

# UNDRESSED

BY  
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*An empty club on New Year's Eve. A bar table and two chairs are set on the stage. ZOEY stands barefoot in a long buttoned up coat covering her skimpy lingerie underneath. She addresses the audience.*

ZOEY

One out of every ten relationships will crash and burn on New Year's. I read that in *Cosmo*, I think. And it's ironic cause- I mean, I've never been a big holiday person to begin with, but New Year's is by far the shittiest one in my opinion. I just hate it. So much so that I volunteered to work this New Year's Eve, and that's saying a lot cause I truly despise my job. No- actually, it's fine cause people always get waisted on New Year's. And when people...well- MEN- when men get waisted, that equals loads of cash in my line of work.

(She sits in the chair and puts on her heels.)

So I got to the club early for the first time...EVER. Strapped on my highest pair of mirrored platform heels.

(She stands, showing off her shoes.)

They hurt like a bitch, but I need the money. So I gotta pull out all the stops.

(ZOEY stumbles around in her heels.)

I'll admit I'm naturally clumsy. Balance has never been my strong suit, and I can't risk having my boss pull me off the stage, again. So tonight, there's absolutely no drinking. That's right, ZERO booze for this kid. No exceptions!

(She walks across the stage and takes off her robe, revealing the lingerie underneath.)

By 8:45 I'm on the floor ready for the cash to start rolling in. One minor setback- the place is totally empty.

(ZOEY sits in the chair, defeated.)

11pm rolls around and the club is still completely dead. Crickets. And to make matters worse the DJ is playing Nickelback's greatest hits. Which makes me want to blow my brains out. Fuck!

(ZOEY sings along, as she bangs her head on the table, and gestures shooting herself.)

"And this is how, this is how you remind me, of what I really am. These five words in my head, scream are we having fun yet?" No. No- I am not!

(Suddenly she perks up.)

Maybe I should grab a drink? One drink isn't really breaking the rules is it? Just one to take the edge off. Happy New Year to me!

(She pours herself a drink, and quickly downs the entire glass.)

That's when the door finally opens, and in walks a customer. One single lonely customer. This one pathetic solo dude is now my sole mission for the evening. I will seduce him and--

(ZOEY suddenly freezes with a look of horror on her face.)

OH FUCK ME! He's bald!

(She bangs her head on the table.)

NO, NO, NO, NO, NO! Damn it!

(Beat. She lifts her head up.)

No, you know what? It's okay. I can still do this.

(She jumps to her feet.)

I will do this! Despite my disdain for the hairless cause this boring bald guy has money to burn. And I need money BAD cause my current financial situation is- well...shit.

(ZOEY gestures to the chair.)

So there he sits. My cash cow. One small problem... With the place being completely dead, every girl in this joint is circling my boring-rich-balding-guy, like a tiger waiting to pounce.

(Discouraged, ZOEY sits back in her chair and takes a drink.)

Wait, no fuck this! I'm not gonna let these hoes stand in my way. I'm a freaking winner damn it! I'll Tanya Harding these bitches if I have too. I don't give a shit! That baldie is mine for the taking! Game on.

(She scrambles back to her feet and slowly walks downstage. Trying her best to be seductive as she prowls toward the man.)

So I saunter over...giving him my best bedroom eyes. Yeah, you want me don't ya baldie? Of course you do! That's right, here I come Mr. Shiny Head. You won't even know what--

(ZOEY suddenly stops in her tracks.)

OH GOD DAMN IT! Typical. Just freaking typical. Before I even get a chance to say, "Hi, I'm Eunice. Want a dance?" In comes Vixen, and it's over. Right then and there. Just over.

(She walks back across the stage to her chair.)

Yes, my stage name is Eunice. It's kind of a vintage throwback to my great grandmother, Eunice Jean. And well...Vixen was already taken. So...yeah.

(She gazes out awkwardly. Then pours herself another drink and chugs.)

Flash forward half an hour, and I'm on the verge of suicide. So far this New Year's I've had four whiskey and cokes that I don't have the cash to pay for, and a painfully boring heart-to-heart with Kenny, the mortgage advisor. It might interest you to know that Kenny is a spelling bee champion that is allergic to dogs. It also might interest you to know that during the entire time that I've been stuck in this mind-numbingly-boring conversation with Kenny, he hasn't bought a single dance. Fuck me sideways! Out of pure desperation I make one final attempt to persuade the nerdy little fucker into paying me.

(ZOEY leans over the chair.)

I press my tits inches from his face and say, "listen up, Kenny. As exciting as this conversation is and all. I'm in a bit of a financial hardship here. So how about you help a girl out and let me dance for you?"

(ZOEY bends over real slow with her butt facing the chair. She continues to talk with her head between her legs.)

"What do you say...Ken, Kenny, Kenny-Ken? Don't you want to buy a dance? Huh?"

(She stands up and turns back around to face him.)

I pout my lips as I anxiously wait for his response, but Kenny just continues on his rant about the real life dangers of pet dander for asthmatics. What the fuck is this guy's deal?! Blah, blah, blah, asthma, asthma, asthma- Kenny keeps talking and I zone out. Then as soon as I see him pull out his inhaler for demonstration, I haul ass over to the other side of the club. As fast as my legs can carry me in 8 inch mirrored platform heels.

(ZOEY clumsily stumbles across the stage. Then looking up, she suddenly stops.)

And that's when I saw him. Sitting there all by himself, glistening under the fiery red light of the disco ball. He smiles at me. Fuck this guy is cute!