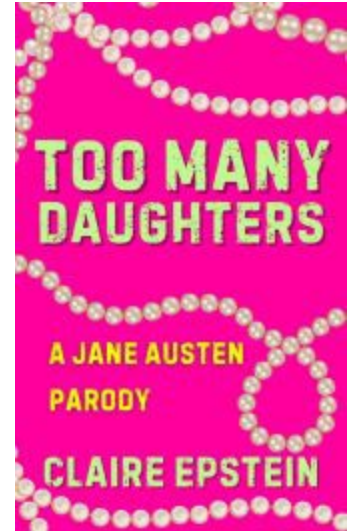


# Too Many Daughters — A Jane Austen Parody in One Act

by Claire Epstein



INT. SITTING ROOM — DAY

*The sitting room of a country squire's house in England, 1798.  
The furnishings look a bit worn, but the room is still cheery.*

*A door at the back of the room leads to the foyer. A window on stage right looks out to the road, and a door on stage left leads to the garden.*

*NICOLAS ASHWORTH (50s, cranky, sexist) looks over some papers. His wife, FLORENCE (50s, overly emotional, reactionary) knits. His daughters HENRIETTA (19, beautiful, proper, quiet) and IMOGEN (17, passionate but naive) decorate hats with ribbon or something.*

*Nicolas sighs and throws down the papers.*

IMOGEN      Whatever is the matter, Father?

NICOLAS      Oh, if only one of you had been born a boy. Who could imagine: eleven daughters and no sons?

FLORENCE    Thirteen.

NICOLAS      What?

FLORENCE    We have thirteen daughters, my dear.

NICOLAS      Thirteen? Where the devil are all of them?

*She points at Imogen and Henrietta.*

FLORENCE    There's Imogen and Henrietta... And the rest are out in the front garden.

*Imogen looks out and waves.*

IMOGEN     Oh my, Beatrice just did a backwards somersault. Mind you don't ruin your dress! I'm sure they'll all be in later.

FLORENCE   I doubt it.

NICOLAS     Well, the point is, when I die, this estate will go to my closest male heir, your cousin Alastair, and all of you will be forced out onto the street. Just what you deserve for being born women.

HENRIETTA   Oh, dear Papa.

*She kisses him tenderly on the forehead.*

NICOLAS     Get away from me! I don't want to catch your monthly illness.

FLORENCE   We shan't have to worry about what will happen when Cousin Alastair inherits the estate, as a marriage between Henrietta and him will secure our future here.

HENRIETTA   Oh. Oh my. Oh dear. It's very, quite, and of course, I dare say —

FLORENCE   He's paying us a visit today, and I think he means to propose to you, Henrietta.

IMOGEN     As long as I'm in love, it doesn't matter who I marry, be he blacksmith or Earl. Of course, I wouldn't marry our blacksmith. Because of how ugly he is.

*Everyone murmurs in agreement, "I think it's the teeth,"  
"It's more the nose that does it for me."*

IMOGEN     But otherwise, all that matters is love.

FLORENCE   Poppycock! As the second eldest, you must be sure to trap yourself a rich husband. He must have at least fifty thousand a year to even be considered.

IMOGEN     Trap, Mama?

FLORENCE   Yes, trap! What do you think I've been knitting over here?

*She holds up her knitting.*

IMOGEN     It looks like a net.

FLORENCE Exactly! It's to go over the hole I dug in the road.

IMOGEN Mama! You promised you'd stop making traps. Even if you do catch a wealthy man in one, I doubt he'd want to marry any of us afterward.

FLORENCE You never know! I caught your father in a snare with a new hunting rifle at the bottom of it.

NICOLAS I should have known it was too good to be true. Who leaves a new hunting rifle in the middle of the woods? *(to himself)* Idiot!

IMOGEN Well, Henrietta is so beautiful, I doubt she'll need a trap.

HENRIETTA Me? Oh, dear, I just, oh, I say, well, indeed, oh my, it's just, in any case, well, I dare say —

NICOLAS A man would have finished that sentence long ago.

*BETSY (20 but looks 50, the maid, practical and worldly, speaks in a Cockney accent) enters.*

BETSY Begging your pardon, mum, but anybody have to take a shit in the bucket before I take it out?

FLORENCE Betsy, please!

BETSY What? It's a fact of life. You all take shits in the shit bucket, and I toss the shit out of the window. You can all pretend like it's not happening, but there's shit trails on the sides of the house to prove it.

