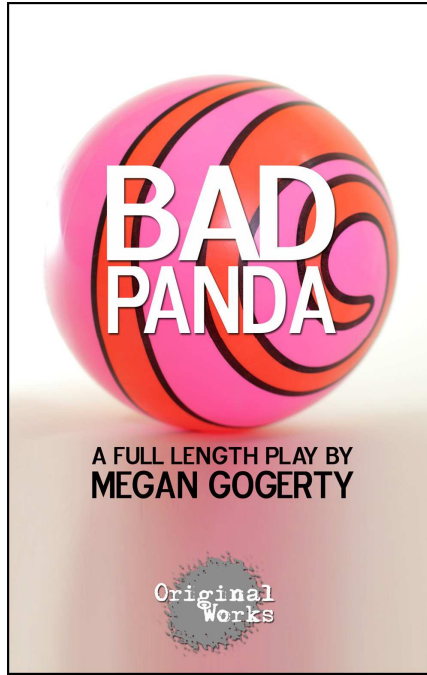
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**Bad Panda by Megan Gogerty**

**Synopsis:** They're the last two pandas on earth. It's mating season. One of them falls in love with a crocodile. Who is gay. And then the baby comes. In this sweet celebration of non-traditional families, Gwo Gwo the panda must balance his newfound desire for Chester the crocodile with his obligations to his prescribed panda mate, Marion. The animals eat, mate, splash around in identity politics, wrestle with the ambivalence of parenthood, and love one another as only families can.

**Cast Size:** 2 Males, 1 Female

# **BONNIE'S FUTURE SISTERS**

**A play by  
Meghan Gambling**

*Bonnie's Future Sisters* was originally produced at The Actors Company as part of the 2014 Hollywood Fringe Festival. The cast and crew was as follows:

### **CAST**

Bonnie – Sascha Alexander  
Corey – Kristen Rozanski  
Kayleigh – Sarah Greyson  
Larissa – Emily Jordan

### **CREW**

Director – Meghan Gambling  
Producers – Jeanne Petrone Arzubiaga, Meghan Gambling  
Technical Director – Christina Covarrubias  
Stage Managers – Chloe Storey, Jason Carmody  
Graphic Designer – Jessica Frucht  
Photography and Marketing – Amelia Tabullo  
Costume Consultant – Liza Mae Chadwick

*Special thanks to Mary Brazie, Amanda Ross, Devin Browne, and Chris Cianci.*

## **CHARACTERS**

**BONNIE** - 28, overachiever, Type A, with a deep need for approval.

**COREY** - 30, reserved, highly intelligent, sarcastic and sensitive.

**KAYLEIGH** - 27, confident, attractive, brash and accustomed to getting what she wants.

**LARISSA** - 17, outgoing, coy, silly, naive, wants to be taken seriously.

## **SETTING**

A suite at the Carolina Inn & Spa, evening.

## BONNIE'S FUTURE SISTERS

*(The plush front room of a suite; classic, upscale, with a couch, coffee table, two armchairs and nice lamp. BONNIE, 28, proper, her demure sheen barely covering a need for control, unpacks festivities for her engagement party: leis, bubbles, board games, including Apples to Apples, Scrabble and Awkward Family Photos. Bonnie walks through setting things up, placing out alcohol, checking the ice chest, organizing every detail. She unrolls and hangs a huge banner that reads: CONGRATULATIONS BONNIE! YOU DID IT! LARISSA, 17, popular with wholesome confidence, enters from the bathroom.)*

LARISSA: That bathroom is crazy, you can like spy on people out the window.

BONNIE: I know! I hope you don't mind that we're on the first floor. I love this hotel. Corey and I used to stay in this suite as children. My mom was always super afraid that one of us would fall off the balcony. But we didn't.

LARISSA: Ugh. Moms. It's so nice to be out of my house. My mom is like, constantly up my ass. I can do nothing right. I really like those soaps they have in there. I might have to steal some. I see it as recycling, they're just gonna get thrown out anyway.

BONNIE: Wow. That is actually super responsible Larissa. I never thought of it that way.

LARISSA: Are you excited to marry my brother?

BONNIE: Yes! He's the greatest. And hey, don't worry about your mom, this weekend is all about just relaxing and hanging out and have a really good time.

LARISSA: Ok. Yeah I just want to totally let loose!

BONNIE: Do you want a drink?

LARISSA: Is... that ok?

BONNIE: Oh my God of course. Think of this like a cool girl's slumber party. You don't have to go anywhere, all the fun is right here.

LARISSA: Can I have a shot?

BONNIE: Totally. Whiskey ok?

*(Bonnie jumps up going to the bar and pours Larissa a shot of whiskey.)*

BONNIE: Here.

LARISSA: Thank you. *(downing it)* God, I haven't been able to do anything since my DUI.

BONNIE: You have a DUI?

LARISSA: Retarded right?

BONNIE: Larissa, don't say that word.

LARISSA: Mom didn't tell Austin. Or anyone. So maybe don't tell him. She didn't want it to be a thing. But, my life is basically a prison situation. Have you seen that show *Lock Up Raw*?

BONNIE: On *MSNBC*. Yeah.

LARISSA: That's my life. I was driving back from a party, being responsible by spending the night since I knew I was too drunk to drive, and boom, pulled over Breathalyzer. Donezo.

BONNIE: Oh my God.

LARISSA: I instagrammed it but Kayleigh made me take it down. Don't want to reflect badly on the family.

BONNIE: Well yeah. I mean Larissa, you don't want to broadcast that and have it effect business at the restaurants.

LARISSA: Yeah so. It's super cool of you to let me drink tonight. I thought you might be kind of lame about it.

BONNIE: No, I'm totally cool. I mean. Like I said. This is a controlled and safe environment that is all about celebrating. Where's Kayleigh?

LARISSA: Outside on the phone with Travis. It's been like three months since they broke up and she still hasn't fired him from the restaurant. Mom says it's complicated cause he's the best waiter there and he knows all that stuff about wine since he's from California.

BONNIE: Wow. Yeah heartbreak is the worst. And to see him everyday? Ugh. I can't even go there in my mind right now. Just. All that pain. I feel for anyone going through that. So, tell me about high school? Is it still, like, the greatest?

