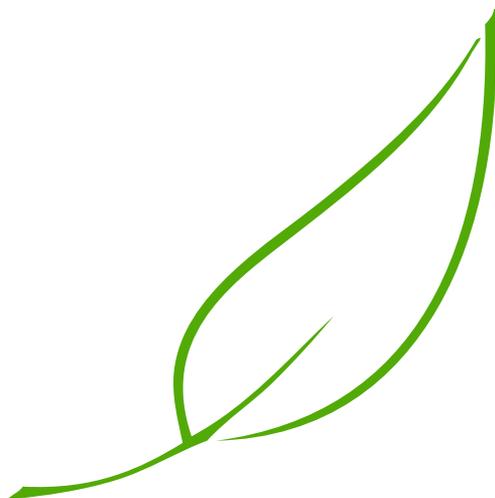


WE ARE THE GIRLS!

by Ken Bradbury



GREEN ROOM PRESS

greenroompress.com

Copyright Notice

CAUTION: Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that this Work is subject to a royalty. This Work is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America and all countries with which the United States has reciprocal copyright relations, whether through bilateral or multilateral treaties or otherwise, and including, but not limited to, all countries covered by the Pan-American Copyright Convention, the Universal Copyright Convention and the Berne Convention.

RIGHTS RESERVED: All rights to this Work are strictly reserved, including professional and amateur stage performance rights. Also reserved are: motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video or sound recording, all forms of mechanical or electronic reproduction, such as CD-ROM, CD-I, DVD, information and storage retrieval systems and photocopying, and the rights of translation into non-English languages.

PERFORMANCE RIGHTS AND ROYALTY PAYMENTS: All amateur and stock performance rights to this Work are controlled exclusively by Green Room Press. No amateur or stock production groups or individuals may perform this play without securing license and royalty arrangements in advance from Green Room Press. Questions concerning other rights should be addressed to Green Room Press. Royalty fees are subject to change without notice. Professional and stock fees will be set upon application in accordance with your producing circumstances. Any licensing requests and inquiries relating to amateur and stock (professional) performance rights should be addressed to Green Room Press.

Royalty of the required amount must be paid, whether the play is presented for charity or profit and whether or not admission is charged.

AUTHOR CREDIT: All groups or individuals receiving permission to produce this Work must give the author(s) credit in any and all advertisement and publicity relating to the production of this Work. The author's billing must appear directly below the title on a separate line where no other written matter appears. The name of the author(s) must be at least 50% as large as the title of the Work. No person or entity may receive larger or more prominent credit than that which is given to the author(s).

PUBLISHER CREDIT: Whenever this Work is produced, all programs, advertisements, flyers or other printed material must include the following notice: *Produced by special arrangement with Green Room Press.*

COPYING: Any unauthorized copying of this Work or excerpts from this Work is strictly forbidden by law. No part of this Work may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form, by any means now known or yet to be invented, including photocopying or scanning, without prior permission from Green Room Press.

We Are the Girls!
by Ken Bradbury

We Are the Girls!

by Ken Bradbury

(A play for five ladies. The actors are simply indicated as 1, 2, 3, 4 & 5)

ALL: *(with a distinct rhythm)* We are the girls!

1: Pants and pinafores!

ALL: We are the girls!

2: Can't be beat!

ALL: We are the girls!

3: Vinegar and honey!

ALL: We are the girls!

2: Tough and sweet!

4: "Yes, I am fond of history."

5: "I wish I were too. I read it ... a little as a duty, but it tells me nothing. The quarrels of popes and kings, with wars or pestilences in every page; the men all so good-for-nothing, and hardly any women at all. It is very tiresome."

3: From Northanger Abbey by Jane Austin.

1: The first woman! *(all but #2 quickly turn their backs to the audience, and throughout the scene, this technique is used to indicate actors out of the scene)*

2: *(as Eve)* Adam! Adam come out here!

3: *(as Adam)* Yes Eve?

2: He said you blamed it on me.

3: *(timidly)* What's that, my love?

2: Oh sure, it's "My love" this morning. What about last night when you pushed that apple thing off on me?