FLORENCE First of all, Betsy, it's a chamber pot. And secondly, stop asking us about it.

BETSY Well, if I don't ask, then I empty the shit bucket out, make sure it's all spic and span, then I come back an hour later and what do I see, but a brand new piece of shit staring back up at me, it's eyes all brown and spiteful like.

FLORENCE They don't have eyes!

BETSY Begging your pardon, mum, but I think I know shit better than a high-born lady who's never had to throw shit out a window in her life.

FLORENCE Will you please leave? Why don't you go out and check on my other daughters?

BETSY Who? Oh, right, them.

*She leaves.*

FLORENCE Now, let's think of all the eligible suitors for Imogen within a fifty, no, sixty mile radius.

*Imogen sighs.*

FLORENCE There's George Brighton, he may —

IMOGEN Dead.

FLORENCE Since when?

IMOGEN Last Tuesday. A horse fell on him.

FLORENCE Well then, how about Sir Henry Ellington?

IMOGEN Dead.

FLORENCE No!

IMOGEN It's true. A horse fell on him.

FLORENCE The same horse?

IMOGEN No, a different one.

FLORENCE Is he alright?

IMOGEN No, he's dead.

FLORENCE I meant the horse.

IMOGEN Oh, it's a she.

NICOLAS A female horse?!

IMOGEN And she's fine.

FLORENCE There is Roderick St. Clair... He only has twenty-thousand a year, but —

*Betsy enters and hands Imogen a letter.*

BETSY Letter for you, Miss.

IMOGEN There's a new hat shop opening in the village! Also Roderick St. Clair is dead.

FLORENCE A horse again?

IMOGEN No, dysentery.

BETSY Speaking of dysentery —

FLORENCE Absolutely not!

*Betsy leaves.*

FLORENCE Alas, the pool of eligible suitors grows smaller by the minute.

HENRIETTA Cecil Thorburn asked Imogen to dance twice at the last ball.

IMOGEN I would never consider Cecil Thorburn. He's far too proud.

FLORENCE For once I agree with you.

HENRIETTA He's worth eighty thousand a year.

FLORENCE Eighty thousand! We could *buy* a son with that.

*Imogen glances out the window.*

IMOGEN Oh look, a carriage!

NICOLAS Stop your incessant talking, Annabelle!

FLORENCE No, dear, that one's Imogen.

NICOLAS Let's see...she talks too much, she's annoying, want to put someone else's face on hers, a different image...Imogen. Oh, yes, that's right.

IMOGEN Why, I recognize that coach! It's cousin Alastair.

FLORENCE Finally! Henrietta, get over here.

*She furiously pinches Henrietta's cheeks.*

HENRIETTA Ouch, Mama!

FLORENCE Your cheeks need to look flushed with blood if you expect Cousin Alastair to propose today. Our entire future depends on it!

HENRIETTA It's just, well, and of course, undoubtedly, the truth of the matter, well, I do believe...

*Beat.*

NICOLAS I can't believe I'm about to encourage a woman to speak more, but you really do need to learn to express yourself, my girl.

HENRIETTA It's just... He's my cousin.

FLORENCE Yes?

IMOGEN And?

HENRIETTA And of course that's fine, except that he brings it up so very much.

NICOLAS *(to Florence)* What's her name again?

FLORENCE *(to Nicolas)* Come along, my love.

NICOLAS Finally, someone to talk to about peeing standing up.

FLORENCE Felicity, stop doing somersaults and greet our guests!

*They leave. Henrietta rubs her cheeks.*

HENRIETTA I saw your face when you were dancing with Cecil Thorburn, sister. I believe you are in love with him.

IMOGEN I could never love such a man!

*She walks over to a chair.*

IMOGEN     He thinks just because he's so rich and has a grand estate and beautiful green eyes and full lips...

*As she speaks, she begins to absentmindedly rub her crotch on the chair.*

IMOGEN     ... That he's better than everyone else.

HENRIETTA   Imogen, what are you doing with that chair?

IMOGEN     Oh, it's the most curious thing. I've found that when I think about Cecil Thorburn, I like to rub myself on things.

HENRIETTA   Really?

IMOGEN     Yes. It doesn't have to be a chair. It could be a doorknob, or a bed post...

HENRIETTA   What about the edge of Papa's desk?

IMOGEN     That could work, I suppose.

*Henrietta tries it.*

HENRIETTA   Oh, it does feel nice! Perhaps we should tell other people, so they can enjoy it, too.

