

And Then There Were Three

Setting: A coffee shop. Three chairs and a small table sit to the side of the stage, while center stage sits three other empty chairs. In one of the chairs on center stage, sits a magazine.

As the skit opens, Paula and Lynn drink coffee and talk, as they wait for J.C. to arrive.

Paula: (looking at her watch) Where is that girl?

Lynn: You know J.C. always has to make a grand entrance!

Paula: Even after all these years? You'd think as long as we've known each other she'd have gotten over that by now.

Lynn: (looking off to the side stage) Oh look, here she comes.

Paula: Why is she limping?

Lynn: Is that what she's doing? (squinting to see) It looks like she's doing some kind of chicken dance!

J.C. enters with one high heeled shoe on and one off.

J.C. Hello ladies. Sorry I'm late.

Lynn: What happened to you? Why are you walking so funny?

J.C. My heel got caught in the cab door. Stupid thing broke right off!

Lynn: That explains the limping.

J.C.: Yeah. (smiling) You know what this means, don't you?

Lynn and Paula look at each other and smile, then speak at the same time

Lynn & Paula: (simultaneously) Shopping trip!

J.C.: That is if I can drag you away from your families long enough.

Lynn: It must be nice to be single and fancy free!

J.C.: It has its benefits.

Paula: Well, I've got a babysitter til 6:00, so as long as I'm home by 5:59 I'm good.

Lynn: Rob's working late, so I've got all day.

J.C.: Looks like we've got ourselves a shopping trip then. Let's go! (starts to leave)

Paula: Wait!

J.C. stops

Paula: Before we go, I've got something for both of you. (she pulls out 2 small, wrapped boxes and hands one to J.C. and one to Lynn)

Lynn: (picking up the box) What's this?

Paula: Open it and you'll find out.

Lynn and J.C. open their boxes at the same and each pull out a necklace with some kind of charm hanging from it

Lynn: Paula, this is so pretty!

Paula: Look on the back. I had them engraved.

Lynn: *(turns the charm over and reads aloud)* “And then there were three.”

J.C.: I don’t get it, what’s this for? It’s not our birthdays.

Lynn: And it’s not my anniversary.

Paula: That’s where you’re wrong, Lynn.

J.C.: In case you’ve forgotten, I’m not even married.

Paula: I know that, J.C. I’m talking about *our (indicating the three women)* anniversary. I’ve got one too. See? *(pulling forward the chain around her own neck to show the others)* Five years ago, on this very day, the three of us met.

Lynn: *(suddenly realizing)* Paula’s right! We were all in that book store, remember?

J.C.: Right!

Lynn: And Paula thought we were stalking her.

Paula: You’re one to talk! You were so paranoid!

Lynn: What was I supposed to think?

J.C.: I remember that day like it was yesterday. You two were in some kind of argument when I walked in.

Lynn: And Paula was reading a magazine when I got there.

J.C. and Lynn exit. From this point, the scene changes somewhat and goes back to the day the ladies first met. Paula takes a seat in the middle chair on center stage. She picks up the magazine in the chair, then sits down, opens the magazine and begins to read it. After a moment, Lynn enters with the same magazine in her hand. Lynn sits in one of the chairs next to Paula and opens her magazine to read.

Paula looks up and sees Lynn reading the same magazine as she is. Paula is outraged and decides to confront Lynn.

Paula: *(jumping out of her chair, walks over to Lynn, angry)* All right, I’ve had enough of this. Who are you and why do you keep following me?

Lynn: *(stunned)* What are you talking about?

Paula: Don’t play dumb with me. I know you’re stalking me!

Lynn: You’re crazy!

Paula: Am I?

Lynn: Yes! I’m not stalking you. Although, *(really looking at Paula as if studying her)* you do look familiar. Have we met before?

J.C. enters with the same magazine as Paula and Lynn. She is no longer limping. She sits in the empty chair next to Lynn

Paula: *(shaking her head)* Oh, you're good. You're really good. Who sent you: the IRS? The CIA? Are you a private investigator? *(gasps)* Did my husband send you in to spy on me? I told Jack I only buy newspapers from that guy at the stand. That's all!

