

# THE LESBIAN PLAY

By

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# THE LESBIAN PLAY

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## THE LESBIAN PLAY

*“It's not always the way it is in plays. Not all faggots bump themselves off at the end of the story!” — Michael, The Boys in the Band (Mart Crowley, 1968)*

*For every queer person who has been made to feel small.  
For every young queer person who has been told to remain silent.  
I see you. I am you. We deserve more. We demand more.  
We want more. And I'll scream it with you.*

*This play has been my biggest love and my biggest heartache. I give it now to you, reader.*

*Thank you Gene.*

*Thank you Max, Beckett, Abby, Ellie, Grace, Stef, Victor, and Charlotte.*

# THE LESBIAN PLAY

## CAST

MIMI... Age 21. White. Cis female. she/her

BS Political Science. Senior.

Lipstick lesbian. Full bloodied Italian. Dating Laurel. More sensitive than she lets on.

ROSIE... Age 21. Latinx. Cis female. she/her

BFA Acting. Senior.

Still figuring things out. Dating Chaz.

BEEZ... Age 21. Any ethnicity. Trans non-binary. they/them

BS Political Science. Senior.

The birthday "girl" who is not a girl. If anxiety were a person, it'd be Beez.

IRIS... Age 21. Any non-white ethnicity. Cis female. she/her

BA English. Senior.

Clover's girlfriend. Talented but shy.

CLOVER... Age 21. Any ethnicity. Cis female. she/her

BS Chemical Engineering. Junior.

Iris's girlfriend. Party animal and a "yes (wo)man."

CYNTHIA... Age 22. Any ethnicity. Cis female. she/her

BA Philosophy. Senior.

Cynthia is disabled, she walks with a cane. Cool stoner vibe. She's gives zero fucks what people have to say about her.

LAUREL... Age 20. Any ethnicity. Cis female. she/her

BA Anthropology & BA History. Sophomore.

Plus-sized actress only. Sweet but confident. Dating Mimi.

CHAZ... Age 20. Any ethnicity. Trans male. he/him

BA History. Sophomore.

Rosario's boyfriend. Has no idea what he's about to walk into.

*The gender identities of the characters are important to the plot.*

**There is a pre-recorded 2016 Makeup Beauty Vlogger. This should just be a recording, not a visualized character.**

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## SETTING.

Tuesday, November 8th, 2016.

Election Night.

South End, Boston, Massachusetts.

A one-bedroom apartment rented by Mimi Francisco.

## AUTHOR'S NOTE.

// indicates overlapping text.

— or - indicates dialogue being abruptly cut off.

There should **never** be dramatic shifts between time or blocking into moments of the past. Scene changes are instantaneous. Characters onstage who are not a part of a flashback should simply freeze in place. Everyone has been a bystander to the destruction of this club. This play's pacing should feel like an endless machine: a train off the tracks, hurtling towards its impending doom.

Do not add an intermission to this play, it should be consumed in one sitting. Offer no opportunity for escape.

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### PRODUCTION HISTORY

*The Lesbian Play* made its off-broadway debut at The Triad Theater for a limited engagement in June 2023. This production was produced by Riley Elton McCarthy under Basement Light Productions and Bennett Theatricals. This production was nominated for four Off-Broadway BroadwayWorld Awards, including *Best New Play*.

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*The living room of MIMI FRANCISCO'S apartment is empty. There are party city bags, some lesbian pride flags, and a "happy birthday" banner strewn across the couch. The sounds of the 2016 Election News Coverage fills the air. Underneath this is overlaid the sound of a ticking clock— TICK TICK TICK TICK. Suddenly, MIMI FRANCISCO enters, setting down a luxurious cake on the counter. She fumbles around for the remote and turns off the news. Sitting at her kitchen island, she pulls out her makeup bag and turns on a video on her phone. This is the brightest light in the room. She applies lipstick as she watches. The voice of a 2016 youtuber reverberates out of her phone... all knowing... like **god**.*

**2016 YOUTUBER (VOICEOVER).** what is up youtube and welcome back to my channel hi  
how are ya today we are going to be trying out the new sex is in the heels sex is hot on wheels  
sex sex sex extra wet ultra lash mascara from wet kitty cosmetics when i was sent this pr box shaped like a goddamn vagina i thought well this is how you say implicit (*Mimi pulls out her stick of mascara.*) but then when i heard all the reviews from my friends on our brand trip yacht party in malibu all exclusive all influencer all invited they said nothing made their lashes longer  
or their pussies tighter and today we're going to try it out because you know me if it ain't got my honest approval it will honestly go in the garbage because you know me i always tell the truth  
so guys gals and nonbinary pals (*Mimi makes a face*) or just you whores for a good set of lashes let's try our sex is in the heels sex is hot on wheels sex sex sex extra wet ultra lash mascara from

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wet kitty cosmetics and see if it really gives you lashes so thick it'll make the boys cream (*Mimi sighs*) OR THE GIRLS SCREAM (*Mimi nods in approval*) or maybe maybe it'll make you into a god. (*The sound fades out as Mimi starts applying the mascara.*)

**MIMI. i will become a god.** (*Over the top of the stage, a projection reads "FIVE HOURS REMAINING." BLACKOUT. Lights up.*)

*LAUREL is sitting on the couch, opening one of the Party City bags.*

*Mimi is going through the fridge.*) Should I take the cake out now so that it's like, moist or something or should I leave it in a little longer?

