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TRACY JONES was first workshopped at The Burrow, Copake Lake, New York. The cast was as follows:

TRACY JONES #1 Bronwen Booth
TRACY JONES #2 Cyd McDowell
TRACY JONES #3 Will Nolan
PERSONAL-PARTY-SERVER/
HOST-WITH-THE-MOST Tate Beech
STAGE DIRECTIONS Michael Kaplan-Nolan and Eden Beech

TRACY JONES was first produced as a National New Play Network Rolling World Premiere (Nan Barnett, Executive Director) by CenterStage Theatre at the JCC (Ralph Meranto, Artistic Director), New York; Williamston Theatre (Tony Caselli, Artistic Director; Chris Purchis, Managing Director; Emily Sutton-Smith, Executive Director), Michigan; and Island City Stage (Andy Rogow, Artistic Director; Martin Childers, Managing Director), Florida. For more information, please visit nnpn.org.

At the CenterStage Theatre at the JCC, it was directed by Lindsay Warren Baker, the scenic design was by David Daniels, the costume design was by Cathy Johnson, the propmaster/deck manager was Jillian Christensen, the set dressing was by Marc Cataldi and Ralph Meranto, and the production stage manager was Jess Ames. The cast was as follows:

TRACY JONES #1 Erin-Kate Howard
TRACY JONES #2 Vicki Casarett
TRACY JONES #3 Christopher Conway
PERSONAL-PARTY-SERVER/
HOST-WITH-THE-MOST Natalia Stornello

At the Williamston Theatre, it was directed by Tony Caselli, the scenic design was by Zech Saenz, the lighting design was by Shannon Schweitzer, the costume design was by Karen Kangas-Preston, the sound design was by Brian Cole, the props design/set dressing was by Michelle Raymond, and the production stage managers were Stefanie Din and Rebecca MacCreery. The cast was as follows:

TRACY JONES #1 Emily Sutton-Smith
TRACY JONES #2 Madelyn Porter
TRACY JONES #3 Steve DeBruyne
PERSONAL-PARTY-SERVER/
HOST-WITH-THE-MOST Allison Megroet

At the Island City Stage, it was directed by Andy Rogow, the scenic and lighting designs were by Ardean Landhuis, the costume design was by W Emil White, the sound design was by David Hart, the props design was by Denise Proffitt and Michael Madigan, and the production stage manager was Roy Abbott. The cast was as follows:

TRACY JONES #1 Niki Fridh
TRACY JONES #2 Irene Adjan
TRACY JONES #3 Matthew Buffalo
PERSONAL-PARTY-SERVER/
HOST-WITH-THE-MOST Sara Grant

CHARACTERS

TRACY JONES #1 (TRACY). Female. Late 30s–50s. A desperate hostess. Clings hard to the way that she thinks things should be and has an ugliness at times that makes it clear why she has difficulty connecting with anyone else, but we also feel the depths of her loneliness. We cringe at her choices and actions, but also root for her. Any race.

TRACY JONES #2 (ELEANOR). Female. Older than Tracy. A lover of books. Desperate to fit in. Any race.

TRACY JONES #3 (MACKENZIE). Male. 30s–40s. Uncertain of himself. Lost and trying to find his way. Any race.

PERSONAL-PARTY-SERVER/HOST-WITH-THE-MOST (JILLIE). Female. 17. Personal-Party-Server/Host-with-the-Most at Jones Street Bar and Grill—the Place for Wings (and Things), eager to make the customer’s experience as good as possible. Completely genuine without an ounce of snarkiness. Any race.

NOTES

For clarity in this script, the characters are referred to as their names in parentheses. However in production programs, the characters should be listed as: Tracy Jones #1, Tracy Jones #2, Tracy Jones #3, Personal-Party-Server/Host-with-the-Most.

Diversity in casting is strongly encouraged.

An ellipsis ... signifies a pause or beat or someone searching for the right word.

A slash / signifies when the next person starts their line, overlapping the dialogue.

Brackets [] signify what someone would be about to say but doesn’t.

SETTING

The back “party room” of Jones Street Bar and Grill—the Place for Wings (and Things), a local chain restaurant of sorts. This is not the more popular mall location. The restaurant is a character as well—needy and longing for attention and trying a bit harder than it should.

An undefined city in an undefined state (though you can feel free to set it in your town and state and decorate it accordingly).

The present.

TRACY JONES

The back “party room” of Jones Street Bar and Grill—the Place for Wings (and Things), a chain restaurant akin to Applebee’s, TGI Fridays, Chili’s... “Fun” paraphernalia decorates the room. [Local references to streets, towns, and teams are encouraged.]

The room is set for a party—tables set with drinks and glasses, buffalo wings and extra sauce in bowls and in squeeze bottles, chips and dip, crudités platter—service for about a hundred guests.

There is also a table filled with already filled-out name tags and nicely wrapped small packages, and a table with card-stock Bingo cards and a glass of crayons.

A large banner with the words “Welcome Tracy Jones!” spreads across the room.

A large-screen television, usually tuned to a sports game or karaoke, hangs on a wall and is where the PowerPoint will be shown. Maybe there’s a small stage and a microphone for karaoke.

A swinging door leads offstage and is the room’s only entrance. The outside of the door, unseen now, has a sign that says “Now Entering Funtime Party Zone!” The inside of the door, now seen, has a sign that says “Now Leaving Funtime Party Zone!” The room has no windows.

Music plays faintly from the main part of the restaurant. Something cheery and obnoxious that frat boys and soccer moms might think they’re cool rocking out to.

Tracy Jones, nicely dressed and wearing a name tag that says, “Hi, My Name is Tracy Jones,” sits alone. She’s been waiting in this room for an hour and none of her guests have arrived.

She slurps her glass of Diet Coke through a straw, finishing the drink.

She looks at her phone.

She gets up, takes a pitcher from a table, refills her Diet Coke, then starts drinking it.

She grabs a chip, scoops a big bite of dip, and eats it. Then another. Then realizes she's upset the appearance of the dip so uses another chip to rebeautify the surface of the dip.

She looks at her phone, upset by the time and the lack of any messages. She continues drinking her Diet Coke.

She pushes open the door—as she does this, the music outside the room gets louder. She is about to peek her head out to see if anyone is out there, but decides not to look out. They will come. They are coming.

She lets go of the door and it closes. The music is muffled again.

She stands looking at the room. She's already arranged and rearranged and re-rearranged things to perfection over the last hour.

Her smile slowly devolves as she begins hyperventilating and then makes low, injured animal sounds that emanate from deep within her.

A man in his forties-fifties enters through the swinging door with an energy like he's decided to finally take a plunge into a cold pool. It is Mackenzie. Tracy doesn't see him as she talks to herself.

TRACY. Stop it!!!

Mackenzie freezes, thinking she's talking to him—Red light.

You've got this. You can do this.

Mackenzie, pretty sure she's talking to herself now, but a bit uncertain, slowly continues into the room—Green Light.

No!

Mackenzie freezes again—Red Light.

This is a mistake, this is all a mistake.

Mackenzie chickens out and quickly leaves—Green Light.

Tracy takes some deep breaths, then forces another huge smile on her face.

No.