LARISSA: It's ok.



BONNIE: I feel like I haven't gotten to see you as much this year cause of all your activities. Homecoming court? Dance team? A boyfriend? It sounds like so much fun.

LARISSA: It's pretty cool. But, I'm ready to get out.

BONNIE: I loved high school but for different reasons. I was involved in student government; it's where I really fell in love with interpersonal management. I mean, now that I think about it, if it wasn't for high school I probably wouldn't have had the building blocks to write my book. You know?

LARISSA: Yeah and your book is so rad. I mean I haven't read all of it, cause I've been like, busy, but I still can't believe you have your own book! Let's take a picture!

*(Larissa pulls out her phone and they pose for a photo.)*

BONNIE: Hahaha! Oh and make sure you share on Facebook and the Twitter for my book is @KeepYourGlassesOn. Just to keep everything nice and connected.

LARISSA: *(typing on her phone)* Wait, what is it?

BONNIE: *Keep Your Glasses On: A Girl's Guide to Success in the Work Place.* So just "at" Keep Your Glasses On.

LARISSA: You're so professional. Ok it's up. We look so cute. Ha ha! Patrick re-tweeted it already. God, he is like, obsessed with me.

*(KAYLEIGH, 27, sexy and confident, enters carrying her phone, and a roller suitcase.)*

BONNIE: Kayleigh!

KAYLEIGH: Hi! Look at you, you're like, so ready to get hitched it's... precious.

*(Kayleigh gives Bonnie a big long hug, which Bonnie melts in to.)*

BONNIE: Oh my God, please, I'm just—I mean, I am but I'm really excited to see you girls. What's going on with you?

KAYLEIGH: Suddenly Travis wants the night off. I'm like, you ripped my heart out and now you want to not work on one of our busiest nights? Anyway. Wow. Bonnie, look at your little games and you're little party favors!

BONNIE: I know, is it too much?

KAYLEIGH: No, God no! You look so happy.

BONNIE: I'm still in shock. I mean. We're gonna be sisters! I'm so excited! You both are like my heroes!

KAYLEIGH: Aw.

LARISSA: *(to Kayleigh)* I was saying how good I am at disappointing you. I told her about the DUI.

KAYLEIGH: Yeah. Mom is not pleased.

LARISSA: Well. Mom is not here.

*(Larissa lifts her drink to Kayleigh, who is observing the banner on the back wall.)*

KAYLEIGH: Aw Laris, did you get Bonnie that banner?

BONNIE: I bought it for myself. Ok! So, let's go over the itinerary quickly and briefly because I'm just not sure when Corey will show up, so, ok.

KAYLEIGH: Oh she's not here?

BONNIE: No, not yet.

KAYLEIGH: Are you nervous?

BONNIE: No. I mean, she was really nice on the phone, I think it'll be fine.

KAYLEIGH: Larissa. Remember what we talked about ok? Don't go running off at the mouth about everything.

LARISSA: I'm not stupid. Duh!

BONNIE: Oh my God you two are so sweet. Just look at the way you care about me!

KAYLEIGH: *(eying Larissa)* Are you drunk already?

LARISSA: No I'm not. I just had a shot.

BONNIE: I told her she could.

KAYLEIGH: She's better with just beer.

LARISSA: Kayleigh, come on! It's my one night out.

KAYLEIGH: Just pace yourself. (*rolling her suitcase*)  
Where am I?

BONNIE: Oh, in the back, on the left.

KAYLEIGH: Got it.

(*Kayleigh exits. Larissa goes to the bar. She puts her finger over her lips giggling and gesturing to Bonnie who shakes her head laughing. She pours a shot, quickly takes it, slams it down on the counter and runs back over to sit next to Bonnie just as Kayleigh walks in.*)

KAYLEIGH: What's so funny?

BONNIE: I'm engaged! Ahhhh!

LARISSA: (*singing Mine by Beyoncé, albeit slightly incorrectly.*) We should get married! Stop making a big deal out of the little things cause I got big things. Do you wanna roll with a good girl—?

(*Larissa breaks out some aggressively sexual dance moves.*)

KAYLEIGH: Yes Beyoncé—

LARISSA: That's Drake singing that part.

KAYLEIGH: Whatever.

BONNIE: Ok so lets go over the plan. Tonight, from eight to nine, I want to play a brief but efficient "Get to Know You" game, something I learned at one of our HR work retreats!

LARISSA: HR?

BONNIE: Human Resources. My job. The Eastern U.S. HR Management Council has an annual retreat each year and this is something I learned there. So, in this game, what you do is you turn to the person next to you and you say *I am* and they respond with the answer, like their own version of the answer, and then they turn to the person next to them and say, *You are* and then that person answers with their own version of the answer and then that person turns to the next person and says, *Let's have* and then they answer with their very own interpretation of that answer! So, here, (*turning to Larissa*) you do me. Ask me *I am*. Go on.

LARISSA: Uh. *I am*—

BONNIE: A Gemini! Ok, see now you know something about me! Like, if you didn't already know that. So now I turn to Kayleigh and say, *You are*, and you answer so like, *You are...*

KAYLEIGH: Hungry?

BONNIE: Yes! This is totally working and now you say to Larissa, *Let's have*.

KAYLEIGH: *Let's have...*

LARISSA: Pizza?

BONNIE: Yes so now we know that I'm a Gemini, Kayleigh is hungry, and Larissa likes pizza!

LARISSA: Sweet. Wait—

KAYLEIGH: Are you sure that's the game?

BONNIE: Ok let's go again! Kayleigh, you start.

KAYLEIGH: Uh ok. *You are*—

BONNIE: Oh no, it's, *I am*—

KAYLEIGH: Sorry, *I am*—

LARISSA: Not a virgin. *You are*—

KAYLEIGH: Not surprised—

BONNIE: No, no it's me. But you guys are so funny! So I'd say to your *You are*—

KAYLEIGH: Wait so, are we saying “I” as in “I” or “I” as in “that person?” And same with “you” is it “you” like “you” or “you” like “me” you?

BONNIE: Oh it's totally open so it could be “you” as in “you” or “I” as in “I” or “I” as in “you” but the “we” and the “let's” are the collective both—

LARISSA: Uh—

BONNIE: Ok. You know what? Let me just go back through the itinerary. And we can come back to this. Ok?

