

# The Crimson Cap Ladies Men's Night

A play for Zoom-like platforms.

By Chris McKerracher

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## CAST

Esther: Officious leader of the group.

Grace: Bitterly sarcastic when not sarcastically bitter.

Leona: Rich but frugal, easily led, widowed former trophy wife

Millie: 90 year-old free spirit

Todd: Millie's 40-ish artist neighbour

Bob: Leona's billing-happy financial manager.

Elijah: Esther's weird brainiac brother

Hortense Garnet: The strict and prickly Crimson Cap Regional Supervisor.

Pat: Hortense's new friend.

Nick: A blue collar guy with little sophistication

The scene begins with Esther peering at the screen. She looks at the camera in shock and immediately goes off camera only to re-emerge after a couple seconds.

Esther: That was close. I almost went on air with a bit of nose fluff that looked like a booger! What would the other girls think? I hope they don't think it's too early in the morning for a surprise video meeting. It is almost 7:00, after all. They shouldn't be slug-a-beds anyway. Come on, ladies... pick up...

(Leona enters her screen in a frumpy housecoat and night hat.

Leona: Esther, what are you doing? It's not even seven yet.

Esther: What took you so long Leona? I've been waiting for a good minute!

Leona: Have you lost your mind, Esther? It's not even dawn.

Esther: The early bird gets the worm, Leona.

Leona: The early worm was pretty stupid then, wouldn't you say? The early bird is a myth you know. You can eat worms all day if you want.

Esther: Eww. No thanks. Didn't you read my text from last night? I did send it a bit late but I was so excited.

Leona: No, I was foolishly sleeping at the time. What is this about?

(Millie enters her screen, also in night garb, with face mud and curlers.)

Millie: Can you keep it down to a dull roar? The residents of the cemetery down the way are starting to complain. Oh, it's you, Esther.

Esther: Oh my gosh, Millie, I thought you were The Mud Monster coming for Leona.

Leona: Can I choose between the Mud Monster and you, Esther? What was in your text which was so important? You can just tell us now. Is there an emergency?

Millie: At seven in the morning, there better be an emergency. If this doesn't involve potential loss of life or free food, I'm going back to bed.

Esther: No! Don't go back to bed. It's a positive thing. I will tell you all about it when Grace gets on here.

Millie: A positive thing. So no loss of life? How about free food? My bed is begging me to return.

Esther: Yes, there will be snacks involved.

Millie: Close enough. (Calling at the hall door.) Sorry, bed!

Leona: These better be pretty incredible snacks to wake us up for just to discuss.

Millie: Bite sized Big Turks would do it for me. Or coconut macaroons.

Leona: Well, maybe for coconut macaroons...

Esther: Well it's really not about the snacks.

Millie: Well, g'night then. I'm going back to bed.

Esther: You can't say good night at seven in the morning.

Millie: You're right. Good morning! I'm going back to bed.

Esther: Wait, here's Grace!

(Grace appears looking annoyed. She has serious bed head.)

Grace: What's going on? What's the emergency? Is everyone okay?

Leona: Yes, everyone's fine other than Esther who appears to have finally lost her last remaining marble.

Millie: I don't miss mine.

Grace: Are you kidding me? Esther, if you got me up for a stupid reason at this hour of the morning, we're getting you a paddy wagon to the funny farm, if I have to drive it myself.

Esther: Well, I'm sure you know the way. Look, if you all don't start being more positive, I'm not going to share my fantastic idea.

Grace: We're here because you finally had an idea? Crap, now I have to go find a paddy wagon.

Esther: Make sport if you wish but you will all change your tune when you hear this idea I had.

Leona: You had an idea? I'm happy you're trying new things, Esther, but can't you get ideas when normal people have them?

Esther: I had to set things in motion early because there will be lots to plan. Our monthly Crimson Cap Official Outing happens tonight and I have the most wonderful itinerary for us.

Grace: We're not going back to that creepy rodent museum, I hope. I swear every exhibit was stuffed road kill. Eating at their restaurant was out of the question.