They're coming.

They're coming.

Another breath.

Name tags, drinks, food, game, prize, PowerPoint, mingling, cake.

Name tags, drinks, food, game, prize, PowerPoint, mingling, cake.

Another breath. A calmer, excited, and genuine smile comes.

This is good. This is gonna be good.

She confidently refills her Diet Coke again. She stands up straight and smiles. She contentedly drinks the Diet Coke.

The door swings open and Jillie, seventeen, a personal-party-server/host-with-the-most, enters.

Tracy chokes a tiny bit in her delighted surprise.

JILLIE. Hi!

TRACY. (*Sooooo relieved and excited.*) Welcome!

(*Fallen upon seeing Jillie.*) Who are you?

JILLIE. I'm your new Jones Street Bar and Grill—the Place for Wings (and Things)—personal-party-server-slash-host-with-the-most. (*As she's rehearsed.*) We are so glad that you've been able to join us and be our kith and kin.

TRACY. What happened to the other one?

JILLIE. Maggie?

TRACY. Maybe?

JILLIE. Your other personal-party-server-slash-host-with-the-most?

TRACY. I guess.

JILLIE. Maggie.

TRACY. She hasn't been in in over twenty minutes.

I thought maybe there were a bunch of guests that arrived all at the

same time and she was swamped with welcoming them all, though we have a whole plan—

JILLIE. Name tags, drinks, food, game, prize, PowerPoint, mingling, cake.

TRACY. ...Yes. How did you—

JILLIE. Maggie told me. She was your other personal-party-server—

TRACY. Yes. I got that.

JILLIE. She said you kept quizzing her to make sure she memorized it.

TRACY. Where is she? Is she outside welcoming everyone and—

JILLIE. No. Austin went home sick.

Food poisoning.

But not from here! He ate at home.

TRACY. That's reassuring.

Who's Austin?

JILLIE. Bartender.

Carlos is suspended from bartending because of his incident with the day care workers at their holiday party,

Jamal, our host-with-the-most who checks you in, says his sponsor says it's a bad idea for him to do it,

and Teresa supposedly hurt her toe

so Maggie had to take over.

That's where she is. At the bar instead of Austin.

TRACY. Why not you?

JILLIE. I'm not eighteen so I'm not allowed. Plus it's my first day—

Shoot. I wasn't supposed to say that.

Please don't tell them I said that.

TRACY. So you're the new helper / that my package includes—

JILLIE. Personal-party-server-slash-host-with-the-most.

She spots a food table and frowns.

Oh no. This shouldn't be like this.

She moves the crudités platter to the wings table.

The crudités should be on the same table as the wings to encourage celery-wing amalgamation.

(Was it a test for her?!) I wonder why Maggie did that?

TRACY. *(Taking the crudités platter and moving it back.)* Oh, I moved it to keep the vegetables separate from the meat.

For the vegetarians.

JILLIE. Thank you for your initiative, but that's not the Jones Street Bar and Grill—the Place for Wings (and Things) way. See— *(Moving the crudités back.)*—this way the wings *(Gesturing to the wings.)* and things *(Gesturing to the vegetables.)* are together because kith and kin love celery with their wings.

We learned all about that in our “Wonderful, Weird, Wacky World of Wings (and Things)” training!

(Acting it out.) “It was a frigid Buffalo night in 1964 at the Anchor Bar when Teresa Bellissimo—”

TRACY. I'll take your word for it.

She moves the crudités back.

JILLIE. You don't want to hear the history of the wing?

TRACY. I'm good.

So there's no guests outside yet?

JILLIE. *(Ever cheery.)* Nope! But you've got me!

She goes to move the crudités.

TRACY. I'd really like it to be separate!

JILLIE. ...

I hear you and your concerns.

My job as your Jones Street Bar and Grill—the Place for Wings (and Things) / personal—

TRACY. Do you have to do that every time?

JILLIE. Do what?

TRACY. Say the whole name of the restaurant.

JILLIE. It's protocol.

TRACY. It seems like a lot to say.

JILLIE. Oh, I don't mind.

TRACY. The other host—

JILLIE. Personal-party-server-slash-host—

TRACY. The other party server lady—

JILLIE. Maggie.

TRACY. She didn't say it every time.

JILLIE. She didn't?

TRACY. I'm OK if you don't want to say it all the time.
I won't tell.

Because it seems like a lot.

JILLIE. That's very kind of you. (*Moving the crudités platter.*) But the job of the personal-party-server-slash-host-with-the-most is to follow all Jones Street Bar and Grill—the Place for Wings (and Things) protocol and guidelines while providing kith and kin with the utmost succor.

TRACY. Succor?

JILLIE. Isn't that an awesome word?!

This job is like totally gonna help me with the SAT.

Succor means relief or aid.

My job is to provide kith and kin with the utmost—that means the greatest—succor.

So tell me what will bring you succor.

TRACY. You could put the crudités on a separate table.

JILLIE. You're funny!

Tracy smiles politely and tries to hide her anxiousness.

I'm sure they're just fashionably late.

TRACY. What?

JILLIE. Your guests.

Maggie said your party started at two, right?

TRACY. Yes.

JILLIE. And it's 3:15 now.

TRACY. Yes.

JILLIE. And no one's here yet.

TRACY. ...

No.

JILLIE. So they're probably just fashionably late!

TRACY. Yes.

You're right!

That's what I was thinking, too!

We have the room until six and I have everything all ready!

(Showing it all to Jillie.) All the food stations are stocked and the name tags are prepped and I've got an icebreaker Bingo game that I made and there's a prize and—

JILLIE. *(Looking at name tags.)* They all say "Tracy Jones."

TRACY. Of course.

JILLIE. *(Pointing to Tracy's name tag.)* But that's your name.

TRACY. Yes.

JILLIE. You made up name tags for yourself?

TRACY. No. They're for the other ones.

JILLIE. Other ones?

TRACY. The other Tracy Joneses.

...

(Gesturing to the welcome banner.) This is a party for *all* women named Tracy Jones!

JILLIE. ...

(Huge sigh of relief.) Oh!

I'm so glad! Maggie thought you were some crazy lady who was throwing a party for herself and that was really depressing because no one else showed up.

Totally Charlie Brown.

TRACY. You were talking about me?

JILLIE. But it totally makes sense now!

Do you do this often? Is it like a reunion or something?

TRACY. No, I've never met any of them.

I just—

JILLIE. Are there that many other Tracy Joneses out there?

TRACY. I found six thousand seven hundred seventy-one currently in the U.S. alone!

JILLIE. Oh! The room capacity is only one hundred twenty-five.

We learned in our “Fire, Stampede, and Acts of God” training that the fire marshal comes up with that number by dividing the square footage of the room by—

TRACY. I’m not expecting them all!

Plus that’s women and men Tracy Joneses, though most are women. Historically, 80.37 percent of Tracys in the U.S. have been girls and 19.63 percent boys for a total of three hundred twelve thousand three hundred seventy-nine female Tracys since recordings of the name began in 1880.

So, according to that percentage, there should be about five thousand four hundred forty-one total female Tracy Joneses and, of those, there are one hundred eighty-nine in the state—

And that’s with the “c-y” spelling, of course.