IMOGEN     For some reason I don't think we should.

HENRIETTA   I agree. And you say you do this when you think about Cecil?

IMOGEN     Yes, it's very curious!

HENRIETTA   Indeed!

IMOGEN     I call it "bumblesnifting."

HENRIETTA   I like bumblesnifting.

*Nicolas and Florence enter with ALASTAIR (20s, weasely).*

*Henrietta and Florence stop bumblesnifting.*

FLORENCE   How good of you to visit us, cousin. Don't Henrietta's cheeks look nice and filled with blood?

ALASTAIR     Indeed. (*bowing*) First cousin, first cousin.

HENRIETTA   Just “cousin” is fine.

ALASTAIR     But somehow lacking. First cousin, every time I see you, I’m struck by how much you look...like me.

HENRIETTA   Oh... Thank you.

ALASTAIR     Perhaps you’d like to accompany me on a turn about the garden.

FLORENCE    Yes, she’d love to!

HENRIETTA   Well, um, you see...

*She looks despairingly at Imogen. Imogen steps forward.*

IMOGEN       What a grand idea! We’ll all go!

*She takes Henrietta’s arm and leads her toward the door. The rest follow her.*

IMOGEN       My sisters have been playing in the garden all day. There’s, um... Lucy-Ann, also Steph... no, I mean Angelicana...

*They all leave. Betsy enters, followed by  
CECIL THORBURN (late 20s, handsome, haughty).*

BETSY         I believe they’ve gone into the garden, Sir. I’ll fetch them for you.

*She turns to leave and almost collides with Imogen.*

IMOGEN       Oh, Betsy! I’ve just forgotten my shawl.

BETSY         Mr. Cecil Thorburn to see you, Miss.

*She leaves.*

IMOGEN       Oh. Mr. Thorburn.

*She curtsies. He bows.*

CECIL          Ms. Ashworth. Perhaps you can guess the reason I’m here in this...what do you call this, some sort of hovel?



IMOGEN      This is a five bedroom manor house.

CECIL Five bedrooms? Where do you expect your exotic birds to sleep? Out in the trees, like a common partridge?

IMOGEN      I'm afraid we don't keep exotic birds.

CECIL Mm. I can't imagine life without my albino peacock room.

IMOGEN      I believe you said there was a reason for your appearance here.

CECIL Yes. I've decided that I shall marry you.

IMOGEN      Oh, have you?

CECIL          Indeed. Despite the fact that you're unattractive, cannot play the piano forte, you have a ridiculous number of sisters, your family is poor as dirt, your mother is insufferable...is this a chair? Why is it not made of gold? Oh dear, what was I saying?

IMOGEN      I'm sure I have no idea.

CECIL          Oh, yes. I love you. Shall we go tell your family of our engagement?

IMOGEN      No! I do not accept.

CECIL          You...but...you're so poor.

IMOGEN      We're upper middle class, at least.

CECIL          You don't mean to tell me there are people poorer than you?!

IMOGEN      Yes, of course there are! You really are insufferable. Assuming I'd marry you. I've never met someone so proud...

*She walks up to him.*

IMOGEN      Arrogant, and pompous, with broad shoulders, good hair, and a chin dimple...

*She stands right in front of him.*

IMOGEN      In my entire life!

*She bumblesnifts on his leg. He stares at her for a moment.*

CECIL        What on earth are you doing?

IMOGEN      I'm bumblesnifting. Oh, what am I saying, someone as conceited as you could never understand.

*She walks away and turns her back on him.*

CECIL        Bumble...bumblesnifting? Is that what you called it?

IMOGEN      *(over her shoulder)* Yes. Bumblesnifting.

*He stares at her for a moment, then slowly walks up behind her.*

*He bumblesnifts on her butt. She gasps and turns around.*

*They stare at each other, then begin to bumblesnift against each other.*

CECIL        Hm.

IMOGEN      Yes.

CECIL        Quite so.

IMOGEN      Indeed.

CECIL        Curious.

IMOGEN      Very.

*Betsy enters and they quickly separate.*

BETSY        Last call for the shit bucket!

CECIL        A what?

IMOGEN      She means a chamber pot.

CECIL        I'm afraid I don't know to what you're referring.

IMOGEN      It's... you know...

BETSY        What you shit in.

CECIL        In? You mean you don't have a man whose sole job it is to simply reach inside you and pull it out?

IMOGEN      No!

