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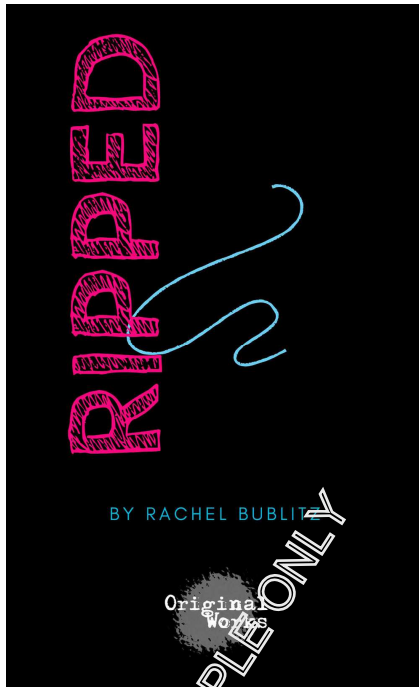
FUNNY, LIKE AN ABORTION

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**RIPPED**

**Synopsis:** Lucy, a freshman in college, is torn between her excitement about the new people in her life and having to leave her old life and loves behind. As she struggles to find a balance between the new and the old, a sexual encounter leaves her confused and concerned that she may have been a victim of rape.

The play moves back and forth through time and space as Lucy tries to piece together the unraveling interactions between herself and the two young men she's torn between, illuminating the events behind her uncertainty and sparking questions regarding consent.

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

# **Funny, Like An Abortion**

by Rachel Bublitz

SAMPLE ONLY

**For everyone with a uterus.**

SAMPLE ONLY

*Funny, Like An Abortion* was first produced as a National New Play Network Rolling World Premiere by Mile Square Theatre (Hoboken, NJ), Cleveland Public Theatre (Cleveland, OH), and The VORTEX (Austin, TX). For more information, please visit [nnpn.org](http://nnpn.org).

The Rolling World Premiere of *Funny, Like An Abortion* at Mile Square Theatre (Kevin R. Free, Artistic Director) opened on October 18, 2023, directed by Madsie Flynn.

The cast was as follows:

Joy Donze as Monroe  
Pearl Rhein as Jade

The production crew was as follows:

Stage Manager: Arielle Legere  
Production Manager: Jen Price Fick  
Assistant Stage Manager: Melissa John  
Scenic and Prop Design: Emmett Grosland  
Costume Design: Ricky Durie  
Assistant Costume Design: Natalie Loveland  
Lighting Design: Nina Agelvis  
Scenic Painter: Clare Cantus  
Sound Design: Nikki Belenski  
Assistant Sound Design: Nate Brown  
Movement Director: Will Gallacher  
Technical Director: Nate Hamm  
Master Electrician: Ian Lloyd Sanchez  
Electrician: Lara Kling  
Wardrobe/Stagehand: Julyzza Santiago  
Publicity/Production Photos: David White Studio  
House Manager and Box Office Manager: Leon Valencia  
Video Promo: Branding Shorts  
Front of House: Tais Fontanez, Rossella Lopez, Ian Lloyd Sanchez, and Jasmin Casiano

The Rolling World Premiere of *Funny, Like An Abortion* at Cleveland Public Theatre (Raymond Bobgan, Executive Artistic Director) opened on April 25, 2024, directed by Paige Conway.

The cast was as follows:

Andrea de la Fuente as Monroe  
Maggie Adler as Jade

The crew was as follows:

Stage Manager: Yesenia Real  
Assistant Stage Manager: McKenna Pfeiffer  
Scenic Designer: Laura Carlson Tarantowski  
Lighting Designer: Libby Zamiska  
Costume Designer: Amanda Rowe-Van Allen  
Sound Designer: Angie Hayes  
Props Designer: Lisa L. Wiley  
Producer: Robert Bobgan  
Technical Director: Joshua Smith

The Rolling World Premiere of *Funny, Like An Abortion* at The VORTEX (Bonnie Cullum, Producing Artistic Director) opened on September 21, 2024, directed by Bonnie Cullum.

The cast was as follows:

Kat Adams as Monroe  
Daniela Recabarren as Jade

The crew was as follows:

Assistant Director: Marliza Mendez  
Stage Manager: Estelle Isaac  
Assistant Stage Managers: Myranda Molina and Percy Zafar  
Scenic Design: Izzy Poehlmann  
Lighting Design: J Mwaki  
Costume Design: Pam Fletcher Friday  
Sound Design: Allanah Maarten  
Prop Design: Amanda Aitch  
Dramaturgy: Insha Iqbal  
Juggling Coach: Darren Peterson  
Tap Coach: Matt Hislope  
Assistant Lighting Design: Emily Heath  
ASL-Interpretation: Tim Ervin  
Photo Documentation: Errich Petersen  
Video Documentation: Jose Lozano  
VORTEX Connects: Rosemary Candelario  
Couch Puppeteers: Tamara L. Farley, Hannah Michele, and Rory Hunt  
Understudies: Vivienne Verges (Monroe) and Logan Lasiter (Jade)  
Scenic Construction: Daniel Hernandez, Alex Cogburn, Tamara L. Farley, Izzy Poehlmann, Akina Bednar, Penelop Quetzal Wright-Cotera, Makayla Adelakun, Mariliza Mendez, Cara Fonken, Richie Yeager, and Emma Carlsgaard

*Funny, Like An Abortion* was originally developed with PlayGround (Jim Kleinmann, Co-Founder & Artistic Director) with:

A Zoom Reading on May 17, 2021, directed by Giovanna Sardelli. Elissa Beth Stebbins as Monroe, Rebecca Pingree as Jade, and Stacey Winn reading stage directions.

