

SHANE: No.  
TATYANA: So, all in all, I'd say it was worth it.  
SHANE: Yeah ... yeah, I think so, too.  
TATYANA: Good. Now give me your hand.  
SHANE: Why? This isn't a ... does it become a love scene?  
TATYANA: No, Shane, mercifully not. But it is the end.  
SHANE: It is?  
TATYANA: Yes.  
SHANE: Are you sure?  
TATYANA: My memory's better than yours, remember?  
SHANE: Oh, yeah. I'd forgotten.  
*(He places his hand in TATYANA's.)*  
TATYANA: Are you ready?  
SHANE: For what?  
TATYANA: For what comes next.  
SHANE: And what's that?  
TATYANA: Ah ... well, I'm afraid even I don't know the answer to that.  
SHANE: Oh.  
*(beat)*  
That's okay.  
TATYANA: Trust me?  
SHANE: Yes.  
*(beat)*  
TATYANA: Very well, then ... our moment's up. Time to go.  
*(They both look skyward as the lights slowly fade down to black.)*

END OF PLAY

## GIRLS PRAY, OR THE KETCHUP STIGMATA

*Alexis Kozak*

### ORIGINAL PRODUCTION

Black Box Asbury Park  
Anthony Ciccotelli  
Artistic Director  
Black Box Asbury Park

Gallery 13, Asbury Park, NJ: June 14<sup>th</sup>, 15<sup>th</sup>, 16<sup>th</sup>

Directed by Barbara Panas

### CAST:

ALLIE: Mel Ridgway  
LISA: Allie Brand

Finalist in the Miami City Theatre National Award for Short Playwriting Contest.

CHARACTERS:

LISA: late-teens, early twenties. White high school girl.  
Street smarter.  
ALLIE: late-teens, early twenties. White high school girl. Book smarter.

TIME: The near present.

PLACE: A largely Spanish all girls Catholic high school.

*All plays are about lies.*

—David Mamet, Theatre

LIGHTS UP

LISA and ALLIE, two Catholic high school girls, wearing plaid skirts and white boxy blouses. LISA wears a v-neck school sweater and holds several ketchup packets. They are in the hallway or the locker room. Maybe they are in the school chapel!

LISA: Hold one ketchup packet in each hand. When I tap my pencil on my desk three times, you just squeeze them, like this, and then drop the packets.

ALLIE: But I have a white blouse.

LISA: Did you study?

ALLIE: No.

LISA: The Spanish final starts in fifteen minutes, so if you have a better idea, now is the time to say it.

ALLIE: My mom's gonna kill me.

LISA: Well you should have thought about that before you put a white blouse on this morning.

ALLIE: But it's our uniform.

LISA: You could have worn the school sweater, like I did.

ALLIE: It's the middle of June.

LISA: Oh sure. Now you're full of excuses. You weren't so full of excuses when we were out with Peter and Frank last night, were you?

ALLIE: I didn't even want to go.

LISA: I bet you didn't even want him to stick his tongue down your throat either. Just take the ketchup packets.

ALLIE: They're gonna think it's weird that you're wearing a sweater.

LISA: They're nuns. They're dumb. In fact, they're Sisters of Saint Joseph, which means they are especially dumb. They're as dumb as they come. I mean, if they were Sisters of the Sacred Heart or something, then yeah, maybe the sweater would be an issue.

ALLIE: My mom's gonna kill me if I get ketchup on my blouse. She's gonna make me wash it myself.

LISA: They're never going to make us take our final exams if we have the stigmata. Especially if both of us have it.

ALLIE: You think so?

LISA: How many times do you think they've had girls with stigmata here at St. Rose's?

ALLIE: "Stigmata."

LISA: What?

ALLIE: The plural of stigmata is stigmata. It's like "deer" and "fish."

LISA: Deer and fish, great. I'm trying to save our asses here, and you're giving me grammar lessons. Then maybe you are ready for the final. How many girls do you think have had . . . "stigmata" here at St. Rose's?

ALLIE: Didn't Jenny Rodriguez have it?

LISA: Right. And that was like two years ago or something.

ALLIE: Do you really think they'll believe us?

LISA: Two years?! It's high time Hermana brought up a student holy enough to have the stigmata. Not just anybody gets a stigmata.

