

# Let's Party!

Susan Jarrett



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LET'S PARTY!

by

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CAST

SAM: Valerie's husband, the birthday party organizer.

VALERIE: Sam's wife, the birthday girl.

DOREEN: Next door neighbor, a good friend of Valerie and Sam.

ROY: Doreen's husband.

JIM: Sam's brother.

PAT: Jim's wife.

Place

Sam and Valerie's home.

Time

The present. Mid-summer.

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Scene 1

*Setting: Valerie and Sam's living room. At center there is a couch and a coffee table with a book and a cell phone on it.*

*At Rise: Sam is on the couch with his cell phone to his ear.*

SAM: *(into the phone)* Hi, bro. How ya doing? I'm calling about my plans for Val's party on the sixteenth. No, it's not really a surprise party. She knows about it. But she doesn't know the details. That's where the surprise comes in. You know how she loves bingo. I thought maybe we could have a little bingo party. You know, everyone throws a few bucks into the kitty. The winner takes all. *(laughing)* No, I don't think we have to let Val win! But how much do you think I should ask for the pot? *(Valerie enters.)*

VALERIE: *(suspicious)* Who you talking to?

SAM: Just Jim. We're discussing your party, so go away or you'll spoil the surprise.

VALERIE: Okay. I'm gone. *(exits)*

SAM: *(into the phone)* Where was I? Oh, yes, how much do you think we should throw into the pot? Ten dollars a person? I was thinking I would have Bud-- *(Valerie returns.)*

SAM: Val! Go away.

VALERIE: Sorry. I forgot my book. *(She gets it from the table and scuttles out. He checks to make sure she's gone.)*

SAM: *(into the phone)* Anyway, I was thinking I would ask Bud and Linda if they could bring—*(listens)* Oh, is he? I didn't know that. I knew he had a joint—*(Valerie passes by and exits. He freezes, resuming when she is gone.)* Anyway, I knew he had a joint problem, but I never knew whether it was his hip or his knee.

(*He shrugs.*) Anyway, there's no point inviting them. I'll tell you who else I won't invite. Val's ghastly friend. What's her name? Mary Ellen? No, I know. Mary Jane. I can't stand that woman. Can't for the life of me see why Val likes—(*Valerie returns. He clears his throat.*) Ahem! What is it this time?

VALERIE: I need my cell phone. (*She gets it from the table the table and exits.*)

SAM: (*into the phone*) So, anyway, it probably will be just you and Pat, Doreen and Roy from next door, and the two of us. (*listens*) Oh, would you? That would be great. And do you think you could also bring your weed—

VALERIE: (*entering*) I'm just going to see Doreen.

SAM: Good. Maybe now you'll stop interrupting our conversation. Bye. (*Valerie exits.*) What? No, she didn't hear anything. She doesn't have a clue. Anyway, I was just going to ask you if you could bring your weed-eater along with the beef stew. I'll see if Doreen is willing to make some of her delicious spinach dip. And maybe I'll try my hand at making brownies—(*Valerie returns.*) I thought you were leaving.

VALERIE: I just need my car keys.

SAM: Why? You gonna drive next door? (*She leaves without picking anything up. He returns to the phone.*) So, crackers for the dip, bread for the stew, brownies for dessert, and something good to drink. Okay. Great. See you on the sixteenth.

End Scene 1

Scene 2

Setting: *Kitchen with a table and two chairs.*

At Rise: *Doreen and Valerie sit at the table over coffee.*

VALERIE: My heavens, Doreen. You won't believe what Sam is planning for my birthday party on the sixteenth.

DOREEN: A string quartet?

VALERIE: No! He's planning to make brownies and lace them with pot and get us high! (*Doreen gasps. Val grins.*) I think it's hilarious! Have you ever tried pot?

DOREEN: No, never. But what on earth makes you think he would do that?

VALERIE: When I came into the room he was talking about the party with his brother on the phone. I heard him say, "How much for the pot?" I thought that was a little strange, so I went back in, pretending to be looking for my book. Then I heard him say, "I need to have bud." I thought that was *more* than a little strange, so I stuck my head around the door again. This time I heard him say, "He had a joint." I don't know who he was talking about, but the next time I got within hearing range he mentioned Mary Jane!

DOREEN: That certainly dates him.

VALERIE: I know. He seemed to be trying to remember the word, and he was very pleased with himself when he came up with it.

DOREEN: Maybe there's a simple explanation for all of this.

VALERIE: Oh, I'm not done yet. I went in again to get my cell phone so I could call you. Then I heard him say, "Val likes hemp."

DOREEN: You do? I never knew that!

VALERIE: It's not true. I don't know why he said it. It's a crazy thing for him to say. But wait! There's more! He said to Jim, "Can you bring your weed?" I didn't even know Jim smoked weed.

DOREEN: Maybe he doesn't. Maybe he grows it.

VALERIE: I've been to their house often. No marijuana is growing there.

DOREEN: So, okay. It does look like they were certainly talking about it. But what about the laced brownies? Nothing so far indicates that.

VALERIE: No. Just as I was leaving, Sam said he was going to try his hand at homemade brownies. Obviously that's how he's going to use the pot. You know, I never have smoked pot. In fact, I have never smoked at all. I guess if I want to

experiment with the mellow yellow or the purple haze, then brownies are the way to go.

DOREEN: So you're okay with this?

VALERIE: Why not? I won't have to face my parents in the morning, or try to remember who my boyfriend was the night before.

DOREEN: And you won't have to worry about getting pregnant.

VALERIE: Getting pregnant? Is that a possible side effect of getting high?

DOREEN: No, but one orgy could lead to another.

VALERIE: It's not going to be an orgy! Just a pot party, a bud bash.

DOREEN: A simple little Mary Jane meet-up!

VALERIE: Or a wonderful, whacky weed weekend. I can't wait!

End Scene 2

**END OF FREEVIEW**

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