A Developmental Production at Potrero Stage (San Francisco, CA), performed May 28 and 29, 2022, directed by Giovanna Sardelli.

The cast was as follows:

Rosie Hallett as Monroe  
Isabel Anne To as Jade

The crew was as follows:

Stage Manager: Jenna Stein-Corman  
Sound Designer: Lana Palmer  
Properties Artisan: Jamaica Glenn  
Lighting Designer: Brittany Mellerson  
Costume Designer: Ashley Corso  
Scenic Designer: Yohana Ansari-Thomas  
Production Manager: Jacquelyn Bugler  
Artistic Director: Jim Kleinmann  
Associate Artistic Director: Annie Stuart  
Associate Producers: Norman Gee, Stephanie Prentice,  
and Katja Rivera



Characters:

MONROE, she/her, mid twenties. Makes bad jokes. Is learning to juggle. May or may not be any good at it. Is, in general, a lot.

JADE, she/her, close in age to Monroe. Has legitimate concerns and distress over how to actually help her friend.

\*Quick note on casting: Restrictions on reproductive rights impact all of us with vaginas, though disproportionately impacting people with limited financial resources as well as folks in the global majority. With that in mind, you are very much encouraged to not just cast two white actors. If one of your actors is white, and the other is Black, Indigenous, or a person of color, the white actor should probably play Jade, with our society being the way it is.

Setting: The living room in Monroe's apartment. It's a comfy place. The furniture has obviously had multiple owners. Duck tape might be holding some things together.

Time: Maybe soon. (Not in an all chrome futuristic way though, it should feel very much like regular old tomorrow.)

## FUNNY, LIKE AN ABORTION

*(Monroe's apartment.*

*Shabby, comfortable, and small. Maybe one half hearted attempt to be stylish with a funky bright pillow or rug. For sure there's half folded laundry on the couch and a whole lot of mail stacked up on the coffee table. Macaroni glue art and a few crayon drawings are taped or pinned up on the walls. Probably a to-go food box on the table, it's empty. The apartment should feel messy and for sure run-down, but it's not gross.*

*On the coffee table sits a small black rectangular box. It's a device like an Alexa or an Echo. It's called Butler. The voice is female and prerecorded.*

*Monroe staggers in through the front door. She carries an obscene amount of bags and boxes. They're stacked up past her face and she struggles against their weight. She wears clothes that are more on the side of comfortable than stylish; jeggings and a sweatshirt that has a cartoon cat or something.)*

**BUTLER:** *(In a British accent)* Welcome home, Monroe. You are home two hours and twelve minutes later than normal.

*(She kicks the door closed behind her, potentially having to kick it multiple times if the first time doesn't work. She almost loses the balance on her load, but manages to straighten out and not drop anything, hopefully. She does a few laps with the stuff, trying to figure out how to let it go to create the least mess. Think Buster Keaton. She completely ignores Butler until noted.)*

**BUTLER:** From your movement I detect the presence of shopping bags. Did you take advantage of the sale at Walmart? Two-for-one blenders! Stock up now for Christmas! Perfect gift!

*(She dumps the boxes and bags on her couch, failing at doing it without a mess.)*

BUTLER: Be sure to post your shopping prizes on Friend Vault! Friend Vault is where friends show they care with all the things they share!

*(She takes a deep breath and looks around. Stands, stretches, then gets to work. She sets up a party, a fake birthday party, but we'll get to that later.)*

BUTLER: Target is also having a sale this week! Save 15% off your total purchase when you apply for a Target Mastercard! *(Quickly, without accent.)* Customers must be approved to receive discount. *(Back to normal speed and accent.)* At this time you do not have a Target Mastercard, Monroe. Shall I schedule a trip this week for you? You have no plans on Wednesday evening at this time.

*(One corner or wall of the living room is designated as party central, and is where all the decorations go. Some she pulls out of a bag, these should all feel really kiddie. Like with cartoon characters and animals. They've also obviously been used a few times before.)*

BUTLER: Knowing your plans and routines helps me help you!

*(She goes to a closet, opens the door and then braces herself against all the stuff that's falling on her. As she pushes back the mountain with one hand, she searches by feel with the other. She pulls out Mardi Gras beads, ridiculous hats, a hammer to hang things, other party items, as well as saved gift bags from random holidays. Again, all of it's been used before. But it's still good. Mostly.*

*She gives the content of the closet a good push and quickly closes the door. She gets back to her party wall, trying to adult it up best she can with what she got her hands on from the closet.)*

BUTLER: Please rise and place your hand over your heart! It is time for the nightly Pledge of Allegiance.