KAYLEIGH: Sounds good.

LARISSA: Yeah.

BONNIE: Ok so—

*(A knock on the door.)*

BONNIE: Oh!

*(Bonnie jumps up just as COREY, 30, no bullshit, enters.)*

COREY: The door wasn't closed all the way—

BONNIE: Hi Corey!

COREY: Hi. Here I am. Is this the right place?

BONNIE: Yeah! Oh my God, look at you! It's so nice to see you! Corey, these are our soon to be sisters, Kayleigh and Larissa Quinn!

COREY: Hey, hey nice to meet you.

KAYLEIGH: Nice to meet you, Corey!

*(They shake hands.)*

COREY: Wow that lobby is enormous.

BONNIE: Yeah we came here as kids. This is the suite we stayed in. Don't you remember?

COREY: I only remember the outside.

BONNIE: Oh but you remember the Christmases we did here, right? Jasper Parsons is the owner. I thought you would totally remember.

COREY: I don't remember. *(pointing to the board games)* What's all this? And—

*(Corey glances at the banner but thinks better of it.)*

BONNIE: Oh, I was actually just going over the itinerary for tonight and tomorrow. Do you want to put your bag down, I've got you in my room, the bed closest to the window, I know you like the window cause... (*searching*) cause you get claustrophobic—she feels closed in sometimes.

COREY: Cool thanks.

(*Corey exits.*)

BONNIE: I told you guys Corey was flying in from Minneapolis right? She's got a super cool job working at the aquarium and she also works at a coffee shop! And she's got a really pretty girlfriend—

(*Corey re-enters without her bag.*)

COREY: We broke up.

BONNIE: What? But your Facebook pictures are so cute!

COREY: So I'm really in a great fucking mood to be celebrating love. I mean, I actually am. It's wonderful to know the cyclical nature of things. They end. And begin. It's reassuring.

KAYLEIGH: I hear you on that.

BONNIE: Um, what happened?

COREY: Betrayal. Drugs. The usual.

BONNIE: Do you want to talk about it?

COREY: No.



BONNIE: Are you feeling—?

COREY: I'm feeling like I want to drink.

LARISSA: Have you ever tried Molly?

BONNIE: Who's Molly?

COREY: No.

LARISSA: It's like "X," but milder. Like, you know what's going on, but you still feel all sparkly, like a beautiful unicorn.

COREY: You do Molly?

LARISSA: Yeah, it's the only way I can get it up for Patrick. My boyfriend.

KAYLEIGH: Gross. Be civil. *(to Corey)* She's just trying to be cute.

BONNIE: Larissa you're such a jokester! So, just to continue on the itinerary – Corey I'm going over the itinerary for tonight. Have a seat! So, after *You Are*, I'll put in the lobster order, yes ladies, it's that kind of night—and then I thought we could start with one of these other games, I heard *Awkward Family Photos* is hystaaaair—

COREY: Bonnie can I make a suggestion?

BONNIE: Oh yes please.

COREY: All of these games can and should easily be converted to drinking games. *Apples to Apples*. Place a card down? Drink. Win a card? Drink. Draw a card?

Drink. *Scrabble*. Get a word? Drink. Double word score? Double shot. Triple word? Triple shot. Awkward photos or whatever? Denim or mullet? Boom. Drink.

LARISSA: Oh I like that!

COREY: See? The teenager agrees.

BONNIE: Um, Corey. She's going to be our sister.

COREY: In law. Sister-in-law. It always weirds me out when people refer to their in-laws as their actual siblings. It implies that the husband and wife are brother and sister that everyone is from the same family, when, in fact, they're not. She's no more your sister than I am her mother.

KAYLEIGH: (*amused*) Um. I love the idea of turning these into drinking games.

BONNIE: You do? I don't know, maybe we shouldn't drink you guys. I just didn't anticipate any negative energy coming in here. Corey, I don't think it's a good idea for you to drink on the heels of a breakup. I'm like so happy you actually came and I just want to be—

COREY: Bonnie, I'm fine. I need to drink. I deserve a drink.

KAYLEIGH: You deserve a drink.

BONNIE: Can we just... I just really want us all to have a good time. Lets just start with the game.

COREY: Fine.

LARISSA: Fine.

(Bonnie picks up the box for Awkward Family Photos reading the side.)

BONNIE: So, ok, well now isn't this fascinating, with three players there's one set of rules but with four players—

KAYLEIGH: You know what? Let's just, you know, hang out. I could put my bartending skills to work. Let's toast you, Bonnie.

BONNIE: Oh... Well... Ok! I guess we can do that—

COREY: (*intrigued*) You're a bartender?

KAYLEIGH: I manage one of my parents' restaurants. The Raleigh based one. But I end up bartending a lot. I love it.

BONNIE: Kayleigh is super successful. You should see her in action. Her managerial skills are really something to marvel at. And as your mom says, they sell ten times as much alcohol when she's behind the bar.

COREY: I'm sure that has a lot to do with the drinks.

BONNIE: It does. And also her people skills.

KAYLEIGH: I do the one in Raleigh and Austin manages the one here in town. We started in San Francisco doing like, southern fusion, but it just got too expensive and my mom's family is from here so she just moved us all back about ten years ago. We had no idea the first restaurant would do so well. Let alone the second.

COREY: Southern food in a southern town. Who knew?  
That's about exactly when I moved away from here.

KAYLEIGH: Yeah you don't have an accent.

BONNIE: Corey never had an accent. I did a little, but once I got into management I trained myself out of it. I was dealing with too many people that weren't from here. I still turn it on for Mama though. She likes me to stay true to my roots.

COREY: *(to Kayleigh)* Well that's cool. Must be fun working in that kind of environment.

BONNIE: Yeah, Austin and Kayleigh work really hard. I feel famous when I'm out with either one of them. Whether we're here, or in Raleigh, I'm like "hey y'all!" It's the best!

KAYLEIGH: Thank you. My parents are... nuts. They may open another one.

LARISSA: Well, I'm not working there. I told Mom the only way I would is if they opened a weed shop.

BONNIE: You are hilar!

COREY: Yeah food service isn't for everyone.

