

LET ME IN, LET ME IN

by

Shaun Dyer

Shaun Dyer
picto@pictopirate.com

Scene opens outside Plan B the hottest club in town. There's a bouncer waiting by a little red rope with a queue of people waiting to get inside. There is a low hum of chatter from the folks in the queue and some dance music in the background. Two girls dressed to the nines in little black dresses join the back of the queue, one is quite heavily pregnant and trying unsuccessfully to hide it.

PREGGERS: Phew, we finally made it! Plan B, the hottest night spot this side of Jamal's Bombay House and Animal Rescue Centre.

NICE BUT DIM: Do they have a discotheque there now?

PREGGERS: Well, no... but they do have curry. You now, which is...

NICE BUT DIM: Umm... Food?

PREGGERS: Hot! It's hot! Jesus Christ you're as vacant as the car park at a Nickelback concert aren't you?

Nice but dim sings softly to herself.

NICE BUT DIM: We all just wanna be big Rock stars-

PREGGERS: And where the hell did you get discotheque from? I mean seriously.

Nice but dim sings softly to herself.

NICE BUT DIM: And live in hill top mansions driving fifteen cars-

PREGGERS: It's a club we're going to. A club not the bloody sixties. Say it with me it's a club.

NICE BUT DIM: It's a club.

PREGGERS: Well done.

NICE BUT DIM: Thanks. By the way how do I look?

PREGGERS: You look like a million dollars babe. What about me? No one will notice the err...

Preggers motions surreptitiously to her belly.

NICE BUT DIM: The parasite waiting to burst out of your doot like that xenomorph in alien

PREGGERS: Hey! It's not that noticeable...

NICE BUT DIM: Pluto on a cloudy night is not that noticeable, the acting talent of Justin Timberlake is not that noticeable; your stomach is a giant neon sign flashing slut alert, form an orderly queue boys.

Preggers looks thoughtful for a moment then high-fives Nice But Dim.

PREGGERS: Sweet! Momma's gonna score tonight.

NICE BUT DIM: You and me both sister. I'm going to get on the dance floor and find a pretty face that I can take home and ride like a pony, oh yeah!

Nice But Dim does a strange dance that is half riding a horse and half The Macarena. Ahead of them the queue finally starts to move.

PREGGERS: Jesus would you kiss your Mum with that mouth?

NICE BUT DIM: No, but I'd kiss your Mum with it.

PREGGERS: You're disgusting.

NICE BUT DIM: Your Mum is disgusting.

PREGGERS: That's just childish.

NICE BUT DIM: Your Mum is childish.

They continue to bicker as they reach the front of the queue and before they can enter Stern Bouncer stops them.

STERN BOUNCER: Sorry Ladies not tonight eh?

PREGGERS: What do you mean not tonight?

STERN BOUNCER: Well your friend there is about three years old and you are clearly heavily pregnant...

NICE BUT DIM: Your Mum's clearly heavily pregnant!

STERN BOUNCER: See what I mean? Three years old.

NICE BUT DIM: Your Mum's three-

Preggers clamps a hand over Nice But Dim's mouth.

PREGGERS: Aww come on, she's older than she looks and this

Preggers points to her belly.

PREGGERS: Well I'm just a little out of shape because of-

STERN BOUNCER: Because of the baby growing inside of you? It's the baby right?

NICE BUT DIM: Yeah it's a baby you're right.

PREGGERS: Moron

NICE BUT DIM: Hey! Hurtful.

STERN BOUNCER: Look, I'm sorry ladies I'm going to have to ask you to leave the queue.

PREGGERS: But-

STERN BOUNCER: Next.

Preggers and Nice But Dim go to the back of the queue to strategise.

PREGGERS: OK what do we do?

NICE BUT DIM: We do what we always do when we don't get in somewhere.

Nice But Dim grabs her left breast

NICE BUT DIM: We use reason...

Nice But Dim grabs her right breast.

NICE BUT DIM: And Persuasion

PREGGERS: But this time the bouncer is a lady...

NICE BUT DIM: So? Are you saying I can't turn her with these bad boys?

Preggers looks Nice But Dim up and down

PREGGERS: Fuck it. It's worth a shot.

Nice But Dim dolls herself up a little showing some more cleavage and putting on a suggestive pout. Preggers nods her approval and they go back to the front of the queue. Nice But Dim presses herself up against Stern Bouncer and makes goo-goo eyes at her.

STERN BOUNCER: Leave. Now.

PREGGERS: Right you are

NICE BUT DIM: But...

Preggers drags Nice But Dim off to the back of the queue to regroup again.

NICE BUT DIM: What are you doing? I nearly had her.

PREGGERS: Nearly had her my arse. All you nearly had was a boot up the chuff. We need to come up with a better plan.