And I don’t think *all* of them will come of course—

I mean some from out of state *could* come and I imagine some may be flying in from around the country because it’s such a special thing. But I get that people may have things that prevent them from being able to come—You know, they have jury duty or are...dead—

And I may have missed some or they didn’t get the invitations or see the ads or billboards or the public access commercial—

But that’s also why I chose *here*, you know?

Jones Street Bar and Grill.

JILLIE. The Place for Wings—

TRACY. The Place for Wings (and Things). Yes.

I tried the mall location first but—

JILLIE. That’s the more popular one.

TRACY. Yes, but because of space their party room—

JILLIE. Funtime Party Zone.

TRACY. Yes.

It doesn’t hold as many.

JILLIE. How many RSVP-ed?

TRACY. Well there were sixty-seven that said they were interested in the Facebook event I set up.

JILLIE. Interested?

TRACY. You know how you put if you're going or not going or interested...

JILLIE. How many said "going"?

TRACY. Well there's the sixty-seven that said they were "interested"—

JILLIE. But not "going."

TRACY. No. But "interested."

But Facebook was just one of the ways that I—

JILLIE. Couldn't you just do something online?

TRACY. No!

In person with actual human beings is—

I just couldn't do another Zoom room because, well, you know—

I invited every woman who had Tracy Jones as their screen name on Facebook and Instagram and I did that Snap thing and got TikTok.

And, I shouldn't tell you this, but I work at a bank and used my access, well, my boss' access,

to get into the nationwide banking and homeland security databases to get addresses of every Tracy Jones in the country because I didn't want any to fall through the cracks and feel left out—

And I spent five thousand dollars to have invitations printed on really pretty stationary and mailed out hand-addressed invitations to give it a more personal and human touch because we just don't have that anymore.

And I paid one thousand dollars to boost the event and Facebook said it'd reach up to one hundred thirty-five thousand people—

Again—not that I expect all of them here!

But wouldn't that be something?!

But even if just the sixty-seven "interested" come—

Or fifty—

Or even just ten—

First we'll start with—

JILLIE. Name tags!

TRACY. (*A bit taken aback.*) Yes.

I'm gonna say, (*Pretending to look at someone's name tag and making a big deal of it, proud of her "bit."*) "Oh! What's your name?"

Which is funny because we all have the same name, right?!

She laughs and rushes to the drink table.

And then we do—

JILLIE. Drinks!

TRACY. (*Again, surprised.*) And I'll say "It's on the house!" which I've always wanted to say!

And everyone will be chatting and it'll feel so...cosmopolitan—
(*Rushing to the food and to say it before Jillie can.*) And then we'll grab some food—

She again moves the crudités platter back.

And everyone will say, "This is so tasty!" and I'll say, "And you know that's why we're here, right? Jones Street Bar and Grill—"

JILLIE. The Place for Wings (and Things).

Tracy bulldozes on.

TRACY. —And then I'm gonna say, "Time for a game!"
(*Rushing to the cardboard cards.*) And we'll play Bingo which I put on cardstock because cardstock makes everything so much nicer—

JILLIE. Prize!

TRACY. Yes. But I didn't want anyone to feel left out so I'm gonna say, "We're all winners because we're together so *everyone* gets it!"
And everyone's gonna smile and laugh and then I do the—

JILLIE. PowerPoint, mingling, cake!

TRACY. Yes.

And then who knows!

We'll do it again next year!

Or next month.

Or maybe it's a weekly thing.

Not everyone, of course, but the few that—

It's gonna be perfect.

JILLIE. And now you just need the Tracys!

TRACY. Yes.

Beat.

JILLIE. I'll get some more celery!

She rushes out.

Tracy's anxiety returns. She forces herself to breathe, then pours herself a Diet Coke and restlessly drinks it.

Jillie reenters with a HUGE amount of celery on a platter.

TRACY. That's a lot of celery.

JILLIE. (*Putting down the platter of celery and moving the original crudités platter back to its spot next to the wings.*) We get it in bulk. (*Noticing Tracy's drink.*) Your drink wasn't that full before.

TRACY. You remember how full my drink was?

JILLIE. It's part of our "Fill the Tea, Don't Spill the Tea" training to keep an eye out for rate of drink consumption so you're never left parched.

Did you fill it yourself?

TRACY. Well, yes.

JILLIE. Oh you can't do that!

TRACY. Why not?

JILLIE. If you spill, you could sue!

TRACY. If *you* spill I could sue.

JILLIE. But I have training. We spent a whole day solely on pitchers and pouring.

TRACY. A whole day?

JILLIE. Well, spills are the eighth leading cause of food service industry workplace injuries.

Seventh if you work at a vegetarian restaurant.

So don't pour it yourself.

What can I get you?

A plate of wings or some Scintillating Scrumptious Snak-Ens, our signature crackers and pretzels with a bit of cayenne pepper but the cayenne makes all the difference.

TRACY. No, thank you.

JILLIE. OK! Just let me know.

And if no one ends up coming, I can put everything in Party Puppy Packs.

We call them that because Puppy Packs scored higher than Doggie Bags with focus groups.

TRACY. I won't need those because when the guests come they'll finish all of the food.

JILLIE. Of course they will.
And if they don't finish it, or if no one comes—

TRACY. They're coming!

JILLIE. ...
I'm gonna make an announcement.
Maybe they're here but Jamal didn't tell them the right place to go!

Jillie rushes out.

Tracy's anxiety immediately returns.

She forces herself to breathe and calm down. She moves the crudités platters.

TRACY. Name tags, drinks, food, game, prize, PowerPoint, mingling, cake.

Name tags, drinks, food, game, prize, PowerPoint, mingling, cake.

The music outside cuts out as a PA system announcement is heard outside the room. Realizing that Jillie is occupied, Tracy quickly pours a refill of her Diet Coke, glancing to make sure that Jillie doesn't see her doing it.

JILLIE. (*Offstage on the PA.*) If you're here for the Tracy Jones party please find your way to the Jones Street Bar and Grill—the Place for Wings (and Things) Funtime Party Zone. Any Tracy Jones kith and kin please join us in the Jones Street Bar and Grill—the Place for Wings (and Things) Funtime Party Zone to get your party on.

Jillie immediately reenters surprising Tracy who quickly empties her just-refilled glass into the pitcher and moves away to hide her illicit attempted refill.

TRACY. How did you do that so quickly?

JILLIE. There's a delay after recording in case you use inappropriate language which evidently used to happen a lot "back in the day."

TRACY. Did you see anyone?

JILLIE. Not yet, but if they're here then the announcement will bring them!

Tracy and Jillie both turn to look at the door expectantly.

They wait.

Nothing.

Well, Jamal's on it and knows specifically to ask everyone their name which he's supposed to do anyway, but he's doubly going to do it now.

They both look to the door again.

Nothing.

You're sure you said this Jones Street Bar and Grill—the Place for Wings (and Things) and not the mall one because most people go there.

TRACY. I'm sure.

They both look to the door again.

Nothing.

Did you check the bathrooms? Maybe they were flushing or the hand dryer was going and they didn't hear the announcement.

JILLIE. I'm on it!