Esther: No, this will be way better and feature one of your favourite things.

Leona: We're having a sarcasm party?

Millie: You beat me to it.

Esther: Not quite. We're going to have our very first Crimson Cap Men's Night!

(Stunned silence.)

Millie: I'm sorry, Esther, for a second there, I thought you said Crimson Cap Men's Night.

Esther: I did! Isn't that a great idea? We all like men, don't we?

Grace: As much as I like some men... George Clooney springs to mind... (her eyes glaze over.)

Esther: Snap out of it, Grace. He's taken.

Grace: ...Right. Anyway, what man in his right mind would want to come to a Crimson Cap Official Outing? Unless you're planning on doing some pole dancing, I don't see why they might come.

Leona: I'm not even sure Esther pole dancing would be that big of a draw. Not for ones with the Internet.

Millie: I don't know... I'd pay big money to see Esther pole dancing, myself. But I'm funny that way.

Esther: You're funny in lots of ways, Millie. Of course I'm not pole dancing! But we could offer other delights men like.

Grace: Like?

Esther: Beer! I know lots of men like it, despite the fact it already smells like it does after processing by the liver. Men also like hockey. There is a game on tonight. Canada versus Russia. This can't miss!

Leona: That's what you said about the rodent museum.

Millie: Men may like beer and hockey but don't you think they'll look funny in frilly crimson caps?

Esther: This is an outing, not a meeting. We should just dress casually. Not as casually as you two, but you know what I mean. Do any of you have a jersey?

Leona: I do have a nightgown with a cow on it but I think it's a Hereford, not a Jersey. That's a weird question, though.

Esther: Never mind. Just wear what you'd wear on a regular outing. Oh, by the way, do you mind hosting, Millie? You'll get to keep all the beer cans.

Millie: Sold! Some of the cans in the can curtain going to the kitchen need a little updating. The Calgary Export cans, in particular, make it look a bit dated.

Grace: I am still not clear where we will find men to come to watch a hockey game which will be on the big screen down at Dave's Bar. What do we have to offer they can't get there?

Millie: Besides Esther pole dancing?



Esther: Besides our sparkling female company, you mean? Well, not to put too fine a point on it, our beer is free.

Leona: Who is paying for all this beer?

Esther: I will spring for the beer myself, if it's going to be an issue. How much can a six pack cost, anyway?

Grace: Do you really believe one six pack will satisfy the thirst of a bunch of men? Have you actually met a man before, Esther?

Millie: You know what they say... a beer between friends is just not enough beer.

Esther: In all my dealings with men, none of them were after beer.

Leona: Oh? What were they after, Esther? You're not much of a cook, so...

Grace: Whatever they were after, I'm sure Esther's agreeable personality was like the perfect combination chastity belt and testosterone repellent.

Esther: Not at all. I just swore to myself never to settle for someone.

Leona: Sadly, it meant no one was willing to settle for you either, apparently.

Millie: Better to be with no one than the wrong one, though.

Grace: Or a whole string of really wrong ones...

Esther: Too much information, Grace.

Millie: No way! Tell us everything!

Leona: You don't have to make eye contact with Esther while you tell us! Pretend she's not on here.

Grace: Let's just say being easy ain't easy and so I eventually became impossible. Until George, of course. He wasn't perfect but he had faults I could live with.

Millie: If that's not the definition of true love, I don't know what is.

Leona: I agree. Harold certainly had his moments but then... he'd have his other moments, you know?

Esther: It must have been easier for you, Leona, being a trophy wife and all.

Leona: Some may think so but if you catch them with youth and beauty alone, you might be replaced when you stop looking like those sculpted figures on women's sports trophies.

Grace: Please don't share how you kept Harold happy while I still have an appetite for breakfast.

Millie: Breakfast sounds good! I'm thinking pizza!

Esther: Pizza? For breakfast? What pizza place is even open at this ungodly hour?

Grace: Let's not forget this ungodly hour was brought to you by Esther and her Big Idea. You should have to buy us all breakfast. I'll have eggs Benedict, thank you very much.

