

Twilight Bowl

Scene 1

AT RISE: *The bar at Twilight Bowl, a bowling alley in Reynolds, Wisc. A Sunday night in early August.*

There's a long bar with vinyl bar stools. Bowling trophies and memorabilia line the shelves. A low-end flat-screen TV is mounted in one corner.

In addition to the front door, there is a door that leads through the locker room to the bowling alley and a door to a back alley.

There are a few small tables scattered about.

Everything is well-worn, but it's a clean, well-run establishment.

SAM, JAYCEE, CLARICE and SHARLENE are gathered around a table. SAM and CLARICE wear blue polo shirts with the Twilight Bowl logo on them.

They share a pitcher of beer, which is almost empty. JAYCEE and CLARICE have had more than their share. SAM is acting more drunk than she is. SHARLENE is completely sober.

There are two gift bags on the table. They have all eaten a piece of a brightly decorated cake. The remainder of the cake is on the table. There is a lot of cake left, like they were expecting twenty people rather than four. The cake has no candles.

CLARICE. What kind of game is this?

SHARLENE. It's not a game. It's just something we do in our family before you open presents.

JAYCEE. I have a better idea, which is—we skip it.

(JAYCEE reaches for a gift bag.)

SHARLENE. But this is supposed to be part of the gift.

(SHARLENE moves the gift bag out of JAYCEE's reach.)

SAM. But a non-material thing.

SHARLENE (*nods*). Like more personal than just "I bought you something."

CLARICE. What's wrong with buying somebody something?

SHARLENE. Buying somebody something is nice, and this is one more nice thing. Is all.

CLARICE. So the story is supposed to be nice?

SHARLENE. The story is just whatever you want to say about the person.

But I think, because it is a gift, it should be nice.

(Beat.)

JAYCEE. Come on. You can think of one nice thing to say about me.

CLARICE. But I don't ever think about you that way.

JAYCEE. Thanks.

CLARICE. Hey—I don't think about anybody that way.
(*Thinks.*) Something nice ...

SHARLENE. I can start ...

CLARICE. Can it be funny instead?

SHARLENE. It's whatever you want to say—

CLARICE. OK. So, we were fifteen, and me and Jaycee and Sierra Loeffleholz and Emily James had a case of beer and a bottle of Jäger, and Emily drove us out to the end of Sawmill Road. And we're sitting there and this one has to

pee— (*Jerks a thumb toward JAYCEE.*) So she gets out and goes in the bushes and pops a squat. Now if it was me, I would air dry. But Miss Priss here has to wipe, so she grabs a handful of leaves—

SAM. I think I know this story—

CLARICE. And doesn't look, just wipes. And guess what?

CLARICE, JAYCEE & SAM. It was poison ivy.

SHARLENE. Why didn't you look first?

JAYCEE. I was drunk. CLARICE. We were wasted.

CLARICE. So I'm like, "Dude, I think you just wiped your cootch with poison ivy." And she's like, "No way I did that." And then Sierra gets out and stares at it and goes, "Leaves of three, leave it be." And we all start dying.

SHARLENE. So what happened?

JAYCEE. I got poison ivy all over my cootch.

SHARLENE. Did it itch?

JAYCEE. Like a mofo. So I put Vaseline on it because we didn't have any calamine lotion. And then my ... what do you call it? Your labia?

SAM. Yes.

JAYCEE. Swole up so bad I couldn't wear pants. So for like a week I walked around in this old skirt, terrified somebody was going to ask me why I was wearing a skirt on a weekday.

SHARLENE. Why didn't you go to the doctor?

JAYCEE. How was I gonna explain poison ivy on my pussy to my mom?

But then, like a week into it, I was sitting on the couch watching TV, and I was scratching down there, and my mom comes in and sees me and yells, "Go to your room if you're gonna masturbate!"

CLARICE. You never told me that.

JAYCEE. 'Cause I didn't know how to masturbate before that.

That's how I learned.

CLARICE. No way.

JAYCEE. Yeah! I was like, "Oh, that's how you do it." So I started poking around down there—

SHARLENE. Does somebody else want to go?

CLARICE. You never masturbated before that?

JAYCEE. I was fifteen. I don't know. When did you start?

CLARICE. Shit. I was at that from like, twelve.

SAM. Seriously?

CLARICE. I'd sit in the bathtub and let the water drain until it hit me in just the right place. Then I'd put the stopper back in and go at it.

SAM (*to JAYCEE*). What were you watching?

JAYCEE. When?

SAM. When your mom walked in? Did she think you were fingering yourself over *Full House*?

CLARICE. No—no—it was *SpongeBob*. "Oh SpongeBob. Oh put it in me—"

SAM. "Eat me, SpongeBob—"

SHARLENE. Guys? This isn't—

CLARICE. Do sponges even have dicks?

SHARLENE. Can we remember why we're here?

JAYCEE. Please.

SHARLENE. Sam, do you have a story about Jaycee?

SAM. I was just telling a story about Jaycee getting eaten out by *SpongeBob*—

SHARLENE. No, a real story that's not gross and inappropriate?

CLARICE. Man, we're gonna be here all night.