I'll check the bathrooms and then call the mall location.

Because even if you specified this one they may still have gone there.

I don't even have to dial. We just push a button and it calls the mall location directly.

It'd be more useful to have 9-1-1 as a button, though. We use that a whole lot more.

You were smart to choose the boneless wings. But I'm really good at the Heimlich.

It was part of our "Hating Foreign Objects in Your Throat is Not Xenophobia" training!

Jillie bounds off.

Tracy stares at the door.

It starts to open!

Jillie bounds back in.

Tracy's face falls.

JILLIE. You're sure you said the right time?

TRACY. Yes.

JILLIE. Great!

*Jillie gives a thumbs up and bounds back out.
Tracy steps closer and goes to pour herself a refill.
Jillie bounds back in.
Tracy pours back and steps back.*

What about the right date?

TRACY. Right [date]—?

JILLIE. Wrong year?

TRACY. Wrong [year]—?

JILLIE. I often put the wrong year on my papers in school. Usually just in January when the year changes but maybe you did that?

TRACY. I don't think so.

*Jillie bounds off.
Tracy waits a moment—will Jillie reenter?
No. Tracy steps closer and starts refilling her Diet Coke.
Jillie bounces in.
Tracy pours it back and steps away.*

JILLIE. And just remember that the Schwartzbaum-Shapiro-Gonzalez quinceañera starts at seven so you only have the room until six.

*Jillie exits.
Tracy pauses a moment just in case Jillie reenters.
She stops, closes her eyes, and focuses on taking long, healing breaths.
The door opens. It is Mackenzie again.*

TRACY. (*Eyes still closed and thinking it's Jillie.*) Just look in the bathroom and call the mall!!

*Mackenzie freezes then hurries away as the door closes.
Tracy forces a smile on her face to turn her frown, and anxiety, upside down. She opens her eyes, pushing herself to stay in this “calmer” and “happier” space.
She looks quickly back at the door, then stealthily takes the*

Diet Coke pitcher and is finally able to pour a refill and take a small, glorious sip.

Just as she takes a sip, Tracy “Eleanor” Jones, older than Tracy, enters. She is dressed in a drop-dead-gorgeous gown more suitable for a black-tie affair. She holds a wrapped gift.

ELEANOR. *(Making a grand entrance.)* Hello everyone!

Surprised, Tracy spits out the Diet Coke and begins to choke and cough.

Oh no!

Eleanor puts down her gift and rushes to Tracy who keeps coughing.

Uh...OK...here we go!

Eleanor grabs Tracy from behind and attempts the Heimlich. Tracy tries to get away.

No! You have to stay still so I can help you!

Tracy continues to cough and try to escape while Eleanor holds onto her, sending a tray of wings crashing to the floor, the sauce staining Tracy’s outfit.

Jillie rushes in.

JILLIE. *(Seeing Eleanor attempting the Heimlich.)* Stop!

I know what to do!

Jillie pulls Eleanor away from Tracy.

Jillie taps Tracy’s shoulder hard and shouts as per her training.

(Methodically.) Are you all right? Are you all right?

Someone. Quick. Call 9-1-1.

Eleanor searches through her purse for her phone.

(Suddenly excited to Eleanor.) Oooh! Are you a Tracy?!

ELEANOR. I—

JILLIE. Hold on a sec!

(Back to protocol with Tracy) I’m going to touch you so I can dislodge the foreign object embedded in your throat and /or windpipe.

Do I have your consent?

TRACY. *(Through her coughs.)* Wait—it’s just—

JILLIE. (*Starting to hit Tracy's back which only makes Tracy cough even more.*) One!

Back blow.

Two!

Back blow.

TRACY. (*Through the coughs.*) Stop!

JILLIE. I have to do five back blows then five thrusts and then alternate.

TRACY. (*Getting away from her.*) No you don't!
(*Coughing a bit still.*) I'm fine!

Wrong tube!

Just the wrong tube.

I'm fine. See?

JILLIE. Was it a wing?
Because they're boneless and shouldn't—

TRACY. No, I was taking a sip of...

...

Yes.

It was a wing.

Just a boneless wing going down the wrong tube.

JILLIE. No matter.
EMS will be here soon and they'll check your vitals.

ELEANOR. Oh. I didn't get a chance to—

TRACY. That's fine!

I'm all good.

See?

All good.

ELEANOR. (*Grabbing napkins to clean up the mess on the floor.*)
Here. Let me—

TRACY. (*Grabbing napkins and kneeling.*) No! I can—

ELEANOR. (*Also kneeling.*) I
don't mind—

JILLIE. (*Kneeling.*) Stop!
Kith and kin cannot clean!

All three kneel on the floor cleaning.

TRACY. No, it's my fault that— **ELEANOR.** If I hadn't had barged in—

JILLIE. Stop!

Tracy and Eleanor stop.

Rise!

Properly chided, Tracy and Eleanor dutifully rise.

Jillie finishes cleaning up.

ELEANOR. Oh no.

You got sauce all over that beautiful top.*

TRACY. (*Looking down at her top.*) Oh.

JILLIE. (*Standing up.*) I'll get you some seltzer from the bar to clean up and fill out a DDD.

TRACY. A DDD?

JILLIE. Disaster Description Dispatch.

For any Jones Street Bar and Grill—the Place for Wings (and Things) wings disasters.

TRACY. I'm not a disaster. I'm OK.

JILLIE. You almost died.

I have to fill it out.

It's protocol.

(*To Eleanor.*) Welcome!

ELEANOR. Thank you.

JILLIE. (*Heading to the drinks table.*) Can I get you something to drink?

TRACY. (*Rushing to the name tags.*) No! Name tags first!

JILLIE. (*Also rushing to the name tags.*) Yes!

(*Beating Tracy to it and putting the tag on Eleanor.*) Here's a name tag for you!

(*Doing the "bit."*) "Oh! What's your name?"

Tracy shoots Jillie a look—she stole her joke!

ELEANOR. Um...it's Tracy...?

* Or dress/other article of clothing, depending on outfit.

TRACY. Me, too!

She laughs. Eleanor is confused.

Get it? Because we're both Tracy, so...

Eleanor stares at her.

(To Jillie.) See! I told you they were just fashionably late!

(To Eleanor.) I knew you'd come. I knew it!

JILLIE. What can I get you to drink?

TRACY. It's on the house!

ELEANOR. A dry Manhattan on the rocks.

JILLIE. *(To Tracy.)* Oh, that's *not* on the house. Your package doesn't include alcohol.

ELEANOR. Oh, I'll just have seltzer then.

TRACY. No! You're my guest! If you want a real drink—

JILLIE. *(To Tracy.)* You know you'll have to pay more for an alcoholic—

ELEANOR. I'm fine. Seltzer's fine.

I shouldn't be drinking anyway, with all I have going on.

I'm sorry I'm so late.

I had so many other engagements already and then I went to the mall location first—

JILLIE. I knew it!

Was there anyone else there?

ELEANOR. It's always crowded there.

TRACY. She meant any other of us? Other Tracy Joneses?

ELEANOR. Not that I know of.

Did I miss all the others?

JILLIE. You're the first!

ELEANOR. But I'm over an hour and a half late.

