

# SLEEPOVER FROM HELL

by

J.A. MacAbee

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# Sleepover from Hell

by

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## **AUTHOR'S NOTE**

The Pop Culture references can be changed to match current era pop trends.

The girls can be played slightly older than 10 year olds, as their vocabulary dictates. At the same time, many of their reactions should be similar to that of 10 year olds.

Each character has real emotion and insecurity. Make sure to show this when portraying these multi-dimensional characters.

I hope you enjoy performing this as much as I did writing it. Break a leg!

## **CHARACTERS**

AMBER – 10; sincere; all she wants is a birthday party

BRIDGET – 10; husky; her initially harsh exterior is met with an equally soft interior

PEPPITA – 9; girl with dark features who wears all black and takes her practice of the spiritual world very seriously

ABBY – 10; comes from a rather wealthy family and whose physical features are advanced for her age

KARA – 9; not the brightest bulb; loyally follows Abby

PALLIE – 8; energetic; desperate for acceptance into the elite of elementary school social status

SUELEN – 10; the innocent foreign girl who speaks very little to no English

LEELA – 10; opinionated and very environmentally conscious

MOM – mid 30's; the mother of Abby

ENRIQUE – late 20's; the Pool boy for Abby's family

POLICEMAN – mid 30's; a Police Officer

## **SETTING**

Present Day at the two-story home of an middle-upper class American family.

# SLEEPOVER FROM HELL

*(Lights rise on the living room of a rather affluent household. There should be birthday banners, party balloons, and streamers. Set aside should be a table with Cake, make-up, and teenage girl movies. A young girl, AMBER, is scurrying around a room making sure everything looks in order for the evening's activities.)*

AMBER: *(talking to herself, getting herself excited)* Okay. Okay. Ten minutes 'til I kick off the best 10 year old birthday party anyone has ever seen! Cake is ready, make-up is out, and Justin Bieber decorations are up. *(she looks longingly at Bieber poster)* Why are you so beautiful? *(she sighs)* I can't wait to marry you.

*(The Doorbell rings)*

AMBET: They're here? Already?! *(calls upstairs)* Mom! Mom! Gosh, I'll get it. *(she begins to clean up the area quickly, speaking underneath her breath to herself)* I really hope it's not someone like Bridget. I can't believe mom made me invite her. I mean, she invited the entire grade! Ugh, just please don't be Bridget. *Please God,* don't be Bridget. Anyone but Bridget.

*(AMBER opens the door. BRIDGET is standing in the doorway)*

BRIDGET: Hi, Amber.

AMBER: Hi, Bridget.

BRIDGET: *(looking backwards)* Thanks mom! So, can we come in?

AMBER: We?

*(PEPPITA pops out from behind BRIDGET)*

AMBER: Peppita? You decided to come too?

PEPPITA: The spirits told me this party would create a great gathering of dark energy.

AMBER: That's nice.

BRIDGET: So can we come in?

AMBER: As long as you don't bring any dark spirits with you.

BRIDGET: I work out eight times a week. We'll be fine.

*(BRIDGET and PEPPITA walk through the door)*

AMBER: Eight times?

BRIDGET: I bench press kids during Sunday School. My teacher calls me a female Sampson because of my great strength and excruciating amount of body hair.

AMBER: *(beat)* Ew... So, cool. So, this is my house.

BRIDGET: My mom told me it was nice in here.

PEPPITA: *(taking down a jar from the mantle place by the fire)* These jars held spirits not 500 years ago.

AMBER: Please put that jar down. My mom would kill me if one of those broke.

BRIDGET: Why does this room wreak of strawberries and wildflowers?

AMBER: Oh, that's my Justin Bieber XXX Perfume.

PEPPITA: It smells more like lack of talent to me.

BRIDGET: Ugh, I would rather eat snail and lumpy mayonnaise than smell this.

AMBER: Hey! This is the smell of love!

BRIDGET: No wonder my parents are divorced.

PEPPITA: My dads love each other and my house smells nothing like this. It smells more like Chorizo.

BRIDGET: What's that?

PEPPITA: Sausages.