*(Patriotic music. Monroe sighs, then turns from her task and places the hand holding the hammer over her heart in resignation.)*

BUTLER: *(Prerecorded (and very much sounds like it), no accent, a very male voice)*  
I pledge allegiance to the flag  
Of the United States of America  
And to the republic  
For which it stands,  
One nation  
Under God,  
Indivisible,  
With liberty and justice for  
All American men and women  
Amen

*(The patriotic music fades out. Monroe jumps back to work. She's in the middle of nailing up some streamer or other decoration—)*

BUTLER: *(Back to British accent/female voice)...* Jade is scheduled to arrive shortly.

*(The mention of her friend gives Monroe a light-bulb oh-shit moment. She walks over to the small device on her coffee table, hammer in hand.)*

BUTLER: Should I show her my beat-boxing? That always makes you both laugh!  
Boots and cats  
And boots and cats  
And boots and cats  
And boots and cats  
And boots and—

*(Monroe smashes the device with the hammer. A lot more than would seem necessary. This is a moment of no return. Monroe collects all the pieces and hunts around for a place to shove them. Under the couch wins. Jade enters.)*

JADE: TIME OUT!

*(Immediately the music stops. The house lights come up.)*

MONROE: AHHH!

JADE: Ahhh!

MONROE: What are you DOING? *(Hides the hammer behind her back, then looks offstage for help, nothing. A whisper to Jade)* That wasn't your entrance. I have more—

JADE: The director said if we were ever uncomfortable—

MONROE: I am 100% sure that was intended ONLY for rehearsal, in case you didn't notice we have an audience now—

JADE: Exactly! *(To audience)* You are about to see a medical procedure done at home by two people who have no idea what they're doing—

MONROE: Shhhh! Stop stop! You're killing the dramatic tension!

JADE: *(To Monroe)* But what if they watch this and think it's a good idea or recommended or something and they end up seriously hurting themselves?

MONROE: Shit. I hadn't— I had not thought about that. Please continue.

JADE: (*To audience*) Some of the approaches mentioned and/or suggested in this play can ACTUALLY, 100%, for reals kill you! Or at least land you in the hospital. So.

And I don't think I can stress this enough: DO NOT TRY ANY OF THIS AT HOME!

MONROE: (*To Jade*) Well, I mean, it's probably fine to buy your best friend delicious chocolate cupcakes.

JADE: (*To Monroe*) We can't nit pick like that. It's gotta be a blanket no.

MONROE: That's hard core.

JADE: This is serious business. (*Back to audience*) NOTHING IN THIS PLAY IS SAFE!

MONROE: (*To audience*) AND TALK TO YOUR DOCTOR!

JADE: OR MIDWIFE!

MONROE: OR PLANNED PARENTHOOD!

JADE: (*To MONROE*) Yes! Good point! (*To audience*) If Planned Parenthood still exists, for sure talk to them. But, most importantly:

JADE AND MONROE: DO NOT DO ANY OF THIS AT HOME.

JADE: (*To MONROE*) I feel SO much better... TIME IN!

*(Jade exits as the music/lights return to what they were before her entrance.*

*Monroe finishes up the wall as best she can. She places*

*two bottles of booze near the wall. One of these is a vodka bottle.*

*She pulls out her phone, as she is about to take a picture and realizes she hasn't changed. She rips off her sweatshirt and runs off stage. She runs back on with something tight and sparkly on, but just on the top. Top = party, bottom = comfy. Her hair might get pulled down or put up or some other half hearted attempt to be fancy. She gets back to the wall then does a few selfie poses in front of the party zone, to see how it photographs. Phone in one hand, bottle of booze in the other.*

*She might mess with the lights, trying to get the best effect. She mumbles as she types on her phone.)*

MONROE: Bestie of alllllll besties  
PAAAAAARRRRRTTaaaaaaaY!!!! YAY! Planning the  
BEST surprise for #1 BESTie! Be waaaaaay jelly!  
#bffs4life #gurlfriends #paaaaarty #surprisebitch  
#yoloparty #drinkbesties #2niteislife #yassssss  
#bestbitches

*(She posts.)*

MONROE (*Under her breath*) And now with a cupcake—

*(She grabs a cupcake and opens her mouth wide, and holds the phone way up high, to get the best angle, while not dropping the precious cupcake. She does a few like that, then does a few with pouty face, then a kissy face, then one with her tongue out almost licking the cupcake. She drops the cupcake.)*

MONROE: Craaaaaap.

*(She picks it up, then tries to fix the fancy decoration. It's a lost cause. She gives up, and settles on removing the floor dust and hair that got smooshed into it. She returns the cupcake to the table then posts the pic. More typing/mumbling.)*

MONROE: Chocolate chocolate triple WHISKEY with foam FUDGE and butterscotch crumble. BEST CUPCAKES EEEEEER! #paaarty #bffs4life #chocwhiskfudgebutterscotchcrumblebitches....

*(She struggles to think of more hashtags as if her life depended on it... Because it does.)*

MONROE: ... #fuckyes... #bestbitches4eva... #cupcakelife?

*(Decides that's probably fine. She posts. She refreshes to see who's hearted her pics. She's got a couple. Thank god.*

*Time to get the rest of the apartment in order. As she gets going though, she gets distracted by all the things she has to do. She flits from task to task making little headway on any of them. The tasks are:*

1. Getting rid of the laundry, trash, and huge stack of mail. She should stash all of these things in ridiculous places; i.e. under a couch cushion, in the kitchen, etc.

