

THIS PARTY SUCKS
by Sofya Levitsky-Weitz

About the play (from the playwright):

Cleo and KJ hole up in a hotel room in between shows. They're married, they're both musicians, but KJ's more successful than Cleo. When they encounter Cass, a fan of Cleo's who works as a towel attendant at the hotel, she sheds light on Cleo's panic about her career and her marriage. *this party sucks* is a fluid fever dream examining the artist relationship through gender, competition, and sexuality, asking us to examine what it means to love and be loved, to create and be created.

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CLEO—Female, 30s, any race

About the scene:

Near the end of the play, Cleo and KJ sit on the roof of the hotel. Cleo tries to express her frustration and anxiety about herself, their relationship, and her position in the world.

CLEO

I've done bad things

I've acted
Unkindly

Sometimes I say the things back to myself
in my head
that I've said to you
as though it's you, saying them to me
I'd kill you
I'd leave you
if you said those things to me

It's been...
I've been thinking lately
what a fucking *miracle* it is
that people love each other
that' it's this little fucking miracle
happening all around us
that people—
go to sleep thinking about someone else
who thinks about them too
that they have little conversation
in their head
with another person
before they see that person
that they think about all the little things
that make that person
their person
that they make little stupid meals together
and go on walks
and read each other's minds
and watch for their little signs
that maybe they're upset
and do the things they know will make them happy
or the things they know will make them mad
but they *know*
it's a fucking

it's a fucking miracle, right?

I'm fucked up, K
I'm really—
I'm not well
I'm unwell
I think I'd sleep with anyone who tried, right now
I think—anyone who wanted me
do I have that low self-worth that I'll just
that it's anyone

but I don't because
I'm closed off
because I'm
because I'm in love with you
and the second I hear your voice
it all just
it wipes away
my belly is just
it's dragged
four hundred feet under
the surface of the earth

so
does that make me
am I just another one of your
fucking fans?