JILLIE. *(As she's rehearsed.)* We are so glad that you've been able to join us and be our kith and kin.

TRACY. OK—

What's up with kith and kin?

(To Eleanor.) They use all these fancy words here like DDD and—

JILLIE. DDD is actually an acronym, not—

TRACY. I know, I just meant—

(*To Eleanor.*) Like “succor.”

ELEANOR. I love that word!

“The port would fain give succor; the port is pitiful; in the port is safety, comfort, hearthstone, supper, warm blankets, friends, all that’s kind to our mortalities.”

That’s *Moby Dick*.

TRACY. Oh.

(*To Jillie.*) So the whole “kith and kin” thing—

ELEANOR. Means friends and family.

JILLIE. Management thinks it makes kith and kin feel more welcome than using “guests.”

ELEANOR. Its earliest mention is 1377 in William Langland’s Middle English poem “Piers Plowman”: “Fer fro kitth and fro kynne yuel yclothed zeden.”

TRACY. Wow! How do you know all these—

ELEANOR. Reading is my life.

And “Piers Plowman” is one of the greatest works of Middle English.

JILLIE. I know a little Middle English!

Elen síla lúmenn’ omentielvo.

ELEANOR. *Elen síla lúmenn’ omentielvo!*

I can’t believe you know that!

TRACY. What’s happening?

ELEANOR. She just used Frodo’s greeting to Gildor Inglorion and his company!

Though it’s actually Middle *Earth* not Middle English and the language is called Quenya.

TRACY. Who’s Frodo?

Is he a rapper?

ELEANOR. He’s a hobbit. It’s an elf language.

(*To Jillie.*) Do you know what it means?

JILLIE. Something about nice to meet you, right?

ELEANOR. Oh no! It’s much more glorious than that.

“A star shines upon the hour of our meeting.” Isn’t that just... luscious?

JILLIE. Wow.

TRACY. So luscious.

(To Jillie.) Hey!

(Pushing open the door for Jillie to leave.) I wouldn’t want you to get into trouble for not filling out the DDD thing immediately.

JILLIE. You’re right. *(She heads to the door.)* I’ll be right back with the seltzer!

ELEANOR. Namárië!

JILLIE. What’s that?

ELEANOR. “Farewell.”

JILLIE. *Namárië!*

TRACY. Aloha!

Jillie exits.

Eleanor picks up a piece of celery from the crudités.

(Grabbing the celery from Eleanor.) No! It’s name tags, drinks, and then food—

I’ll get you something to drink.

ELEANOR. She’s getting me some seltzer.

TRACY. Oh, seltzer’s so boring.

ELEANOR. *(Wholehearted agreement.)* Oh. Yes. You’re so right!

TRACY. Did you know that it’s evidently against the rules to pour your own drink here?

ELEANOR. What do you mean?

TRACY. I got this whole lecture how they’re the *only* ones that are qualified to pour a drink or else I could sue, but I said, “Um, if you spill I can sue, too!” which is true so their rules don’t make any sense and all I’ve wanted was a glass of Diet Coke and—

ELEANOR. *(Suddenly nervous.)* Then maybe you shouldn’t—

TRACY. It’s really not that big a deal.

ELEANOR. If they talked about suing—

TRACY. It’s just a silly—

ELEANOR. (*So nervous.*) I don't want to get into trouble!!

Tracy looks at her, surprised at Eleanor's sudden passion.

TRACY. No.

You're right.

Follow the rules, yes?

(*Looking at Eleanor's name tag.*) Well I'm glad you followed the rules and read the invitation.

ELEANOR. I'm sorry?

TRACY. You're Tracy with a "y."

(*Singing a la "Liza with a Z."**) It's Tracy with a "y"

Not Tracy with an "i-e"

Cuz Tracy with an "i-e" goes eee not ee!

She laughs.

There was a girl in my class growing up named Tracie—"i-e"—and people would say, "You have the same name" and I'd say, "No, it's not the same name! She's Tracie with an 'i-e' and I'm Tracy with a 'y.'"

Did you ever do that?

ELEANOR. No.

But my brother was Stephen with a "ph" and there was a Steven with a "v" in his class.

TRACY. And he hated it when people would spell it the other way, right?

ELEANOR. I don't think he really cared.

TRACY. But it's like "flour" and "flower" or—you wouldn't say they're the same word, right?

They're homophones.

ELEANOR. Yes! Homophones!

(*Grabbing Tracy's hands.*) I love that you used the more specific homophone and not the more general homonym!

TRACY. They're not the same?

ELEANOR. (*Letting go of Tracy's hands.*) Oh.

Well,

no.

* See note on songs/recordings at the back of this volume.

TRACY. Oh.

But you understand, right?

I know that some think, “It’s just a name.”

But it’s *not* just a name.

When you think about it, it’s...miraculous.

Out of all the limitless scope of possibilities—
our parents chose this name and this spelling—

“y,” not “e-y,” not “i-e.”

(*With some hatred.*) and don’t get me started on the Tracys with an
“e-e”! Right?!

(*Grasping Eleanor’s hands in hers.*) I knew that those who came
would understand!

Because even more than just the *chance* of sharing our first name
and its spelling, we have the *last* name, too!

The *family* name that connects us to our ancestors.

To our tribe.

And it’s holy.

It’s the alpha and the omega.

The first name and the last name—

This is all in the PowerPoint so you’ll hear it again when everyone
is here—

How did you find it?

ELEANOR. Well, I just used my GPS and—

TRACY. (*Shuffling a bit.*) I meant did you get the invitation or see
it on Facebook or the skywriting—

ELEANOR. I saw a sign at the library.

TRACY. So you’re *local*?!?!

ELEANOR. Oh, well—

TRACY. Are you the Tracy who lives on Spring?!

ELEANOR. Oh, uh, no, I—

TRACY. Troubador?

ELEANOR. No.

TRACY. Viking?

ELEANOR. No.

TRACY. Which library was it?

ELEANOR. Pine Plains.

TRACY. Pine Plains?

I did a heat map of Tracy concentrations—
There's a slide in the PowerPoint! We really are spread all over the
country—there's a bar chart by state in the PowerPoint as well—
But I don't remember any near Pine Plains.

ELEANOR. Well it's not my local library.

TRACY. Oh! That would explain it.

(Taking Eleanor's hands.) You know, you're exactly who I hoped
would come.

ELEANOR. Really?

TRACY. Yes.

The two smile at each other.

You must spend a lot of time at the library.

ELEANOR. I do.

I mean I don't spend *all* my time at the library.
I do lots of other things as well.

TRACY. I just meant because you love books and all.

ELEANOR. Oh, well, I'm at the library because I'm a donor and
on the board and I also do lessons in the little spare time I have in
between everything else I have going on.

TRACY. *(Shuffling some more.)* What kind of lessons?

ELEANOR. English as a second language.

TRACY. Oh! Is English not your first language?

ELEANOR. Oh!

No no no no.

I *offer* the lessons.

TRACY. That makes more sense because you're really good at
English.

ELEANOR. Thank you.

And I look at what I do as more than just teaching these brave
individuals English.

They're *coachings* really.

Life coachings.

TRACY. You must have to speak a lot of languages to help all those students.

