

The Last Party was originally produced at Death by Audio, Williamsburg Brooklyn, New York, in "A Night of Short Plays" on Thursday, June 23, 2011. Directed by Dylan McCullough.

ORIGINAL CAST

STASIA: Megan Tusing

LENA: Lucy DeVito

HATER: Steven Boyer

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CHARACTERS

STASIA: 17, any race. A girl who tries her best to look pretty.

LENA: 15, any race. A girl who loves looking funky.

HATER: 17, any race. A disgusting teenaged boy.

TIME

The present day.

SETTING

The furnished basement of a New York City brownstone, set up for a high school party to happen that evening.

STASIA stuffs her face with chocolate cake. Between bites, she is constantly checking her iPhone. LENA listens happily on the couch. A few seconds pass as STASIA eats, then drinks a bottle of beer. She looks at her phone.

STASIA: It's eleven thirty.

LENA: Most parties I've been to get really awesome around now.

STASIA: Sarcastic. More awesome than this?

She eats. STASIA gets a loud text message. She reads it.

Please stop texting me. It makes me think there will be more than two people at my party.

LENA: Just trying to lighten the mood.

STASIA: Of course everyone's at Jab's party. There's nothing anyone would rather do than spend their last night at Jab's penthouse overlooking all five friggin' boroughs.

LENA: His parties aren't that great. There's just good music.

STASIA: The one party I have. The one time my parents say yes. God, don't people want to try something new?

LENA: People are boring.

STASIA: I'm boring. Everyone else is cool—cool enough not to be here. What was I thinking? Oh I know, I'll suddenly get really popular the last night of my life! What an idiot.

LENA: Stop. Is this the last way you want to feel?

STASIA: You know who I feel like?

LENA: The version of you that's really sorry for yourself?

STASIA: I feel like Hater.

LENA: Eww, why?

STASIA: If he had a party, no one would come. He was the one person I didn't invite.

LENA: Ouch.

STASIA: Would you invite him?

LENA: Hell no, he never brushes his teeth.

STASIA: And he writes all that gross stuff on the boys' bathroom walls. Like "horse cock pussy slime."

LENA: Eww.

STASIA: "Booger finger tuna licker."

LENA: Eww.

STASIA: "Butt crack crumbles seltzer."

LENA: Stop! How do you even know about those?

STASIA: Casey told me. God, I wish he were here.

LENA: I know. You guys would have been cute together.

STASIA: I know . . . Did you know Hater asked me out?

LENA: What? When?

STASIA: Last year.

LENA: What did he say?

STASIA: "You're pretty—be with me Stasia. See you under the scaffolding."

LENA: Eww, what'd you say?

STASIA: I just tried not to breathe in his garbage mouth and walked away.

LENA: Weird.

STASIA: Yeah, you don't exactly get invited to my party that way.

Beat. She checks her phone. She pushes her cake away.

Now I'll just die fat and lonely.

LENA: What about me?

STASIA: I mean fat and with you. But of course you're here, you

love me.

LENA: I like your vision.

STASIA: What does that mean?

LENA: I like how you see stuff—like you're ambitious but you're also such a girl. It's great.

STASIA: You're so random.

LENA: I know. A lot of people don't like that about me.

STASIA: A lot of people don't like me at all.

LENA: After the tsunami, there will be no one left to remember how popular you were.

STASIA gets sad.

STASIA: I kind of wish my parents were home.

LENA: They're not upstairs?

STASIA: They went to a key party?

LENA: Weird.

STASIA: Wouldn't you want to spend your last night with your kids?

LENA: You wouldn't want them at your party.

STASIA: They said they wouldn't be home late. Eleven thirty is kind of late for them though.

LENA: Well, it is a key party. Do you know what a key party is?

STASIA: It's like a scavenger hunt, right?

Beat.

LENA: Yeah. *Pause.* I guess we'll both die virgins.

The doorbell rings. They both jump.

Someone came!

STASIA fixes her hair and her clothes. She opens the door. It's seventeen-year-old, unattractive, greasy HATER. She blocks him from the rest of the room.