CECIL        Well, I don't know what I'd do without my enemist.

IMOGEN      I cannot stand your condescension a moment longer! Betsy, please show our visitor to the door.

*Cecil walks to the door. Pauses by Imogen.*

CECIL I'm off to London tomorrow. This is your last chance to change your mind.

*Imogen turns away from him. Cecil leaves with Betsy.*

*Henrietta enters.*

HENRIETTA   You missed the most charming somersault that P...P...Penelory just did.

IMOGEN      Oh.

HENRIETTA   Why, what is wrong, dear sister?

IMOGEN      It's nothing.

HENRIETTA   Come, you can't hide anything from me.

IMOGEN      It's just... it's just that... Cecil Thorburn proposed to me and then we did partner bumblesnifting.

HENRIETTA   Oh my. And did you accept his proposal?

IMOGEN      Of course not! As I told you earlier, I can't stand him.

HENRIETTA   Then why do you look so downcast? Bumblesnifting feels nothing but good, so I know it can't be about that.

IMOGEN      When I told him to leave, I suppose I felt a bit queer, that's all. It doesn't matter now. Let's go join the others.

HENRIETTA   Perhaps I'll stay inside a bit longer.

IMOGEN     I think you're just avoiding cousin Alastair. If you don't want to marry him, you have to be clear with him about how you feel.

HENRIETTA   Well, oh dear, it's just that —

IMOGEN     You've never been very good at expressing your true feelings.

HENRIETTA   Quite so.

IMOGEN     It's dangerous to do that for too long, Henrietta. I once didn't bumblesnift for three days and I was in a frightful mood.

IMOGEN     But then when I did finally bumblesnift it felt better than ever.

*Alastair appears in the doorway.*

ALASTAIR     First cousin Imogen, I'm afraid you're needed outside. Your sister F...Frank...Frankina has gotten stuck in the middle of a somersault and needs your help to get out of it.

IMOGEN     You just have to keep rolling.

ALASTAIR     That's what we told her, but now she's crying so much I don't think she's listening.

IMOGEN     Oh, dear.

*She hurries out.*

IMOGEN     (*offstage*) Frankina, you have to use your forward momentum!

ALASTAIR     First cousin Henrietta, at last we are alone.

HENRIETTA   Oh, yes, indeed.

ALASTAIR     From the moment I first saw you across the wash basin as my mother, your mother's sister, bathed us together, I knew you were my perfect match.

HENRIETTA   Mm. Oh my.

ALASTAIR     Most couples don't really know each other before they get married, and then afterward, they're sure to be disappointed.

ALASTAIR But I already know all about you, because you're basically me. For example, what's your maternal grandmother's name?

HENRIETTA Gwendolyn.

ALASTAIR Mine too! See? We're perfect for each other! First cousin Henrietta, my mother's sister's daughter...

*He gets down on one knee.*

ALASTAIR ...Will you marry me?

HENRIETTA Oh. Oh dear. It's just, quite, indeed, on the other hand, frightfully, quite, quite, quite —

ALASTAIR Don't keep me in suspense, first cousin. Tell me your what is in your heart. What are you feeling?

HENRIETTA What am I feeling? Quite. Indeed. I'm feeling. I'm feeling...

ALASTAIR Yes?

HENRIETTA I'm feeling...that the bugs inside of us must be using our bodies for some sort of purpose, but what it is, I can't figure out.

ALASTAIR I...you...bugs?

HENRIETTA You said you wanted to know my true feelings.

ALASTAIR Yes. I just... your feeling is that we have a bunch of little bugs crawling inside of us?

*Henrietta laughs.*

HENRIETTA Oh, cousin, don't be silly.

*Alastair laughs in relief.*

HENRIETTA "A bunch of little bugs." That would be insanity! *(She becomes deadly serious.)* No, I mean one large bug, lying just under the outer surface of our skin and controlling all our thoughts and actions. Not everyone, mind, but enough people, certainly. But for what sinister purpose? *(She gasps)* Or is that what the bug inside of me

wants me to think? Is he or she controlling me at this very moment? There is only one thing for it. I must find a live bug to question and there's really only one way to do that. Only one way...

*She picks up one of her mother's knitting needle and checks its sharpness.*

But I'd have to act quickly. Without a living host, the bug will surely die.

*Alastair backs quietly out of the room. Henrietta doesn't notice.*

I'd have to time it perfectly. I'd need a weakened human host, but he must still be alive. Yes, very much alive.

