

# MORNING AFTER

*By*  
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## LOGLINE

*Two single women are accidentally forced to unpack their evening, and lives over a pot of coffee at the ungodly hour of 7:00 a.m.*

## SYNOPSIS

*Kate is hungover. Beth was NOT supposed to be home today. But much to Kate's dismay, Beth is home, and awake at 7:00 am—eager to hear all the gory details of Kate's date from the night before. And Kate's hiding something. And well-meaning Beth won't let it go. Both women think the other has it easy—but nothing is ever that simple. This lighthearted comedy explores dating, and what it means to put yourself 'out there' in love, life, and friendship.*

## MORNING AFTER

*BETH: 25-30 —Optimistic. Eager. Curious. Single. Career driven. Responsible. Cheerful around Kate, but otherwise a bit of a nerd- introverted. Avoidant of conflict. She\* works really hard at a thankless job (think nurse, social worker, teacher). (\* This actor may be played by someone who uses She/Her or They/ Them pronouns)*

*KATE\*: 28-32 – Hung over. Beth’s roommate. Single – but manages to always have a date every Saturday night. Social butterfly. Quick witted. Hiding something. The adventurous one. (\* This actor may be played by someone who uses She/Her or They/ Them pronouns))*

*Before 7:00 a.m. on a Sunday Morning.*

*BETH and Kates’s apartment. Kitchen.*

*In a city expensive enough where two women in their 30s require a roommate in order to afford rent.*

*BETH is sipping coffee.*

*KATE enters the kitchen to get herself a glass of water, and snags the paper.*

*KATE Groans as she enters the kitchen, passes BETH, unaware that she is there. She crosses off stage (as if to the bathroom) and returns moments later.*

Morning! BETH

What?! KATE

Sorry. BETH

It’s fine. KATE

Did you *just* get home? BETH

I’ve *been* home. Thank you. KATE

Hey—I’m not judging—just curious. BETH

I thought you were going to be at Julie’s. KATE

I was. BETH

Ok. KATE

BETH  
She had work at 7 so she just dropped me off on her way.  
*(KATE nods and begins to exit back to her bed room).*

Hey wait. BETH

What? KATE

How was it? BETH

Good. KATE

Just good? BETH

Yeah. KATE

Oh come on! Spill! BETH

We had sushi. KATE

Did you go to Arigatos? BETH

Yeah. KATE

God I love that place. BETH  
*(KATE starts to leave again.)*

And?

What? KATE

BETH

Did he pay?

KATE

Yes.

BETH

Sounds promising.

KATE

I offered—it was only a first date—I didn't expect him to—

BETH

I know but it's nice you know—having some dude just say look- I want to buy you dinner. Good or bad—you know you got to go out and have a meal somewhere—that's something right?

KATE

Yeah, I guess.  
*(beat)*

BETH

Then what?

KATE *(contemplating leaving)*

If we're going to do this I need coffee.

BETH

I already made a fresh pot.

KATE

Oh. Thanks.

*(She pours herself a cup while Beth eagerly waits patiently).*

BETH

So...

...did you put your mouth all over his mouth or what?!

KATE

Oh my God Beth!

BETH

Hey just because I'm single and pathetic doesn't mean I can't live vicariously through your sex life.

KATE

Who said anything about sex?

BETH

Ok 9<sup>th</sup> grade make-out sessions then...

Don't we have any creamer? KATE

Ran out. BETH

Ughhh. KATE

Sorry. BETH

It's fine. KATE

So...? BETH

Good girls don't kiss and tell. KATE

Who said anything about you being a good girl? BETH (*giggling*)

That's true. KATE (*knowingly*)

Look why don't we get out of here? Throw on a dress and do brunch and you can tell me all the gory details. BETH

Ugh...It's early. KATE

Why not? Mimosas, sundresss, and eggs benedict? What's not to like. BETH

Mimosas. KATE

You love them! Come on! —oh—hungover are we? BETH

Just a tad. KATE

BETH

Well I wasn't going to say anything—but you do look a bit like death – I mean what the fuck happened to your hair?

KATE

Fuck if I know.

*(She begins pulling bobby pins out of her hair and setting them on the table)*

Oh—that might be why.

BETH

Fine, then. No mimosas. Just some greasy omelets and all the aspirin we can find. Sound better?

KATE

Better.

BETH

Oh hey, could I borrow your brown belt?

KATE

Sure.

BETH

I have this sweater I want to wear with my new dress—but it's lumpy without something—It's in your closet right--?

*(Beth begins to exit towards KATE'S room)*

KATE

I can get it—

BETH

No it's fine I know where you keep them—

KATE

Wait--!

BETH

It's fine miss neat freak—I won't tell anyone how messy your room looks after a date.

KATE

My room is not messy.

BETH

No, not normally. But after you get ready for a date it looks like an ULTA after a tornado hit it.

KATE

Fuck. Beth don't—

BETH *(figuring it out)*

....Oh!

KATE

Shut up.

BETH

No—Good for *you*—!

KATE

It just happened ok—

BETH

This whole time, I've been prying and needling to find out what happened—meanwhile he's been there—*this whole time*—just sleeping--!

KATE

Shhhhh!

BETH

I can't! I can't even! Oh my GOD Kate! Get it. I mean I told you to get *after* it and look at you!

KATE

Oh shut up...