BONNIE: It's more than just food service. They're really nice restaurants.

COREY: Well, I'm sure, but it's still serving food.

BONNIE: Yeah but, it's so impressive, like the way Kayleigh runs stuff. I guess I'm just trying to say she's

a good boss, from what I can tell. So good in fact that she doesn't have the heart to fire her ex.

LARISSA: Well Mom says he's the best waiter. He can memorize the specials in like less than a minute.

KAYLEIGH: (*genuinely*) Hey, Bonnie, those are really nice things to say. Thank you.

(*Bonnie reaches forward grabbing Kayleigh and Larissa's hands, her face radiant with excitement. A split second before it gets too awkward, Kayleigh reaches over grabbing Corey's hand. Corey breaks it, reaching for a tube of bubbles.*)

COREY: So, how did he do it?

KAYLEIGH: Let me make us some drinks. (*to Bonnie*) I'll start while you tell.

BONNIE: I'm... being ridiculous. Of course you can make drinks. Of course everyone can do whatever they want! God Corey. I'm just so touched that you're here! It's just been so long.

COREY: I'm happy to be here.

BONNIE: Are you gonna visit Mom and Dad?

COREY: The proposal.

BONNIE: Oh! It was so simple and romantic. We drove up to Asheville actually up to one of those lookouts. It was super sweet because you know how normally I don't love nature?

COREY: Uh huh.

BONNIE: So, well, we didn't have to walk that far and the view was just... unrelenting. I can't even. It literally took my breath away, which, may have been the altitude. But. He got down on one knee with all these blossoms and flowers and the sun low in the sky behind him. All I could think about was, remember that bumper sticker Daddy had that said *Spring Has Sprung*, and it had that enormous flower jumping on a trampoline, like catapulting into the sky? Well that's how Austin looked, just this burst of color, like exploding behind him, just like my heart was exploding into my throat and like, his words were so calm and quiet, "Will, you, marry, me?" But the colors behind him were just... so loud and so certain. Just like I felt. And I said, equally quietly, as clearly as the sun was bright, "Yes. Of course." I mean, I almost just blurted "Duh, Austin, DUH!" But like, obviously not. Just the quietest, "Yes." And that was it. It was done. I feel like one of those results of an anthropological study where it's like I went out into the wilderness and I found the most capable man and I just... owned him. You know? So, anyway. That's how it happened.

COREY: That's really nice Bonnie. Sounds like you're really sure.

BONNIE: Well yeah. Of course I'm sure.

COREY: No I mean you're lucky to be so sure.

KAYLEIGH: And you're lucky he's so sure.

BONNIE: Well yeah, I mean. We're both sure.

*(Kayleigh comes over carrying a very pretty drink.)*

KAYLEIGH: To the happy couple. Bonnie and Austin.  
My chef brother and his author bride.

BONNIE: Thanks you guys!

LARISSA: Can I have another shot?

KAYLEIGH: No. You're looking a little walleyed already.

BONNIE: Aw Kayleigh let her. This is like, such a big night for all of us. Here, try some of my drink. It's really good.

*(Larissa takes a sip, checking her phone for the millionth time.)*

LARISSA: Mm. This is so good.

BONNIE: Oh my God we can share it! *(Raising her glass.)* To my beautiful sister Corey, who flew all the way across the country, and to my amazing sisters, *in law*, Kayleigh and Larissa!

*(Larissa plugs in her iPhone and blares Beyoncé as a live action montage ensues, including a short choreographed dance, laughing, drinking, hula hooping and blowing bubbles in no particular order. Music recedes as the girls reconvene around the couch area, time has passed and they are more relaxed.)*

KAYLEIGH: So yeah he took me to Ocracoke Island and we rode the ferry over of course, and it was so stupid romantic. But I felt it you know, of course I did and the whole time he liked this other girl.

COREY: How did you find out?

KAYLEIGH: Fucking text message. I was literally in a tent and he was in the outdoor shower and I heard his phone go off. I shouldn't have checked it, but I did.

COREY: Been there.

KAYLEIGH: So I found this whole conversation. A lot of it had been deleted, but it was enough.

BONNIE: What did it say?

KAYLEIGH: "Looking forward to seeing you when you get back." And then a whole bunch of stupid fucking emojis. What a dumbass. Anyway. He denied it, but... it's funny you know, how it's like, you feel it. Your instincts just start misfiring all over the place. Betrayal. It runs right through your body.

COREY: Yeah it's like your heart just drops out of your butt.

KAYLEIGH: Yes. So I didn't say anything, we were actually leaving that day, so, I just waited till we got back and told him it was over. And that was three months ago.

BONNIE: I can't believe anyone would break up with you.

LARISSA: (*to Corey*) What about you? You said you got dumped too.

COREY: Yeah. Well... Beth just said she didn't love me anymore. Apparently, I'm too intense.



LARISSA: Oh you're a lesbian?

COREY: Yes. Have I not... Was that missed somehow?

LARISSA: Patrick, my boyfriend, is really intense. He writes me poetry and I'm like. Whoa dude. Get a room. For just yourself.

COREY: Well it's a little more complicated than that. I think I scared her off. I'm a lot apparently.

KAYLEIGH: Who isn't? Besides. In Travis' case, his dick is huge. I'm not a pit bull you know; I don't have one of those detachable jaws.

COREY: That's a myth actually. The jaw thing, it's not true. Beth has a pit bull. Lolita. She's non aggressive.

LARISSA: Who's Beth?

COREY: My ex. That's her name. I said it earlier. Around the same time I said I was gay. Anyway.

BONNIE: I'm really sorry you're all going through stuff. I mean, we all live in our own realities, you know. And break ups are... I'm here for everyone in this room.

LARISSA: Thanks girl.

COREY: Thanks Bonnie.

KAYLEIGH: *(to Bonnie)* Do you think you'll keep working after you're married? Or did you make enough money on the book that you don't have to?

BONNIE: I actually love working in Human Resources. You learn so much dealing with people's like, inner most insecurities on the job. And at the law firm? Lawyers are... the most bizarre people. They completely over think everything. And, the book thing was so unexpected, so I don't know... I feel like I really just fell into it, you know? It's weird how, when you have something to say, even if you don't feel like you have the right tools to say it, it's almost like it doesn't matter, it's like a force greater than you. After the HR Society gave me that award I was so inspired that I just picked up the computer and couldn't stop writing and then, you know Austin had that friend at Alabaster Press who liked it and put me in touch with my agent and the whole thing has just been magic... I mean, I was never a writer. Corey's the writer.