ELEANOR. Well, you don't really have to speak their language in order to—

TRACY. I mean you speak *elf* and—

ELEANOR. Well, yes, I guess I am a bit of a polyglot.

TRACY. I love that you know so many big words.

ELEANOR. I'm not trying to show off.

TRACY. No! It makes me feel smart!

(*Shuffling more.*) Maybe you can teach me. *Coach* me!

ELEANOR. Well...

Tracy shuffles.

Are you all right?

TRACY. Yes!

Why?

ELEANOR. You keep...shuffling.

TRACY. I drank a lot of Diet Coke before you got here.

ELEANOR. I thought you said you weren't allowed.

TRACY. I'm allowed to drink it, I'm just not allowed to pour it. Though I did pour some.

That's what I was actually choking on when you came in! I didn't want her to / know so—

She keeps shuffling. She clearly has to pee very badly.

ELEANOR. You should go to the ladies' room.

TRACY. That would be very unhostess-like.

ELEANOR. It wouldn't be impolite to use the restroom.

TRACY. It would be impolite to leave you here alone.

ELEANOR. It would be more impolite to urinate all over the floor.

TRACY. OK.

She heads to the door.

And when more Tracys come give them a name tag first!

ELEANOR. OK.

TRACY. Namranena!

ELEANOR. What?

TRACY. That elf word you said.

ELEANOR. Namárië.

TRACY. Yes!

Tracy rushes out.

Eleanor looks around. She looks down at her name tag and smiles.

She picks up a piece of celery and chomps on it.

She looks at the pile of name tags and the banner. She looks down at her name tag and suddenly rips it off, places it back on the table, and hurries to the door. It SLAMS open, hitting her, by Jillie who holds two seltzers and the DDD form.

JILLIE. Oh no!!!!

ELEANOR. *(Holding her nose.)* I'm fine!

JILLIE. I'm such an idiot! We had a whole "Watch Out While You Hold Your Wings, For The Deadly Door That Swings" training!

ELEANOR. I'm OK.

JILLIE. *(Heading out.)* I'll get another DDD.

ELEANOR. It's really—

JILLIE. *(Swinging back.)* Oh! But sign this one first regarding Tracy's choking. I got her signature on her way to the KKCS.

ELEANOR. *(Signing the form and handing it back.)* KKCS?

JILLIE. Kith and Kin Comfort Station. The bathroom. *(Re: the form.)* Thanks.

She starts to head out but stops as something catches her eye on the form.

ELEANOR. Everything OK?

JILLIE. *(Looking up.)* Yeah. All good!

ELEANOR. *(Heading again to the door.)* Well, I should actually be—

JILLIE. *(Blocking her.)* No!

ELEANOR. I really need to—

JILLIE. I'm so sorry about the door

ELEANOR. —It's not the door

JILLIE. —You can't leave because of me!

ELEANOR. I've already said my goodbyes so if you'll just—

JILLIE. “*Mae govannen!*”

Eleanor stops.

I said it right, right? It means “Well met”—like hello.

ELEANOR. Well...it would actually be “*Mára omentie*” because it's just two of us. “*Govannen*” is for when there's more than two.

JILLIE. *Omentie*.

ELEANOR. Yes. So now if you'll just—

JILLIE. (*Going toward Eleanor.*) Can you teach me a couple more?

ELEANOR. (*Seeing her opportunity to head to the door.*) I really should—

JILLIE. (*Steering Eleanor away from the door.*) I keep writing to Duolingo about adding it—They have Klingon and High Valyrian but no Middle Earth—Quenya.

Did you read the *Game of Thrones* books?

ELEANOR. Well...yes—

JILLIE. Are you team Stark or team Targaryen?

ELEANOR. Lannister.

JILLIE. Really?

ELEANOR. (*Giggling—*isn't she naughty!**) I know!

JILLIE. None of my friends read and all the Discord servers for these kinds of books are filled with old creepy guys so I never get to talk about them!

ELEANOR. And you want to talk to me about them?

JILLIE. Well, yeah! If you want to, I mean.

Tracy rushes in.

TRACY. I'm back! (*Noticing no one else has come.*) No one else came?

JILLIE. Not yet!

(*Holding out Eleanor's seltzer to her.*) But Tracy's still here and we're gonna talk about books, right?

ELEANOR. ...

(*Taking the seltzer.*) Yes.

JILLIE. (*To Tracy.*) And here's the seltzer for your dress. Do you need me to dab it for you?

TRACY. (*Takes the seltzer.*) I can dab myself.

JILLIE. Perfect!

(*Moving the platters back.*) Name tags, drinks, and now some food!

TRACY. (*To Eleanor.*) What happened to your name tag?

ELEANOR. Oh, I, uh—

Tracy puts a new name tag on Eleanor.

JILLIE. (*At the food.*) What can I get you?
Some triple-fried-loaded-pulled-pork-cheesecake-fries?
Or Scintillating Scrumptious Snak-Ens?

ELEANOR. What are Snak-Ens?

JILLIE. *Scintillating Scrumptious Snak-Ens.*
They're crackers and pretzels with a bit of cayenne pepper but the cayenne makes all the difference.

ELEANOR. (*Heading to Jillie.*) Oh, well—

TRACY. Let's play the game!

She grabs Eleanor and heads to the table with the Bingo boards.

JILLIE. (*Grabbing Eleanor back.*) I thought the game was after the food?

TRACY. (*Grabbing Eleanor back.*) We'll play the game while you get some food for her!

JILLIE. (*Offering Eleanor food.*) How about some wings and celery!

TRACY. (*Offering Eleanor a Bingo card and crayon.*) Here you go!

Caught in the middle, Eleanor looks at both of the women then—

ELEANOR. (*Taking the food in one hand and the card and crayon in the other. To each—*) Thank you.

JILLIE. “It was a frigid Buffalo night in 1964 when—”

TRACY. (*To Jillie as she grabs the piece of celery that Eleanor is about to eat.*) We need more celery.

JILLIE. I’m on it! And then we can talk more about books! We are gonna talk more about books, right, Tracy?

ELEANOR. ...

Yes.

Jillie smiles and then exits.

TRACY. Speaking of books—

She gestures to the Bingo card in Eleanor’s hand and moves the platters back.

ELEANOR. (*Putting the food down and reading the card.*) “B-I-N-G-O-L-L You Want To Know About Tracy Jones.”

TRACY. It’s actually B-I-N-G-OLL (*As close to “all” but with the “O” to start it off.*) You Want To Know About Tracy Jones. Like “All” you want to know but using the “O.”

ELEANOR. What does this have to do with books?

TRACY. I just thought, you know, you have to *read* the Bingo card and you also read a book so...I have a prize for the winner! You start.

ELEANOR. OK.

(*Putting on her confident manner.*) “Find a Tracy who’s—”

TRACY. No! You have to start with the free space in the middle.

ELEANOR. Don’t I get it automatically?

TRACY. Yes, but read it.

ELEANOR. (*Reading.*) “Free Space—High-Five All the Other Tracy Joneses.”

Tracy offers her hand as a high five for Eleanor. Eleanor stares at her.

TRACY. I imagined how fun it would be seeing a room full of Tracys high-fiving.