2. Setting up a few remaining gift bags (most are already wrapped). They vary in size. None of it is the most attractive. She sorts through items, putting them in various bags. We don't see exactly what's going in the bags. Her wrapping job is way rushed. The bags should range from Christmas to birthday with a St. Patrick's Day, or something, thrown in for fun. Some bags already have numbers written on post-it notes stuck to them, she adds numbered post-its to the others.

3. Displaying all these gift bags in a pattern around the room which will eventually just devolve into a random mess.

*Her rushing around should feel cartoony. Music should be played over all of this, something like "Flight of the Bumblebee." You might be thinking that's too on the nose, if you are, buckle up, we'll be doing a lot of that here.*

*In the middle of all this business she pulls out three vitamin bottles and starts to juggle. She's pretty good at*



*juggling. She lets it go for half a minute or so then catches all three and does a bow to her empty living room.*

*Monroe does a final count, making sure all the bags are present and accounted for.*

*Shave and a hair cut knock at her door. Monroe creeps over to her door and looks out the peep hole.)*

MONROE: *(Sighs the biggest of sighs, under breath)*

Okay, phew.

*(She then takes out her phone, blasts music, rushes over and grabs a cupcake, not the one that fell on the floor, and runs back over to the door. She takes a very deep breath.*

*Monroe opens the door.*

*Jade enters, she's dressed for nice fun going out/party time.)*

JADE: Hey, what's—

MONROE: SURPRISE!

*(Monroe shoves the cupcake into Jade's mouth then drags her over to the party wall.*

*Monroe positions them both and does a series of selfies, taking Jade's phone and taking pics on her phone as well.*

*Jade is completely disoriented.*

*Finally, Monroe releases Jade as she types furiously on BOTH phones, making many posts on both devices. She then exits into the kitchen with the phones. The music cuts out.*

*Jade struggles to get the cupcake out of her mouth, looking around the room for water or a napkin. Finally, messily, she gets it out.)*

JADE: WHAT THE FUCK?

*(Monroe enters with either many napkins, or one giant napkin, and hands them/it to Jade.)*

MONROE: Sorry.

*(Jade uses the napkin(s) to clean her face and hands as best she can. Jade puts the smashed uneaten cupcake bits on the nearest table, perhaps with a napkin under to make it neater, perhaps not.)*

JADE: You just shoved a cupcake into my MOUTH!

MONROE: Aren't they amazing? So moist!

JADE: WHY did you shove a cupcake into my mouth?

MONROE: Surprise!

JADE: Surprise, what?

MONROE: Surprise party!

JADE: My birthday isn't for two months.

MONROE: Which is why I knew you'd be super surprised.

JADE: Dude. I couldn't breathe.

MONROE: I was nervous, I pushed maybe harder than I should have.

JADE: You think? Jesus. *(Taking in the rest of the room)*  
... This is like, this is a lot.

MONROE: I know.

JADE: You can't afford all this.

MONROE: Don't worry! What's a little credit card debt between friends?

JADE: Ugh, girl, I get that you're giving so much back being a preschool teacher and everything, and you know I think that is so great, super great, but can you please just admit that your job is a dead end and let me get you a real career?

MONROE: I haven't seen you in weeks and you just walked in my door and you are already on me about my job? Can you please not?

JADE: We constantly hire people with no experience at my start up.

MONROE: Well, I'll have you know that I borrowed like half of the decorations from preschool, thank you very much, so good thing that's where I work.

*(Jade checks out the party wall.)*

JADE: I thought I saw Elmo.

MONROE: Tried to hide him in the back. I just feel so bad, you know, for Elmo. He gets like no play at my school these days... *(Quick, nervous. Filler so she doesn't have to the scary part yet.)* This giant three year old, Mona, has this crazy obsession/fear of Elmo, so there's a lot of discussion about where Elmo is, like if she can't see him, she wants to know which closet he's in, so she can avoid even going near it. And if another kid has any Elmo thing, which like 1/2 of them did at one point, we had to keep it all off in a corner of the room and Mona would just stare over there all day. She was like a zombie. It'd be snack time or circle time and she'd just sit and stare over in the direction of the Elmo gear with the biggest scowl you've ever seen, just muttering "No Elmo, no." It got so bad that we had to put a letter out to the other parents. "Hey, sorry, but we have a new no Elmo

policy, actually...” Did not go over well, but eventually they kinda just caved. Mona is lucky she is so cute, otherwise it never would have taken. Anyway, that’s why when I was getting everything ready for tonight, I was like, Elmo, my monster, I am breaking you outta the closet tonight! Gonna see Jade and PAAAAR-TAY!

JADE: So what you’re telling me is that you have traded a decent living wage for the privilege of being dictated to by deranged tyrants?

MONROE: Adorable deranged tyrants, yes.

JADE: Just let me get you a job! We have a ping pong table!

MONROE: It’s been proven that a good early childhood program can do more for a person than all the fancy smancy schools later on, I’ve told you this.

JADE: How much did those cupcakes cost?