Lynn: Look lady, I don't know who you are or who you think I am but I am not stalking you! I'm not from any government agency and I don't care what you do with the guy at the newsstand.

Paula: Then what are you doing here?

Lynn: *(looking around)* The same as everyone else in this book store. I'm reading. Or at least I was.

Paula: I see. And you just *happen* to be reading the exact same magazine as me? *(she holds up her magazine so Lynn can see it)*

Lynn: *(looking at the cover of her magazine and then at Paula's—she shrugs)* I guess we both like *Ladie's Home Journal*. *(or insert whatever magazine name you want here)*

Paula: I think there's more to it than that. Why are you following me?

Lynn: I already told you, I'm *not* following you! I just came in here to read my magazine like everyone else in this whole *(looks around and makes a hand gesture to indicate the entire store, then when she sees J.C. reading, she immediately changes demeanor)* store.

Paula: *(noticing her odd behavior)* What's wrong?

Lynn gets up and pulls Paula far away from J.C., towards the other end of the stage

Paula: What are you doing? Get your hands off me!

Lynn: *(releasing Paula)* Shh! Do you see that woman over there? *(indicating J.C.)*

Paula: *(looks in J.C.'s direction)* Yeah. So?

Lynn: Look what she's reading.

Paula: *(seeing the magazine)* *Ladie's Home Journal*. *(looks at her own magazine)* I guess everyone wants to know how Angelina and Brad are doing this month.

Lynn: Don't you think it's odd that three women in the same space are reading the same magazine at the exact same time?

Paula: Now that you mention it, yes, I do.

Lynn: *(very paranoid and suspicious)* Why did you ask me if I was following you?

Paula: Because you are!

Lynn: Why do you say that?

Paula: Every time I turn around this week, you're there. You were at the coffee shop on 12th & Vine on Monday; you were at the cake decorating class on Tuesday; flower arranging on Wednesday; and aerobics class on Thursday. And now I find you here at the book store!

Lynn: *(recognition hitting)* That's why you look so familiar!

Paula: Look, I don't know what your game is but I've had enough. *(she starts to leave but Lynn stops her)*

Lynn: Wait. I know this is going to sound totally crazy, but what if I told you that woman over there *(indicating J.C.)* has been following me all week?

Paula: *(a bit angry)* I'd say you were...*(she looks over at J.C., then recognition hits her as well)* Wait a minute, I know her.

Lynn: You do?

Paula: Well, I don't know her but I've seen her around. She was at the coffee shop and at the cake decorating class.

Lynn: And at aerobics and the class on flower arranging.

Paula: And now she's here too, reading the same magazine as you and I. What do you think all this means?

Lynn: Maybe we're in some parallel universe where I'm you and she's me.

Paula: That doesn't make any sense!

Lynn: Have you ever been abducted by aliens?

Paula: *(stunned)* What?

Lynn: Maybe she's an alien spy and she's been secretly drugging us to get vital information to take back to her mother ship!

Paula: Are you insane?

Lynn: You tell me.

Paula: Yes, you are.

Lynn: How else do you explain it then?

Paula: I don't know. Let's find out.

Paula leads the way walking towards J.C. and Lynn follows

Paula: *(to J.C.)* Hi. *(holding up her magazine for J.C. to see)* I see we have the same taste in reading material.

Lynn: *(Lynn holds up her magazine too, then speaks to J.C.)* We come in peace!

J.C.: *(a bit confused)* That's good to know. Thank you.

Lynn: *(falling to her knees, begging)* Please don't take me back to the mother ship! I just got married! Do you know how *hard* it was to find Mr. Right? It took me years! Please, please let me enjoy married life awhile longer!

J.C.: *(standing up, thinking these two women are crazy)* Hey, it was nice talking to you but I really have to go. *(starts to leave)*

Paula: Wait, please. We just want to know why you're following us?

J.C.: *(stops and turns around)* You think I'm following you just because we keep running into each other at the same places?

