

Cast of Characters

<u>Michaela:</u>	A 39 year old single woman
<u>Jayme:</u>	Michaela's bossy friend and wife of Brian
<u>Brian:</u>	Michaela's easy-going friend and husband of Jayme
<u>Ivy:</u>	Michaela's bitter divorced friend
<u>Wyatt:</u>	The hotel concierge
<u>Cheryl:</u>	Tightly-wound organizer of single weekends
<u>Juliet:</u>	A sweet, optimistic single woman in her 20's
<u>Pretty:</u>	A pessimistic goth single woman in her 20's
<u>Taylor:</u>	A 29 year old overbearing single business woman
<u>Romeo:</u>	A 39 year old single man
<u>Tanner:</u>	A goth single man
<u>John:</u>	An overbearing single business man
<u>Vincent:</u>	A Bela Lugosi-esque single man who is suspected of being a vampire
<u>Maid:</u>	A hotel maid who loves to gamble

Scene

The Desert Songbird Hotel

ACT I Scene i

(The lobby of a hotel.)

(JAYME and BRIAN lead MICHAELA through the front doors, covering her eyes.)

JAYME: Keep walking forward. No peeking!

BRIAN: Just a couple more steps. This is Brian speaking, by the way.

MICHAELA: I know it's you, Brian.

BRIAN: How? Are you peeking?

JAYME: And three, two, one...

(They stop covering her eyes.)

BRIAN and JAYME: Happy birthday, Michaela!

MICHAELA: Wow.

JAYME: Are you surprised?

MICHAELA: That we're inside the hotel we parked in front of a minute ago?

BRIAN: I told you we should have blindfolded her, Jayme!

JAYME: This isn't a kidnapping!

MICHAELA: To be fair, you showed up at my house, threw me and some of my clothes into your car and then drove us for seven and a half hours. You refused to tell me where we were headed, and when Brian said he needed to pee, you said he shouldn't stop because you were worried I would "make a break for it." So it does feel a bit like a kidnapping.

BRIAN: See, the blindfold would have been fine.

JAYME: It's not a kidnapping. It's a birthday surprise!

JAYME and BRIAN: Happy birthday, Michaela!!

(IVY sneaks into the lobby behind MICHAELA)

MICHAELA: We're staying in a hotel? Why?

IVY: It's not just the hotel!

MICHAELA: Ivy! What are you doing here?

IVY: Jayme, Brian, and I wanted to surprise you! And since I no longer have a husband dragging me down, taking up all my time, making me bitter and vengeful, I'm free to jump on a plane to surprise my friend on her birthday.

MICHAELA: This is great! A crazy, fun friend's weekend is just what I need!

IVY: That's not exactly what this is.

(JAYME, IVY, and BRIAN walk over to a sign that says "Single's Weekend" and pose beside it.)

JAYME, IVY, and BRIAN: Happy birthday, Michaela!

MICHAELA: Please tell me the three of you started a sign-making business and you've brought me here to see your first sign.

IVY: What? No!

JAYME: Why would we make signs?

BRIAN: If we did make this sign, it would have way more pizzaz!

IVY: Pizzaz?

BRIAN: You know. Glitter.

IVY: Ugh, I hate glitter. No matter how careful you are, you keep finding it everywhere you least expect to. Just like my ex.

JAYME: Do not ruin this weekend for her by being all bitter!

IVY: What? Brian and I were just discussing glitter. Hateful, deceitful glitter.

JAYME: Anyway, Michaela, we signed you up for a single's weekend!

MICHAELA: Very funny. Now where's the actual present you got me that is something I won't absolutely hate?

IVY: Come on! We're worried about you!

MICHAELA: Why?

JAYME: Over the last several years, we've watched you level-up your fashion sense, your hairstyle, your makeup.

IVY: You joined a gym. You're eating healthier.

BRIAN: You're pursuing hobbies. Achieving your goals.

MICHAELA: I can see why that would worry you all.

JAYME: You're improving every other aspect of your life, but at the same time, you've completely forgotten the most important thing!

MICHAELA: *(Pause.)* Tacos?

JAYME, IVY, and BRIAN: Love!

BRIAN: Tacos come second!

IVY: I hate tacos.

JAYME: You love tacos.

IVY: I hate that I love tacos.

MICHAELA: I have love! I've got my family and my friends...

JAYME: That's different. We're talking about romantic love, like Brian and I have. You need to find a husband where every minute apart from him feels like a decade. It's wonderful, except for the tiny nagging voice that wishes he would have some ambition and go find what he's truly passionate about and you just want to scream at him sometimes "Quit your dead-end IT job and go find something that lights a fire in you!"

BRIAN: Yeah. Wait, who are we talking about?

JAYME: Michaela's future husband.

BRIAN: Michaela's future husband works in IT like me? Do I know him?

IVY: Romantic love is a beautiful part of life.

JAYME: Yes, that!

IVY: Until it ends and sucks the soul out of your existence.

JAYME: Sometimes. But let's not bring up that part right now, Ivy! *(To MICHAELA)* We don't want you to miss out on love.

MICHAELA: Who says I'm going to miss out?

BRIAN: I'll explain it. It's your birthday today.

(BRIAN hugs her and walks away nodding as though that explained it.)

MICHAELA: That was an explanation?

JAYME: Michaela, you're 39 now.

MICHAELA: Yes.

JAYME: *(Over-enunciating)* 39.

MICHAELA: Yes?

JAYME: I don't think she gets it.

IVY: Let me, Jayme. *(Pause)* 39! She's not getting it.

BRIAN: Look. *(Takes her over to the sofa to sit.)* You know when you buy an avocado?

MICHAELA: Okay?