LARISSA: *(to Corey)* What have you written?

BONNIE: Oh she's been working on a book for quite some time.

KAYLEIGH: Awesome, what's it about?

BONNIE: She won't tell.

COREY: I can answer for myself.

BONNIE: Sorry.

LARISSA: Well then how do you know if it's good?

COREY: Excuse me?

LARISSA: How do you know if it's any good, if you don't discuss it? Don't you need like, feed back and

stuff? In English class all we did was talk about each other's work. You should try it!

COREY: I do share my work. With my manager. And I have an MFA in fiction so I've had some experience with classes.

LARISSA: Then why do you work at an aquarium?

COREY: Bonnie, I brought you a gift. I figured now is as good a time as any to give it.

*(Corey reaches into her purse and hands Bonnie a small box.)*

BONNIE: Oh my God. You didn't.

*(Bonnie opens it and removes a pair of flowing feather earrings.)*

BONNIE: Corey....

COREY: I've actually taken up jewelry making. It's a little *Coachella* or something, but I thought you might them.

BONNIE: I do!

LARISSA: Oh my God, those will go perfect with the present I got you—

*(Larissa claps her hand over her mouth.)*

COREY: Oh nice, well bring it out.

LARISSA: Oh—I can't. *(Looks guiltily at Kayleigh)*. I'm not—never mind. I'm just drunk. HAHAAH!

*(Kayleigh rolls her eyes. Larissa has blown some kind of cover.)*

COREY: No lets see this gift. I'm curious.

BONNIE: Yeah Larissa! Bring it out. Unless...

COREY: Unless what—

LARISSA: *(staring at the phone)* Oh my God! Patrick has a room in this hotel!

KAYLEIGH: Well you can't go see him.

LARISSA: Why not?

KAYLEIGH: Because we're having a... party here. A sister bonding thing, Larissa come on. You don't even like him.

LARISSA: *(looking back at her phone)* OMG he got a presidential suite with a Jacuzzi! You guys! This is so hot right now. It's like he knew this was the one night I'd be out and my parents wouldn't be checking up on me and now look, he's here!

COREY: Let's all go! But Bonnie you should open Larissa's present if you want.

*(Pause as Kayleigh glares at Larissa.)*

COREY: Uh.

LARISSA: It's not that great.

COREY: I'm getting uncomfortable. If you don't want to give her the present—

KAYLEIGH: *(finally)* Go get it then. We're all curious!

*(Larissa exits.)*

BONNIE: So, um Corey...

*(Larissa returns with a box.)*

LARISSA: It's just a little something.

*(Bonnie opens the box. It is filled to the brim with Mardi Gras beads.)*

BONNIE: Um. Larissa?

COREY: Mardi Gras beads. I guess they sort of match...

LARISSA: For New Orleans. In case you ever plan on going. See it's dumb.

KAYLEIGH: What is wrong with you?

COREY: Are you... going to New Orleans? For Mardi Gras? Or do you just suddenly love the beads.

*(No one responds.)*

COREY: Are you all going to New Orleans?

BONNIE: I said no gifts.

LARISSA: You told me to bring it out!

KAYLEIGH: You volunteered it.

COREY: What's happening in New Orleans?

BONNIE: It's... my bachelorette. Over Mardi Gras. I wanted to invite you I just didn't—

COREY: *You* are going to Mardi Gras?

BONNIE: Yes Corey. I like to have fun.

COREY: Since when?

BONNIE: Since—

COREY: Who's planning it?

BONNIE: Kayleigh. And Austin.

COREY: Your husband is planning your bachelorette?

BONNIE: We're not married yet.

KAYLEIGH: My Uncle lives there. We're gonna do Mardi Gras and then he's gonna debut his new hot sauce at the bachelorette party. I mean, give it to us to try, we thought it would be fun and pretty easy—

COREY: Debut his hot sauce?

KAYLEIGH: He's—you know *Pete's Hot Sauce*? The brand? Well that's our Uncle. Pete.

COREY: What the fuck? (*to Bonnie*) Who are these people?

BONNIE: I was planning on inviting you—

COREY: Inviting me. I'm your sister.

BONNIE: Corey I haven't seen you in like five years. I was going to bring it up tonight I just—I didn't even think you'd care.

COREY: I don't. I mean, it's your... everything. You do what you want.

BONNIE: I'm. Ok, can we just start over? Everything has been going so well.

LARISSA: See, I knew this wasn't a big deal. Now she knows and we can all go and have a great time! You all were totally freaking out over nothing. Can I just go by Patrick's room really quick?

KAYLEIGH: No!

LARISSA: Are you kidding me? Mom has had such a tight leash on me since that DUI, come on Kayleigh!

KAYLEIGH: Larissa! Pull yourself together! If it wasn't for me, you'd probably be chained to your desk in your room.

LARISSA: Ok. You're right. I'm sorry. I'm being totally rude. Maybe I am a little tipsy. I'm sorry about the beads. I just got so excited seeing those earrings. They're really pretty Corey. I've always really liked beads and... I like color and pattern and, I don't know if Bonnie ever told you.

COREY: She didn't.

LARISSA: Well. That's what I'm in to. I'm going to the bathroom. I'm gonna just pee out any talk of Patrick or any dumb stuff I've done tonight. This is what hap-

pens when I have no social life! You should tell Mom that this is what happens when she doesn't let me do stuff I want to do. I ruin things.

KAYLEIGH: Good. Great. I'll tell her. Go pee.

*(Larissa exits.)*

BONNIE: Wow. You are so good with her.

COREY: *(sarcastic)* Yeah...

KAYLEIGH: She gets a little wild some times. It's hard for her. This last year at home cannot end soon enough.

COREY: She seems like she's on something.

BONNIE: Corey. I'm really sorry. I do want you at my bachelorette.

COREY: I said it's fine Bonnie. Please drop it.

BONNIE: Ok. Fine. I just... *(to Kayleigh)* Did Larissa read my whole book?

