

excerpt from *Party Girl*
by Kitt Lavoie

Lights rise on a cramped bachelor's bedroom. A pile of coats on the bed. A party rages in the next room. After a moment, the door swings open and Philip, 29, pushes a scantily clad Lorelei, 24, through the door and shuts it behind them. They look at each other for a moment.

Lorelei What?

Philip What??

Lorelei *What?*

Philip What? *What?*... What the fuck, that's what.

Lorelei What are you doing here?

Philip What am *I* doing here?

Lorelei How was the movie?

Philip What movie?

Lorelei The *movie*.

Philip Oh come on, I just—... On the list of transgressions, okay? I just—, it's my cousin's bachelor party. You're not supposed to tell your girlfriend—

Lorelei I wouldn't have minded—

Philip Clearly. How long has this been going on?

Lorelei What?

Philip The—... How long have we been together?

Lorelei Five months.

Philip And how long have you been doing this?

Lorelei Almost a year.

Philip Oh, Jesus.

Lorelei What?

Philip Stop asking “what.” You’ve been lying to me.

Lorelei I have not.

Philip You have, too. A lie of omission, maybe.

Lorelei I told you what I did.

Philip You said you *danced*.

Lorelei Yes.

Philip Well this, with the—, the—... This is not what I was picturing.

Lorelei What did you *think* I was doing?

Philip *Dancing*.

Lorelei Like, ballet?

Philip Or something, yes.

Lorelei Who have you ever heard working their way through school as a ballet dancer?

Philip I thought you.

Lorelei And you didn’t think it was odd that I never invited you to a recital?

Philip You said it was private.

Lorelei Yes, I said I was doing private parties. What, did you think I was dancing *Orpheus* in someone’s kitchen.

Philip No, I thought, like, benefits or something.

Lorelei Philip—

Philip You said you took lessons.

Lorelei Until I was fifteen, yes. (*re: her breasts*) Then I grew these. I started falling over.

Philip Oh, Jesus. Oh, Jesus, Jesus, Jesus.



Lorelei Could you, please? You know I don't like that.

Philip Right, 'cause Jesus, (*re: her outfit, or lack thereof*) he would—, he would fucking *love* this. Could you, ah...

Philip goes to the bed and picks up a coat.

Philip Could you just, ah—. Yeah.

Philip hands her the coat and paces away. Lorelei pulls the coat on.

Lorelei Phil, I'm sor—

Philip Do you know? Do you? Whose party this is?

Lorelei I'm guessing Brad's—

Philip Yeah. Yeah, it's Brad's party. My cousin. Brad. 'Cause, ah, Brad's getting married on Saturday. You remember about the wedding, yeah?

Lorelei Yes.

Philip 'Cause, you know, I had this whole, ah, this whole speech worked out. You know, um, "Dad, Mom, this—, *this* is Lorelei." That, ah, that stutter there, the, um, "this—, *this* is Lorelei." I'd practiced that.

Lorelei Phil—

Philip And now, I'm not—, not so sure that's gonna work out. 'Cause, 'cause, remember when I came in. You know, like first came in.

Lorelei Yes—

Philip And saw you with that guy.

Lorelei You mean, like, a minute ago. Yes, I remember that.

Philip You know that old, *old* guy.

Lorelei Yes.

Philip Yeah, 'cause that old guy, that was my dad. Yeah. He, um—, I almost didn't come tonight 'cause I really didn't dig the idea of seeing my dad with strippers. But, ah, you know, when you had to *work*, I figured—

Lorelei He was very polite.

Philip As opposed to whom?

Lorelei As opposed to—, I don't know what that meant.

Philip As opposed to all the guys who fucking—... Ahhh! Okay, so the wedding's off. That's clear.

Lorelei I didn't know we were—

Philip I mean we're not going to the wedding on Saturday. I'm going, but you can't.

Lorelei Come on, Philip—

Philip No! Your tits and my dad and the... no.

Lorelei It's not that bad.

Philip It is *that* bad, and then it is badder.

Lorelei I bought a new dress.

Philip No, no, you're right. The dress would throw them off.

Lorelei Maybe it would. I want to meet them, Phil. And I want you to meet mine. And even if they do recognize me, so what?

Philip So what?

Lorelei It's a job, Philip. Not the one I would want most in the world, maybe, but it's a job. It pays my bills and gets me through school and all in two nights a week. Would you rather I waitress six nights?

Philip I would.

Lorelei And never see you? Because that's what I used to do.

Philip You are so much *better* than this.

Lorelei I know I am. But, for now, this is what I do. What did you do in law school?

Philip Cathy Stritch.

Lorelei No. For money.



Philip No, not for money. She was my girlfriend, and that's exactly my point.

Lorelei I mean, what did you do for money when you were in law school?

Philip I worked the midnight to eight shift at Kinkos.

Lorelei There you go. Now I didn't know you then, but I'm betting you were better than that.

Philip The difference being that only rarely did I suck off the customers while they waited for their copies.

Lorelei Excuse me?

Philip Excuse *me*. The gall, the fucking gall, for real, "It's just a job." How 'bout I go out and fuck that little cashier girl at CVS. The one with the ass. I'll pick up some pens for the office while I'm there and call it a job.

Lorelei I—

Philip No, seriously, can you imagine. If I didn't come tonight. Saturday I all introduce you to my brother Bill and you're all, "I'm so glad to see you got the stain out of those pants. Sorry about that. I was just so goddamned *full*."

Lorelei I wasn't planning to stain anybody's anything.

Philip 'Cause you're a pro.

Lorelei 'Cause I'm a *dancer*.

Philip You're a fucking stripper.

Lorelei I'm a student. And I'm your fucking girlfriend. And don't talk to me that way.

Philip Look, I chipped in. You're here on my time.