NICE BUT DIM: How about we find some sexy older guys? I bet she'd let us in with some sexy older guys on our arms.

PREGGERS: If we could find sexy older guys we wouldn't be here would we?

NICE BUT DIM: Good Point. Hmm...

They scratch their heads and look around for ideas then Nice But Dim jumps up triumphantly.

NICE BUT DIM: I've got it! We're wearing black.

PREGGERS: You're going to have to give me more to work on...

NICE BUT DIM: You know who else wears black?

PREGGERS: Darth Vader

NICE BUT DIM: No.

PREGGERS: People at a funeral?

NICE BUT DIM: No! Look I'm talking about mother flipping ninjas! We distract her all like Kaboom!

Nice But Dim pretends to be the bouncer putting on a stupid voice and looking away distracted

NICE BUT DIM (AS STERN BOUNCER): Oh what the fuck was that?

NICE BUT DIM: Then we sneak right in there lickety split.

PREGGERS: Meh, it's worth a shot. What can we use as a distraction though?

NICE BUT DIM: You leave that to me.

The pair go back to the front of the queue

NICE BUT DIM: Help! My friend's water has broken the baby is coming!

Stern Bouncer looks over to Preggers and Nice But Dim goes to run past her calling over her shoulder.

NICE BUT DIM: Sorry babe I couldn't save both of us.

Nice But Dim doesn't make it two steps before Stern Bouncer catches her.

PREGGERS: Out of the queue?

STERN BOUNCER: Damn straight.

They pair return disconsolately to the rear of the queue.

NICE BUT DIM: OK. I have a cunning plan.

PREGGERS: I hope this is more cunning than your last plan; which by the way involved leaving your best friend outside while you went in to party.

NICE BUT DIM: No. I really have got it this time, all we need is one of those long trench coats and...

PREGGERS: Where the hell are we going to find a trench coat?

Nice But Dim runs off into the wings.

NICE BUT DIM: Oi loser, your coat, now.

A trench coat flies in from the wings.

NICE BUT DIM: Thanks Babe!

PREGGERS: So what now?

NICE BUT DIM: We Scooby Do it!

Nice But Dim gives Pegggers two thumbs up. Pegggers sighs.

PREGGERS: Fine but I get to go on top.

The pair start to tussle one trying to get n the others shoulders then the other.

NICE BUT DIM: In your dreams I can't hike you and that belly up on my shoulders. Who do you think I am the incredible hulk?

PREGGERS: It's barely noticeable!

NICE BUT DIM: Leicester's chances of winning the Premier League are barely noticeable...

STERN BOUNCER: Look I can see you two and that ridiculous two person one coat disguise back there.

NICE BUT DIM: It's not ridiculous it works in all the cartoons.

STERN BOUNCER: You know there is a difference between real life and cartoons right?

NICE BUT DIM: Your Mum knows there's a difference-

PREGGERS: Give it up babe we're never getting in there.

STERN BOUNCER: Damn straight.

Pegggers starts to cry.

PREGGERS: Little baby Shanice is going to grow up fatherless. I'm going to lose my looks and before you know it, pow! I'm going to have to have to become a nun to pay the bills.

Nice But Dim now starts to cry.

NICE BUT DIM: At least you'll have Shanice to keep you company who will I have? Spoiler alert, I'll have nobody.

STERN BOUNCER: Your Mum'll have nobody.

The pair look over then burst into new, more dramatic floods of tears.

STERN BOUNCER: Fine, you can go in.

PREGGERS: Really you're not messing with us?

STERN BOUNCER: Cross my heart, but no drinks for you eh? The bump is too young to drink.

The pair jump to their feet, their woes forgotten.

PREGGERS: Deal!

STERN BOUNCER: And you, promise never to touch me ever again.

NICE BUT DIM: Never say never doll!

Stern Bouncer gives Nice But Dim a sharp look.

NICE BUT DIM: Fine, I agree.

Stern Bouncer pulls back the rope and Nice But Dim dashes through running down the stairs and into the audience.

NICE BUT DIM: Yeah baby we made it, woo!

PREGGERS: Hey wait up, I've gotta pay for us.

NICE BUT DIM: Aww man I thought this place was supposed to be cool.

PREGGERS: What's wrong?

NICE BUT DIM: It's just a bunch of people sat at round tables staring at the wall.

PREGGERS: Any fit ones?

Nice But Dim walks through the crowd checking people out.

NICE BUT DIM: Define fit...

Preggers finally finishes paying and comes down from the stage into the audience.

PREGGERS: Jesus it's slim pickings in here isn't it!

NICE BUT DIM: What do we do?

PREGGERS: I guess we're slumming it tonight; just pick one with the right number of fingers and drag them to the bar. They'll be good to practise on just don't give them your real number.

The pair grab a couple of people from the audience and hustle them off out the back of the audience.



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