**LAUREL.** Are you defrosting the cake? Is it an ice cream cake?

**MIMI.** No, it's whatever they had in the bakery section at Walmart.

**LAUREL.** I thought you said you would get a Carvel cake.

**MIMI.** They were out. (*Mimi shuts the fridge.*) Besides, you don't defrost an ice cream cake. It'd melt.

**LAUREL.** Mhm. Damnit.

**MIMI.** What?

**LAUREL.** I was kind of hoping to go into diabetic shock at this party...

**MIMI.** Well, it's chocolate cake, so the probability of it being loaded with sugar is still just as likely. You can have my slice anyways, I'm on a diet.

**LAUREL.** You bought the cake and you're not even gonna have any?

**MIMI.** I'm trying this new "Whole 30" thing.

**LAUREL.** Diets are for the weak or the criminally depressed.

**MIMI.** Help me hang this up?

**LAUREL.** Sure. (*Laurel appropriately adorns the couch with the balloons. Afterwards, she walks over to Mimi to help her hang up the banner in the kitchen.*) "Whole 30" sounds boring.

**MIMI.** I feel a little, I don't know, leaner on it?

**LAUREL.** Leaner? You're a twig.

**MIMI.** Maybe you should try it.

**LAUREL.** Hey.

**MIMI.** What? I'm kidding. (*Laurel doesn't laugh.*) Laurel... c'mon... you know I didn't mean that.



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**LAUREL.** Well... you force yourself to suffer through your skinny girl fad diet and I'll eat my fat girl Carvel cake, huh? Or maybe we should reverse it for a week.

**MIMI.** Laurel, you're not fat.

**LAUREL.** And what if I am? (*Mimi doesn't know how to answer this.*)

Mimi. You're so tense. Loosen up. I'm fine.

**MIMI.** Are you sure?

**LAUREL.** Positive.

**MIMI.** One hundred percent?

**LAUREL.** "Whole 30." What are the restrictions? Enlighten me.

**MIMI.** No sugar— No grains, no dairy, no legumes--

**LAUREL.** The fuck is a legume?

**MIMI.** No junk, baked goods, carrageenan, MSG or sulfites. Oh. And *no* alcohol.

**LAUREL.** Oh, one thing I can agree on for you. No alcohol. Lord knows what happened last week--

**MIMI.** No slip-ups. Promise! Besides... (*Together they lift up a banner, handmade, that says "HAPPY BIRTHDAY BEEZ FROM WLW BU". There are bumblebees painted all over it. Mimi surges forward to kiss Laurel. It is passionately reciprocated.*)

**LAUREL.** Introduce me as your girlfriend tonight. (*Hesitation.*) Mimi. Come on. You're the president of the Women Loving Women club for christ's sake, I mean, they know you're *gay*--

**MIMI.** So... you'd say I'm your girl... *friend* now, huh?

**LAUREL.** Well, what else would you call it? (*A cell phone begins to ring.*)

**MIMI.** Shit. Shit, shit, shit, shit. It's Beatrice. (*Laurel turns off the music as Mimi raises the phone to answer. Laurel starts unpacking the remainder of the bags and boxes over the phone call, removing plates, napkins, party snacks, etc and setting them up.*) Hey Beatrice, *happy birthday!* Are you excited for tonight? We love a leeeegal EAAAAGLE! Oh. Okay, I see. Yeah, don't worry about it. Yes, yes I have booze.

**LAUREL.** Wait, you just said— (*Mimi wildly gestures for Laurel to be quiet.*)

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**MIMI.** Rosie said what? Okay. Do you know this “*mysterious guest*”? Is she. Y’know. A lesbian? OH! Rosie’s got a GIRLFRIEND? Holy shit! I thought she’d be a virgin ‘till marriage, that’s nuts. Yes. A *virgin*. No, I-- Oh, her name’s what? I mean, if you don’t mind Rosie bringing her special someone along then I don’t care. I brought my uh-- friend along myself, I mean, so long as they don’t fuck in my apartment, you know? My parents will be in next week and-- *well*. You know Laurel right? Yeah, Laurel’s here. Say hi, Laurel! (*Mimi thrusts the phone in Laurel’s face.*)

**LAUREL.** Agh, hi? (*Mimi takes the phone back.*)

**MIMI.** Anyways, I think everything will be fine. I don’t care that you’re going to be late, just show up eventually. It’s your birthday, you know? See you soon! Love you too, girl. Kisses! Okay. Okay, bye Beez! Bye! (*Mimi hangs up.*) Beatrice is going to be late. Rosie’s bringing some girl named... *Chaz*? Is that a girl’s name?

**LAUREL.** It is now. Got something against the *Chaz*’s of the world?

**MIMI.** ...if we. Tell people. About us. ...let me be the one to do it tonight then? Okay? When *I’m* ready. I don’t want to take away from Beatrice’s moment.

**LAUREL.** The election will threaten to take away Beatrice’s moment anyways.

**MIMI.** Ugh. I don’t want to think about that. Let’s focus less on the future of the country and more on the *lessssbiannnnssssss*.

**LAUREL.** This all doesn’t have to do with your parents, does it?

**MIMI.** What?

**LAUREL.** The whole. Dating thing.

**MIMI.** Ah. No.

**LAUREL.** Don’t they know?

**MIMI.** Well, yeah. Mom feels like she gets gay points for having a daughter who’s gay so then she can blindly vote for the Republican nominee and claim she’s not regressive.