KAYLEIGH: I—

BONNIE: Cause there is a whole section on how to approach situations where you really want something but don't want to feel desperate. I think she could really benefit from that. You know just learning to step back and... wait.

COREY: Oh yeah, I remember that part. I like that part.



BONNIE: You did?

COREY: Sure.

BONNIE: You liked something I wrote?

COREY: Yeah you know, sure. It was really clear.

BONNIE: Oh my God!

*(Bonnie reaches into her purse conveniently pulling out a copy of her book Keep Your Glasses On: A Girl's Guide to Success in the Workplace.)*

KAYLEIGH: You brought a copy of your book?

BONNIE: Ok, this is the section I was talking about.

*(Bonnie picks her glasses up off the table, flips to a section and begins reading from her book.)*

BONNIE: “Often we have to balance asking for what we want, with seeming like we want too much. This is easier said than done. When asking for a raise, a new office, or any other perk try treating it with a light heart and a kind touch. Also, remember that the person on the other side of the table has a life fabric that is equally as important as your own. And always remember ladies, keep those glasses on! By appearing less threatening you are actually a force to be reckoned with.”

*(Bonnie looks up, beaming.)*

BONNIE: You like that part?

COREY: I do. I like, “life fabric.” Feels very tactile.  
Maybe Larissa can relate since she’s so into design.

*(Bonnie does a fist pump.)*

BONNIE: Yes! Oh my God, cause I feel so good about this book! I just never understood the importance of claiming my own voice until I did it. Corey. Why are you being so nice to me?

COREY: I’m just—

BONNIE: You’re seriously the best. Is she the best or what?

KAYLEIGH: *(taking another shot)* The best. I’m going to check on Larissa.

*(Kayleigh exits towards the bathroom.)*

BONNIE: I’m actually so touched you remembered a section of my book. It makes me feel like a real writer.

COREY: Clearly, you are, I mean you managed to get published.

BONNIE: Managed?

COREY: No I mean, getting published is hard. Not only did you do it, but you sold, lots of books, it’s practically impossible. I’m happy for you.

BONNIE: Why don’t you let me read any of your novel?

COREY: It’s not a novel. It’s a memoir.

BONNIE: Is it about your ex? Is it about Beth?

COREY: We just broke up. This is something I've been working on for years.

BONNIE: Well, I just, I worry about you, you know, up there in Minneapolis all by yourself. Are you seeing a good therapist?

COREY: Are you seeing a good therapist?

BONNIE: I do not need a therapist. You have, you know...

COREY: I'm doing fine. Better than ever.

BONNIE: You just got dumped. I just. I want to be here for you. I want—

COREY: This weekend is for you, Bonnie. Lets just get back to your schedule. Everything is great.

*(Kayleigh walks in looking stricken.)*

KAYLEIGH: You guys? Larissa is gone.

BONNIE: What?

KAYLEIGH: She's not...

*(Bonnie and Corey jump up going to the bathroom door, knocking on it.)*

COREY: Is she passed out?

KAYLEIGH: No.

BONNIE: Larissa? Are you in there?

*(Kayleigh walks over to her purse checking her phone.)*

KAYLEIGH: You're kidding. She texted me. BRB.

COREY: Ha. She went to go meet her dude.

BONNIE: No way. She must have climbed out of that window.

KAYLEIGH: What window?

BONNIE: There's a big window in there, it's actually quite gorgeous and the way it's angled you can see the people lining up at the doughnut shop—

KAYLEIGH: Riveting. I'm calling the front desk.

*(Kayleigh picks up the hotel phone and dials the front-desk. She starts off sounding professional but quickly devolves. While she talks Bonnie and Corey look around the suite.)*

KAYLEIGH: Hello, hi, my name is Kayleigh I'm in the Bonnie Hill room. I need to know the room number of a Patrick Thompson. He should have checked in pretty recently. Yes, his room number. Oh, actually you can tell me. Just say the number! Look, I just need to talk to my sister. It seems that she escaped out of the window of our room and I know exactly who she is with—no she wasn't being kept against her will, she's my sister. Ma'am, I realize you don't know who I am. Have you ever heard of a little restaurant called—?

*(Bonnie reaches over pressing the receiver.)*

BONNIE: We need to tread lightly. There's alcohol involved here. And she's underage. I can't put my reputation at stake. And frankly, Kayleigh, neither can you.

KAYLEIGH: Well, what if she's passed out in there?

COREY: Did you hear any movement? Anything?

*(Bonnie goes back to the door, listening.)*

BONNIE: I do think I hear a breeze. Yeah, I totally feel warm air. You know what's weird? She was just saying earlier how you could spy on people from the toilet.

COREY: I bet she planned this.

BONNIE: No she didn't. That's just rude.

COREY: I can probably bust down the door. She could have at least unlocked it. What if one of us has to pee?

BONNIE: No. Absolutely not. This room is in my name and I will not have it making the paper that I was party to vandalism—

COREY: Oh my God. Nothing is “making the paper.” This isn't some turn of the century saloon town.

KAYLEIGH: She's not responding to my texts.

BONNIE: Does it say if she read them? I like to keep the “read” function. It limits passive aggression.

KAYLEIGH: It just says “delivered.”

BONNIE: I knew we shouldn't have started drinking.

COREY: Yeah. Drinking is the problem.

BONNIE: Drinking is a problem Corey, in general, like, for the world.

COREY: Yeah, so is obesity, and rent control, and kill shelters.

BONNIE: What?

KAYLEIGH: I don't understand why she would do this.

BONNIE: It seems really out of character.

COREY: It seems completely in character, she's on house arrest. She wants to get laid.

BONNIE: This is all my fault. I encouraged her to drink. Oh my God, Kayleigh—

KAYLEIGH: Didn't you say you knew someone at this hotel?

BONNIE: Yeah. I know the owner. He's friends with my parents.

COREY: He's a real piece of shit.

BONNIE: I thought you didn't remember him.

COREY: I just remember him calling me a faggot before I left for college.

BONNIE: No he didn't.

KAYLEIGH: You can call a woman a faggot?

COREY: Technically you can call anyone a faggot. Bonnie, you're a faggot, see?