ALLIE: But ketchup?

LISA: St. Augustine's Preparatory School for Boys is beating us six to four in stigmata over the last ten years. This will put us even. Who are we hurting? Jesus wouldn't want us to take our finals. He'd tell us to do this.

ALLIE: He would?

LISA: What kind of a student do you think He was? Look at him. He's the kind of kid who faked an injury to get out of something if I ever saw one.

ALLIE: Yeah?

LISA: In fact, where do you think ideas come from?

ALLIE: I don't know.

LISA: From God. They come from God. In which case, this one did. Sister Regina Michael practically told us in anatomy that all thoughts come from God.

ALLIE: She did?

LISA: She said that if God made chemicals—which he did—and thoughts are just chemicals bouncing around into patterns, then a thought is from God. I mean, that's pretty apparent, if you ask me.

ALLIE: That doesn't sound like something she'd say.

LISA: She "practically" said it.

ALLIE: Which means she didn't.

LISA: No.

ALLIE: It's a lie.

LISA: No, no, no. No it is not, which therefore it wouldn't be.

ALLIE: Why?

LISA: Because He told me.

ALLIE: Who?

LISA: God . . . Jesus . . . He said—

ALLIE: Wait, wait, wait! Jesus spoke to you, and you didn't tell me?!

LISA: I'm telling you now.

ALLIE: Why didn't you tell me before?

LISA: Because I didn't want you to get all worked up like this. I know how you get.

ALLIE: How do I get?!

LISA: He said, are you ready for this?, he said, "Your future depends on this. You're not ready for the test. Fake the stigmata."

ALLIE: He said that?

LISA: "But don't do it by yourself. Ask your best friend to do it with you."

ALLIE: . . . Really? He said, "Ask your best friend"?

LISA: He said, "Ask your best friend Allison."

ALLIE: He knew my name?

LISA: Yeah. Who would make up a story like that?

ALLIE: . . . Us?

LISA: Exactly, nobody. They always believe girls.

ALLIE: I don't know, Mary Alice.

LISA: Don't call me that.

ALLIE: But it's your name.

LISA: Call me "Lisa."

ALLIE: Fine, "Lisa." Not like there's a Saint Lisa.

LISA: Do you really want to go to Plan B?

ALLIE: What's Plan B?

LISA: Father Peter molesting us.

ALLIE: It's better than *this* plan. At least it's plausible. It happened. To Guadalupe. But she's . . . you know.

LISA: What?

ALLIE: . . . Spanish. You know how they are.

LISA: Slutty?

ALLIE: Lisa!

LISA: What?!

ALLIE: I meant how the nuns always think they're super holy or whatever.

LISA: And the priests always think they're good in bed. "Ay! Ay! Papi!"

ALLIE: Lisa!

LISA: They've got zeal! Fervor!

ALLIE: No. I meant it's because they're poor.

LISA: We're poor too.

ALLIE: Yeah, but we're poor and white.

LISA: So?

ALLIE: Don't you pay attention in Church History? The Christ only appears to poor Spanish girls.

LISA: Oh shit.

ALLIE: In South America. And never in twos. Only in threes. You know?, because everything is in threes.

LISA: Allison Katherine Bernadette Mary O'Malley, you are a genius!

ALLIE: What did I say?

LISA: We'll ask Conchetta.

ALLIE: What?

LISA: To do it with us.

ALLIE: Lisa, no!

LISA: We'll be up versus St. Peter's by two!

ALLIE: Lisa.

LISA: Let's find Conchetta. She's usually in Sister Inez's room washing the black board with her tears.

ALLIE: Goodbye Hudson County Junior College, hello Hudson County Institute of Nothing.

LISA: Allison.

ALLIE: I'm just saying. We need to have a Plan C.

*LIGHTS DOWN/END PLAY*

GRACELAND

*Katie Thayer*

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ORIGINAL PRODUCTION

Produced by Playwrights' Round Table of Orlando at the Orlando Shakespeare Center as part of Summer Shorts July 19-21, 26-28, 2013

Directed by Walter "Buddy" Fales  
Stage Manager: Tara Rewis

CAST:

GRACE: Amy Cuccaro

PRISCILLA: Brittany Davies