

FRIDAY NIGHT
by Tom Smith

(Lily and Tiffany's dorm room. Tiffany is finishing her makeup.)

Lily: Are you ready yet?

Tiffany: Almost. Are you bringing a purse?

Lily: No. I've got the address. It's just a few minutes away.

Tiffany: Thank God for Friday night!

(Frank and Josh's apartment. Josh is fixing his hair.)

Frank: Are you ready yet?

Josh: Almost. Are you bringing beer?

Frank: No. I've got the address. It's just a few minutes away.

Josh: Thank God for Friday night!

(Lily and Tiffany's dorm room.)

Lily: Let's go.

Tiffany: Let's do a shot first.

Lily: Why?

Tiffany: I'm nervous. They'll be a ton of people there I don't know.

Lily: So what?

Tiffany: Let's just do a shot.

Lily: You have one.

Tiffany: Fine.

(Frank and Josh's apartment.)

Frank: Let's go.

Josh: Let's do a shot first.

Frank: Why?

Josh: Why not? There'll be hot girls there.

Frank: So what?

Josh: Let's just do a shot.

Frank: You have one.

Josh: Fine.

(Lily and Tiffany's dorm room. Tiffany downs a swig from a bottle.)

Lily: Now are you ready?

Tiffany: Yes. Don't let me do anything stupid tonight.

Lily: Like what?

Tiffany: Make out with some random guy or something.

Lily: Like I could stop you.

Tiffany: I mean it.

Lily: Ok.

Tiffany: One more shot.

Lily: No! Let's just go.

Tiffany: Just one more...

Lily: Let's go!

(Tiffany downs another quick swig.)

(Frank and Josh's apartment. Josh downs a swig from a bottle.)

Frank: Now are you ready?

Josh: I've been ready! Don't let me do anything stupid tonight.

Frank: Like what?

Josh: Make out with some ugly girl or something.

Frank: The ugly ones are the only ones you can get.

Josh: I mean it.

Frank: Ok.

Josh: One more shot.

Frank: No! Let's just go.

Josh: Just one more...

Frank: Let's go!

(Josh downs another quick swig. He decides to take the bottle with him.)

(At the party. Frank sees Lily and approaches her.)

Frank: Hey! I know you.

Lily: What?

Frank: You're in my class.

Lily: Which one?

Frank: Psych!

Lily: Don't be a jerk.

Frank: No, I mean you're in my Psych 201 class.

Lily: Oh, I thought you were...never mind!

Frank: Where's your friend?

Lily: Who, Tiffany?

Frank: Yeah, I guess. The one you came in with.

Lily: She's here somewhere.

Frank: I'm Frank.

Lily: Lily.

Frank: Do you want to go grab drink?

Lily: Sure.

Frank: Come with me. There's a cooler out in the back. *(They exit.)*

(Another room at the party. Josh sees Tiffany and approaches her.)

Josh: Who are you looking for?

Tiffany: I came here with someone and I don't know where she went.

Josh: Who?

Tiffany: My roommate, Lily. She's— *(Notices Josh.)* Never mind. I'll find her later.

Josh: Do you know whose throwing this party?

Tiffany: No. Do you?

Josh: No idea. My roommate does though, I think.

Tiffany: I think mine might too. I don't know for sure.

Josh: I'm Josh.

Tiffany: I'm Tiffany.

Josh: What year are you?

Tiffany: Freshman. Kinda. I have AP credit so I'm technically a sophomore but it's my first year here.

Josh: Oh.

Tiffany: You?

Josh: Sophomore. But it's my third year here. I should be a junior. Bad first year. Really bad!

Tiffany: What's your major?

Josh: Creative Media. You?

Tiffany: Criminal Justice.

Josh: Cool. I hear all those classes are online.

Tiffany: A lot of them are.

Josh: Lucky! *(Long awkward pause. He takes a drink from his bottle.)* Want some?

Tiffany: Yes! What is it?

Josh: Try it. It's good.

Tiffany: *(She drinks.)* That is good. Cinnamon.

Josh: Harder to smell on your breath that way! *(He takes another drink.)* Want another?

Tiffany: Why not?

(At the party, out back, drinking beer.)

Lily: Where do you sit in class?

Frank: Over by the window. Sometimes in the back if I come late.

Lily: I almost flunked that first test.

Frank: I know. It was hard. It was all on the reading.

Lily: I hadn't even bought the book at that point.

Frank: My roommate almost flunked it too and it's his second time taking the class.

Lily: Really? He flunked the class before?

Frank: Yeah, so his dad is making him repeat it. I guess if you retake a 100 or 200 level class, it will drop the "F" out of your gpa.

Lily: I didn't know that.

Frank: *(Motioning her beer.)* You're almost empty. Do you want another?

Lily: Not right now.

Frank: Ok.

Lily: You can have another if you want.

Frank: I'm cool.

Lily: I don't mind.

Frank: Naw, I'm ok. It's not really my beer anyway.

Lily: Then whose is it?

Frank: I don't know. I just saw it out here earlier! *(They both laugh. There's a moment where it seems like they should/might kiss.)*

Lily: I should go find my friend.

Frank: Do you want me to come with?

Lily: Yeah. I'd really like that.