BETH

If you won't tell me I'm sure he can—

KATE

Don't you fucking dare.

BETH

God I'm not going to wake him up. Jesus! Who do you think I am? I'm just saying—he's gotta wake up sometime...

KATE

I know that.

BETH

--And he will probably figure out you have a roommate.

KATE

I know that.

BETH

--So he's bound to say something to me if he sees me.

KATE

So he won't see you.

BETH

What were you going to do?—Try and get rid of me before he wakes up?

KATE

*You* were supposed to be at Julie's...

BETH

Hey, look no judgment. You are getting laid—good for you—

KATE

Don't do that.

BETH

Do what? I just said good for you.

*(beat)*

Someone in this house should be getting laid.

KATE

Beth.

BETH

Oh my God, what? What did I even say?

KATE

You are so full of *shit*.

BETH

What? Like tell me what's so bad about getting laid!? Like woo whoo female – bra-burning-power—good for fucking you! Hey, I am *all* for it! You know that. Like live your life okay.

KATE

God you are pathetic!

BETH

What? What did I say?

KATE

Look, I know you *say* you love being single. I know that you *love* claiming your independence and joking about how it's so good for everyone else—and poor you—you can't seem to find anyone. But it's all a load of *shit* and you know it.

BETH *(biting)*

I don't have to *fuck* a guy on the first date to get him to like me.

KATE *(snapping back)*

And I don't have to use passive aggressive bull shit to avoid facing I'm alone.

*Beat*



*(KATE crosses to put her mug in the sink. Beth is motionless.  
KATE begins to exit but stops)*

I'm sorry. I didn't mean it—  
KATE

Yes- yes you did.  
BETH

Beth I—  
KATE

Don't.  
BETH

I just—  
KATE

No.  
BETH

Please—I didn't think—  
KATE

You have no idea.  
BETH

I—  
KATE

You haven't been single for more than, what, a week since you were 15?  
BETH

Well that's not really fair I—  
KATE

You can't imagine what it's like. Being this alone. All the time. It's— unbearable.  
BETH

But you always seemed so—  
KATE

It was forever ago. I should be over by now.  
BETH

Ben—?  
KATE

BETH

I know right? Some feminist *I* am, if I am still not—whatever. It's not him. Not really. I just-- I'm a fucking mess okay? I have no fucking clue what I'm doing. Like the only thing I've got going for me is work, and most days I hate it.

KATE

You love your job.

BETH

Sure. Yes. I do. Of course --I know it's great. I'm doing something I love, I'm paying off student loans... But all this? It's exhausting. The whole thing: meeting people, going through the motions until you feel safe enough to unstitch all your defenses – everything that hides who you are. And then before you know it your smashing your lives together like some – mosaic – and everything is so mixed up you don't know what belongs to who... and ...it all inevitably falls to shit because the 'fucking TV was his'! And the Bed was His! And the goddamn coffee pot was his! So now you have to **refurnish** your apartment at 30! -- and for what?

KATE (*teasingly*)

Sex?

BETH

Hopefully, really good—mind blowing sex.

KATE

Right.

BETH

Gosh look at me, it's like an episode of Grey's Anatomy in here.

KATE

Well you are my '*person*'.

BETH

I'm sorry, I don't mean to keep you. You probably want to be getting back to 'what's-his-name'

(*KATE pauses, unable to come up with his name*)

Oh my God!?! How do you not remember his name?! Didn't Angie set you guys up?

KATE

That isn't Tom.

BETH

What? Then who—

KATE

I had the date with Tom. He was the actual worst.

BETH

That bad? What was it? Did he have one of those greasy gold chains around his neck? Was he an gun nut\*? What?

KATE

He was---boring.

BETH (*Knowing just what she means*)

A fish guy.

KATE

Yes! A total fish! He was a cod. No! Worse!

BETH

A trout!

KATE

Yes, just a total *trout!*

BETH

Blech!

KATE

And! SO rude! I swear he could pick a fight with Mother Theresa.

BETH

That *is* the worst!

KATE

I felt terrible—

BETH

Ugh...that's so embarrassing.

KATE

Yeah, I basically had to spend the entire night apologizing for him.

BETH

So how'd you—who's—

KATE

He's our waiter.

BETH

Naughty!

KATE

Shut up!

BETH

You didn't!

KATE

I— felt bad— ? Tom was such a prick, so I stayed behind to apologize. He had put up with the worst of it after all. Anyhow he had switch to working the bar, so I just sort of... hung out for a few drinks.

BETH (*teasingly*)

Aww, look at you. Making *lemon drops* out of lemons.

KATE

Once he got off his shift, we just talked. All night. It was— nice. I was sloshed by the end of it of course, so he drove me home.

And? BETH  
That's it. KATE  
That's it? BETH  
Yep. KATE  
Nothing? BETH  
Nope. KATE  
Not even a kiss. BETH  
Not even. KATE  
*(beat)*  
Hand stuff? BETH  
KATE  
Ew gross! Why would we not kiss and then—NO! No *hand stuff*. No sex. No kisses.  
BETH  
Just sleep? KATE  
Just sleep. KATE  
*(beat)*  
BETH  
Wow. And I thought my Saturday nights were boring.  
KATE *(remembering)*  
John!  
BETH  
Huh?  
KATE  
That's his name! John!

*Lights fade.*