BONNIE: He did not call anyone a—that word. Jasper is totally nice; he gave me a deal on this room.

COREY: Yeah probably cause he had cameras installed.

BONNIE: Gross Corey.

COREY: I was walking down the street with Melissa and she kissed me on the cheek in that alley behind Mac City Cafe and he was out there dumping out the garbage, you know cause he owns that shit hole too, and he said “Corey Hill, stop with all that faggotry you're embarrassing your family.” And then Dad confirmed that embarrassment when he refused to pay for college when he found out Melissa and I were dating, but that's a story for another time. Faggotry was the word. Not faggot.

BONNIE: Are you trying to ruin this evening?

COREY: I am trying to be civil here Bonnie, but you are making it very hard.

BONNIE: Ok, I think we need to employ some techniques if we're going to keep communicating like this because I do not like the way you are just coming at me Corey!

COREY: I am not coming at you—

KAYLEIGH: (*looking up from her phone*) Hey, hello?  
Can you not *August: Osage* out on me right now; I  
have a sister to find.

BONNIE: God, this is a disaster.

COREY: It's not, actually.

KAYLEIGH: I should go look for her—

BONNIE: No. I can. I'm the one that encouraged her to  
drink. Oh my God I feel so bad. Let me call the front  
desk.

KAYLEIGH: No, I just called the front desk. They won't  
give me any information because of their confidential-  
ity agreement. For all they know I'm the sexual pred-  
ator. Go talk to the owner in person or I'm going to  
have to knock on every door in this hotel. But please  
be discreet. Don't need my mother finding out about  
this one. This whole fucking state has ears.

COREY: Could we just... wait for her to come back? I  
mean, the guy she's dating sounds kind of harmless.

KAYLEIGH: What? No. This is Bonnie's night, Larissa  
needs to get back here.

BONNIE: God Kayleigh, you are just so considerate.

COREY: What if he's not here? Are most owners work-  
ing at (*checking her phone*) nine-fifty-three on a Fri-  
day night?

BONNIE: He lives next door.

KAYLEIGH: Well can you call him? Text him?



BONNIE: I don't have his actual number. I'll just go over there. It's fine.

KAYLEIGH: I'll go with you.

BONNIE: Well someone should stay in case she comes back. She doesn't have a room key.

KAYLEIGH: This is ridiculous. I'll stay, and you two go.

COREY: I'm not going anywhere near homo-hater Jasper. I'm staying.

BONNIE: Fine. I'll go. I'll just... take care of it!

*(Bonnie exits. Kayleigh collapses onto the couch. Corey watches her for a moment then sits down too.)*

KAYLEIGH: So... you and Bonnie. Not super close, huh?

COREY: Not super, no. Honestly as much as she was screening me for the bachelorette party I'm screening her for the fucking wedding.

KAYLEIGH: Oh elaborate.

COREY: I just mean I have a perfectly nice life in Minneapolis. I don't need to be somewhere where my life choices are a thing. A circus. And it's better now than it used to be. But. Essentially I ruined my dad's political career when I came out. And I haven't really checked to see if he's forgiven me or not.

KAYLEIGH: That sounds tough.

COREY: Doesn't it? Why don't you tell me something fun? Something light.

KAYLEIGH: Travis liked giving it to me in the butt.

COREY: Well isn't that lovely.

KAYLEIGH: Yeah sorry. Just you talking about being gay, my mind went straight to anal. I was into it sometimes. I just wish he'd like to go down on me as much as he liked to flip me over and—

COREY: Yeah.

KAYLEIGH: You ever been with a guy?

COREY: Just one. There's so much dick talk I would feel ignorant if I hadn't at least visited the island, you know? Dick Island. All it took was one and I was headed back to the mainland.

KAYLEIGH: I just can't believe I got dumped. I keep replaying that camping trip over and over in my head. Fucking Travis. And now I have to see him at work. I feel like I will never get over it. I have dumped so many guys. I don't get dumped by the one I actually like.

*(Kayleigh grabs a bottle of wine and sits down next to Corey.)*

COREY: Well maybe he wasn't that great if he let you go.

KAYLEIGH: You know what it is? Travis was the last person in a three county radius worth fucking. The last person.

COREY: Oh I doubt that.

KAYLEIGH: Trust me. He was. I saw every single patron come through those doors and he was the last, the best looking—

COREY: Well, looks aren't everything.

KAYLEIGH: I think I'm just bored, you know. Bored. Boring. I envy Larissa in a way. She is running off to college, running all over town, she doesn't give a shit. All my choices have... weight or something. The weight of... adulthood.

COREY: Bonnie sure does think highly of you.

KAYLEIGH: She does. And that gives me some comfort I guess. She reminds me I'm lucky to have a sister who...

COREY: Who...? By all means... continue.

KAYLEIGH: I'm... lucky to have a sister who throws herself out of first floor bathroom windows cause she'd rather hook up in a hotel than spend one night with us.

*(Kayleigh bursts out laughing.)*

COREY: Can't say I blame her.

KAYLEIGH: You and Bonnie have gotten along pretty well tonight though. All things considered.

COREY: Well. That's taken a lot of therapy. On my part. She, well, let's just say she's not that interested in self-

inspection, unless it's done in a congratulatory manner.

KAYLEIGH: Yeah. I think the book has been good for her though. She seems happier since it came out.

COREY: Well that's nice.

KAYLEIGH: Are you jealous?

COREY: No.

KAYLEIGH: Aren't writers always jealous of each other?

COREY: Bonnie is not a writer.

KAYLEIGH: Whoa.

COREY: I didn't mean that. Bonnie and I have very different things to say. Of course she's a writer.

KAYLEIGH: You said you're writing a memoir. What's it about?

COREY: My mother's family.

KAYLEIGH: Go on.

COREY: Just, the way the wealth was distributed when my great grandparents died. And then again when my grandparents died. Learned economic behaviors. Set the tone for a lot of disparity in my mom's generation. It's really a study of generations, how wealth breeds wealth, how women and men handle family money. The scope is both economic, social and also gendered.

KAYLEIGH: Wow. That actually sounds really fascinating.

COREY: It's ok. I've been told it reads a bit like a textbook at times.

