

Party Animal

Marcus Steinour





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PARTY ANIMAL

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CAST

BRICK THOMPSON: The father.

SANDY: His daughter.

MERCEDES SHARP: The woman at the party.

JULIANA MOROSS: The woman who likes Brick.

Place:

BRICK'S living room.

Time:

Right now.

ACT ONE
SCENE ONE

Setting: BRICK'S living-room. Sofa, chair, telephone on stand. There is a door CS with a peephole. LS a closet door.

At Rise: BRICK is seated on chair and reading newspaper. SANDY is talking on telephone.

SANDY: Okay, then it's all set. Goodbye.

BRICK: No.

SANDY: *(hanging up telephone)* What do you mean, "No?"

BRICK: You know exactly what I mean. No more fixing me up.

SANDY: Fixing you up? I never fixed you up.

BRICK: Ha. Not because you didn't try. I can think of a dozen widows and divorcees sending me casseroles. Two of them were old enough to be my grandmother.

SANDY: You're a widower and you need some fun. I know you're not aggressive by yourself. So can you come?

BRICK: No. It's your party. You go. You're between husbands.

SANDY: Between husbands? I was never married.

BRICK: Well then, you're between zero and number one.

SANDY: I am going. And you too. Joan was telling me about this divorced woman who wants to meet you.

BRICK: How does this woman know she wants to meet me?

SANDY: Because she said, "I'd like to meet Sandy's Dad."

BRICK: Oh.

SANDY: She talked to Joan at the supermarket last week and told her she's seen you out jogging.

BRICK: I don't jog. I just walk briskly.

SANDY: This is a divorced woman. She's your age, pretty--in face; not ooo-la-la attractive, but...

BRICK: What do you mean, not ooo-la-la attractive?

SANDY: Like knock your socks off.

BRICK: I think I'll just keep them on.

SANDY: *(blinking at that)* So is what I told Joan all right?

BRICK: You didn't tell her I'd come to the party?

SANDY: That's exactly what I told her. So just be your own mild, bland, unexciting self. That's what women like.

BRICK: What women?

SANDY: Women who like mild, bland, unexciting men. *(beat)* You're still a good catch, Dad. You still look the same as you did twenty years ago.

BRICK: Yes, middle-aged.

SANDY: Oh...Just be ready to come along. I'm meeting someone myself. Joan says he's really something.

BRICK: Better not be too exciting, like your last 'really something.'

SANDY: As long as he's intelligent. Intelligent men make the best husbands.

BRICK: Intelligent men don't get married.

SANDY: You don't have to think of marriage, just go out and have dinner...

BRICK: Dinner? I have enough dinners coming in here. One desperate housewife even sends me X-rated DVD's and invites herself over to watch them.

SANDY: You need companionship. You don't have to forget Mom. Come on. Joan has just the girl, er...woman for you.

BRICK: (*hesitating*) What's she like--how old?

SANDY: She's about your age...(*hastens to add*) I mean, younger...much younger. She's divorced, no children. Works for a magazine.

BRICK: What color hair does she have?

SANDY: I don't know--mixed blonde and gray--just a few strands.

BRICK: Just a few strands of hair?

SANDY: A few strands of gray.

BRICK: Nice figure?

SANDY: I don't know why I'm encouraging this. I should be the one against your marrying again. But I want you to be happy.

BRICK: All right, all right. One condition. You just point her out. Let me introduce myself. No standing over us.

SANDY: I won't stand over you. Good. It's settled. *(she runs back to the telephone and dials)* Joan? It's settled. He said yes.

BRICK: Just like that. It's settled. Women.

ACT ONE
SCENE TWO

Setting: At the party. A few chairs and table for drinks and food.

At Rise: SANDY and BRICK stand together. MERCEDES and JULIANA stand apart, holding drinks.

SANDY: *(pointing to JULIANA)* All right, Dad. There she is.

BRICK: Which one? Never mind. I can see which one it is. No matchmaking now, remember.

(JULIANA leaves. Now MERCEDES is alone)

SANDY: You're on your own. There's my date. *(she leaves)*

BRICK: *(saunters over to the two women and addresses the wrong one, MERCEDES instead of JULIANA)* Nice party, isn't it?

MERCEDES: Rather dull, I would say. Dull as a hard-boiled egg.

BRICK: Some people liven up a party.

MERCEDES: Are you going to liven up this one?

BRICK: I'm Brick Thompson, Brickford. Are you the one who was talking to Joan, who talked to my daughter Sandy, who talked to me?

MERCEDES: What??? Don't know any Sandy.

BRICK: I mean, I'm the guy you saw walking briskly.

MERCEDES: *(extending her hand)* Oh, well, I'm Mercedes Sharp. Too bad my husband doesn't come to these things. He's too busy practicing with his assault rifle.

BRICK: Assault rifle? You're married? I'm sorry.

MERCEDES: Not as sorry as I am. *(as he turns to leave)* Wait. You can still get me a drink.

BRICK: No. I better not. I don't like assault rifles. Nice meeting you. *(he hurries off)*
Wrong one. Just wait 'til I see that daughter of mine, *(he is intercepted by JULIANA, already slightly tipsy)*

JULIANA: Oh, you must be Sandy's dad. I'm Juliana Moross.

BRICK: Oh! You're the one.

JULIANA: Don't I hope so. I saw you out jogging.

BRICK: I do go walking briskly sometimes. I'm Brick Thompson. Short for Brickford.
What do you think of this party?

JULIANA: Dull as egg salad.

BRICK: Seems to be the general opinion.

JULIANA: May I buy you a drink?

BRICK: You don't have to buy one--they're free?

JULIANA: All right...May I'll get you one? Scotch? Bourbon?

BRICK: Whatever you're having.

JULIANA: Oh, that's sweet. *(beginning to sway)* I'm having vodka on the rocks.

BRICK: Watch out for those rocks. May be slippery.

JULIANA: It's okay. I've taken more out of the alcohol than it's taken out of me. I only drink occasionally.

END OF FREEVIEW

You'll want to read and perform this show!