

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Ladies Room

By Casey Kelly

CAST

Abigail - Blindly in love with Jacob

Britney - Best friend to Emily. Feminist, and “free-spirit”

Jacob - Boyfriend of Abigail. Total “bro”

Charlie -

Priscilla - Ghost that “haunts” the ladies room

STAGE- A dimly lit bar with a ladies room stage R. Two couples are seated at the table having drinks.

Abigail: So, Charlie, what do you do for a living?

Charlie: Well, actually, it's Chuck.

Britney: We discussed this, Charlie, I've never met a person named "Chuck" that wasn't insufferable. You're now Charile.

Jacob nudges Charlie just a little too hard.

Jacob: Yeah, bro, I used to be named Jake, but Jake Gyllanall had to pull that shit with Taylor Swift and now I'm Jacob.

Charlie: What..

Jacob quickly shushes Charlie

Jacob: PLEASE don't get them started. *Points to TV playing sportsball.* So who's your team?

Charlie: I...

Before Charlie can answer, Britney gives "the look" to Abigail. They get up from the table in unison.

Britney: We have to pee

Jacob: Both of you?

Britney grabs Abigail's hand and leads them to the Ladies Room. The men stay seated and can pantomime minimal conversation while watching the game.

Britney: Okay, we both have problems here.

Abigail: Britney, stop! Jacob and I are very happy.

Britney: The fact that I didn't even mention him and that's where your mind goes... He's an idiot Abby and I'm pretty sure he's cheating on you.

Abigail: I don't know why you would think that. He's very smart.

Britney: He showed up to your first date late because he thought quarter after 7 after meant 7:25.

Abigail: That's an honest mistake. A quarter is 25 cents.

Britney : He left for work last week without pants and didn't notice until someone pointed it out in the office.

Abigail: He was in a hurry.

Britney : He got lost in Walmart and had customer service page you, like an actual child,

Priscilla enters laughing. Britney and Abigail are startled.

Abigail: Sorry! We didn't know anyone else was in here!

Priscilla: Well, technically, you're right, I'm a ghost.

Britney: You DIED HERE?!

Priscilla: No, I died at home. I just loved it here so much I decided to spend eternity here.

Abigail: In the ladies room?

Priscilla: I always loved the vibe here. Everyone is so nice and helpful. I just love that energy. So, I decided I wanted to spend my afterlife telling drunk girls how pretty they are and giving advice. I also have tampons in every size if that's your problem. So, I've heard about the pantsless genius. *Points at Britney.* But, I haven't heard your plight yet, sweetie.

Britney: So... I also love this place and have come to think of it as my hunting ground for one night stands.

Priscilla: It's like shooting fish in a barrel...

Britney: EXACTLY! SEE! She gets it!

Priscilla: SO, what is your problem, dear?

Britney: Well, 2AM was approaching and I had locked in on a target. Walked up to him and said, "Let's go", as one does, and well, you can picture the rest. I do my checklist before I leave immediately after we're done, and I thought I had everything. I get home and ready to shower only to realize my earring had fallen out and it's my favorite! So, I had to interrupt the conversation he had been having with himself in my DMs to get it back. Now he's here and honestly, I don't know how to get rid of him.

Priscilla: Have you tried...

Britney : telling him I can't read when he asked for my number? Of course.

Priscilla: Alright, but did you..

Britney: look at his mustache and say Top Gun? More like Bottom Gun? Obviously.

Priscilla : Okay. Take this.

She hands Britney a ball of yarn.

Britney: I'm not really crafty.

Priscilla: No, you are the bro's red flag, a cat lady. Here's what you do, honey. I'm sure you already tried explaining his birth chart. (*Britney nods.*) Tell him about your cats' star signs, all 13 of them. You can't get enough of them, that's why you carry around cat toys to lure stray babies into the security of your studio apartment. Trust me, he'll go running.

Britney puts the ball of yarn in her purse to use later not to lure but to repel.

Britney: That's actually pretty brilliant. I'm also making a mental note right now to remove all valuables before entering a *man's* house. Now, can you help me convince this bitch that she needs to dump that himbo?

Priscilla: A wise woman once said, "Men are trash, so treat them like they're disposable".

Abigail: Who said that?

Priscilla: I did. From what I've heard so far, he's more of a reflection of the American Education System. He doesn't sound *that* bad.

Britney: He's the WORST! Abby, tell her about THE Dunkin Run.

Abigail: He brought me back the wrong coffee.

Priscilla: I mean, mistakes happen.

Britney: He brought back some specialty signature shit with a fuck ton of modifications.

Priscilla: His other girlfriend's order...

Britney: Precisely. The audacity of these men. In this, the year of the Barbie movie!

Abby: He just probably grabbed the wrong drink, he has a common name.

Britney: It said “Jacob used to be Jake B”. It was 100% his order.

Priscilla: You’ve got a good friend here. This guy sounds like an asshole. My advice is to cut him loose. Find someone who can tie their own shoes.

Abigail: (sadly) How’d you know?

Priscilla: I guessed.

Abigail: He does have some redeeming qualities. I mean he’s super funny. Like just today, in fact, he walked up to me and said, “ I’d like to tell you my Autumn joke, but I don’t think you’d fall for it”.

Britney: I saw that on my “For You Page” 2 months ago. He must’ve stolen it from Instagram Reels.

Priscilla (laughing at Britney’s joke): Ha! Now that’s funny! You (pointing at Abigail) listen to your funny friend here. She cares about you. At least confront him about the coffee.

Abigail: You know what, if a ghost in a bar bathroom is telling me this, maybe I should take it as a sign.

Priscilla: Trust me, honey, I’ve seen it all.

Britney: Well, we should get going, we’ve got some men to scare. How can we repay you?

Priscilla: Oh, ladies, you scaring men is all the payment I need, but if you could toss “Shake it Off” on the jukebox before you leave.

Britney and Abigail: Followed by All Too Well 10 minute version on priority!

Abigail and Britney exit the Ladies Room and confidently head to the table.

Jacob: What the hell do you guys do in there? Talk about Taylor Swift?

Britney: Yep! (pulls yarn ball out of her purse. In her most flirtatious voice) Hey Charlie! Come with me to look for stray cats near the dumpster?

Abigail hands Britney a \$5 with a knowing look. Britney takes the bill. Britney leads Charlie off stage.

Abigail: Jake, we need to talk.