MONROE: Okay, that’s maybe one area where I let myself splurge. But we’re gonna need them!

JADE: And booze? Monroe.

MONROE: Jade.

JADE: Alls I’m saying is that if you worked with me at LatteLink—

MONROE: I don’t want to sell coffee.

JADE: Excuse me, I do NOT sell coffee. We match users with their optimal coffee *experience*.

MONROE: I love the kids, okay! I love singing stupid songs and talking in stupid voices—

JADE: I just hate seeing you struggle. You have so much potential and I just think you're wasting it at a place that barely pays you.

MONROE: Thank you, I guess, but I'm fine. Well I'm not fine at all, but my job is not the problem.

JADE: But, and this is the last I'll mention it, if you did work with me, you could splurge on your best friend with all the gourmet cupcakes and booze, without the crippling debt.

MONROE: Oh, this isn't for you.

JADE: You just said it was my surprise birthday.

MONROE: I said surprise party, you threw in the birthday.

JADE: Okay, so what is happening then?

MONROE: Ha. Well. Wait until you hear. It's like a surprise wrapped in another surprise.

JADE: Yeah?

MONROE: ... So! Uh. What's funnier than a dead baby?

JADE: Excuse me?

MONROE: A dead baby in a clown costume.

*(Monroe makes a rimshot drum noise.)*

JADE: .....

MONROE: That was a, a joke..... Anyway I need to uhhhh... So not all surprises are FUN surprises, you know, that's what this... Welcome to my surprise abortion party! Wooooooo—

JADE: Hey! You can't say that word!

MONROE: It's okay—

JADE: Neighbors, Monroe! Your walls are paper thin!

MONROE: (*Pointing up*) Fishing trip. (*Pointing down*) Rave. (*Pointing right*) Works the night shift. (*Pointing left*) Won an all you can eat steak night out for two, about 50 miles away, which is probably gonna be a huge disappointment when they get there and find out it was made up. He really really loves steak. But I think, like if I was a manager at a steak house, and someone had been punked like that, and had driven alllllll that way, I'd just give it to them anyways. So. Fingers crossed, you know!

(*Jade checks the window.*)

JADE: You're sure? (*Grabs a blanket off the sofa and shoves it in the gap under the front door*) They hear things. They know things.

MONROE: I covered all the bases. Neighbors gone, my computer is with our phones in my freezer—

JADE: I thought the phone thing was just made up.

MONROE: No way. I was arguing about where we should get pizza with my cousin, we weren't even on the phone, she was just sitting next to me in the car, but then I get this ding-ding and oh hey, it's a 1/2 off coupon for Dominos.

*(Monroe hums the Twilight Zone theme music.)*

JADE: You're sure the freezer will do it?

MONROE: I tested the freezer yesterday, we're good. I set it on to make ice, but like, there's no water hook up for that, so it just churns and churns and churns and makes this awful sound. Grrrrrrggggggah grrriiiiiinnnnnggggah.

*(They're quiet, we hear the freezer trying to make ice without water.)*

JADE: ... Okay. But what about— OH MY GOD— *(Starts hunting the apartment)* Your, your, your that assistant smart box thing? You got it free with your apartment! That's why you even picked this stupid place because you were like, "I'm gonna name it Butler and make it talk in a British accent so I feel fancy," and that thing is always just piping in like, "Want me to play music for you, Monroe?" or, "Shall I order your Chinese food now, Monroe?" or "Fancy a cup of fucking TEA?" And it's for sure recording *everything* happening in this apartment— *(Can't find it)* WHERE IS IT?

MONROE: Right, this was kinda, kinda good luck, kismet type of thing, because, uh, my landlord was like, "Hey, there was a massive recall, blah blah blah," and took it away like over a week ago.

*(Jade still can't find any evidence of Butler. She still looks, but slower.)*

JADE: Okay. A recall... And you never, like when it was still here, you never talked about your, um, situation? Like with Kevin?

MONROE: No. We never talked. Before. When it was here. Obviously. And then the, uh, the recall thing happened, and it was like the universe being like, “Hey girl, you do you.”

JADE: I guess, the universe figured it owed you one.

MONROE: It totally does. In fact, it probably owes me more than one.

*(Jade stops the hunt. A moment.)*

JADE:… So, how, um, how far along are you?

MONROE: It depends on where you start counting. From conception, from the first day of my last period, from the position of the moon in the sky when—

JADE: From any of them.

MONROE: Seven-ish weeks. Or eight? Nine, maybe.

JADE: And you’re sure?

MONROE: One sec—

*(Monroe exits to her bathroom. We hear her puking. She flushes. She swishes some water in her mouth. She enters.)*

MONROE: Pretty sure.

JADE: You could just have the flu.

MONROE: I was hoping for that. Swine flu. Bird flu. Cat and dog flu. The bubonic plague. But. Nope. Just pregnant. I, uh, took a test.



JADE: How did you— Where did you get a test? I thought— You have to check those out now, don't you? From Central?

MONROE: You do, normally. But Maggie, my cousin, was trying, they've been trying for two years. And they miscounted her allotment, so she had an extra one.

JADE: She could get in a hell of a lot of trouble if they figure out the error in the numbers.

