

FUCK YOU, AMANDA

a 5-ish minute play

by Courtney Crouse

©

FUCK YOU, AMANDA

Character list

CHARLENE: Biological woman. Female presenting. 30-35. Born and raised in Southie. Works at an assisted living facility. Went through a rough break-up with her boyfriend, Tommy, one month ago. Though his specific transgressions are never spoken of, it's clear they were severe and unforgivable. Loves her friends, ROCHELLE and AMANDA. Hates the color blue.

ROCHELLE: Biological Woman. Female presenting. 30-35. Born and raised in Southie. Former gas station employee, currently unemployed. Loves her friend, CHARLENE, and has been a saving grace for her throughout this break-up. Huge fan of Mountain Dew and Nicholas Cage movies.

AMANDA: Biological Woman. Female presenting. 30-35. Born and raised in Southie. Works at the cookie store in the mall. Also loves her friend, CHARLENE, and has tried as best she can to be helpful during this breakup. Fairly convinced the earth is flat.

Setting

A Saturday afternoon on the fan bleachers of a little league park in the Southie neighborhood of Boston.

Log Line

Three friends attend their boys' little league game as one deals with an ongoing breakup. But will they still be friends by the end of the game?

A note on "little bingo":

Like most boys, I played baseball when I was younger. Every year, there was one particular coach who would encourage his players while they were at bat by shouting, "Come on, Billy, little bingo now! Little bingo!". I later learned he used this phrase to teach his team that when they were hitting, they didn't need to swing for the fences and hit a home run every time--they just needed a "little bingo" to get on base. So, every Summer there he was on the other side of the baseball field yelling, "Come on, Sammy! Little bingo, now, little bingo!". Every. Summer. I fucking hate "little bingo".

A slash (/) indicates where two characters begin to speak over one another.

FUCK YOU, AMANDA

FUCK YOU, AMANDA

SCENE 1

(At rise, we see the fan bleachers of a little league park in the Southie neighborhood of Boston. Early afternoon, Saturday. We see CHARLENE, ROCHELLE, and AMANDA on the bleachers. All three women have extremely thick Boston accents. Announcer VO: "Next up to bat: Braden Costigan!")

CHARLENE

Come on, Braden!! Little bingo now let's have a little/bingo!!

AMANDA

/Come on, Braden! I can't believe he's batting 0 for 2.

CHARLENE

Tell me about it. And if he goes 0 for 3 then you're takin' him home tonight cuz I cannot deal with the pouting anymore this week.

ROCHELLE

Well, it's hardly his fault—this umpire wouldn't know a strike if it came up and bit him on the dick. Come on, Braden!!

CHARLENE

Come on, Bra/den!

AMANDA

/Come on, Braden! Wait...Charlene, isn't that your ex down there?

CHARLENE

What?

AMANDA

Five rows down in the blue shirt?

ROCHELLE

Oh my God, Charlene, that's totally him.

CHARLENE

Tommy? In blue?! (a bit distressed) He never wears blue. And now he wears blue?? What the hell?!

FUCK YOU, AMANDA

(SFX: ball hits catcher's mitt. Umpire VO: "Strike one!")

CHARLENE

Little bingo, now!! Come on, Braden, little bingo!

AMANDA

(To CHARLENE) You should say somethin'.

ROCHELLE

(stands and yells down to Tommy) Hey Tommy, what's up with the blue shirt ya fuckin' knob?!

CHARLENE

(pulling her back down) Jesus fuckin Christ, Rochelle, we're at the boys' little league game, you wanna watch your fuckin' mouth?

AMANDA

Ya, Rochelle. We already got that warning last week.

ROCHELLE

You're right, you're right—completely inappropriate.

CHARLENE

Thank you. We're trying to set an example for the boys over here.

(SFX: ball hits catcher's mitt. Ump VO: "Strike two!")

CHARLENE stands)

CHARLENE

OH EAT MY DICK UMP, IN WHAT COUNTRY IS THAT A STRIKE? DO YOUR/FUCKIN JOB!

ROCHELLE

(ROCHELLE stands) /THAT'S RIGHT—YA FUCKIN JOB!

(They sit back down. Small beat)

AMANDA

I just think that's wicked fucked is all. I mean, Tommy? In blue??? You're really just not gonna say nothin' ???

CHARLENE

Look, if he wants to wear blue he can fuckin' wear blue.

FUCK YOU, AMANDA

AMANDA

Why are you defendin' him after everything he did to you?

CHARLENE

I'm not defendin' him. I'm just sayin': It's his life.

ROCHELLE

Nah, nah—Amanda's right. Ya totally defendin' him!

(VO: ball hitting a catcher's mitt. Then Ump VO:  
"Strike 3!")

ALL 3 WOMEN simultaneously:

"Oh, fuck off!" "That's ok, Braden!" "Are you fuckin serious?" "Don't worry about it, Braden!" "Fuckin' limp dick prick." "Get some glasses you piece of shit!"

CHARLENE

(after the above dies down) It's just...he looks kinda cute is all.