**LAUREL.** Jeez.

**MIMI.** Do you know what they got me for *my* birthday?

**LAUREL.** This apartment?

**MIMI.** Yes. Well, *no*. Actually, they got me a gun.

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**LAUREL.** Holy shit. You're joking.

**MIMI.** Nah, it's in the utensil drawer. Go take a peek. *(Laurel goes to rummage through the utensil drawer. Surely enough, it's there. She slams it shut.)* I told you.

**LAUREL.** You own a pistol, Mimi. Is it loaded?

**MIMI.** I don't think so, no.

**LAUREL.** *Mimi.*

**MIMI.** What.

**LAUREL.** That's hilarious. Oh my god. You own a gun. How white can you be?

**MIMI.** Do my second amendment rights turn you off?

**LAUREL.** I don't know. It might take away your Dem card.

**MIMI.** What, not into a girl who can defend herself?

**LAUREL.** I don't have a hostage kink but... maybe I'll let you play police officer and arrest me sometime?

**MIMI.** Hmm. I see. I guess I'm gonna have to arrest you on the charges of first-degree robbery. You see, my heart's gone missing... I think you stole it.

**LAUREL.** What're you gonna do? Handcuff me, Officer Francisco?

**MIMI.** Well... if you insist on being detained, Miss Gray... *(They start making out on the couch. This lasts a few moments before suddenly the apartment doorbell rings.)*

**MIMI.** and **LAUREL.** *Shit.*

**MIMI.** I'll get it. *(Mimi goes to the door. She hits the buzzer.)*

**LAUREL.** Hey Mimi?

**MIMI.** Yeah?

**LAUREL.** We *will* be out as girlfriends, right? Tonight?

**MIMI.** Yeah, of course, Laurel. You're my favorite. *(A knock on the door. Mimi opens it. In comes IRIS, CLOVER, and ROSIE.)* Hey there, fellow lesbians! *(Rosie punches Mimi on the shoulder. Clover and Iris head right in to search for the wine in the kitchen.)*

**CLOVER.** Where's the wine?

**IRIS.** Are you still "allergic" to alcohol?

**MIMI.** My allergies are suddenly relinquished. Pour me a glass?

**LAUREL.** Wait, but— you're on Whole 30—!?

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**MIMI.** It's my cheat day, relax.

**IRIS.** So sorry we're late, the line at Walgreens was sooooo long and I couldn't pick out what birthday card to get Beez, so I settled on a card with a bee on it. Because. Beez.

**ROSIE.** And who's this? (*Laurel sticks out her hand.*)

**LAUREL.** Oh, I'm Laurel. Laurel Grey. Grey comma Laurel.

**MIMI.** This is my-- *friend.* Laurel.

**LAUREL.** *Really good friends* with Mimi. I'm a sophomore.

**ROSIE.** I haven't seen you at any meetings.

**CLOVER.** UGH! IT'S ALL PINOT GRIGIO! I *HATE* PINOT GRIGIO!

**IRIS.** I'm sure Mimi has more somewhere—

**MIMI.** CHECK THE DOOR!

**LAUREL.** Oh, I only meet with Mimi at the moment.

**MIMI.** Yes, we meet.

**LAUREL.** Privately.

**MIMI.** Here often!

**CLOVER. MIMI.** WHERE'S THE ROSÉ!?

**LAUREL.** I didn't see /any earlier—

**MIMI.** /I haven't chilled it yet! That's in the pantry! It's FRENCH!  
From *France!*

**CLOVER.** *BIIIIITCH,* WE HAVE TIME TO CHILL IT!

**MIMI.** Fine. Sorry. Be right back. (*Mimi heads into the kitchen, leaving Laurel and ROSIE alone.*)

**ROSIE.** You know, Laurel, you should come to the *regular* Women Loving Women club meetings. We're all super fucking gay.

**LAUREL.** **HAHAH ME TOO!!!!** *me too.*

**ROSIE.** ...I'm Rosario Montes, I'm a senior, and I'm the club's vice president. Please call me Rosie.

**LAUREL.** Pleasure to meet you, Rosie.

**ROSIE.** And over there— chugging wine like a frat boy is our resident STEM major, Clover Laughlin, and the bookworm literature major next to her is her girlfriend, Iris Spellman.

**MIMI.** Clover, those jeans are really a statement.

**CLOVER.** How so?

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**MIMI.** You're practically asking for someone to grab your ass in that thing.

**CLOVER.** Oh yeah?

**MIMI.** It's a compliment, /you look good.

**IRIS.** /Did you make sure the cake is peanut free, Mimi?

**CLOVER.** Read the label, you moron.

**IRIS.** Oh. Sorry. There isn't a label? Where's the label...?

**MIMI.** I forgot. I had it custom made at Whole Foods.

**LAUREL.** ...you said it's from Walmart.

**ROSIE.** Holy shit. How much was it?

**MIMI.** Um...

**ROSIE.** We all agreed to chip in five dollars.

**MIMI.** Consider it your undying pledge to vote for me as WLW president again next year.

**CLOVER.** Wow. Isn't buying votes with cake like, illegal?

**MIMI.** Call the cops then.

**IRIS.** Hey guys! Chill. Remember last year at Beatrice's birthday?

**ROSIE.** I'm gonna go pee.

**IRIS.** Don't want to talk about the worst club party ever?

**ROSIE.** The poor thing was swollen up like a balloon, so no.

**MIMI.** /Hey— Rosie— (*ROSIE disappears into Mimi's bedroom. Before Mimi can follow her, Clover pulls her into her clutches.*)

**CLOVER.** /And not to focus on *you*, Mimi. But... the way you and Cynthia went at it at that party... should we even let her come.