Millie: I'd order eggs Benedict but I always feel like a traitor when I do.

Leona: What are you talking about, Millie?

Esther: Have you never heard of Benedict Arnold, Leona?

Leona: I remember Arnold the pig from Green Acres.

Esther: That makes one of us. Let's get back to what's important; my idea. Millie's pizza suggestion might work for men's night. Men like pizza.

Grace: Just don't order something healthy or they won't eat it... meat lovers is the safe bet.

Millie: Yes, because all men are identical, right? There are lots of men who like whatever kind of pizza you can name.

Leona: I'd bet some men even like it with pineapple, for crying out loud. Who'd eat something sweet with meat?

Esther: Never had cranberry sauce with turkey?

Grace: Or apple sauce with pork?

Millie: Or fries with gravy?

Leona: What has fries and gravy got to do with anything?

Millie: I don't know about you but I think fries and gravy would be pretty sweet right about now.

(As the conversation continues, Millie takes out her phone and pokes at it for a minute.)

Esther: What will be sweet is having a lovely evening watching hockey with a bunch of men. When is the last time any of us spent quality time with a male of the species?

Leona: Not since my poor husband, Harold, passed away. Probably a few years before that, actually. When the lead in his pencil turned into a gel pen, he lost all interest in the Temperpedic Tango.

Grace: Way too much info, Leona. And it's called the Posture-pedic Polka. It's not like we are trying to get a squad of men to come in so we can seduce them.

Millie: I thought it was the Serta Samba. That was the part of the idea I liked. That and the pizza.

Grace: I'm just cringing at the thought of the type of man we will attract with the offer of free beer.

Esther: How about this... each of us is responsible for inviting a guy. Not as a date but just to hang out. We will have beer, pretzels, chips and pizza.

Leona: Maybe some jerky, too. I heard men like that stuff, a lot. Sweets for the sweet, I say. Jerky describes men nicely.

Millie: We could get some oysters. I heard they are a natural aphrodisiac.

Grace: That's a myth. I fed a half dozen to one of my dates and only four of them worked.

Esther: Eeeew!

Leona: Was that ewww for the oysters or the mental image?

Esther: Yes.

Millie: I guess I could invite young Todd over from next door. He's such a nice young lad... a bit squirrely but nice.

Grace: That's that weird artist friend of yours? He should fit right in.

Esther: I'll see if I can get him in the meeting room. Text me his number, Millie.

Millie: Hang on while I get the door. I ordered fries and gravy. (Millie walks away without shutting off her cam.)

Leona: I suppose I could get Bob, my financial advisor, to come by. I would have to pay his hourly rate but he's a good sport. I'll send you his info.

Grace: So we are paying for male company now? Is that our level of desperation? I may have to bust into my piggy bank.

Esther: A piggy bank to pay for male company sounds somewhat appropriate though, don't you think?

Leona: Haha! Do you know what men put on their boobos? Oinkment! (General laughter.)

Grace: Do you know how many men it takes to change a lightbulb? Just one but also a woman to tell him how amazing and strong he was to be able to do it.

Esther: (Laughing) I don't think it is helpful to have a man-bashing session right before our first Crimson Cap Men's Night.

Grace: Spoilsport.

(Millie returns eating fries.)

Esther: Good heavens, Millie. Where did you get those?

Millie: I have my connections. I just call a number and nice young men bring me food.

Leona: Anyone can order from Skip the Dishes, Millie. So who are you inviting to the soirée, Grace?

Grace: I haven't a clue.

Millie : We know, but we love you anyway.

Grace: Well... I did have one guy in mind. I was thinking maybe Nick from the lumber yard. Even though he hasn't got all his fingers, I heard if he likes you, he gives good deals on housewares and stuff.

Millie: That would be handy. I could use a new toaster... in a related note, don't put out toaster fires with a Super Soaker squirt gun.

Esther: I'll alert the press. Are you sure Nick is a good option, Grace? He seems... unrefined... hang on... Todd is entering the meeting.

(Todd appears, looking haggard but wearing comical pyjamas.)