*She turns to see the room is empty.*

Oh, he's gone. What curious timing. *(ominously)* Yes, very curious.

*Florence rushes in with Imogen hot on her tail. Nicolas strolls after them.*

IMOGEN     Mama, let her alone!

FLORENCE   Did I just hear Cousin Alastair leaving on his horse? What happened?

HENRIETTA   Oh. Well, he asked me to marry him.

FLORENCE   And?

HENRIETTA   I told him my true feelings, and then he left.

FLORENCE   What! No! Where's my net?

*She picks it up and runs for the door.*

FLORENCE   He can't have gone far!

IMOGEN     Mama! Leave it. He's gone.

*Florence collapses to the floor.*

FLORENCE   Oh, Lord, why have you forsaken me? Now Cousin Alastair will surely throw us out onto the street when your father dies! All you had to do was accept his proposal and then live with him until your death!

HENRIETTA I'm sorry, I —

FLORENCE Thirteen daughters, and not a single one of them married! Do you know what it's like to give birth to thirteen children? I pee every time I move! My hips have been dislocated for eight years!

NICOLAS I thought you felt wobbly down there, but I'll be damned if I'm actually going to look at it.

FLORENCE Someone fetch me my smelling salts! I feel a faint coming on!

*She swoons.*

HENRIETTA Mama!

*She kneels next to her.*

NICOLAS She's just having one of her hysterical outbursts, like she did when her mother died of typhoid. Come on, let's get her off to bed.

*Henrietta and Nicolas lead Florence offstage.  
Imogen sadly bumblesnifts on the edge of the sofa. Betsy enters.*

BETSY Well, the shit bucket's finally clean. *(then)* I thought the furniture had been smelling a bit funny.

IMOGEN Oh, I was just bumblesnifiting.

BETSY Bumblesnifiting?

*She laughs.*

BETSY That's not what it's called. They don't teach you high-born ladies anything.

IMOGEN You already know about it? I thought I was the first. Why didn't you tell me about it?

BETSY Well, your mother's always telling me not to talk about the shit bucket, I hardly think she'd want me to talk about cockleflumping.

IMOGEN Cockleflumping? So that's what it's called.

BETSY        Sure is. My entire family lives together in a one bedroom hovel, so I know all about cockleflumping. Course, usually it's done with a man.

IMOGEN      Oh, partner cockleflumping.

BETSY        Yes, exactly. My sleeping hay is bunched up right next to my parents' so I've seen and heard partner cockleflumping all the time. Usually it's on nights when they're drunk, and then a few months later, my mother says, "Oh, shit it happened again. Betsy, get another sleeping hay ready." And then a few months after that, there's another baby screaming its head off.

IMOGEN      So that's how babies are made!

BETSY        Why's all this on your mind, anyway, dearie?

IMOGEN      I partner bumblesnift — I mean, cockleflumped, with Cecil Thorburn earlier, and now I can't stop thinking about him.

BETSY        Oh, I'd partner cockleflump with him any day. But I thought you turned down his proposal.

IMOGEN      How'd you know that?

BETSY        I was at the window, emptying the shit bucket, when you were talking about it to the pretty one.

IMOGEN      Henrietta. Cecil's just so haughty.

BETSY        But did the partner cockleflumping feel good?

IMOGEN      Oh, yes.

BETSY        Well, then the rest doesn't matter. All that matters is that you have someone to cockleflump for the rest of your life. Plus if you marry rich, you won't have to become a prostitute like most of the women in my family.

IMOGEN      You're right! Good cockleflumping is worth it! I will marry Cecil Thorburn! But — oh dear. He said he was off to London and I don't even know how to reach him.

ALASTAIR    (*offstage*) Help! Help!



*Alastair bursts through the door, with Cecil leaning on him.*

ALASTAIR     This man needs a doctor, quickly.

IMOGEN     Betsy, go fetch Dr. Billingsby!

CECIL        My perfect leg...

ALASTAIR     I was riding away when I heard the sound of someone moaning, and found Cecil Thorburn with his leg broken at the bottom of a hole.

IMOGEN     Oh, Cecil, are you alright?

*Florence, Nicolas, and Henrietta rush in.*

FLORENCE    What on earth is going on in here?

NICOLAS     One, two, three men — huzzah!

ALASTAIR     I found Cecil Thorburn injured at the bottom of a hole.

FLORENCE    I finally got one! And quite a rich one, too.

CECIL        Got one? Is this your doing?