KAYLEIGH: No, I'm serious. Corey that is fascinating. Sometimes I secretly think to myself; underneath it all, thank God my parents are rich. I just don't really have to worry. And it startles me cause it sort of undermines my own ideas of how hard I have worked. But the truth is, they're there to bail me out. I would love to read it. Seriously.

COREY: You don't have to say that.

KAYLEIGH: I'm not saying anything. It sounds fascinating.

COREY: You've said "fascinating" like five times tonight.

KAYLEIGH: Doesn't mean I don't mean it.

COREY: My manager thinks it's a little stiff. I think he secretly wants me to write more about Bonnie, especially now that she's... (*Corey gestures vaguely*) something... like it's racy or something. "Two Sisters: One has Skill, the Other Success."

KAYLEIGH: Great title.

COREY: Bitter title.

KAYLEIGH: I used to always want to date a writer. I always thought I should have dated Bukowski.

COREY: Ew.

KAYLEIGH: I'm starting to think there's something raunchy and masochistic about me. Like I secretly want a man that hates women so I can tell him to fuck off and then fuck him angrily.

COREY: Hot.

KAYLEIGH: Is it? Is that hot, or just pathetic?

COREY: I think plenty of men would think it's hot.

KAYLEIGH: Do you?

COREY: Do I think that you dating a misogynist is—

KAYLEIGH: Do you think I'm hot?

COREY: Oh.

KAYLEIGH: Well, do you?

COREY: ...Sure.

KAYLEIGH: Are you good at eating pussy?

COREY: Are you drunk?

KAYLEIGH: (*re: pussy*) Are you?

COREY: (*re: drunk*) Are you?

KAYLEIGH: Travis was horrible at it.

COREY: You mentioned that.

KAYLEIGH: You didn't answer my question.

COREY: What question?

KAYLEIGH: Are you good at eating pussy?

COREY: Yes. Of course! Are you good at sucking dick?

KAYLEIGH: Very.

COREY: Well... good for you. Good for both of us.

KAYLEIGH: My sister won't be back for a long time.

COREY: Ok creeper. What did you do, murder her?

KAYLEIGH: Uh no, I didn't and that's not funny, why would you even say that?

COREY: Because of the way you just said "My sister won't be back for a long time." And also the way you just came out and asked me if I eat pussy.

KAYLEIGH: She sneaks out a lot. My parents don't know.

COREY: What's she doing?

KAYLEIGH: Hanging out. Drinking. Just being a teenager.

COREY: Not all teenagers behave that way.

KAYLEIGH: Didn't you?

COREY: I was a repressed lesbian. I had to cut loose somehow and besides I was hanging out with other girls. No men. Don't you worry about—?

KAYLEIGH: Larissa can take care of herself.

COREY: So you're not worried about her now?

KAYLEIGH: I'm annoyed right now, because she's interrupting Bonnie's night. But I'm not worried for her safety. Please. Patrick is a puppy.

COREY: You certainly acted concerned to Bonnie.

KAYLEIGH: I don't need Bonnie thinking this kind of thing is normal.

COREY: Ok. And that's why you stayed back, so she could just go deal with it herself?

KAYLEIGH: You ever see *The Virgin Suicides*?

COREY: I read it, yes.

KAYLEIGH: It's a movie.

COREY: It's based on a book, go on.

KAYLEIGH: My parents' house is kind of like that. Larissa can never go out, she had a.... she got pregnant last year. There. I'll just say it. Please don't tell Bonnie.

COREY: Why are you telling me this?

KAYLEIGH: You told me about your book, you told me you're jealous of your sister, I just thought—



COREY: I did not tell you I'm jealous of my—

KAYLEIGH: Whatever, I'm just saying, it happened and Larissa has been acting out even more ever since. She just needs to get away, get to school.

COREY: Has she been evaluated? Like, mentally? Because sometimes women with mental illness act out sexually.

KAYLEIGH: Oh God. No, that's not what she's doing. She's just experimenting, she's just restless. And, you know, so am I.

*(Kayleigh sits back, looking at Corey with questionable intent.)*

COREY: Do you want me to go down on you?

KAYLEIGH: Oh my God, no! Why would you say that? That's so... weird!

COREY: My bad. Must have misread the situation. Your previous line of questioning.

KAYLEIGH: I guess I just find you fascinating. No offense to Bonnie, but there's something very grounded and real about you.

COREY: Ok.

KAYLEIGH: I'm trying to compliment you. Do you not take compliments well?

COREY: I take compliments fine.

KAYLEIGH: Ok good. What do you think about me?

COREY: I think... you seem confident. And like a good older sister.

KAYLEIGH: What else?

COREY: What else, what? What are we doing here?

KAYLEIGH: I'm just trying to gauge what you think of me.

COREY: I feel like you're trying to...

KAYLEIGH: Trying to what?

COREY: In some kind of weird straight girl way. You're trying to turn on some ditsy, cutesy seduction thing.

KAYLEIGH: Oh my God you are so funny, you are so...

*(Kayleigh giggles coyly.)*

COREY: Then what are you doing?

KAYLEIGH: I'm not usually into girls...

COREY: The straight ones never are.

COREY: My sister would kill me if I hooked up with you. Besides I don't fuck straight girls.

KAYLEIGH: No one has to know.

COREY: This isn't *Fatal Attraction!*

KAYLEIGH: What do you mean?

COREY: “No one has to know,” “My sister won’t be back for a long time.” For someone who exudes sex you have some pretty stupid lines.

KAYLEIGH: You think too much, you know that? You’re one of those over-analyzers aren’t you? One of those stand-in-your-own-way kind of people. I bet you’re a liberal.

COREY: Of course I’m a liberal, I’m a lesbian.

*(Kayleigh stands up stepping slowly over Corey.)*

KAYLEIGH: Come on. Tell me more about your book.

*(Kayleigh walks over to the bar picking up a bottle.)*

KAYLEIGH: Excuse me. Memoir.

*(Kayleigh exits.)*

COREY: What the...

*(Corey sits on the couch staring straight ahead looking around, visibly considering her options. Finally she leans over and pours herself a shot. )*

COREY: *(muttering to herself)* This crazy bitch.

*(Corey downs the shot then stands up following Kayleigh into the bedroom.)*

*Blackout.*

*END OF SAMPLE*