AMBER: Okay. Change of subject. *(walking over to party table)* Can you guys help me get the party stuff tog--

PEPPITA: *(interrupting)* Do you have a central storage space?

AMBER: *(confused)* A what?

PEPPITA: A closet in the center of your home.

AMBER: *(points to closet)* There's one right over there.

PEPPITA: I need to meditate in darkness. There is a dark energy brewing that I must channel.

*(PEPPITA shuffles over to door, and but stops)*

PEPPITA: Do you have any sausages? And maybe some Barbara Streisand music?

AMBER: No. Why?

*(PEPPITA looks around at both girls, and quickly shuts the door)*

AMBER: Well, hopefully she doesn't come out of there for a while.

*(AMBER goes back to her party favors. BRIDGET walks around, surveying the party scene)*

BRIDGET: So, what are the plans for tonight?

AMBER: Well, I was first thinking we could do each other's make-up, eat some ice cream cake, take pictures for the scrapbook, tell secrets, and finish it off by watching Justin Bieber's Never Say Never!

BRIDGET: That sounds stupid.

AMBER: Look, no one made you come.

BRIDGET: My mom made me come.

AMBER: (*angered*) No one cares what you think. Our moms might be best friends, but we are not, and we never will be. This is going to be the greatest party ever, and no one is going to stop that from happening. (*the doorbell rings*) That's probably someone who will actually enjoy my party plan.

(*AMBER walks to the door and opens it. ABBY and KARA are in the doorway, both in a skimpy tank tops and skirts*)

AMBER: Hi Abby! Hi—

ABBY: Don't talk to me.

KARA: What she said.

(*ABBY and KARA let themselves into the house*)

ABBY: (*sees Bridget*) Glad you brought the human trash compactor. She can eat for the both of us since I'm on a diet.

KARA: You're on a diet?

ABBY: I woke up this morning and the scale said I was eighty pounds. It was awful.

BRIDGET: I can bench eighty pounds.

KARA: Shut up, Bridget. You're like fat.

BRIDGET: (*glaring*) I will destroy you.

KARA: (*runs cowering behind ABBY*) Abby, hide me!

ABBY: It's okay. She can't hurt me. My daddy's a lawyer.

BRIDGET: I'm not afraid of you.

ABBY: And I'm not afraid of you outside of the fact that I might catch the Fatty-Fat disease you have if I keep looking at your oversized waist. (*BRIDGET holds herself back, as ABBY looks at AMBER*). Please tell me this isn't the entire party. If my mom made me come, we better at least have a good time.

AMBER: No, we have a couple of more people coming. Some of the most awesome people in the fourth grade!

BRIDGET: And Pepitta's here too.

ABBY: Oh, wonderful. Where is Satan's lovechild?

AMBER: (*begrudgingly*) She's in the closet.

ABBY: That's funny. I always imagined Bridget would be the one in the closet.

BRIDGET: That's strike two, Abby.

KARA: Ha! You're so funny, Abby!

ABBY: You have no idea what I even mean by that, do you?

KARA: (*hesitates*) My mom said her friend Jordan was once in the closet. My mom stopped talking to her, and then she like cut all her hair off, and now she's involved in those parades downtown with all the rainbows.

BRIDGET: (*disgusted*) You think I'm going to cut all my hair off?

ABBY: See, this is why I enjoy hanging out with Ralph so much.

AMBER: Who's Ralph?

ABBY: My boyfriend.

KARA: He's *so* hot.

AMBER: You have a boyfriend?

ABBY: (*flaunting*) He's 16.

BRIDGET: There's no way anyone thinks you're 16.

AMBER: Does your mom know about this?

ABBY: Of course she does! She thinks it's wonderful!

AMBER: And he's okay that you're 10?

ABBY: (*defensive*) 10 AND THREE QUARTERS. And, he doesn't know.

AMBER: (*beat*) He doesn't know?

ABBY: He thinks I'm 15. As far as he knows, I'm an 8<sup>th</sup> grader at Parkland Middle. Who knows though. I think I can go better, older, and bigger. Plus, I think he's becoming too clingy.