Todd: When I saw the invite, I thought something had happened to Millie! I was so afraid for you, neighbour!

Millie: I'm fine, dear. So sweet of you to be concerned. The way people worry, I wonder if they know something I don't know.



Grace: I'm sorry, Millie, but everyone knows gobs of things you don't know.

Todd: That wasn't nice. You should apologize to Millie. She is a wonderful lady. She makes the best cherry cheesecake!

Leona: Actually Todd, I made that cheesecake.

Todd: Oh but Millie said... uh.. never mind.

Esther: Busted. Shame on you Millie.

Grace: I am shocked your pants aren't on fire at this very moment, Millie.

Millie: People wear pants on here? Look, when I handed you the cake and I said I made it, I... uh... I meant I made it over to your house to give it to you.like.. TA DAH! I made it!

Leona: It must have been an arduous journey, being right next door and all. I hope you packed a lunch for the ordeal.

Millie: No, but I did have some of the cheesecake.

Todd: Now that we have that all cleared up, is there anything else of stupendous importance you needed to discuss before the crack of dawn?

Esther: Yes! As a matter of fact there is! As president of the Crimson Cap Ladies, on behalf of our organization, I would like to extend an invitation to you for our inaugural Men's Night Social tonight at 7:00 PM. We want you to come to Millie's to watch hockey, eat pizza and drink beer!

Todd: Well, I think watching sports is boring and beer tastes vile. Vodka coolers are okay, though. I don't mind pizza, either, if it's vegan with a gluten-free crust. I like mine with tofu, bean sprouts and turnip.

Grace: No pineapple?

Todd: Of course not. That would be gross. I'm not sure I can make it tonight though. I... uh... have... a... a thing.

Millie: I know what a hectic social life you lead, Todd. Why I bet you go out to party almost every other year. What is this thing you have... besides a fear of us ladies?

Esther: Come on, Todd. Don't be a party pooper. (Singing) Every party has a pooper that's why we invited you...

All but Todd: Party pooper!

Leona: I tell you what, Todd, if you come over, I will make you another cheesecake.

Todd: Okay, okay, but can you bring it over when you make it? Millie ate, like, half of the last one.

Millie: I was concerned about your sugar intake and wanted to do what I could to help.

Leona: It's a promise, Todd.

Todd: Fine. Well, I guess I will see you all at seven.

Esther: Bye Todd! See you at the soirée!

Millie: Nice to see you, Todd. Cute jammies!

(Todd closes his window.)

Grace: Well that's one, at least. We won't be skunked.

Esther: I'm bringing Bob into the conversation.

Bob: Hello? Is everything okay, Leona? What's going on?

Leona: Everything's fine, Bob. The girls and I are planning a little hockey party tonight and we were wondering if you can make it. We're having beer and pizza!

Bob: Beer and pizza with you four ladies? How... uh... interesting. Why?

Esther: We felt it was time to break the gender barrier in our Official Crimson Cap Outings and were going over all the men we know. Your name came up, being Leona's financial manager.

Millie: She called you because you're the only fella in her contacts.

Bob: I really can't think of any reason I would want to...

Leona: I will pay you your hourly rate.

Bob: Oh, well, then. What time should I be there? What should I bring? Just name it. I will be submitting the bill for it anyway.

Grace: Hey, Esther, why not get Bob to pick up the beer?

Esther: I have a better idea, Grace. Say, Bob, since you can just turn around and bill us, do you want to pick up the beer? I was thinking of one for each of us, so an eight pack of assorted beer?

Bob: One? Each? Like, per person? That's not even worth the paperwork to process.

Esther: Someone can have two beers since we also have to get a vodka cooler for Todd.

Bob: How much are you paying Todd?

Millie: Leona promised him a cheesecake.

Bob: Dang, I should have negotiated one of those in my contract, too. Being Italian, I'm not much for beer, though, ladies. I definitely prefer wine. From Italy, of course. Don't worry. I can pick out an excellent selection or two.

Esther: I'm suddenly picturing dollar bills flying out the window.