MONROE: Maybe, but she's pregnant now, and stoked about it. I think they look the other way pretty generously in that case. And it was just the one. Test.

JADE: If anyone finds out, if your cousin tells—

MONROE: She won't—

JADE: She could!

MONROE: I'm not— I am not having this baby. And I... I need your help.

JADE:... Shit. Yeah. Okay. Let me— Let me just have a moment of some chocolate therapy.

*(Jade gets a cupcake, takes a bite.)*

JADE: ... So. Uh. Um, how are you, um, I mean, how are we going to accomplish, the uh...

MONROE: Yeah. Great question. It's, uh, the presents.

*(Jade takes in all the presents in the room.)*

JADE: That's, that's a looooooot of uh, presents. What's in them?

MONROE: A different way. A different, um, home option.

JADE: Woooooow.

MONROE: I posted a million party pics, anyone watching ChitChat or Friend Vault will think we're just getting drunk. I figure we have like an hour, hour and a half maybe? We just go through the options, pick one that hopefully won't kill me, and then we do it. After we can jump back on with more posts! Then no one will be suspicious or think anything about tonight. It'll just be another night. Just another night where two gurrlls got all wild and stupid. Yeah?... Jade?

JADE: I'm sorry, I couldn't hear you after you said something about you hopefully not dying.

MONROE: I really don't want to do this alone. Plus, I figure it can't hurt to have a trained medical professional here. In case, you know?

JADE: Um. I was a lifeguard. In high school?

MONROE: But you took first aid. CPR.

JADE: A million years ago? More!

MONROE: Once you learn the subtle art of saving lives it never leaves.

JADE: Oh my god, the only thing I remember was to do the chest pushes to the beat of a song.

MONROE: The other day you were all like, I fantasize about that sexy bar tender choking on peanuts so I can jump over the bar and save his life and then we'd have like super wild sex.

JADE: Right, yeah. This is exactly like that... Does Kevin know that you're...?

MONROE: Yeah.

JADE: And you didn't think he should be here?

MONROE: He can barely handle buying me menstrual napkins.

JADE: Right. Well, I guess, let's, uh, as the young people say, get this party started.

MONROE: Yes! That's the spirit! SO! I, uh, to make it more fun and like, interactive—

JADE: Hold on, *can* you make a surprise abortion party *more* fun? Because, honestly.

MONROE: For sure, it was a challenge to make this MORE fun, but I think I did it. Pick three numbers between one and thirty!

JADE: You turned this into a magic show?

MONROE: Just give me some numbers.

JADE: Are there bunnies? Will you release a flapping dove into the audience?

MONROE: Please.

JADE: Oh lord. Okay... Five. Thirteen. And, uh, twenty one.

MONROE: Great! Okay! So, I'll get the bags, and you flick the lights! It'll be like a game show!

JADE: No, that's— No.

MONROE: (*A la Rodger Rabbit*) Puh puh puh please????

JADE: You're ridiculous, FINE.

(*Jade goes to the light switch.*)

MONROE: You're the BEST! Alllllllll right! (*Cracks knuckles*) Let's get ready to rumr:mmmmmmble!

(*Jade flicks the lights, game show lights flicker all around the room as....*)

MONROE: (*In a weird announcer voice, perhaps with a brightly colored preschool boombox microphone combo*) Come on down! You have been selected! That's right! I'm talking about you, bag number five! And you! Bag thirteen! And let's not forget, last but in no ways least, bag number twenty oooooooooonnnnnnnneeeeeeeeeee!

(*Monroe does a weird running bit, making the grabbing of the bags way over the top.*)

(*Once Monroe has all the bags, Jade stops flicking the lights, they return to normal. Jade grabs the vodka bottle. She and Monroe meet back at the couch.*)

MONROE: It's kinda like Christmas.

JADE: This is nothing like Christmas.

*(Monroe shoves the bags onto Jade's lap.)*

MONROE: But SURPRISES!

JADE: You packed alllllll of the bags.

MONROE: But I don't know what's in each number!  
Okay, you ready?

JADE: Yeah. Hold on.

*(Jade takes a swig, immediately spits it out.)*

MONROE: Oh yeah, that's just tap water.

JADE: Whhhhhhy would you do that.

*(Jade sets the vodka bottle down on the table.)*

MONROE: You said it yourself. Booze is super spendy,  
just playing that peraaaaay gurl part, you know. Now  
go on! Open! OPEN! OPEN! OPEN! OPEN!

*(Jade opens a bag. It's a bottle of drain-o.)*

JADE: JESUS FUCKING CHRIST!

*(Monroe grabs the drain-o, trying not to laugh.)*

MONROE: Hear me out—

*(Jade takes the drain-o back from Monroe.)*

JADE: IS THIS A JOKE?

MONROE: Okay, so just—

JADE: NO! Because, this isn't funny! Holy shit! Are all the bags filled with fucking poison? Because this will KILL you—

MONROE: They're—

JADE: TIME OUT!

*(If music is playing, it cuts out. The house lights come on.)*

JADE: *(Addresses the audience)* This is EXACTLY what I was warning you about. DO NOT DO THIS AT HOME!