**MIMI.** Yeah, I don't think Cynthia's planning to come anyways! /Cool, so— (I'm gonna... go...)

**IRIS.** /Clover, come on now.

**CLOVER.** Look, all I'm saying is if Cynthia and Mimi fought at that party, they'll fight at this one.

**IRIS.** What are you studying, Laurel? (*Mimi takes this as a cue to sneak away towards the bedroom. The voices of the people in the party start to die away as we are left with ROSIE, alone, in Mimi's bathroom.*)

**LAUREL.** (*fading into the background*) Anthropology.

**CLOVER.** (*fading into the background*) So you can probably read people to filth, then? (*ROSIE is applying red lipstick in the bathroom*)

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*mirror. She pauses, staring back at her reflection. She rehearses smiling. This seems painful. She tries again. No. Something's not right. She looks around Mimi's vanity and finds a bottle of Mimi's perfume. She sprays it on herself, inhales the scent— like a warm blanket, or a comfort, but then she seems lost. So very lost. And confused. This is familiar but not. Alien but known. After a moment, she spots a little bit of fabric poking out of a bathroom cabinet, and reaches for it. She unfurls a large AMERICAN FLAG. She looks at it in confusion. Like she knows why it's there but also doesn't. Then— FOOTSTEPS.)*

**MIMI.** Rosie? You still in here? (*ROSIE shoves the flag into the trash can again and closes the cabinet just in time for Mimi to burst into the door. They land comically close. Intensely close. Inches apart. There is an awkward beat.*) Hey.

**ROSIE.** Hey.

**MIMI.** Uh.

**ROSIE.** I was just— reapplying my lipstick, sorry, I'll be right out.

**MIMI.** Haven't seen you around in a while. Not since the /last club meeting—

**ROSIE.** /Not since the last club meeting, yeah, well, I'm glad I came. For Beatrice.

**MIMI.** Yeah, for Beatrice.

**ROSIE.** Need anything else or can I pee? (*Mimi leans in a little closer. They are impossibly close now.*)

**MIMI.** I just uh, I just wanted to say that um, I hope that we're good. /And that you're good.

**ROSIE.** /I'm good! We're good—

**MIMI.** I just didn't want anything to be weird between us, you know, after everything that happened... and with Laurel being here and— I just want to keep the peace, 'cause you're such a good friend, and I'd never want anything to come between our friendship. You're important to me. (*ROSIE touches Mimi's cheek.*)

**ROSIE.** Honey, we're good.

**CLOVER.** *Heyyyyyy* Mimi? Where you at, wild cat? (*Suddenly, Clover bursts through the door, bumping straight into Mimi, who then squishes*

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*up against ROSIE. They're all sandwiched awkwardly in the tiny ass bathroom. ROSIE pokes her head out from over Mimi's shoulder.)*

**MIMI.** //Ow!

**ROSIE.** //Jesus shit!

**CLOVER.** //AH FUCK!

**ROSIE.** ...what are you doing here, Clover?

**CLOVER.** Uhhhhhhh, what are you doing here?

**MIMI.** What does it look like we're doing?

**CLOVER.** Was just— checking— uhhhh. Haha. Meow! We're gonna open wine-soonIguessokaybye! *(Clover exits.)*

**ROSIE.** That was weird.

**MIMI.** Well, that's Clover. You coming back in?

**ROSIE.** I'm gonna pee... without interruptions, this time.

**MIMI.** Oh. Shit. Yeah, sorry. I'll leave you to it. *(Mimi starts to leave, and then stops.)* Oh, and I can't wait to meet your new girlfriend.

**ROSIE.** Girlfriend?

**MIMI.** Chaz! Weird girl name, by the way.

**ROSIE.** OH. Yes. You will meet Chaz. I promise.

**MIMI.** Well, she better be worthy... you've always been my favorite. *(Mimi exits. ROSIE waits, and then digs through the drawers again for that american flag. As she starts to pull it out, a glint catches her eye. She pulls out a giant empty bottle of whiskey from the trash. Her face falls. We are swept back into the party as Mimi reenters the room. Clover passes Mimi a glass of wine, which she immediately begins drinking.)*

**LAUREL.** Wait. You said you were gonna be sober /for tonight—

**CLOVER.** /AYOOOOOOO! BIRTHDAY SELFIE! This is going on my tumblr moodboard. *(Clover interrupts them both with a very flashy selfie, which completely startles Laurel.)*

**IRIS.** Hey, Mimi! I like Laurel. She has a good head on her shoulders.

**LAUREL.** Thanks. Mimi also likes my head. *(Mimi spits out her drink, which Clover also gets a photo of.)*

**MIMI.** Hey—

**CLOVER.** Laurel, so like, what are you even doing at BU?

**LAUREL.** Getting my degree?

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**CLOVER.** No like, what do you do that's not... lesbians?

**LAUREL.** I mean I went into anthro because I'm really fascinated in darkness. Violence. Carnality. People. Watched too many horror movies as a kid. But I'm also on the rugby team.