BRIDGET: (*beat*) Aren't you usually fifteen in high school?

ABBY: See! (*points to Bridget*) *That* believes me.

*(The Doorbell rings)*

AMBER: I'll get it!

*(AMBER opens the door. PALLIE is standing in the doorway with a backpack on)*

PALLIE: Hi, Amber!

AMBER: Pallie - What are you doing here?

PALLIE: I got wind of the party from some unnamed sources and thought I'd come by to see what you girls were doing.

AMBER: Pallie, you're in 3<sup>rd</sup> grade. You can't be here. It's a fourth-grade-only party.

PALLIE: Abby and Kara! (*running inside to greet them*) Ever since you got in trouble for playing spin the bottle with those 5<sup>th</sup> grade boys, I've been your biggest fan.

ABBY: I've moved onto bigger and better things, little Polly.

PALLIE: Pallie.

ABBY: Whatever.

KARA: Yeah, whatever!

ABBY: I only got in trouble because Timmy Turner couldn't handle my intensity. He was weak. I need a stronger man.

KARA: Like men with big muscles who are like 16!

PALLIE: *(with admiration)* Puberty's so hot.

AMBER: Pallie, you need to leave.

PALLIE: But... I brought presents for you all!

*(PALLIE pulls out two Louis Vuitton purses from her backpack)*

PALLIE: They're my mom's Louis Vuitton purses. I know they're really nice, and my mom doesn't use them very much anyway. I hope you guys like them.

ABBY: *(analyzing the purse)* I was *totes* wrong about you, Patty.

PALLIE: Pallie.

ABBY: Continue to do these sorts of things, and you'll never know what circles you might end up in. You might even one day have the privilege of being in my presence on a once a week basis.

*(Pallie begins to beam with joy)*

BRIDGET: Isn't that stealing?

ABBY: Shut your trap, Bridget.

KARA: Yeah, shut your trap, Bridget!

ABBY: Shut up, Kara!

KARA: Yeah, shut up, Kara! *(she begins to laugh until she realizes what she just said)* Oh.

AMBER: *(analyzing purse)* Pallie - I mean, those bags are nice, but...

PALLIE: I know my mom's credit card number. We can buy other things online too!

AMBER: I mean –

ABBY: You're staying, Pukie. We could use you for later.

PALLIE: Sweet! We can share stories and we can talk about holding hands and french kissing and thong underwear and– *(The Doorbell rings)*

ABBY: Don't get ahead of yourself.

*(AMBER goes to answer the door. LEELA and SUELEN are in the doorway. LEELA has a backpack on.)*

LEELA: Hi, Amber!

AMBER: Hi, Leela. Who's your friend?

LEELA: Oh, she's the new foreign exchange student, Suelen. She got here only yesterday, and is still getting adjusted to the culture.

SUELEN: Hel-lo! I like girls, yes?

LEELA: I think her translation is still a bit rough. Her parents met my parents at the fresh food market this morning. She'll be attending school with us Monday and my mom and dad thought it would be nice for her to get to know us outside of the classroom.

AMBER: Sure. I guess.

LEELA: Awesome. Before we go in, my mom wanted to make sure there were adults here. Can your mom or dad come down?

AMBER: My dad is out of town, but my mom is upstairs. Hold on. *(calls upstairs)* Mom! Mom! Leela's parents need to talk to you! *(beat. AMBER walks half-way up the stairs)* Mom! MOM!

*(MOM comes running down the stairs)*

MOM: What?!

AMBER: Leela's parents need to talk to you.

MOM: Oh. Well, you didn't need to yell. *(addressing LEELA and SUELEN)* Come on in, girls. I'll go talk to your parents. *(she walks downstairs and out the front door as LEELA and SUELEN walk into the home).*

SUELEN: *(Eying the Justin Bieber poster)* Justin Bieber!

BRIDGET: Apparently stupidity is universal.

SUELEN: We will marry!

AMBER: *(beat)* Oh heck no.

LEELA: The air in here is musty. *(LEELA takes off her backpack and opens it to reveal a large contraption)* Luckily, I brought my environmentally safe air-filter to make this experience that much cleaner for all of us.