Millie: It's okay, Esther. Your money is safe. Leona and I put the screens up on the windows last week.

Grace: So Bob, do you have a discount rate for people who aren't loaded like Leona is?

Bob: You need financial advice?

Grace: No, I am supposed to bring someone to a wedding next month.

Bob: I'm not a gigolo, you know.

Grace: I'll pay cash. No receipt.

Bob: I'll DM you.

Esther: Bob, I will text you with our liquor order after we have the guest list nailed down. Don't buy anything until you hear from me.

Bob: No problem but if it all falls through, I'm charging for an after hours consultation. I'm sorry. It's company policy which can't be changed.

Leona: You are self-employed, Bob... you are your company's only employee.

Bob: I know but the boss is super cheap. It's out of my hands. Anyway, I must be off. I'll watch for your text, Esther.

(Bob leaves the meeting.)

Esther: That's two now, ladies! It's coming together nicely!

Grace: We may have to increase our club fees to cover the cost of hiring men to visit us. Who knew they were so high maintenance?

Esther: We aren't paying for Bob. We can't afford him. That's Leona's baby. I'm not even sure I can afford his wine.

Leona: At least I have a date. Who are you inviting, Esther? I'm dying to know.

Esther: Well, I'll give you a couple hints. He's smart, kind of cute, is fairly hygienic for a male and has a decent job at the university.

Millie: You're inviting your brother, Elijah? Isn't that a little kinky?

Esther: As previously mentioned, this is not that kind of party.

Grace: Elijah would be the last man I would invite to that kind of party. He is crushingly boring. At Esther's 50th birthday party he spent his time trying to figure out string theory.

Millie: And he doesn't even play guitar.

Leona: Really Esther? I can't imagine Elijah being interested in hockey.

Esther: He owes me a favour. He made me take his overdue library books back. I had to rent a truck to haul

them all. He's a bit forgetful. The fine was approaching the four digit range.

Leona: Speaking of approaching four digits, are you going to ask Nick, Grace?

Grace: I guess so. I can't think of anyone else and Leona's already got dibs on hiring Bob. At least I wouldn't have to pay Nick to come but he might expect a little action being invited to a party.

Millie: I can ask him. I doubt he would make a pass at a 90 year old and if he does... Que sera sera.

Grace: Good grief Millie. Given your age difference, don't you think health issues might be a concern?

Millie: If he dies, he dies.

Esther: Quiet everyone. I am bringing Elijah into the conversation. Hello, Elijah!

Elijah: Esther! I'm having a most peculiar moment of perceived reality. I see the faces of all your strange associates on my electronic device.

Esther: Yes, Elijah. This is a virtual meeting with my friends. They can hear you.



Elijah: They can? That is stupendously fascinating!  
(Looking about.) Hello? Hello?

Grace: Haven't you ever been in a Vroom meeting before, Elijah?

Elijah: Oh my gosh! They can speak, too! Amazing technology. Are these real people or holograms, Esther?

Esther: My friends are all on a video conference call with you right now in real time. We were wondering if you would like to come to Millie's tonight to watch hockey.

Elijah: Millie has an ice hockey arena in her basement?

Grace: No, Elijah, we are going to watch it on TV. Not live.

Elijah: Oh oh, I see. Yes, I've heard of people doing that. Very odd behaviour. Watching others play games seems unsatisfying, one would think.

Leona: It's kind of inescapable in our country.

Elijah: Yes. Indeed. I saw the game played once on an airport television. Give each team their own rubber disc, I say. Problem solved.

Esther: So you'll come? We'll have beer and everything.

Elijah: What? Beer? Ah yes. An ancient beverage credited with making humans switch from hunter/gatherer societies to agrarian ones. There are samples discovered which date back 12,000 years, at least four millennia before wine.

Leona: So... you like beer?

Elijah: No. horrid stuff. Tastes like kidney squeezings. I do not go for beer or wine of any sort. My body is a temple.

Esther: Wait a minute. I remember now. You drink cognac.

Elijah: Indeed. Nectar of the gods. Far beyond mere alcohol. It is a multi synaptic sensory experience! Plus you don't pee as much as from beer.