Paula: Aha! So, you admit you're following us.

Lynn: I knew she was an alien!

J.C.: I'm neither. I'm not following you and I'm not an alien.

Paula: Then why do we keep running into each other?

J.C.: Maybe because we have similar interests. Do you like coffee?

Lynn: I love coffee! I'm addicted to caramel mocha lattes.

J.C. & Paula: *(at the same time)* Me too!

J.C.: Cake decorating?

Paula: *(shaking her head "yes")* I've always wanted to learn how. I watch those cake decorating shows on the Food channel at home and I think, "Hey, I could do that!"

Lynn: Me too!

J.C.: *(nodding in agreement)* Guilty! *(to Paula)* I saw some of your finished cakes. They were really good.

Paula: Thanks. The class was going great until I realized I'd gained 6 pounds.

J.C. & Lynn: *(at the same time)* Frosting!

They all laugh

Paula: Exactly! Which is why...

J.C.: *(interrupting her)* You joined the aerobics class. Me too! *(patting her butt)* I gained 5 pounds.

Lynn: I gained 7!

They all laugh

Lynn: It looks like we really *do* have some things in common.

Paula: You know, it's funny, I tried to drag my husband to all kinds of different classes but it never worked out. All I ever heard was, "*Why is that so exciting?*" or "*We hired a babysitter for that?*"

Lynn: Men just don't it! But at least you're husband was willing to give it a try. My husband said if it didn't involve a ball, puck or a stick, he wasn't interested. *(to J.C.)* How about you? What did your husband say?

J.C.: I'm not married.

Lynn: Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't know.

J.C.: It's okay. It's not like I've got a disease or something. Although it feels that way sometimes.

Paula: What do you mean?

J.C.: It just seems like if you're not married and don't have kids you don't fit in to "*the club.*" Most married women don't want to hang out with us single gals because they feel we don't have anything in common.

Paula: Well, we sure proved otherwise today, didn't we?

J.C.: Yeah, I guess we did.

Lynn: Hey, do you guys want to go to the coffee shop down the street? Girl talk always goes better with a cup of java.

J.C.: Amen, sista!

Paula: Let's go!

The women pause for just a moment, and then return to their original seats when the skit first opened

J.C.: Yep, that was the start of a beautiful friendship.

Lynn: It's hard to believe that was 5 years ago, today.

Paula: That was the happiest day of my husband's life! From that point on, he never got dragged to any *girly* event ever again.

Lynn: That's the day we became sisters.

J.C.: *(correcting her)* Sistas!

Paula: I'm just glad we found each other. I couldn't ask for better friends than you two.

Lynn: Ditto.

J.C.: These necklaces are perfect. Thanks Paula. I'll cherish mine forever.

Paula: You're welcome. Me too.

Lynn: Me three.

A woman walks in and looks around uncomfortably and then sits down in one of the empty chairs. She pulls out a copy of Ladie's Home Journal and begins to read.

Paula: Hey, look at that woman over there. Didn't we see her at the park the other day?

J.C.: Yeah, we did. And look at what she's reading.

Paula: She must like coffee or she wouldn't be here.

Lynn: *(smiling)* She could be an alien.

J.C.: Think we should invite her over?

Paula: It could be the start of another beautiful friendship.

J.C.: *(putting her hand in the middle of the table)* I'm in.

Lynn: *(doing the same)* I'm in.

Paula: Our *three* could turn into *four*.

J.C.: The more the merrier, I always say.

Paula: Then, *(puts her hand on top of the others on the table)* I'm in.

J.C. walks over to the woman

J.C.: Excuse me, I think my friends and I have seen you at the park.

Woman: Yeah, I like to get out of the house sometimes but I don't like being alone so I go to public places and just hang out.

J.C.: Would you like to join us for some coffee?

Woman: *(looking over at Paula and Lynn)* I'd love to! It would be great to get in on some girl talk for a change. My boyfriend just doesn't get it.

J.C.: *(smiling)* Come on, I'll introduce you to my friends. I think you'll fit right in.

The End