**Untitled (so far!)**

**By Aimee Gonzalez**

**Beatrice is holding a camel and a chicken and is dressed like a vet.**

**Eunice is wearing a donkey head on top of her head.**

**Beatrice**: Can you reach the ladder?

(Eunice shakes her head no.)

**Beatrice**: Reach!

(Eunice makes a jump up.)

**Eunice**: People are staring.

**Beatrice**: Turn it into a dance move.

(They both jump intermittently.)

**Eunice**: This was a bad idea.

**Beatrice**: Shhh. Try to blend in. Mingle.

(Beatrice mouths “Hi” and smiles at an unseen person walking past.)

**Eunice**: I can’t mingle. I look like Don Quixote.

**Beatrice**: Some guys are into that sort of thing.

**Eunice**: No guy is into that sort of thing.

**Beatrice**: Look. We got what we came for. Now we just need a graceful exit.

**Eunice**: The ladder’s too high up. We’re going to have to try for the front door.

**Beatrice**: Alright. On three.

**Eunice**: 1

**Beatrice**: 2.

**Eunice**: Now.

(They both attempt to dance through the crowd toward the door.)

**Beatrice**: Incoming!

(They both turn the opposite direction and dance back to where they started.)

**Eunice**: Now what.

**Beatrice**: I’m going to lean down like I’m tying my shoe. You hop on my back and jump for the ladder.

**Eunice**: And that won’t be suspicious?

**Beatrice**: Not if you do it right.

**Eunice**: That ladder’s like ten feet above our heads.

**Beatrice**: Do you want to get out of here?

**Eunice**: Fine. On three.

**Beatrice**: 1.

**Eunice**: 2.

**Beatrice**: Now.

(She goes down to tie her shoe, She tries to hop up on her back and jump for the ladder. She tumbles and the first one’s back goes out. They both try to play it off quickly and keep dancing.)

**Eunice**: There’s a whole group of guys staring at us now.

**Beatrice**: In a – are they single- kind of way?

**Eunice**: I think more in the – do they ride the short bus – kind of way.

**Beatrice**: Any attention’s good attention. Let’s try it again.

**Eunice**: I can’t reach it-

**Beatrice**: This time really stretch your arm, really go for it.

**Eunice**: My arm has not become longer in the last two minutes.

**Beatrice**: You gotta take a risk.

**Eunice**: I think I’m taking plenty of risks here. Look at me.

**Beatrice**: Oo! See that guy over there dressed as blind Beetlejuice- we take his cane and use it to hook the ladder.

**Eunice**: That’s Caleb. He’s actually blind.

**Beatrice**: Well that’s a shitty costume. He should try being something he’s not.

**Eunice**: Alright, what’s plan B.

**Beatrice**: That was plan B.

**Eunice**: You were planning on a blind kid being here?

**Beatrice**: I support affirmative action.

**Eunice**: What about the window-

**Beatrice**: Which one?

**Eunice**: Over there.

(They both look.)

**Beatrice**: How high up are we?

**Eunice**: Two floors.

**Beatrice**: We can use the animals to break our fall.

**Eunice**: Well that defeats the purpose of our entire visit.

**Beatrice**: Not that animal- these animals. (refers to her stuffed animals.)

**Eunice**: Maybe we should just come out with it. Tell her we’ve got him.

**Beatrice**: No way. What’s fair is fair. She brought this on herself.

**Eunice**: But I don’t really believe in an eye for an eye.

**Beatrice**: Well Jesus does.

**Eunice**: Maybe it was an accident.

**Beatrice**: Jesus doesn’t believe in accidents.

**Eunice**: Maybe she’s a nice person.

**Beatrice**: She’s not a nice person.

**Eunice**: Maybe she’s just insecure. Insecure people make really poor decisions.

**Beatrice**: She’s dressed as a skeleton.

**Eunice**: There you go. Body issues.

**Beatrice**: You gonna ass out on me?

**Eunice**: I don’t even know what that means.

**Beatrice**: We got this far. I’m not clowning out now.

**Eunice**: Have you taken any pills this evening?

**Beatrice**: The tin man over there gave me something purple.

**Eunice**: I told you not to eat anything from a stranger.

**Beatrice**: It’s the tin man.

**Eunice**: You’re supposed to be helping me.

**Beatrice**: I’m the one coming up with all the plans. You’re just sitting there playing with your tail.

**Eunice**: Well you told me to blend. I was trying to get into character.

**Beatrice**: Alright- there she is.

**Eunice**: Where?

**Beatrice**: Don’t look. She’s right there. (She points.)

**Eunice**: Don’t point.

**Beatrice**: Just act natural.

(Eunice gasps.)