Millie: Don't forget to mention the pizza. It's my favourite part so far.

Esther: Oh yes. The pizza. We didn't have it as youngsters. It was considered "uncultured" food.

Leona: Compared to what? Yoghurt?

Esther: We ate very European; a lot of cheeses and cold cuts... different breads... fancy soups... that sort of thing. Never fast food. I didn't have a Big Mac until I was thirty.

Grace: I'm sure it was memorable for you.

Esther: I'll say. Elijah brought it back from the city for me but he forgot it in the car on a hot day for a while. He also forgot to tell me how long it sat. It was the last Big Mac I've ever eaten. If I even think of the smell of the special sauce I... (She fights down the urge to hurl.)

Elijah: I'd forgotten all about that tragic incident. I got special sauce all over my dashboard.

Millie: I think we should talk more about the pizza.

Grace: You'll like pizza, Elijah. It's very high class food. It's like Persian-inspired naan bread, spread with a tangy sauce reminiscent of marinara, then covered with a charcuterie board of cheese and thinly sliced meat.

Elijah: Sounds intriguing. I love sandwiches.

Esther: They're not really... never mind. So you'll come tonight?

Elijah: I will endeavour to attend this strange event. I should caution you, however, I do have a bad... um... that thing which stores experiences and ideas...

Leona: Memory?

Elijah: No, that's not it. Oh, wait, yes, so it is.

Esther: You already told me about this about 100 times. We will see you at Millie's at seven then.

Elijah: Whatever for?

Esther: Be here or I will buy your grandchildren the noisiest Christmas presents you ever heard. You owe me, don't forget. Remember the library books?

Elijah: Seven sharp it is, then. Cheerio!

(Elijah leaves the conversation.)

Esther: Uh oh. Code Red. It's Mrs. Garnet, the Crimson Cap Regional Supervisor wanting to join the meeting.

Grace: Can't you have a technical glitch and not allow her in?

Esther: I better not. Let's see what she wants.

(Hortense Garnet's window opens.)

Hortense: Hello, Ladies. You're all looking as fresh as daisies, I see.

Leona: We moved Casual Friday to Saturday morning.

Millie: Hello Hor... (snicker) Hortense... (snort)

Hortense: It's Mrs. Garnet, to you, Millie. I am mystified why you find my name is so amusing.

Esther: How can we help you, Hortense?

Hortense: I see you haven't filed your report for an upcoming Official Crimson Cap Outing and today is the last day of the Crimson Month. Do you have an outing planned or must I write you up for negligence?

Esther: As a matter of fact, Hortense, that's what we are doing at this very moment, planning our Official Outing for tonight.

Hortense: Indeed. And what, pray tell, have you got in mind at this late date?

Grace: I can't wait to see her expression when she hears.

Leona: Can this app record? This will be epic.

Millie: I should have ordered popcorn with my fries and gravy.

Esther: Quiet, Ladies, you're not helping.

Hortense: Helping what, Esther? What are you up to now? The regional council has their eye on this chapter, you know. Spit it out. What are you planning?

Esther: Well... uh... the girls and I thought... you know.... together... that it would be good to have... a... like... a Crimson Cap Men's Night.

Hortense: MEN'S NIGHT? Like, with men? Are you out of your minds? Which part of the Ladies in Crimson Cap Ladies are you missing?

Esther: We just felt it was time to break the gender barrier in our outings is all. We aren't inviting them to join the group. What's the matter, Hortense? You don't like men?

Hortense: I have despised every man ever since my useless husband, Stanley, left me for a younger, better looking partner.

Grace: That's tragic. What was her name?

Hortense: His name was Lance.

All but Hortense: Oooooohhhh.

Hortense: As the Regional Supervisor I insist on being invited to this function. The good name of the Crimson Cap Nation may be at stake.

Leona: What about the rule where everyone coming to the party has to bring someone?

Millie: It's only fair. You must have old flames in your little black book, Mrs. Garnet.

Hortense: Old flames turn into ash holes, didn't you know?

