

"Bite Me"
P.S. Drake
Comedy, 3 F

Synopsis: Disgruntled Maid of Honor Heather is hosting a bachelorette party for her friend Sam. However, the bride-to-be must send her regrets as she has found herself locked up in jail. Heather and her friends are tasked with keeping the party going while figuring out the real reason behind Sam's unfortunate incarceration.

Characters:

HEATHER- Sam's Maid of Honor

GERRI- Heather and Sam's friend, visiting after a long absence

TINA- Heather and Sam's friend, recently had twins

SAM- (*V.O. only, can be played by TINA*) The bachelorette, currently in jail

Scene opens with HEATHER sitting in SAM's apartment, which has been decorated for a bachelorette party. HEATHER, the maid of honor, is sitting on the couch, completely at ease. SAM (the bachelorette) is nowhere to be found. The doorbell rings. HEATHER answers the door.

HEATHER: It's you! It's really you!

GERRI: It's me!

HEATHER: Gerri. *(They hug)* I didn't think you'd make it.

GERRI: I didn't either.

HEATHER: How long was your flight?

GERRI: Fifteen hours.

HEATHER: You flew fifteen hours for *this*?

GERRI: It was going to be seventeen but my layover got shortened. Sorry I'm so early.

HEATHER: Don't apologize. You're the only person invited to this thing I like.

GERRI: I'm flattered. *(Looks around)* Wow, Sam's place is really...

HEATHER: Weird? Spooky? Off-putting?

GERRI: Interesting.

HEATHER: I'd expect nothing less from an artist.

GERRI: She really did it, huh? She made it big.

HEATHER: Her last collection sold for over six figures.

GERRI: Wow.

HEATHER: Unbelievable. Have you seen her work? Looks like it was done by a preschooler exploring if they're right or left handed.

GERRI: You haven't changed a bit, Heather. Well, where is she? Where's the bachelorette?

HEATHER: Sam? In jail.

GERRI: Jail?! For what?

HEATHER: Lighting all of Greg's stuff on fire.

GERRI: Who's Greg?

HEATHER: Her fiance.

GERRI: And they're getting married?

HEATHER: Next week.

GERRI: Is she pregnant?

HEATHER: Don't think so. She doesn't want kids. What's with the face?

GERRI: It's a lot to wrap my head around.

HEATHER: How do you think I feel? I'm the maid of honor.

GERRI: Okay, well, the party doesn't start until eight. We have time.

HEATHER: To do what?

GERRI: Bail her out!

HEATHER: Sam? Absolutely not.

GERRI: You can't have a bachelorette party without a bachelorette. It's in the name.

HEATHER: It's a suggestion.

GERRI: Don't you think her friends will ask where she is? What will you tell them?

HEATHER: That she's a no-good dirty pyromaniac who's in jail for the night.

GERRI: Heather!

HEATHER: What? Do you know what my life's been like for the last year? Being bossed around by the world's biggest bridezilla? She's a monster! Guess what I did for four hours yesterday.

GERRI: What did you do?

HEATHER: I tied knots. Teeny-tiny knots in teeny-tiny ribbons around precious little tubes of bubbles.

GERRI: And I bet she appreciated it!

HEATHER: She made me throw them out! Said she wanted a "traditional" bow not a "bunny eared" bow.

GERRI: I didn't know there were different kinds of bows.

HEATHER: Neither did I! So she can rot.

GERRI: Heather...

HEATHER: You just count your lucky stars you've been living in Bolivia since all of this started.

GERRI: It has its downsides.

HEATHER: Bolivia?

GERRI: Being gone for so long. I feel like I've missed out on everything. I don't even know who my best friend is marrying.

HEATHER: Sure you do. Imagine a brick wall. Now imagine the brick wall is named Greg.

GERRI: I'm sure he's not that bad.

HEATHER: He's a high school algebra teacher. They met at the bar at Applebee's. You think their life is excitement and adventure?

GERRI: It's probably more exciting than mine.

HEATHER: You live in Bolivia.

GERRI: As a research assistant! Guess how many times I got bit last month. Twelve. Twelve times.

HEATHER: My God. What are you researching?

GERRI: Ferns! I'm studying ferns. The monkey's were unexpected. (*The doorbell rings*)

HEATHER: Seriously?

GERRI: Who's here this early?

HEATHER: It's probably Tina. The only time she's been late was when she found out she was having twins.

GERRI: Tina had twins?

HEATHER: Yeah. What are their names? Little Schleebo and Peebo?

GERRI: I didn't even know she got married.

HEATHER: She didn't.

GERRI: Then who's the father?

HEATHER: I have no idea.

GERRI: Some help you are! (*The doorbell rings*) So what do we tell her?

HEATHER: I don't know. Congratulations?

GERRI: About Sam!

HEATHER: Something like "Sam sends her regrets from jail where she currently rots." Then we offer her a canapé.

GERRI: There's canapés?

HEATHER: Yeah, in the kitchen. There's smoked salmon, turkey-

GERRI: Ooh. (*She goes towards the kitchen, then stops herself*) Wait. No, we can't tell her Sam's in jail! She'll never live that down.

HEATHER: People are going to find out something's wrong when they cancel the wedding.

GERRI: But they don't have to know about the arrest! (*Doorbell rings*)

HEATHER: Answer the door and we'll see what happens.

GERRI: (*Answers the door*) Hi Tina!

TINA: Gerri? Gerri, is that really you? I can't believe it!

GERRI: Me neither!

TINA: It's been ages! I never thought you'd come back from- where was it again- Algeria?

GERRI: Bolivia.

TINA: Bolivia! Doing all the resorts.

GERRI: Research.

TINA: Right! So important, research. Thank God for women like you, Gerri. Putting science before all else.

GERRI: Well, okay-

TINA: Heather, so nice to see you. (*To GERRI*) I trust Heather's told you what I've been up to lately?

HEATHER: I sure did. Little sugar and plywood-

TINA: (*Over top of HEATHER*) Shayne and Peter.

HEATHER: Shayne and Peter! Just like I told you, Gerri.

TINA: Let me show you pictures. (*Takes out her phone*) Do we have time?

HEATHER: We've got all night.

TINA: (*Showing GERRI*) This one's Shayne. And here's Peter. Oh wait. No, *this* one's Shayne, and that's his brother.

GERRI: You can tell the difference?