**CLOVER.** You play sports?

**LAUREL.** Why wouldn't I play sports?

**CLOVER.** Oh. Never mind.

**LAUREL.** No. Why wouldn't I be able to play rugby, Clover?

**MIMI.** Laurel, come here, have a glass.

**LAUREL.** No thank you.

**IRIS.** Doesn't Whole 30 have like a no alcohol thing with it or...?

**MIMI.** Can I just say something?

**IRIS.** Yeah, go ahead.

**MIMI.** I think like, all of us are equal in the women loving women club, and like, it's such an honor that we all come together for things like Beatrice's birthday.

**IRIS.** Yeah, of course—

**MIMI.** So stay in your lane, board member.

**IRIS.** Oh.

**CLOVER.** Should we wait for cheers till Beatrice gets here?

**ROSIE.** One now, one later.

**CLOVER.** Cheers to Beatrice being late then. (*EVERYONE cheers!*)

**MIMI.** And to lesbians!

**ROSIE.** And to every LGBT!

**MIMI.** But we're the women loving women club. Cheers to *lesbians!* (*EVERYONE cheers EXCEPT for Rosie. She downs her entire drink.*)

**LAUREL.** Anyone got any news on the election?

**CLOVER.** Another man is just gonna win the seat.

**LAUREL.** I think it's exciting we might have a female president.

**CLOVER.** Don't get your hopes up.

**IRIS.** I mean, she *could* win. She's *going* to win. (*Laurel flicks on the TV. The vote tally is leaning towards Hillary.*) See?

**CLOVER.** The night's young.

**IRIS.** /But she *will* win—

**ROSIE.** /I just got a text from Cynthia.



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**CLOVER.** Cynthia? Seriously?

**ROSIE.** Cynthia. She says she's coming.

**CLOVER.** Oh wow.

**MIMI.** She probably thinks she's too cool for us while she's off "experimenting" with heroin.

**ROSIE.** She doesn't do heroin. She's a type one diabetic.

**MIMI.** Look, I don't know what she puts in those needles.

**LAUREL.** Mimi, don't be mean.

**IRIS.** Who wants to tell sweet little Laurel what happened at last year's party?

**LAUREL.** What happened last year at Beatrice's party?

**MIMI.** Don't.

**LAUREL.** Nah, I want to hear it. Come on, Mimi. Tell me?

**MIMI.** Well. I got shitfaced. The end.

**LAUREL.** Oh, come on. You said something about swollen faces?

**ROSIE.** Mimi forgot to leave the nuts off the cake. Beez had an allergic reaction.

**LAUREL.** Beez is Beatrice right?

**ROSIE.** Yeah, you should probably call her Beez.

**CLOVER.** A lesbian allergic to nuts. Ha!

**IRIS.** Clover.

**MIMI.** I have a surprise for Beatrice.

**CLOVER.** What is it?

**MIMI.** Look in the box by the sink. *(Clover and Iris open the box. They pull out Hillary Clinton masks.)*

**CLOVER.** ...no.

**MIMI.** Yes.

**ROSIE.** Oh god, that's hideous.

**MIMI.** Behold the power of *WOMEN*.

**ROSIE.** She's gonna hate this. *(Iris puts hers on.)*

**IRIS.** I feel like a living advertisement for crest whitening strips.

**LAUREL.** That's a riot. Wait, hand me one. *(The doorbell rings.)*

**MIMI.** Oh shit, is that Beatrice? Don't buzz it in yet, I have candles too.

**CLOVER.** You're a fucking genius, Mimi.

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**LAUREL.** I'll light the candles! *(They all begin strapping on the Hillary Clinton masks and grab candles. Rosie flicks the lights off as the doorbell is aggressively buzzed multiple times in a row.)*

**CLOVER.** When I open the door, start singing Happy Birthday. It'll freak her shit.

**ROSIE.** I don't want to freak her shit.

**CLOVER.** *Shuuuuush!* You're such a killjoy.

**IRIS.** Someone let her in already! *(She buzzes the door. After a moment, footsteps are heard outside. Someone knocks on the door. Mimi opens it. Everyone begins to sing the Happy Birthday song, and then... in the doorway stands CYNTHIA, wearing thick as fuck sunglasses in the middle of the evening, smoking a fat joint like she could give less of a fuck. She takes a long drag, and blows the smoke in their faces. Laurel begins to cough.)*

**CYNTHIA.** *(Deadpan)* What a spectacle. *(Mimi removes her mask.)*

**MIMI.** Um. Hey Cynthia. Fancy seeing you here. *(Cynthia lowers her sunglasses.)*

**CYNTHIA.** *(Deadpan)* It's a party, right?

**MIMI.** Uh.

**CYNTHIA.** *(Deadpan)* And as you know... I am *the* life of the party. *(Cynthia lets out an emotionless chuckle. It's slow, and short, and then begins to build in intensity, to a deep belly-busting laugh. The other girls begin to laugh along, nervously, unsure of how to react. Cynthia stops. And then gestures in the hall.)* Hey Beez, these morons are wearing Hillary Rodham Clinton masks. *(BEEZ and Cynthia enter through the doorway together.)*

**BEEZ.** Hi guys.

**ROSIE.** BEEZ! Happy birthday, baby!

**BEEZ.** Ya'll are fucking weirdos.

**CLOVER.** Do you expect anything less from us?

**BEEZ.** I love ya'll. Where's the cake?

**CLOVER.** You actually made it on time to your own party. I'm amazed.

**MIMI.** Actually, she's like an hour late.

**CYNTHIA.** I almost didn't come.

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**CLOVER.** Cynthia, this is our club pet, Laurel Grey.