She awkwardly acts out what that would have looked like. Tracy holds her hand still again. Eleanor stares at her then high-fives her.

Great! Now you get the free space and can do one of your boxes.

ELEANOR. “Find a Tracy who’s never flown in an airplane.”
Have you ever flown in an airplane?

TRACY. I actually haven’t! I’ve always wanted to, but...life!

Eleanor checks off the box.

OK. My turn! “Tell another Tracy what you do for a living.”
I work at a bank.

I’m the person you have to go to open up a new account—savings,
checking, CD—What do you do?

ELEANOR. Is that one of your questions?

TRACY. No. The whole game is an icebreaker that’s meant to—

ELEANOR. Of course! I’m so silly sometimes! I can get so caught
up with—but *carpe diem!*

TRACY. Living la vida loca!

So...what do you do?

ELEANOR. Oh, I’m a...I am a bibliotherapist.

TRACY. What’s that?

ELEANOR. I prescribe literature to make people feel better.

TRACY. That’s really a thing?

ELEANOR. ...Yes.

TRACY. So what book would you prescribe for me?

ELEANOR. You have that question on your card?!

TRACY. No. Just making more [conversation]—

ELEANOR. Oh, right! Sorry, I—

TRACY. No. I’m sorry. You need to get to know me better.
But it’s not about me. I want to get to know more about *you!*

I said to myself before everyone came—

Well, before *you* came,

“Tracy, don’t do all the talking!”

Which is good I said it to myself because if I said that out loud it’d
be like I was telling you to shut up, right?!

(Demonstrating to Eleanor.) “Tracy, don’t do all the talking!”

And besides, if we’re talking books then first I need to get a copy of
that Middle English book.

ELEANOR. Oh. I wouldn’t recommend starting with that.

TRACY. You'd suggest I start with left-of-center English first?

...

Since it's *Middle* English?

So...left-of-center English...

...

ELEANOR. Oh!

You're making a joke.

Wait! That's on my card!

She checks off a box on her card.

"Have a Tracy tell you a joke?"

I only have two more to go.

TRACY. Great!

Do another one.

You didn't *ask* me to tell a joke, so it's technically still your turn and you're almost done!

And you're gonna love the prize!

ELEANOR. OK.

Tracy grabs the pitcher and her glass to pour herself a drink.

(Grabbing the glass from her.) You said you're not supposed to do that!

TRACY. *(Grabbing the glass back.)* Yes, but I desperately need more Diet Coke.

ELEANOR. *(Grabbing the glass back.)* Then you should ask the girl to do it for you.

TRACY. *(Trying to grab the glass back.)* It's OK. I just—

The door opens and, thinking it's Jillie and not wanting to get caught with illicit pouring, Tracy and Eleanor scream, dropping the glass and pitcher, spilling everything on the floor.

But it's not Jillie. It's Mackenzie who screams in response as soon as he pops his head in because the two are screaming at him.

Tracy and Eleanor scream back which makes Mackenzie scream back.

Tracy and Eleanor scream again.

Jillie, holding another platter of celery, rushes in past Mackenzie.

JILLIE. What's wrong!? Why are you screaming?

TRACY. I thought that man was you and I didn't want you to see I was—

JILLIE. See you were what?

TRACY. *(To Mackenzie.)* What do you want?

MACKENZIE. I—

JILLIE. Are you here for the Schwartzbaum-Shapiro-Gonzalez quinceañera?

MACKENZIE. I—

JILLIE. It doesn't start till seven.

TRACY. *(To Eleanor.)* Tracy, tell him the quinceañera doesn't start until seven.

ELEANOR. *(To Mackenzie.)* The quinceañera doesn't start until seven.

TRACY. No! He obviously doesn't speak English. Tell him in Spanish like you do with your ESL students.

ELEANOR. Oh. Um—

TRACY. *(To Eleanor.)* You speak Spanish, right? So tell him!

ELEANOR. Um, OK... *(To Mackenzie in awful Spanish—and also English and French and Pig Latin.)* Bonjour señor, the quinceañera esta at even-say o'clocko. No esta maintenent. Sí?

All look at Mackenzie expectantly. He stares back at them, deer in headlights.

After a moment, Mackenzie bows and exits.

Jillie and Tracy stare at Eleanor.

JILLIE. That was amazing! *(Bringing the new celery platter to the wings table, then moving the other platters back as well.)*

ELEANOR. Oh! Really it wasn't anything—

TRACY. Yes! You're amazing! It must be so rewarding to speak another language.

JILLIE. I take French but I'm très bad.

ELEANOR. You speak Quenya.

JILLIE. Just a few sentences. But you're gonna teach me a few more, right?

ELEANOR. Yes! We can start with—

TRACY. How about some more celery.

ELEANOR. (*Turning to Jillie.*) If you want to say—

TRACY. (*To Jillie.*) Did you know Tracy's a bibliotherapist? That's someone who—

JILLIE. —prescribes books.

TRACY. How did you know that?

JILLIE. When I was little my mom had an affair and my parents got divorced so they sent me to a bibliotherapist who prescribed *Madame Bovary*.

ELEANOR. That's a horrible choice.

JILLIE. He wasn't a very good bibliotherapist. Can you prescribe a book for me?

TRACY. She needs to get to know—

ELEANOR. *A Wizard of Earthsea* by Ursula K. Le Guin.

TRACY. Oh.

Did you think of one for me yet?

Jillie slips a bit where the Diet Coke spilled.

JILLIE. Oh my God!

TRACY. What's wrong?

JILLIE. A spill!

ELEANOR. It wasn't me!

TRACY. It was just an accident—

ELEANOR. I tried to stop it.

TRACY. I bumped into it.

ELEANOR. She bumped into it.

TRACY. (*Acting out bumping into it.*) Just—whoops!

ELEANOR. That's exactly what happened. She wasn't pouring it on her own at all.

Jillie hurries to the door.

TRACY. You don't need to file a DDD for this.

JILLIE. This isn't a DDD, this is an ABKK—Accident By Kith and Kin.

I'll fill it out and bring some replenishment refreshment and a mop to sop up the spill.

Jillie rushes out.

TRACY. Thanks for not ratting me out.

ELEANOR. It's all right. We shouldn't both be punished because you didn't follow the rules.

TRACY. Well.

(Moving the crudités and both celery platters to a separate table.) I think it's back to your turn for the Bingo.

ELEANOR. We don't need to finish the game.

TRACY. Yes we do! *(Grabbing the Bingo card and shoving it at Eleanor.)* We finish the game and then we move on to the next agenda item.

Jillie opens the door—looks right then left to make sure no one's in the way, then rushes in with a plastic yellow janitorial wet floor sign that she places on the spill. She rushes back out.

ELEANOR. All right then.

"Find a Tracy with blue eyes.*"

She looks at Tracy.

TRACY. Nope.

ELEANOR. "Find a Tracy who's shorter* than you."

TRACY. No. Sorry, I—

ELEANOR. "Find a Tracy who's wearing red.*"

TRACY. Oh, I—

ELEANOR. "Show a Tracy your driver's license—"

TRACY. *(Approaching Eleanor.)*
Great! You can—!