ROCHELLE

...what the fuck did you say?

CHARLENE

What?

ROCHELLE

(Getting worked up) Don't "what" me! The fuck you mean, "what"-- you know "what"!

CHARLENE

Rochelle, can you not have a fuckin stroke here in front of God and everybody? I don't want another incident like with Linda O'Donnell.

ROCHELLE

Ok, number 1: Linda O'Donnell didn't like my lobster rolls which is fuckin' bullshit. Everybody loves my lobster rolls. Then this bitch walks up and says there's too much butter?! Who the fuck says that?

AMANDA

The fuck?! Too much butter?!?!

FUCK YOU, AMANDA

ROCHELLE

Right?! The fuck?? Number 2: Don't change the fuckin' subject, Charlene—what's this "he looks kinda cute" bullshit? You should hate that fuckin' bag of dicks.

CHARLENE

I know, I know. And I do hate him. It's just...I been kinda thinkin' lately and...I was no saint myself, ya know?

AMANDA

Oh. My God.

CHARLENE

What?

AMANDA

...you're fuckin' him again, aren't you?

CHARLENE

Get the fuck outta here, Amanda.

ROCHELLE

(Getting worked up again.) No, she's right—you're totally fuckin' fuckin' him!

CHARLENE

You know what, Rochelle, I'm just about half past done with your judgmental bullshit, alright? You and Amanda both.

AMANDA

Wow! You think you know some people...

ROCHELLE

So, let me get this right: Amanda and I hold your hand through this breakup all month and you repay us by saying you're half past done with our "judgmental bullshit"?

CHARLENE

Ya godamned right that's what I said. All fuckin' month your judgey ass has been like, "Tommy is trash!" "If you reach out to him, he'll think you're weak!" "Die Hards not a Christmas movie!" Well, ya know what Rochelle?! Fuck you! And your lobster rolls? Linda O'Donnell was right—they fuckin' suck dick.

FUCK YOU, AMANDA

ROCHELLE

(deeply wounded) ...What?

CHARLENE

That's right.

AMANDA

Yeah, Rochelle. I'm sorry. I haven't wanted to say nothin', but there's just a little too much butter in them.

ROCHELLE

Oh, fuck you, Amanda!

CHARLENE

And I appreciate all you two have done for me, I do. But Tommmy and I are talking about working stuff out. I love him, ya know? And he's a good father/to Braden so...

ROCHELLE

/You ungrateful skank./We do all these things for you for the past month and you just run back to him after what he did?! You must be crazy.

CHARLENE

/Oh, fuck you, Rochelle. Fuck you and your nasty ass lobster cakes with their too much butter./ And ya know what? Your mother's lobster cakes? They're fuckin' shit too!

(Suddenly, AMANDA notices something about Tommy)

AMANDA

/Wait! Wait, you guys stop! Stop! Stop will you fuckin' stop!!!! (They do)

(CHARLENE and ROCHELLE simultaneously while AMANDA looks at Tommy)

CHARLENE: What?!

ROCHELLE: Fuckin' what, Amanda?!

(a very small beat)

AMANDA

I don't think that's Tommy.

(CHARLENE and ROCHELLE turn their heads toward Tommy.)

FUCK YOU, AMANDA

A short beat as they realize that it is, indeed, not Tommy.)

CHARLENE

...huh.

ROCHELLE

...huh.

CHARLENE

Is that guy...is that guy missing an arm??

ROCHELLE

What the fuck, Amanda!? Tommys a pasty white guy with red hair—that's a Puerto Rican dude with one arm.

AMANDA

I'm sorry.

CHARLENE

Jesus fuckin' Christ, Amanda!

AMANDA

I'm sorry, I'm sorry! There's just a lot going on and the sun and everything--I just get confused, ya know?

CHARLENE

Well, that explains the blue, at least.

ROCHELLE

Explains the blue.

(SFX: ball hits catcher's mitt. Ump VO: "Strike 3!"  
Announcer VO: "Aaaaand that'll do it for this inning.  
Stay with us as the teams switch sides and we head to  
the bottom of the 9<sup>th</sup>!")

CHARLENE

Oh, good—he always does better in the field. Come on  
Braden!

AMANDA

/Come on, Braden!

(a small beat)

FUCK YOU, AMANDA

CHARLENE

Hey, Rochelle?

ROCHELLE

Yeah, Charlene?

CHARLENE

Thanks for everthing ya done for me the past month. You and Amanda both—I don't know what I woulda done without ya.

ROCHELLE

Awww we love you, Charlene. Even if you do go back to that world class piece of shit.

AMANDA

Yeah, we love you, Charlene.

CHARLENE

I love you, too. Hey, Rochelle, I was thinkin'. Maybe after the game we could all swing by your place and you could make us some of ya lobster rolls.

ROCHELLE

What? But I thought you said they had too much butter??

CHARLENE

(smiling) I kinda like all the butter.

AMANDA

I'd be ok with using less butter.

CHARLENE and ROCHELLE simultaneously:  
Oh, fuck you, Amanda!

Blackout