**CYNTHIA.** Hey, Laurel. What are you doing here?

**LAUREL.** Mimi invited me. How are you doing, Cynth?

**CYNTHIA.** Balance is a little wobbly but hey, I'm still walking.

**MIMI.** Barely.

**LAUREL.** Hey! Rude.

**MIMI.** What? It's a joke. Right, Cynth?

**CYNTHIA.** Whatever, Mimi. Now, what about this new club pet? She'll end up dead like the last one.

**LAUREL.** Ha! I bite back, trust me.

**CYNTHIA.** I know you do.

**IRIS.** Cynth! Cynth, I gotta talk to you about your next DND campaign—

**CYNTHIA.** I'm keeping that one a secret. Wanna keep the club in suspense.

**IRIS.** Can we at least start it tonight? I am *dying* to upgrade my character. It's not fair you make us wait two weeks!

**CYNTHIA.** That's up to Beez, it's their party, after all.

**BEEZ.** Maybe. Laurel, have you played Dungeons and Dragons?

**LAUREL.** Not yet! But /I'd love to—

**CLOVER.** /ALRIGHT NERDS— so can we skip the introductions and go straight to the cake then?

**IRIS.** Should we wait for Chaz?

**ROSIE.** No, Chaz is always late to everything. Even dinner reservations.

**BEEZ.** Seconding what she said, Chaz will just have to miss the cake. I'm fucking hungry, I could eat the entire cake up myself.

**CYNTHIA.** I could eat *you* up, babe. (*Cynthia kisses Beez. Mimi makes a face.*)

**MIMI.** And then we'll open presents, huh?

**BEEZ.** I don't think I should open presents. What if I hate everything?

**MIMI.** You never hate anything.

**BEEZ.** Fair, but, I raise you that skirt my mother got me last year.

**MIMI.** You've always hated wearing *normal* clothes.

**LAUREL.** Hi Beez.

## THE LESBIAN PLAY

**BEEZ.** Laurel! Hey! How are you?

**LAUREL.** Great. I'm here with Mimi.

**BEEZ.** You're here *with* Mimi?

**CYNTHIA.** How's the election coming along? Anyone watching?

**IRIS.** She's in the lead still. Should I turn it on for you, Beez?

**BEEZ.** If I watch I'll throw up. I mean she's going to win, but, I dunno. Anxiety.

**CLOVER.** You should throw back instead. Throw back SHOTS! Or just a glass of Prosecco.

**BEEZ.** Wow, you really got classy for me. I have big news to share tonight.

**MIMI.** Big news you didn't tell me first?

**BEEZ.** Big news I haven't told anyone first.

**CYNTHIA.** To be fair Mimi you didn't tell any of us you have a new girlfriend.

**MIMI.** What new girlfriend?

**ROSIE.** Laurel honey, don't take it personally. It took Mimi five months to even acknowledge with our friends that we were fucking but her parents are megalomaniac freaks.

**LAUREL.** You two dated? Mimi, you said Rosie was a virgin.

**BEEZ.** I was gonna ask about that, because like, even I knew you two were fucking.

**MIMI.** I was joking, alright? We were together... for... a year.

**ROSIE.** We're just friends now.

**LAUREL.** Really *really* good friends?

**MIMI.** Um. Of course. We founded this club. We're all friends here.

**CYNTHIA.** Are we? Kidding. Kidding. Marijuana from the village stoner, anyone? (*The girls begin passing around a blunt.*)

**IRIS.** I don't smoke.

**CYNTHIA.** Don't be a prude, come on.

**IRIS.** I have asthma.

**MIMI.** I'm CPR certified. Lighten up, Iris.

**IRIS.** How is that supposed to--

**MIMI.** Well if you have an asthma attack I can give you air.

**LAUREL.** Mimi, you know that you can't /do that—

## THE LESBIAN PLAY

**CLOVER.** /Laurel! By the way, I never said anything, but... I love the space buns.

**LAUREL.** Thanks—

**CLOVER.** Very *The Force Awakens*. In other words, super last year. Super sad. Let's cut the cake!

**LAUREL.** *(to Mimi)* Can we talk?

**MIMI.** About what?

**LAUREL.** You didn't tell me you /and Rosie used to date—

**IRIS.** /I thought we got purple candles... why are these pink?

**MIMI.** Ah, come on— /it's not a big deal—

**CLOVER.** /Stop complaining, Iris!

**IRIS.** /I'm not—

**LAUREL.** /And your parents— they are meeting me next week, right?

**MIMI.** Not now—

**LAUREL.** Then when?

**CLOVER. BEEZ! BEEZ! BEEZ!**

**MIMI.** Happy birthday, Beez. *(Mimi leaves Laurel's side to help Clover. carry the cake with candles on it. Beez sits in the center as the girls all begin to sing happy birthday to them.)*

**BEEZ.**.. Shit. Y'all are the best.

**IRIS.** Blow out your candles and make a wish! *(Beez leans in and blows out the candles. Suddenly, the lights shift and everyone except for Mimi and Beez freeze— we are in a different time. Beez sets the cake down and flops onto the couch. Mimi is angrily fixing her hair.)*

**BEEZ.** Why the fuck do they call it a Gay Straight Alliance /if they don't even like lesbians that much—

**MIMI.** /I want to beat the snot out of that buck-toothed lispng little twink Sherman Harrison who can't even wear flattering carpenter jeans /like he can't even pull off carpenter jeans—

