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Dramatic Publishing

A COUPLA BIMBOS SITTING AROUND TALKING

**A One-Act Play
by
RICHARD VETERE**



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Woodstock, Illinois • London, England • Melbourne, Australia

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RICHARD VETERE

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(A COUPLA BIMBOS SITTIN' AROUND TALKIN')

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A COUPLA BIMBOS SITTIN' AROUND TALKIN' was given its world premiere by the Artist Guild at the Hudson Theater in New York City on August 1, 1992. Directed by Stephen Stout, the cast was as follows:

LINDA Leslie Farrell
NANCY Lisa Casillo
B.B. Angela Lanza
TESS Sonya Rokes

A COUPLA BIMBOS SITTING AROUND TALKIN'

A One-act Play
For Four Women

CHARACTERS

LINDA a bookkeeper for a construction company,
she is divorced, the mentor of the group. Early 30s

NANCY a hairdresser,
strikingly pretty but looks hard as nails. In her 20s

B.B. a dance instructor,
she has a great body, and wanted to be a model. 20s

TESS a graduate student from Boston College, she is
studying political science. Nancy's cousin, she is attractive but
plays down her looks. Wears unappealing clothes. 20s

TIME: Now. Summer morning.

PLACE: Nancy's backyard in Ozone Park, Queens, New
York City.

A COUPLA BIMBOS SITTIN' AROUND TALKIN'

SCENE: *LINDA, NANCY and B.B. are sitting on lounge chairs sunning themselves. LINDA is also doing her nails as B.B. reads a body builder magazine. They all have big hair, they all wear too much make-up, and they all wear heels, too much jewelry and too much perfume. "Girls Just Want to Have Fun!" plays.*

LINDA. So, where is this cousin of yours? Frankie said he'd be here at noon. You know Frankie, he says noon, he means 11:59.

NANCY. The plane landed at nine-thirty. How do I know?

B.B. You shoulda picked her up.

NANCY. She wanted to take a cab.

LINDA. You can meet nice guys at the airport.

B.B. Like who?

LINDA. Tugboat operators! Pilots! What do you think?

B.B. When was the last time you met a pilot at an airport?

LINDA. I met George there. He told me he was a pilot. "Fly this for me, babe," he used to say.

B.B. (*laughs*). Ha!

NANCY. I met a Frenchman at the airport once. At Kennedy. I was going to P.R. for some sun and I met him at the coffee shop. (*Coos.*) He was so sophisticated.

LINDA. Watch out for those Frenchmen. They talk like sissies. With things going the way they are today it makes me think, you know. Ya gotta be careful.

B.B. Their whole country can't be gay!

LINDA. Who says? When it comes to sex men will continue to surprise. Trust me on this.

B.B. True, when it comes to sex, Linda, you have been there.

NANCY. Twice around! Ha!

LINDA. Right, like you two are virgins, yea, spare me.

NANCY. Come on, every guy I go out with I tell him I'm a virgin. Right to his face.

B.B. I never believe the bullshit stories you tell us all the time.

NANCY. I tell them! And then I sit back and watch what happens!

LINDA. What happens?

NANCY. They grin like pug-nosed dogs! You gotta see it. "Is that really true, baby doll?" they ask me. "I have hangups," I tell 'em.

LINDA. Then what?

NANCY. I'm not telling you.

B.B. I wish I could be there. Men are so...simple.

NANCY. Men are like Silly Putty. You mush them up and down.

B.B. They're like cement. I beg to differ.

LINDA. Little boys with stone for hearts. It's sad but true.

B.B. Here we go, singing the blues.

LINDA. Last night Frankie says to me... "Doll, why you wearin' that red dress again?" I said to him, "I never wore this red dress in my life. I just bought it."

NANCY. Color blind. Men are.

B.B. They don't pay attention.

LINDA. Victor, my ex-husband, not Victor, my ex-boyfriend, he didn't notice once when I colored my hair! At the end of the night, we went to this affair in Kew Gardens, he says to me—"Doll, something's new? You got new perfume, or what?"

NANCY. So, Frankie's friend Richie is a real cute guy?

LINDA. Looks like Tom Cruise.

NANCY. Does he?

LINDA. Do I lie?

B.B. What about mine?

LINDA. I told you. He owns his own Travel Agency on Queens Boulevard.

NANCY. So the boat goes out and then what?

LINDA. Out to the Hamptons we go! Just lying on the deck with the breeze.

B.B. And these guys got everything covered? They are paying for everything?

LINDA. Two days, whatever we want. And all I want is the blue sky, sun and my Frankie.

NANCY. Man, I need the time off. And I got pale around the thighs for some reason...

LINDA. Except your cousin has to be here. The guy who owns the house is alone. We need four girls...

B.B. Can't the guy get his own girl? Is he lame, or what?

LINDA. I told you he just broke up. Where is your cousin?

NANCY. Look, she'll be here. But I got to tell you something about her.

LINDA. Now, what? She looks like a horse's ass? Terrific. Frankie will hit the roof!

NANCY. No, no...

LINDA. Then, what?

NANCY. She's...

B.B. Not into guys? Great. That's all we need...

NANCY. No...she's...a...SNOB.

B.B. Snob?

LINDA. Snob? Like what? You told me she was from Queens?

NANCY. She was. She still is. But she went to Boston and now she walks around like she's been elected President of the Snobs of the World Club!

LINDA. Why didn't you tell me this before?

NANCY. Because this weekend I told her I'd stay with her. She has no friends around here no more. I promised my mother I'd watch out for her. She's my mother's niece. She's a good kid.

B.B. Babysittin' some college kid who doesn't like sex, men, or nail polish? Wonderful. That is not my idea of a fun time, Nancy!

NANCY. We needed a third chick, no?

LINDA. We don't need a problem. You know how guys get when you act smarter than them!

B.B. They sit in a corner and sulk.

LINDA. It's all we need, Frankie and his friends lookin' to dump us because your cousin has to act like she's got some degree.

NANCY. I know.

TESS (*offstage*). Nancy!

NANCY (*sees TESS offstage*). Hi! (*To the GIRLS.*) Here she is...

(NANCY runs offstage bringing TESS back with her. TESS is a pretty girl but her glasses and baggy pants make her look like an intellectual visiting a museum with an overnight bag.)

NANCY. Everybody! This is my cousin, Tess!