**Beatrice**: What?

**Eunice**: It’s gone.

**Beatrice**: Gone?

**Eunice**: It’s not here.

**Beatrice**: Where did it go?

**Eunice**: I don’t know. I must have lost it during one of our dance sequences.

**Beatrice**: Look on the floor.

(They both get down on the floor.)

**Beatrice**: Too suspicious. You get down, I’ll ride you.

**Eunice**: Excuse me?

**Beatrice**: You’re a donkey.

**Eunice**: If this is an attempt to look good for the tin man-

**Beatrice**: Go.

(She does.)

**Eunice**: I don’t see it.

**Beatrice**: I can’t believe you lost it.

**Eunice**: Well you’re the one who made me jump around. It probably got scared and made a break for it.

**Beatrice**: We can’t hold a hamster for ransom if we don’t have the hamster.

**Eunice**: I’m aware of that.

**Beatrice**: Let’s make a lap, head for the window.

**Eunice**: 10-4.

**Beatrice**: Do you see it?

**Eunice**: Blind Beetlejuice is holding something furry.

**Eunice**: That’s a hair extension.

**Beatrice**: Whew.

(They reach the window.)

**Eunice**: How’s it look?

**Beatrice**: Like something I could do only if I have a few more purple pills.

(Suddenly, the skeleton, a.ka. Martha enters behind them.)

**Martha**: Hello ladies.

(They both gasp and turn to see Martha.)

**Martha**: Everyone just loves your costumes. The older single lady and her overfed cat.

**Beatrice**: I’m a veterinarian.

**Eunice**: I’m a donkey.

**Martha**: Did you two get lost tonight?

**Beatrice**/**Eunice**: No/Yes. (At the same time)

**Beatrice** (to **Eunice**)Well, we did. (to Martha) This place is hard to find.

**Martha**: A long way from your part of town, I’d suppose.

**Beatrice**: Actually it was a pleasant drive.

**Martha**: You two make a habit of showing up to events you’re not invited to? This party is by invitation only.

**Beatrice**: We know.

**Martha**: So you don’t mind if I peruse your invitation?

**Beatrice**: Sure.

**Eunice**: We have it right here.

(**Eunice** holds up a little cat toy thing- something a hamster would play with. Martha gasps.)

**Beatrice**: There’s our invitation.

**Martha**: Where did you get that?

**Eunice**: A little friend of yours lent it to us.

**Martha**: I’ll kindly ask you to leave Mr. Jiggles out of this.

**Beatrice**: Oh, he’s out alright.

**Martha**: What do you mean?

**Beatrice**: He’s enjoying the party.

**Martha**: You let Mr. Jiggles out of his cage?

**Eunice**: Just a little tits for tacks. (to Beatrice) Is that the expression?

**Beatrice**: I think so.

**Martha**: What the hell are you talking about?

**Eunice**: You ran over baby Jesus.

**Martha**: Who?

**Eunice**: With your car.

**Martha**: Is this some sort of April Fool’s joke, ladies?

**Beatrice**: It’s October.

**Martha**: I don’t know what you’re referring to, but I’m pretty sure I’d notice if I ran over the Messiah with my car.

**Eunice**: Baby Jesus is a lot harder to see.

**Beatrice**: He’s all black.

**Martha**: What?

**Eunice**: He blends in with the road.

**Martha**: Have you two visited the tin man this evening?

**Beatrice**: Is he single?

**Eunice**: Don’t try to change the subject. We’re not here to date the tin man.

**Beatrice**: I might be here to date the tin man.

**Eunice**: You ran over my dog, baby Jesus!

(Eunice holds up the body of a small Chihuahua.)

(It is obvious the whole party has stopped and looked over at them. They smile, try to make it look normal, mutter things to fellow party goers.)

**Martha**: Maybe you could put your deceased pet back into your pocket.

**Eunice**: You killed him!

**Martha**: You have no proof.

**Eunice**: He’s got a Lexus logo stamped on his back.

**Martha**: Circumstantial.

**Eunice**: You can’t kill baby Jesus and get away with it.

**Martha**: Well if he’s really baby Jesus, in three days’ time, he’ll be back up and running and this whole little argument will be settled.

**Beatrice**: Hey body disorder!

(Martha and Eunice turn to see Beatrice holding Mr. Jiggles in one hand and a candlestick in the other.)

**Eunice**: You found him!

**Martha**: Put Mr. Jiggles down!

**Beatrice**: Put your pet down? With pleasure.

(She knocks Mr. Jiggles on the head with a candlestick and then throws them both out the open window. Martha screams. Eunice runs to the window to watch with Beatrice.)

**Martha**: I’m ashamed to call you a veterinarian.

**Beatrice**: I deserve that.

**Martha**: (turning back to the party) Has anyone seen the tin man?

**Eunice**: We did it.

**Beatrice**: I think we did good. Baby Jesus would be proud.

(They high five. Then jump out the window.)

**End of Play.**