**BEEZ.** /HE CAN'T EVEN PULL OFF CARPENTER JEANS exactly!

**MIMI.** I want to party tonight, do you want to party tonight?

**BEEZ.** I'm not wearing the right kinda clothes for a party—

**MIMI.** You could just borrow one of my dresses.

**BEEZ.** I don't like borrowing clothes.

**MIMI.** It's a normal girl thing, Beatrice.

## THE LESBIAN PLAY

**BEEZ.** My parents wouldn't even let me go to sleepovers, dude.

**MIMI.** I hate when people call me dude.

**BEEZ.** /Sorry—

**MIMI.** /Like it's fine but it also feels like super masculine and super patriarchal if you know what I mean right? Like it's just got so much history of conformity to male standards of slang, that even dudette sounds kind of dirty if you catch my drift. Heads up! (*Mimi tosses BEEZ a hard seltzer. BEEZ catches it.*)

**BEEZ.** Where did you get this?

**MIMI.** I bought it.

**BEEZ.** With a fake? (*Mimi winks.*) Hell yeah. (*Beez and Mimi start drinking the seltzers.*) What if we started our own club?

**MIMI.** We can't start our own Gay Straight Alliance I think that's against SGA rules.

**BEEZ.** I mean what if we started our own club that wasn't a gay straight alliance.

**MIMI.** Elaborate.

**BEEZ.** Like, a club for all the people Sherman doesn't include.

**MIMI.** OHHHHHHHHHHH! A LESBIAN ONLY CLUB!

**BEEZ.** That's a bit niche, more like a women loving women club—

**MIMI.** Wait wait wait... we could call it... Boston University's.

WOMEN. LOVING. WOMEN CLUB.

**BEEZ.** ...Maybe we can work on the title—

**MIMI.** We'll need a manifesto then right?

**BEEZ.** SGA rules.

**MIMI.** What do you think?

**BEEZ.** "Fuck Sherman."

**MIMI.** Well none of us want to fuck him.

**BEEZ.** Maybe some of us? I mean bi people /might— if we have bi club members—

**MIMI.** /That's not very women loving women of you.

**BEEZ.** What if I'm not—

**MIMI.** Huh?

**BEEZ.** Nothing.

## THE LESBIAN PLAY

**MIMI.** How about... “WOMEN ONLY” or, or, “A SPACE FOR WOMEN TO LOVE WOMEN FREELY.” SHIT! I can see it now. My club—

**BEEZ.** Our club—

**MIMI.** That’s what I said. My club—

**BEEZ.** Okay.

**MIMI.** Club talk is boring, let’s sit on it and draft something later. You wanna see who’s out and about?

**BEEZ.** Yeah, can we stop by my place? I wanna change for that.

**MIMI.** Try on one of my dresses, it’s fine.

**BEEZ.** But—

**MIMI.** Come on, Beatrice. I’ll let you borrow whatever you’d like. That’s what girls do for each other. You gotta get out more, Miss Homegrown Farmer Lesbian! Mom and dad aren’t here anymore. And chicks *love* a granola dyke these days.

**BEEZ.** ...yeah, yeah, I guess so.

**MIMI.** Besides, you’ve always been my favorite. *(The lights switch back. We are now at Beez’s birthday, present time, once more. Beez blows the candles out. The girls cheer and clap.)*

**LAUREL.** What’d you wish for?

**BEEZ.** You’ll find out soon. Can I declare a toast?

**MIMI.** By all means, the floor is yours, Madame Secretary.

**BEEZ.** I’d like to toast to this wonderful group of women, and the Women Loving Women Club.

**MIMI.** Here, here!

**BEEZ.** I feel like I’ve grown up with you all. We’ve all been in this together for the long run, and I feel like I can trust ya’ll with everything. And may we all be open, loving, accepting, and compassionate to one another, for years to come. No matter what the election turnout is by the end of the night.

**ROSIE.** You’re fuckin’ right. Cheers!

**BEEZ.** Cheers to the lesbians. And to the women lesbians... and the nonbinary lesbians.

**MIMI.** Huh?

## THE LESBIAN PLAY

**BEEZ.** Including me. This is me, coming out as non-binary. Cheers to me. Happy twenty-first, ya'll. *(Beez and all the women except for Mimi down their entire drinks. Mimi is sitting there, dumbfounded, holding the glass so tightly she could almost shatter it in her fist.)*

**ROSIE.** I am so proud of you, Beez.

**MIMI.** You're nonbinary? *(There is an awkward pause.)*

**BEEZ.** I mean, yeah. I kinda just came out to ya'll.

**MIMI.** That's. Great. I'm happy for you, Beatrice.

**BEEZ.** Really?

**MIMI.** I mean, yeah. Of course I support you no matter what.

**BEEZ.** Oh, and I know you call me by the right name half the time but-- Beatrice is my dead name. Please only call me Beez.

**MIMI.** Um. Of course. Right. Beez. Got it.

**BEEZ.** Thanks, Mimi. Seriously, thank you. I was worried. That some of ya'll wouldn't... I don't know, take it well.

**MIMI.** Why wouldn't we take it well? We're like, the coolest lesbians ever. We're intersectional here, right? *(Uneasy pause.)*

**BEEZ.** Right.

**MIMI.** So how does it work.

**BEEZ.** Sorry?

**MIMI.** Being non-binary and a lesbian. You're not a woman right?

**BEEZ.** Well, I'll just use that label for now while I figure things out. Let's cut the cake, shall we?

**MIMI.** ...Right. Let's cut the cake. I'm gonna open another Prosecco.

**CYNTHIA.** Is there a problem, Mimi?

**MIMI.** No.

**CYNTHIA.** You just seem... I don't know, tense. I guess once you got that big fancy internship, what was the point of having fun with the girls anymore?