IMOGEN     Mama!

FLORENCE    I have fourteen daughters, and you can have any one of them.

NICOLAS     Fourteen? I thought it was thirteen.

FLORENCE    I sneezed while I was upstairs and another one popped out.

ALASTAIR     Well, now that Cecil is safe, I shall take my leave of you.

FLORENCE    Why so quickly, cousin?

HENRIETTA   Yes, why so quickly?

ALASTAIR     Oh, no reason, really.

HENRIETTA   Perhaps you're being influenced by something. Something inside you.

ALASTAIR     No, that's not it! I just have to...Have to go.

*He backs away. Florence creeps up behind him and throws the net over him.*

FLORENCE    I got another one! Two in one day!

ALASTAIR     You're insane!

FLORENCE    I've been pregnant for eleven years straight! That would drive any woman to madness!

NICOLAS      They are the weaker sex.

FLORENCE    Now, I know that Henrietta turned you down, but I do believe my daughter...Jess...Jessalyn and you look quite a bit alike.

NICOLAS      Jessalyn? Jessalyn? No. No. I refuse to believe that we actually have a daughter named Jessalyn.

FLORENCE    Of course we do! There's Henrietta, Imogen, Beatrice, Annabelle, Felicity, Lucy-Anne, Cynthia, Angelicana, Yancy, Penelory, Frankina, Jessalyn, Flopsy, and Bess-Bess.

NICOLAS      Well, egg on my face.

FLORENCE    *(to Alastair)* So which one do you want? Flopsy's a bit odd, but she has her good —

ALASTAIR     None of them! I don't want anything more to do with this crazy family!

*He manages to throw off the net and runs out.*

FLORENCE    No, wait! Come back!

NICHOLAS    Cecil, have you ever found that when you're peeing standing up —

*Offstage sounds of a horse falling. Betsy rushes in.*

IMOGEN       What on earth was that?

BETSY         It's Mr. Alastair! His horse has fallen on him!

FLORENCE Oh, god!

BETSY The doctor is already on his way.

*Henrietta grasps Betsy by the shoulders.*

HENRIETTA Is Alastair still alive, Betsy? IS HE ALIVE?

BETSY I think so, but barely.

HENRIETTA We won't get another chance like this. There's not a moment to waste!

*She grabs the knitting needle and runs out.*

BETSY Anyone going to follow her?

FLORENCE I'm still passing the afterbirth.

ALASTAIR *(offstage)* Oh, hello. What are you doing? Wait, no, I'm —

*An anguished scream.*

HENRIETTA *(offstage)* I don't see anything yet! It must be further in than I thought. It's hard to see anything with all the blood, but I'll find it! I just have to keep digging! *(then)* Oh, dear. It turns out I was wrong! Very wrong! I've certainly just killed him. Oh, dear. Quite, quite, quite...

IMOGEN Oh, Cecil, I'm so sorry about my family. I know that they're strange and my mother's trap broke your leg and it's seventeen ninety eight so chances are it will never heal properly, but —

CECIL No, it is I who must apologize. As I was lying at the bottom of that hole, I had a lot of time to think. And I'm sorry for the way I treated you. It doesn't matter if you don't own more than one albino peacock —

IMOGEN I don't own any actually.

CECIL Oh. Oh my. Alright. No, no, it doesn't matter. There is only one thing that matters. And that's us, together, bumblesnifting. Will you, Imogen Ashworth, partner bumblesnift with me for the rest of our lives?

IMOGEN No.

CECIL Ah. I see.

IMOGEN Because it's not called bumblesnifting. It's called cockleflumping.

CECIL Oh! Oh my! Jolly good! You had me there!

*They laugh and cockleflump.*

NICOLAS What on earth is happening?

FLORENCE Our daughter has trapped herself a rich husband. Our future is secure!

*They watch the cockleflumping for a moment.*

FLORENCE Would you look at those two? So in love. It reminds me of when we first discovered gigglemunching.

NICOLAS Speaking of, we haven't partner gigglemunched in quite a while. You look ugly as ever, but perhaps the fifteenth time's the charm!

FLORENCE Oh, how can I resist you?

*He tickles her and they run off. Cecil and Imogen keep gigglemunching.*

*Betsy clears her throat. Again.*

IMOGEN Oh, Betsy. I forgot to tell you, I took a huge shit in the bucket.

BLACKOUT.

Written by Claire Epstein

[clairehepstein.com](http://clairehepstein.com)