3: I uh ... you sure that was me?

2: Look around, Bubba. You see anybody else? You said you were hungry, I said, "How about an apple?" but when little Adam's tummy hurts who does he blame?

3: But Eve, honey ...

2: And would you quit walking around the house without your pants?

- 1: Nefertiti, wife of the powerful Akhenaten!
- 4: (*as Nefertiti*) Ak! Get out here, Ak!
- 2: (*as Akhenaten*) How dare you speak that way to the most powerful man in Egypt!
- 4: That's exactly what I'm talking about. What's all this "most powerful man" stuff? What about the most powerful woman?
- 2: A Woman! (*laughing*) A powerful woman? How absurd!
- 4: What's that behind you?
- 2: A statue.
- 4: Of who?
- 2: Why ... it's of you, of course.
- 4: How about over there? And there! Look around the country, Ak. My face is everywhere! Nobody even knows what you look like!
- 2: (*bowing in fake humility*) A tribute to your beauty, my Queen.
- 4: (*raising his chin in her threatening hand*) Get a clue, Ak. It's the 14th century B.C. Someday this place is gonna be nothin' but sand and tourist hotels. And guess who's mug is gonna be on the coffee cups and postcards? Get a clue, Lou. Men start the wars but when you want to leave a face to history, it's a woman, baby! It's a woman!
- 1: Perhaps the most beautiful woman who ever lived! The Great ... Cleopatra! (*the others hum some Egyptian-sounding music as #5 enters as Cleopatra*)
- 5: (*as Cleopatra*) Mark! Mark, have you seen my crown?
- 1: Sorry, I'm busy. I've got tickets for the Senators' game.
- 5: Busy? Who put up the money for your miserable little wars ... which, I might add, you kept losing?
- 1: Sure. Throw the wars up in my face.
- 5: I should have stayed with Julius.
- 1: Oh, don't dig him up again.
- 5: I am sick and tired of supporting the men in life!
- 1: So take a break! Cruise the Nile or something!
- 5: That's a little tough. We're in Rome.
- 1: Look Cleo honey, I've got to run. Say hi to the kids.

- 5: (*pulling an imaginary bundle from her robe*) Here. It's a little something to remind you of me.
- 1: Snacks? You made me snacks for the game? What a sweetheart!
- 5: Don't open it now. Just stick your hand in the sack during the seventh-inning stretch.
- 1: I'll bet it's your cookies. What flavor this time?
- 5: Asp.
- 1: Asp?
- 5: Asp.
- 1: Wow. What's it taste like?
- 5: Don't asp.
- 2: Joan of Arc!
- 4: (*as Joan of Arc, tied to the stake in the midst of a roaring fire*) (*screaming*) Hello! Anybody out there! This is getting really hot! (*blowing furiously on the flames*) Anybody got some ice? Maybe a hose? Hello! I'm burning up here!
- 3: (*entering, as King Charles II*) I say. What's all the racket?
- 4: King Charles! Thank God you got here! You wanna spit on the flames a little? Maybe toss in some of that Diet Coke?
- 3: What seems to be the problem, Joan?
- 4: (*blowing furiously, then*) The problem? The problem! Hello! I lead your army at Orleans, got captured by the Burgundians, and ransomed by the English. Then I get put on trial for witchcraft. Now the church is burning me at the stake for wearing men's pants! It's been a bad day, Charlie. A really bad day!
- 3: Could you speak up a bit? I've got to move away. This blasted fire's getting bit tepid, if you know what I mean.
- 4: Tepid? Hello? Can you say scorching? Can you say deadly? Is there a woman out there somewhere!? I need somebody with a brain in her head. (*screams and dies*)
- 1: Mary, Queen of Scots! (*the other girls begin humming a very nasal bagpipe-ish version of Scotland the Brave as Mary enters*)



GREEN ROOM PRESS

Thank you for reading this free excerpt from:

WE ARE THE GIRLS

by Ken Bradbury.

*For performance rights and/or a complete copy of the script,
please contact us at:*

GREEN ROOM PRESS, INC.
customerservice@greenroompress.com
www.greenroompress.com