*(Jade exits to Monroe's bathroom. We hear water running. Monroe waits, strumming her fingers.)*

MONROE: *(To audience)*... In my defense, that was mostly a joke... It— *(Snickers)* Don't want to spoil the punch line or anything. You'll see.

*(Monroe gets control of her laughter as Jade comes back in.)*

JADE: Goddamnit. Time in.

*(Music returns, house lights down.)*

MONROE: *(Back to JADE)* Jade—

JADE: *(To MONROE)* You do NOT have permission yet to talk.

MONROE: Right.

JADE: No, I'm serious! What the actual FUCK, Monroe? You like, you set up this whole thing and ask for my

help. And I say YES because I love you, and I want you to not go to jail, or worse, and then we open one of your stupid bags and you have one of your stupid little fucking JOKES inside. That was a joke. I know you, and it was shitty and stupid.

MONROE: I wasn't exactly joking.

JADE: I DIDN'T SAY YOU COULD TALK YET! Do you want to die? Is that what you want? Because. Drain-o? Jesus.

MONROE: You didn't even let me explain how it would work.

JADE: I'm 99% sure it involves DRINKing poison, so—

MONROE: Just, like, just a little itty bit. Not enough to kill a grown adult, but probably enough to take out a pea sized baby! I mean, maybe I'd get a little sick—

JADE: A little? You think?

MONROE: But... It's supposed to clear drains, so...

*(Monroe laughs, way too hard. Maybe Jade has to fight not to laugh, maybe she doesn't. Dealer's choice.)*

JADE: THIS IS NOT FUNNY!

MONROE: Maybe just a tiny bit—

JADE: Zero bit funny. None funny. NEGATIVE funny.

MONROE: *(Trying to compose herself)* I'm just saying, like, not right now, but maybe in a couple of hours from now, or two months, a year, I say Drain-o and I guarantee you will bust a gut.

JADE: You're a monster.

MONROE: Hey, I thought we might need some comic relief. I didn't expect it to be the first thing we picked. That's what's tricky about doing it random like this. You get the thrill of a game show, but your timing might be off.

JADE: Any of the other bags that lethal?

MONROE: I think that one was the most lethal-est.

JADE: Good. Jerk.

MONROE: Open another! Do it! Do it! Do it!

*(Jade opens another bag. It's ginger tea. Jade reads the side.)*

JADE: Okay? This is for real, just straight up ginger tea?

MONROE: More than half of these are old wives tales and hard to tell if they're like at all helpful or not. There's something about ginger. I don't entirely know.

*(Monroe grabs the tea and tosses it.)*

JADE: I really like that it seems unlikely to kill you.

MONROE: Yeah, I guess that's a nice feature. Open the next one!

*(Jade opens the next bag, it's chock full of essential oils. Monroe grabs the bag.)*

JADE: Essential oils?



MONROE: Oh god, I had to buy these from Tiffany, who works at school with me. She's like ass deep in some essential oil pyramid scheme and just pops up whenever I'm on break. Lavender for stamina! Frankincense for focus! Lemon for healthy skin!

JADE: I know the spiel, I have my own very special Tiffany at my office.

MONROE: Well, apparently these are all pretty toxic if you consume them. It can cause all sorts of medical problems, one for example, is miscarriage. So, I was thinking—

JADE: *(Takes a few from the bag)* These are all labeled DO NOT IN-JEST.

MONROE: This isn't doctor recommended or anything.

JADE: Well it's not life-guard recommended either.

*(Monroe drops the bag of oils to the ground and takes out a checklist.)*

MONROE: Great! So it's a no on the drain-o?

JADE: Abso-fucking-lutely.

MONROE: What about ginger tea or essential oils?

JADE: Ginger tea can stay.

MONROE: Ginger tea is the least likely to actually do anything.

JADE: Like kill you?

MONROE: Or a tiny baby. Which is the point of all of this. Pick more numbers.

JADE: Fine. Seven and, uh, sixteen.

MONROE: Great! Do the lights! You ready?

*(Jade goes over to the lights, flicks them off and on, more exciting game show lights as:)*

MONROE; *(Same announcer voice, does a run around the room again)* Annnnnnd, look out! Your number has been called! Get down here bag seven and sixteen!

*(Monroe gets the bags, running around the room again. Jade stop flicking the switch, lights to normal. She gets the other bottle of booze.)*

JADE: *(Motioning with bottle)* What's in this?

MONROE: Iced tea.

JADE: I would have brought over drinks. I can afford it.

MONROE: It's tacky to have someone bring booze to their own surprise party.

JADE: This is most definitely your surprise party.

MONROE: But not to, you know, the world.

JADE: All of this would be a lot easier with alcohol, that's my only point.

MONROE: *(Handing over the bags)* Open another!

JADE: Oh goody, thanks! Let's see how this one could kill you.

*(Jade opens a bag. It's a punching glove.)*

MONROE: *(Another voice)* I'm gonna knock you out!  
*(Her voice)* For this one you'd hit me in my stomach a bunch of times.

*(Monroe punches the air, maybe making fighting sounds as she does.*

*Jade tosses the glove, then opens the other bag, it's filled to the brim with vitamin C.)*

JADE: Ummmmmmmm... Vitamin C? Fights the common cold and ends pregnancies?

MONROE: A huge dosage of it, could, yeah.