LENA: Hater!

STASIA: What are you doing here?

HATER: I came to party.

STASIA: You weren't invited.

HATER *looks around.*

HATER: No one's here?

He laughs maniacally.

Good thing I came or else you'd die alone. Hey Lena.

LENA: Why'd you come if you weren't invited?

He pops open a beer, shoves a fistful of cake in his mouth, and washes it down with the beer.

HATER: *With his mouth full.* I have my reasons.

He makes himself comfortable. LENA scoots to the other end of the couch.

STASIA: Please leave. You are the last person I want to see on my last night.

HATER: You're not my first choice either, but the clock is ticking.

LENA: What does that mean?

HATER: It means that tsunami is not drowning me a virgin.

LENA and STASIA exchange a look.

LENA: You think you're getting laid tonight?

HATER: I know I'm getting laid tonight.

STASIA: Not by us.

HATER: I was thinking just you Staszy, but I'll take your sidekick, too.

LENA: I'd kill you before I had sex with you.

HATER: Cute.

He pops some cheese balls into his mouth, then stands up close to STASIA. She backs away.

STASIA: What are you doing?

HATER: Just getting you excited.

STASIA: Go away!

LENA: I'm calling the police.

HATER: You think they're working tonight? They're all at the bars trying to get laid just like me.

He keeps following STASIA.

STASIA: Stop!

LENA shoves HATER down to the couch. He manages to pin her down. She screams. STASIA pulls his hair and kicks him in the back. He yells.

Get off her.

HATER: We'll both get off.

He laughs. LENA squirms but can't get up.

LENA to STASIA: Do something!

STASIA looks for sharp objects.

Break the bottle!

HATER *laughs.*

HATER: This is better than I thought!

STASIA kicks him hard in the face. HATER groans. She kicks him again. And again.

Okay!

He stands, at the same level as STASIA again. This time she doesn't back away. LENA manages to get up.

LENA: Ughh, have you EVER brushed your teeth?

HATER: I don't care for it.

He grabs STASIA's waist. She lets him. No resistance.

STASIA: You want to die knowing you had to force someone to have sex with you?

HATER: I don't care.

STASIA: You wouldn't rather die knowing someone really wanted you?

HATER: I don't care.

STASIA: Because it feels really good when someone wants you.

LENA: Yeah.

HATER: Well no one really wants me, so deal with it.

STASIA: Well then go ahead, have your way with me. I'll die hating you.

HATER: Why aren't you running away?

STASIA: This night can't be saved. Might as well be raped by the most disgusting guy I know before I'm electrocuted by the party lights.

LENA: I can't let you do that.

STASIA: My parents don't care about me, I'm the second-least-liked person in the grade, what else is left.

HATER: Ugh. *Pause.* I don't want to give it up to a sad girl. Let's go Lena.

LENA: I told you I'd kill you before I had sex with you.

He looks at both girls.

HATER: I know you would.

He sits down on the couch, defeated. It's quiet for a moment.

Yeast infection soup!

He punches a pillow.

LENA: Eww.

He takes a breath, then stands.

HATER: I'm going home. Better to die alone in peace than force my way into hearts that have no place for me.

LENA: You didn't want to get into our hearts.

STASIA: His parents are rich; he could have gotten a hooker.

LENA: Don't fall for it; he's just trying something else.

HATER: I'm trying to make a graceful exit. Take care ladies. Hope to see you in heaven.

He walks to the door.

STASIA: Wait.

HATER turns around.

I don't want my last feeling to be guilt.

HATER: What do you want it to be?

STASIA: Surprise.

She approaches him and is about to kiss him when LENA charges HATER.

LENA: NOOOOO!

She pushes HATER down to the floor and holds the pillow over his

face. He struggles.

Finally he is still.

LENA: How was that for surprise?

Suddenly, STASIA's phone gets a loud text message. STASIA, scared, slowly picks it up. She gasps.

What does it say?

STASIA: The tsunami hit Florida. It skipped New York.

END OF PLAY