Esther: Come on, Hortense, there must be someone you like to spend time with. Surely you're not a total hermit.

Hortense: Well I guess I could ask Pat... We met in the Crappy Tire returns lineup five times in one month.

Leona: Pat, eh? Does he like hockey? We're watching the Canada Russia game.

Grace: A fella none of us has ever met might be intriguing.

Hortense: Hang on, I'm finding Esther the contact info...

Millie: I hope he's an older guy.

Esther: Okay, I have Pat entering the meeting.

(Pat appears. She appears suspicious. The Ladies all look shocked )

Pat: What's this all about?

Hortense: Hey Pat. These are those women I was telling you about. They want to have some kind of hockey party. With men.

Pat: Men?

Hortense: I know, right? Anyway, I have to attend to make sure nothing sick and depraved occurs but they insist I bring someone. Do you like hockey?

Pat: Hell ya! I played defence for the Pickardville Pylons. We went all the way to the provincials!

Hortense: I didn't know about that, Pat. That must have been exciting! We have a lot to discover about one another, don't we?

Pat: We sure do, Horty. You like hockey, too, right?

Hortense: Oh... uh... sure! All that.... ice... and... stuff.

Grace: Ummm... so.... are you two, like, dating?

Hortense and Pat: No! (Much nervous laughter.)

Hortense: Heck no!



Pat: Absolutely not! What a silly thing to say, right, Horty?  
We're just friends!

Hortense: Yes! Friends! I mean we're both women after all  
so that's just craziness.

Millie: It doesn't matter to us. We don't judge.

Leona: Well, Esther is kind of judgy.

Esther: Oh and Grace isn't? Please. So, Pat, we were  
thinking of having beer and pizza. Do you have any  
preferences.

Pat: If you're watching hockey, you have to have beer. I  
love the craft beer with all the exotic flavours. I am quite  
partial to chocolate infused brews with strong hoppy after  
tones. It's pricey, but worth it. Minimum order is a flat of  
24.

Leona: Well, at least we found someone who actually likes  
beer.

Millie: And hockey. Not sure where she stands on men,  
though.

Esther: Millie!

Pat: It's okay. Standing on men sounds like a great idea!  
With my hockey skates on.

Hortense: So you'll come tonight? We only have to stay  
long enough to ensure there are no unseemly  
shenanigans.

Pat: You mean if there's shenanigans, we have to leave?  
That's the best part of a party!

Millie: I like you already! If you like pizza, that is.

Pat: I love pizza but cheese bungs me up. I was so  
constipated one time, I had to use a plunger.

Hortense: Pat! TMI! Umm... which end did you use to  
help?

Pat: I used the plunger on the toilet, of course. It was like  
crapping a cinderblock.

Millie: So a three cheese pizza is a big no then, eh?

Hortense: Don't listen to that one, Pat. She's the one I  
was telling you about with the happy hay problem.

Millie: Problem? It's more of a solution!

Pat: I don't give a rat's patootie what other people do, as long as it doesn't affect me. You gotta relax, Horty.

Hortense: If you say so, Pat. Do you mind if I drive? Your Harley might attract unwanted attention.

Pat: Sure. Anything you want, Horty. That way I can be the designated drunk. Maybe come a bit early so I can pre-drink before the party.

Hortense: Um. I guess that would be okay. (She giggles coquettishly.) Well, we better be off to let the girls plan their event. I'm sure they have a lot to discuss.

Leona: I'll say.

Esther: About the party, of course! See you both later! If there are any changes, we will let you know.

(Hortense and Pat both close their windows.)

Grace: I must say, the party just got more interesting!

Esther: And more expensive. Oh dear! A whole flat of craft beer?

Millie: I thought today couldn't get any weirder but as usual, whenever I think it, it does. That's why I love you guys.

Leona: Now it's just you, Grace. Everyone else has someone to bring. Even Hortense.

Millie: Do you want me to ask Nick so he doesn't get funny ideas?

Grace: No I better do this. He doesn't even hardly know you and he will assume I put you up to it anyway.