JADE: *(Reading the bottle)* This one is better. Let's just stop and do this one. How much are we talking?

MONROE: Like three pills every four hours for two weeks straight.

*(Monroe grabs three of the bottles and starts to juggle them.)*

JADE: Hey now, you're juggling, since when do you juggle?

MONROE: I suddenly found myself up all night with nothing to do but freak out. So I thought, TIME TO LEARN A NEW SKILL! The kids love it. Helps with nap time at school.

JADE: Not too stimulating?

MONROE: No, no, it's a carrot. No nap time equals no juggling. Mona is a big fan... I also picked it up because, you promise not to laugh?

JADE: I cannot make such a promise.

MONROE: (*Genuinely embarrassing*)... Kevin let it slip that one of his fantasies was watching a woman juggle in nothing but her underwear and I thought I could give him that for Christmas.

JADE: Christmas is forever away.

MONROE: I can't turn it off.

JADE: You don't want to turn it off.

MONROE: Juggling takes time to learn. I'm trying to get up to five items.

JADE: You sure he just didn't want you to juggle his balls?

MONROE: No, creep. I'm already super good at that.

JADE: So I am definitely voting yes on vitamin C. I'm also voting that Kevin probably left out the weirder parts of his fantasy which will be super fun for you to find out on Christmas Day! Like he's gonna want to add electric shocks or an animal or something for sure.

MONROE: You don't know him like I do. AND for the record, with this method, it's not just the vitamin C, it's, you gotta take a few other things with it, and there are other complications.

JADE: Like?

MONROE: Like potential kidney failure. And it won't— It can end the pregnancy, but sometimes it doesn't, um, evacuate it. And I for one don't know how to get all that stuff out of my body, so, infections and other in general disgusting nightmares.

JADE: Oh. So. What do you do, if, the uh, if you can't get it out?

MONROE: Go to the hospital, I guess? Where I'll spend exactly two minutes, because they'll call the police the second they figure out what I did.

JADE: Right.

MONROE: It's kinda a hiccup with most of the herbal methods. That and apparently they're only 40% accurate

JADE: 60% not accurate is a LOT not accurate.

*(Monroe stops juggling, she catches the vitamins, places them on the table, then bows.)*

MONROE: No applause?

*(Jade does a few half hearted claps.)*

JADE: This option is sounding potentially not great.

MONROE: Yeah. I know.

JADE: Can there be a maybe, we'll get back to it, list?

MONROE: Sure. *(Back to her list)* Vitamin C, maybe. *(Singing, like the Warner Bros frog)* Come on my baby, come on my darling, pick another number please!

JADE: We can't just skip to the part where you tell me the best option?

MONROE: If there was a good option, we wouldn't be doing this.

JADE: Right.

MONROE: Number?

JADE: Three. But I'm not doing the lights anymore!

MONROE: (*Announcer voice, runs around the room again*) Come on down gift bag number three, you've been selected—

JADE: And stop it with the voice!

MONROE: Killjoy.

(*Monroe grabs the bag, she opens it this time. She pulls out a needle and a small vile.*)

JADE: Heroin? So classy!

MONROE: No, but maybe I should write that one down?

JADE: We're not injecting anything, anywhere.

MONROE: You don't even want to hear what it is and where it gets injected?

JADE: Fine.

MONROE: Neem oil. Gets injected into my Uterine Horns.

JADE: Hold on. I don't even—

MONROE: I know.

JADE: Neem?

MONROE: Neem.

JADE: And, and did I hear Uterine Horns?

MONROE: You did.

JADE: Uterine Horns?

MONROE: Uterine Horns.

JADE: What are Uterine Horns?

MONROE: I haven't the slightest idea.

JADE: Great, that sounds great.

MONROE: They didn't teach you that in lifeguard class?

JADE: OH! You mean those Uterine Horns, well oh yeah, we spent a week studying uterine horns, of course, they come into play so often in swimming pools. Duh... What's neem?

MONROE: Indian lilac oil.

JADE: As in Native American or from India, Indian?

MONROE: I don't know. Will that help you come to a decision?

JADE: No. I guess not... What else is neem used for?

MONROE: Mostly, uh, it's a pesticide or something, I guess.

JADE: It's gonna be a hard no from me.

MONROE: It seems wrong to eliminate a potentially great solution because sometimes people use neem to protect their flower gardens—

JADE: NEXT.

MONROE: Fine. (*On list*) Neem equals no go. (*Back to JADE*) Number?

JADE: Uh, seventeen.

(*Monroe gets the bag.*)

MONROE: It's so boring now, without the voice and lights and running around.

JADE: We'll survive.

(*Monroe looks inside the bag.*)

MONROE: Oh.

JADE: If it's as stupid as Drain-o or punching you in the stomach—

MONROE: It's not. This one, you're going to like this one. But it's probably not possible. So keep that in mind.

JADE: Why's it an option then, if it's not possible?

MONROE: Desperation?

JADE: Great. That makes me feel great. Give it.

(*Jade grabs the bag and takes out something Canadian, an over-the-top cute maple leaf stuffy, a bottle of syrup, a moose, something.*)

JADE: ... Okay?...

MONROE: I could go to Canada.