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?

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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

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