Esther: I've been trying to get him on the call but he isn't answering.

Grace: He probably doesn't recognize you and thinks you're a scammer or something. I'll just text him and tell him to connect.

Leona: Who hasn't been on a Vroom meeting by now? He really should get with the program. Is he slow?

Esther: Elijah hadn't ever been on a Vroom call either and he's a university professor. Maybe cut Nick some slack.

Millie: Ya but Elijah may be super smart in some areas but stupid comes in many forms.

Grace: Spoken like a true expert on stupidity.

Esther: Hush now, I have Nick on. Hello Nick!

Nick: What is this? A shakedown? What do you broads want?

Grace: Now, Nick, don't you remember our little talk about the word broads?

Nick: Oh ya... chicks hate being called broads.

Grace: The LADIES and I are having a bit of a gathering to watch the big hockey game tonight. We thought you might want to watch it with us over beer and pizza.

Nick: So chicks and beer and grub. What's this going to cost me?

Esther: You'll pay us? That's a refreshing change, at least.

Grace: Esther is buying the beer. She's springing for a whole eight pack.

Nick: An 8 pack each? That's a start I suppose.

Leona: Holy mackerel ! How much beer can you drink?

Nick: I can't say for sure... We should find out!

Esther: No! I mean... there must be a limit. We can't just pour beer after beer down your throat. This is supposed to be a cultural event.

Nick: I thought it was a sporting event. We're not big on that culture stuff. Hockey museums are okay, though.

Millie: What kind of pizza do you like, Nick?

Nick: I don't give a crap as long as it fills the gap, you know? I'll eat whatever.

Leona: Pineapple okay?

Nick: Sure. Whatever. I ain't picky. Just none of them fresh tomatoes on there. That's just gross. And no onions, olives or mushrooms. Not any vegetable, really. Or shrimp.

Esther: So meat lovers then?

Nick: Sure. Like I said. Whatever. So it'll just be the... (very slowly he counts the screen images) five of us?

Grace: No, Nick, we are inviting other men, too. We know you wouldn't want to feel outnumbered.

Nick: Wanna bet? Heh heh heh.

Millie: Grace only asked you because I wanted her to, Nick. Remember me?

Nick: Ya. You're the dame what needs help with one bingo card. Nice to see you still on the right side of the daisies if you know what I mean.

Millie: Charmed, I'm sure.

Nick: Whatever. So, Grace you sexy thing... what time does the orgy start again? (He pronounces orgy with a hard g.)

Esther: There won't be one and it's pronounced orgy! The g sound isn't hard, nor will anything else be at the party. Or else.

Nick: You're a spicy one! I like spicy!

Millie: Speaking of spicy, we could get jalapeños on the pizza!

Nick: not a chance. They're a vegetable. Anyway, I have to go fix me some breakfast. I might need the protein if you know what I'm saying. I'll let you know about the party, though. I forgot what Esther is like. Even for free beer... jeez.

(He logs out.)

Esther: This is a debacle. If we don't pay men to spend time with us, in cash, beer or baked goods, they won't come. Each wants a different pizza and adding in a flat of craft beer, a keg of Nick's beer and bottles of imported wine and this will cost me a small fortune!

Grace: Mixing men with Crimson Cap outings is one of those ideas which sounds good in theory but in practice is pretty stupid.

Millie: Like the combination spoon and fork... the spork?

Leona: I was thinking plus-sized yoga pants.

Esther: In any case, I am sorry but I think we will have to cancel our Men's Night. We really can't afford it and Nick creeps me out.

Millie: I have an idea. Why don't we still have the Men's Night but instead of inviting men, we just talk about them disparagingly?

Leona: Yes and instead of beer we can have fizzy wine and cinnamon tequila!

Grace: And instead of hockey, we could watch Dirty Dancing again! There's men in that movie, after all.



Millie: We can still have pizza, can't we?

Esther: Yes, Millie. We can have pizza. Maybe even a meat lovers pizza just to keep with the theme. Why this sounds like the best Crimson Cap Men's Night ever!