(Back inside. Josh's bottle is empty.)

Tiffany: Are you 21?

Josh: Next month.

Tiffany: Shoot. I want more of that. How much does it cost anyway?

Josh: Like, eight bucks.

Tiffany: Let's see if someone is going out on a run.

Josh: Ok. Let me check with my roommate and see if he'll go. He has a car. *(He starts to exit.)*

Tiffany: Hey! *(She grabs him by the arm.)* Thanks for hanging out with me tonight! *(Kisses him.)*

Lily: *(Entering, with Frank. A bit surprised to see Tiffany kissing Josh.)* There you are.

Tiffany: Lily! Where have you been?

Josh: Hey.

Frank: Hey.

Tiffany: Who's that?

Lily: Frank. He's in my Psych class.

Tiffany: He's cute too.

Lily: *(Pulls Tiffany away for a more private conversation.)* Who's that? The guy you were making out with?

Tiffany: Josh something-or-other. I don't really know him. But I'd like to! He's so freaking hot!

Lily: Are you drunk?

Tiffany: Maybe. Oh, wait, smell my breath!

Lily: What?

Tiffany: Smell it! Cimma...Cimma... Cimmamin. Oh God, why is that word is so hard to say? Cimmanin. I can't say it!

Frank: She's pretty cute.

Josh: She's ok. Can you going out on a run? I'm dry. *(Holds up the empty bottle.)*

Frank: You drank that whole bottle?

Josh: Tiffany had some too. She matched me shot for shot.

Frank: I don't want to go out. Just go grab a beer. There's a cooler in the back.

Josh: I don't want beer. I wonder if anyone has any smoke instead?

Frank: Don't get wasted, Josh. Just go and hang out with your girl. Be a gentleman!

Josh: Oh, ok, grandpa!

Frank: I mean it. Just be cool and go talk with her. You're already wasted.

Tiffany: I need to go sit down. *(Staggers as she walks away from Lily. Props herself up.)*

Lily: Tiffany! Jesus, you can't even walk!

Tiffany: *(Yelling.)* I'm sorry! Ok, Lily? I'm sorry for embarrassing you!

Lily: You're embarrassing yourself. Let's go find somewhere you can lay down or something. *(Helps hold Tiffany up.)*

Tiffany: I'm not embarrassing myself. You're being a bitch!

Frank: *(Coming over.)* Do you want some help?

Lily: Yeah.

(Frank and Josh hold Tiffany up and slowly walk her towards another room.)

Tiffany: *(To Frank.)* I don't need you to help me. I'm not a cripple. *(To Josh.)* Go get more of that cimmanin stuff!

Lily: Tiffany, should you go throw up?

Tiffany: Gross!

Frank: It may help.

Tiffany: I'm fine, Josh's friend, whatever your name is...

Lily: You're really drunk.

Tiffany: And you're really a bitch.

Lily: We've already established that.

Tiffany: You are. You really, really are. *(She stops walking and is now just being dragged.)*

Lily: You have to help them, Tiffany. At least try to walk. *(Notices Tiffany has passed out.)* Oh, God.

Frank: Here we go. *(They lay her down. To Josh:)* You shouldn't have given her so much.

Josh: She drank as much as I did. She's just a lightweight. Does anyone want a beer, since Frank is being a dick and won't go out on a run with me?

Frank: No.

Lily: No.

Josh: I might as well drink some more since I'm not going to end up doing anything else tonight! *(He exits.)*

Frank: Sorry about that. He's kind of a douche when he drinks.

Lily: No! Sorry about Tiffany... She should have known better. I've never seen her this drunk before.

Frank: I feel bad for her.

Lily: She's going to feel it tomorrow.

Frank: How are you going to get her home?

Lily: I'll wake her up in a minute. She'll be ok. We don't have that far to go.

Frank: You're ok to drive?

Lily: Yeah, I'm fine. I just had that one beer. And a shot. But that was, like, 3 hours ago.

Frank: Call Crimson Cab if you need to. Are you ready for your presentation in class on Monday?

Lily: No. My group's only met once. I hate group assignments.

Frank: I hate them too. Everyone just ends up staring at each other. No one ever...does anything. *(Pause. Another moment where he should kiss her but can't quite...)*

Lily: I should get Tiffany home. Get her some water and some Advil.

Frank: Do you want to meet up tomorrow? Maybe go to Corner Bakery for lunch?

Lily: Yeah. Here. *(They exchange phones and type in numbers. They exchange back.)*

Frank: Do you want some help with her?

Lily: Sure. Hey, Tiffany, wake up. We've got to go home now. Tiffany...

Frank: Man, she's still out of it.

Lily: Tiffany, come on. This isn't our house. We've got to go now... *(Shrugs at Frank.)*

Frank: Hey, time to wake up.

(Tiffany has a short seizure.)

Lily: Oh my God! Help! Somebody help us!

(Frank grabs his phone and dials 9-1-1).

Talkback: At this time, a presenter introduces the characters as characters and leads a discussion on what happened, what signs to look for when it comes to intoxication and eventually alcohol poisoning, why Tiffany was so much more affected than Josh, etc., encouraging the audience throughout to ask the characters questions.