ABBY: You look like you built that yourself.

LEELA: No. My daddy did. He's a wonderful man who really cares for the environment.

BRIDGET: Clean freaks are weird.

LEELA: That's ridiculous. Now, who needs hand-sanitizer?

PALLIE: I'll take some!

ABBY: I don't think that filter could possibly get rid of the strong smells of Bieber essence and Bridget Mc-Manly-Thing's armpits over there.

BRIDGET: Alright! That's it! *(begins to walk over towards ABBY)*

KARA: *(clinging to Abby)* Abby! She's like invading our personal space!

ABBY: You wouldn't hurt a fly, Bridget!

SUELEN: *(getting in front of Abby, attempting to use herself as a human shield)* No! No hit bad! No hit bad!

BRIDGET: (*picks up SUELEN*) Yeah – no hitting at this point would be bad.  
(*places SUELEN to the side so she is no longer in the way of herself and ABBY*)

KARA: (*begins to fumble in her purse*) I'll use my pepper spray!

Bridget: (*laughs*) I've built up an immunity to pepper spray. (*BRIDGET slowly walks towards KARA and ABBY as they begin to pack up into a corner. PALLIE tries to get between BRIDGET and the girls*)

AMBER: (*from a distance*) Okay, Bridget. You need to settle down.

PALLIE: I'll protect you!!

KARA: (*pointing pepper spray at BRIDGET*) Stop! I'll do it!

(*Enrique emerges on the stairs from the floor above. His only garb is a bathing suite*)

ENRIQUE: What's going on down here?!

BRIDGET: (*beat*) Who the hell are you?

(*MOM walks into the house through the front door, waving to a car that is driving away*)

MOM: What strange people... (*sees ENRIQUE*) Enrique! What are you doing down here?! I thought I told you to wait upstairs!

ENRIQUE: I'm sorry, Senora. I heard the little chicas screaming and thought I could help.

AMBER: Mom, what's the pool boy doing upstairs?

MOM: Oh, he got done early and I thought I'd invite him upstairs.

AMBER: It's 7:30. Isn't he normally gone by 3:00?

MOM: The pool was extra dirty today. Don't worry about it. You just have fun with your friends downstairs while Enrique and I have fun upstairs.

PALLIE: Are you and Mr. Enrique having a sleepover too?

MOM: (*thinking about what to say*) Well...

SUELEN: (*to ENRIQUE*) You daddy?

ENRIQUE: No! No! No! I am not the padre. (*beat*) I think.

BRIDGET: Hey! I recognize you! You're the guy that cleaned the pool at my house when my dad was away on business.

AMBER: I thought your parents were divorced?

BRIDGET: No. It was before they got divorced.

MOM: Amber – you know how mommy and daddy have a masseuse come over sometimes?

AMBER: Yeah.

MOM: Enrique is kind of like that.

ENRIQUE: I rub until it burns.

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### **ABOUT THE AUTHOR**

From his days of being a wee lad, Mr. J.A. MacAbee grew up under the bright sun of tropical Florida. He grew up believing he would be the heir-apparent to one Mr. Michael Jeffrey Jordan. However, as he matured, a shorter stature and limited lateral quickness undercut this dream to the point where he needed to reevaluate his future dramatically. Ironically, it was in drama he found a new passion. Since, he has been actively involved in drama, creative writing, and especially competitive speech (or forensics). Currently, J.A. is high school teaching and working towards his Masters in Divinity. *Soli Deo Gloria!*

## **SLEEPOVER FROM HELL**

by J.A. MacAbee

GENRE: Comedy (One-Act)

CAST: 2 Male, 9 Female

### **SUMMARY:**

AMBER is going to have the best 10 year old birthday party ever. She has all the plans ready, but as the dissimilar cast of girls show up, she realizes this is not going to be a typical birthday party. With made-at-home-from-scratch facial cream and hair die, a devil-worshiper in her closet, her mom preoccupied with the pool boy, and girl maturation problems on the horizon, what could possibly go wrong? The answer: everything.

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