BRIAN: It's green and firm and you leave it on your counter for a while. And you think it's okay because it still looks delicious. But then you cut into it, and it's all discolored, and moldy, and disgusting. You are that avocado.

MICHAELA: Birthdays and avocados aside, you guys are overreacting. Yes, I'm single right now. But so is Ivy!

(BRIAN, JAYME, and IVY all act shocked.)

JAYME: Ivy is divorced! That is completely different!

MICHAELA: How?

BRIAN: She's proven she can get someone to marry her!

IVY: I've had the experience of knowing what it is to truly love someone unconditionally with my whole mind, body, heart, and soul. And when the dirtbag left, I decided I preferred being single.

MICHAELA: Why can't I decide that I prefer being single?

IVY: You can't know that until you've lived the other way.

MICHAELA: Married to a dirtbag?

IVY: Any kind of bag. Dirtbag, sleazebag, scumbag. Why are men the way they are?

BRIAN: (*To JAYME*) Wait, were you talking about me before? Do I not have a passion in life?

JAYME: We'll talk about it later. But yes.

MICHAELA: I know it's been a while since I've been on a date. But it's not like I've closed that door. If I met a nice guy and we clicked, I'd go out with him.

JAYME: That is not true. What about Dylan, the handsome, well-respected veterinarian we met at the New Year's party?

MICHAELA: You mean the guy who got so drunk, he threw up on my shoes?

JAYME: Yes. He asked you out.

MICHAELA: After he threw up on my shoes. After!

JAYME: You should have called him!

BRIAN: You definitely should have.

IVY: 39.

MICHAELA: I'm not just going to go out with any guy who exists.

BRIAN: See, that's the problem! You need to lower your standards!

MICHAELA: Lower my standards? You don't even know what my standards are!

BRIAN: But...I do know you're single.

MICHAELA: (*Pause*) Give me the car keys. I'm taking your car. I don't know how you're getting home, but I'm leaving now before there is a perfectly justifiable triple homicide.

JAYME: If you leave now, you owe us 3500 dollars.

MICHAELA: Excuse me?

JAYME: With the cost of Ivy's flight, the gas to drive you here, the hotel rooms for all of us, and the single's weekend package, we spent 3500 dollars.

MICHAELA: You spent 3500 dollars? On this?

JAYME: The single's weekend was most of it. It costs 2500 dollars.

MICHAELA, IVY, and BRIAN: 2500 dollars?!

BRIAN: Geez, you'd think for that kind of money, they could afford some glitter for their sign.

JAYME: Regardless, the money is non-refundable, so it's not coming back. If you refuse to go through with this, I'm going to make you pay us back for all of it.

MICHAELA: I'll get a lawyer and fight you in court.

JAYME: Great. I'll give your phone number to every single man on the jury.

MICHAELA: That's jury tampering!

JAYME: So sue me!

MICHAELA: That's what I'm trying to do!

BRIAN: Okay, everyone cool down! I'm sure we can settle this outside of court, so there will be no suing or tampering or whatever. Michaela, I'm sorry you didn't like our surprise. I hope you can at least see that it came from a place of love. Jayme and Ivy, this whole thing is a bit invasive and pushy. I know we felt justified because she's 39...

(JAYME, IVY, and BRIAN look at MICHAELA with sympathy, annoying her.)

BRIAN: ...but we may have crossed a line. A 3500 dollar line. So, I call for a compromise. Michaela, if you will stay for 24 hours and really try to be open to meeting someone interesting, then tomorrow evening, if you still want to leave, we'll take you home. In exchange, we promise to never again tell you we're taking you for a birthday surprise, then drive seven and a half hours to a hotel where we have flown Ivy to and where we have secretly signed you up for a single's weekend.

MICHAELA: I'm not staying here for 24 hours.

BRIAN: 12 hours, then. Come on, you'll be asleep for a lot of that.

MICHAELA: I want more than that. I want you all to promise you will never try to set me up ever again.

BRIAN: Deal!

JAYME: What? Ugh!

MICHAELA: So what do I have to do over the next 12 hours?

IVY: Almost nothing! We filled out all the very detailed personal questionnaires and forged your signature.

MICHAELA: What?

BRIAN: Let's just get you checked in.

(MICHAELA walks to the front desk, where WYATT is doing work.)

WYATT: Good afternoon. Checking in?

MICHAELA: Yes. I'm here for the...thing.

WYATT: The thing?

MICHAELA: The...event.

WYATT: I'm sorry?

MICHAELA: *(Leaning in and lowering her voice)* The single's thing.

WYATT: Ah, yes. Welcome! I believe it's just about to start. I'll get you checked in to your room as quickly as I can...

IVY: We can take care of all that. You should go ahead.

JAYME: Hang on. She should at least fix her makeup.

MICHAELA: What's wrong with my makeup?

BRIAN: Her hair could use some...zhuzhing.

MICHAELA: What's wrong with my hair?

IVY: I hate your pants!

MICHAELA: I like these pants!

JAYME: This is not about you!

MICHAELA: It is! There is nothing wrong with how I look right now.

BRIAN: Why don't we get an unbiased opinion? *(To WYATT)* Excuse me. Our friend is going to the singles weekend and we were just discussing her look. What do you think?

WYATT: Oh, I couldn't...

JAYME: No, really. She won't take offense.

MICHAELA: I might.

WYATT: I don't think I would know...

IVY: She's 39 years old! She NEEDS this!

WYATT: I just work for the hotel...

JAYME: TELL HER!

WYATT: Putting on a dress might be nice?

MICHAELA: I agreed to go to this thing and nothing more. I'm going with this makeup, this hair, and these pants. *(Yelling as she exits into the hall)* And the men in that room can deal with it!

BRIAN: I think this is going to go well!

JAYME: It'll go well if it kills me!

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