**MIMI.** *(with extreme edge)* I am having fun! This is fun! I'm having tons of fun, can't you see how much fun I'm having?

**BEEZ.** Does your record player still work?

**MIMI.** It worked when you were here yesterday, didn't it? If you put on David Bowie one more time... *(Beez puts on something like David Bowie's "This is Not America".)*



## THE LESBIAN PLAY

**BEEZ.** It's my birthday, I'll listen to what I want to.

**MIMI.** Let's open presents.

**BEEZ.** I don't really like opening presents. People's feelings always get hurt if I don't like the gift.

**MIMI.** Open mine at least?

**BEEZ.** It's another button up shirt, right? *(Mimi grabs her present from under the coffee table.)*

**MIMI.** The surprise is ruined, but hey. The thought counts.

**BEEZ.** I don't know if I should.

**MIMI.** Open the present, Beatrice.

**BEEZ.** I don't think I should. And it's Beez--

**MIMI.** It's my party. At least try to lighten up a little after you dropped that *truth bomb* or whatever.

**BEEZ.** It's my party.

**MIMI.** Right, like I said, it's your party... so I don't get why you're being so obnoxious.

**BEEZ.** I don't know what you mean. I've been fine this whole time.

**MIMI.** Then why be so...?

**BEEZ.** I beg your pardon?

**ROSIE.** Mimi, maybe Beez shouldn't.

**MIMI.** I'll call on you if I need your input, Rosie, but as president I can take these matters into my own hands. And as Beatrice's best friend, I *insist* she-- *they* at least spare us one great joy of a birthday party.

**ROSIE.** You don't have to if you don't want to, Beez.

**MIMI.** She *clearly* wants to.

**BEEZ.** They.

**MIMI.** Well it's called *preferred* pronouns, right? Let me get used to your *preference*.

**BEEZ.** They're not preferred, they're my pronouns—

**MIMI.** Just open the presents.

**BEEZ.** ...fine. *(Mimi opens the closet filled with gifts and gestures for Beez to make a choice. The clock begins to tick again, and Beez and the girls all go through presents. Beez is clearly more and more uncomfortable as the party progresses. The TV is turned on and they all begin to watch. Mimi and Laurel play Scrabble with Clover and Iris.)*

## THE LESBIAN PLAY

*Cynthia lays across Beez's lap, sharing a blunt. Rosie is on her phone. A sole projection overhead reads 2 HOURS REMAINING.*

**BEEZ.** Do you think that he's gonna win? The counts keep getting closer and closer.

**MIMI.** No way. She's absolutely got it in the bag. Lighten up.

**BEEZ.** I mean, she's wonderful and all, but, I don't know. I've got a bad feeling about this.

**MIMI.** We're in a room full of women and you're worrying about a man. Have a seltzer.

**BEEZ.** I mean we're not all /women—

**CLOVER.** (*abruptly*) /HEY BEEZ!

**BEEZ.** What?

**CLOVER.** Congrats on finishing *your* big internship.

**BEEZ.** Ah-- thanks?

**CLOVER.** You should tell Laurel all your accomplishments working for the senator. Laurel, Mimi and Beez were the only two interns selected for her new internship— while working on the campaign! It's how they got so close.

**LAUREL.** Are you and Mimi *really really close* like Rosie and Mimi are *really really really close*?

**ROSIE.** That was a long time ago, and we've been over for a long time. Right, Mimi? (*Mimi is pouring another glass of Prosecco.*) How much have you had now?

**MIMI.** What does it matter?

**ROSIE.** You know you're not supposed to have that much. Mimi, /you shouldn't keep drinking—

**MIMI.** /Maybe I wouldn't feel so violated if you hadn't told everyone about Laurel and I.

**LAUREL.** You promised me today you'd introduce me as your girlfriend.

**MIMI.** *When* I was ready! Don't forget that part! But you couldn't wait until I was ready.

**ROSIE.** Okay, Mimi, calm down. Alright everyone, why don't we serve the cake before it gets cold? Oh, Beez, catch! Your favorite! (*Rosie*

## THE LESBIAN PLAY

*tosses Beez a seltzer.)*

**ROSIE.** Look everyone! I know we're all a little on edge, but it's Beez's special day. Why don't we play Dungeons and Dragons? Or, we can watch a movie? Why don't we see what's on rental—

**IRIS.** Rosie, gosh, can *you* calm down? You're making me so fucking anxious, chill.

**ROSIE.** I— huh? I don't even have a comment for that? What?

**MIMI.** Yeah, Rosie, chill. Where is your *Chaz* anyways? Isn't she supposed to be joining us?

**ROSIE.** I don't think you... I mean, Chaz is... Chaz is just not here yet.

**MIMI.** And why is that? Is she even real? *(The lights shift abruptly. There's only Rosie and Mimi illuminated. We are witnessing a previous conversation.)*

**ROSIE.** I don't fucking get it.

**MIMI.** I can't be dating my own vice president.

**ROSIE.** The fuck you think you are? President of the United States?

**MIMI.** Well, I have to set an example.

**ROSIE.** For who? Future generations of women loving women?

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