* Change according to the actor.

ELEANOR. (*Throwing her card in the air.*) No! Sorry! I'm such a klutz!

She picks up the card, folds it, and puts it in her purse.

Bixby is always telling me, "Tracy, you get so nervous." Bixby studies yoga.

TRACY. Who's Bixby?

ELEANOR. Bixby is my husband. Bixby Xavier Jones.

TRACY. Oh. (*A bit disappointed but trying to hide it.*) You're a Jones by marriage?

ELEANOR. Yes.

TRACY. (*Clearly disappointed.*) Oh.

ELEANOR. I mean no.

TRACY. No?

Jillie again opens the door, looks both ways, then rushes in with a new pitcher of Diet Coke that she places on the table. She hurries out.

ELEANOR. Yes and no.

It's both actually.

I was born a Jones and then married a Jones!

TRACY. That's incredible!

You're even more of a Tracy Jones than I am!

ELEANOR. Well... Oh! I almost forgot.

She hands Tracy the gift that she brought in.

This is for you.

TRACY. But it's not my birthday.

ELEANOR. I know. It's just a little hostess gift.

TRACY. (*Deeply touched.*) Thank you.

Should I open it now?

ELEANOR. Yes.

TRACY. OK.

She starts to open the present.

ELEANOR. I didn't know your taste or if you have one already or

just don't like it—I included the gift receipt but the store only gives you thirty days for returns.

TRACY. Thank you.
I'll treasure it.

Jillie again opens the door, looks both ways, then rushes in with a mop and bucket. She starts to mop up the spill.

(Pulls out the gift.) It's a...

coconut.

With...

limes in it.

ELEANOR. It's a candle.

TRACY. Oh! Yes it is! It's very tropical.

ELEANOR. I thought it was kitschy. *(Sort of singing.)* You know, a lime in a coconut.

TRACY. I don't know what you mean.

JILLIE. I love that song!
They sang it on *Bones*.

ELEANOR. I love that show! Have you read the books that it's based on?

JILLIE. No. I binged the whole series and—

TRACY. *(To Eleanor.)* Thank you so much for it! I love it.

ELEANOR. If you don't like it they also had a patchouli—

TRACY. Oh, I don't like patchouli.

ELEANOR. Neither do I.

TRACY. Isn't that funny! We both don't like patchouli!!

ELEANOR. Oh!!

She takes her card out of her purse and checks off another box.

“Find a Tracy you have something in common with beyond being named Tracy.”

I only have one more to go!

TRACY. I hope you win!

ELEANOR. It's really not that hard with just two of us.

TRACY. This is a lovely, lovely gift.

Thank you.
Let's light it!

JILLIE. Oh, you can't light anything in here. Do you want me to do it for you?

TRACY. Where's the ABCDKKK form you're supposed to fill out? Huh?

There was a spill and I could've been hurt and sue so it should be filled out, right?

JILLIE. Yes.
I'm sorry.

Jillie grabs the mop and bucket and rushes out.

Silence.

TRACY. (*Grabbing Eleanor hands.*) I'm so happy that you're here. And it wouldn't've been a problem if you married into the name and weren't a real Tracy Jones.

But you are.

And I am so glad that you're here!

The two stare at each other. Then, with a sly smile, Eleanor releases her hand and rummages in her purse. With a victorious grin, She pulls out a lighter.

You carry a lighter?

ELEANOR. I smoke.

TRACY. Oh. I didn't picture you as a smoker.

ELEANOR. Why not?

TRACY. Well, you read.
Not that smokers can't read.

ELEANOR. Smokers read.

TRACY. Of course they do.

ELEANOR. I don't like that I do it, though.

The smoking.

And kids—ha!—Kids are the worst about it.

They've all been told how awful smoking is, you know?

So they see me and they just—

She makes a horror face.

Like this one little boy at the grocery store—
he said,
with this look on his face like I just killed a puppy and was giving it
away as a free sample like those Costco ladies—
he said, “Look, Mommy, that woman is cigaretting. Doesn’t she
know it’s wrong?”
He called it cigaretting and she didn’t correct him, didn’t tell him to
stop pointing,
she just looked at me in her yoga pants and with all her...
hair...
and she said, “Yes, honey. That woman is going to die.”
People say that there’s a problem with intolerance in our country—
Well, it starts with the children and their yoga-pant-wearing
mothers.
Do you know what it’s like to have a five-year-old spit at you?
I’m not trying to get you to smoke, kid! **TRACY.** I can’t say that I—
I’m not
you know
selling crack on the street corner—
it’s a cigarette for crying out loud!
I mean, all my niece says when we speak, which is only on her
birthday during her obligatory thank you call for the check I send
every year, all she says is, “Thanks for the check and remember that
smoking is bad for you!” She’s always posting about all the *healthy*
things she does like going on hikes or making soap—but when all
you do all day is sit by yourself reading books and—
I mean, when Bixby isn’t there, of course. He’s always off traveling.
For work. He’s in real estate.
TRACY. I don’t have any nieces.
Or nephews.
Or Bixbys.
My parents got divorced when I was little and my dad moved to a
kibbutz with an Israeli Eurovision contestant. He may still be
there or...
And my mom and I were never that close and then she died about
three years ago of—...
ELEANOR. Of what?

TRACY. Well, um...

ELEANOR. I'm sorry! That was so gauche.

TRACY. No, I—

ELEANOR. Here you are, being so nice, and—

TRACY. Lung cancer!

She died of lung cancer.

So I just—

I felt awkward saying that she died of lung cancer when you just shared that you're a smoker and I didn't want to be—

you know...

that word you just said.

ELEANOR. What word?

TRACY. That word you just said.

ELEANOR. Nice?

TRACY. No. Like ganache / —or—

ELEANOR. Ganache?

TRACY. Not ganache—it was “go” something—

ELEANOR. Gauche?

TRACY. Yes! Please forgive my gaucheity.

ELEANOR. No, it was I who was—

TRACY. No!

(A bit uncomfortably angry.) I need to be more open! More sharing of myself!

That's what I tell myself I have to—

I want to be someone other than me. I'm just so tired of being me.

ELEANOR. Me too!

TRACY. I sit all day punching in the names of the people opening bank accounts—

That's all I do!

Type in their names.

But it's the women who—

I'm so envious of these women who are saving for and taking control
of their dreams—
taking chances—taking risks!
This lady came in—
Constance Rumpelmeier—
Wouldn't you just kill for that name?!
And she was...so beautiful.
And she opened up a business account to start her own business.
Something to do with cats.
And I thought...that will never be me.
Not because I don't like cats, I do, I had a cat growing up—
But because I'm not a Constance Rumpelmeier.
I'm just—
Well, you understand!

ELEANOR. I do.

TRACY. I'm always typing these glorious names and think
when's it gonna be my name?

My dream?

And I was typing Constance Rumpelmeier's name and realized—

Never.

Never.

And all of the days and months and years of never suddenly felt
so—

ELEANOR. Stifling.

TRACY. Yes!

ELEANOR. Separate.

TRACY. Yes!

ELEANOR. Lonely.

TRACY. Yes! And so, at that moment, I decided that I was going
to—

ELEANOR. Yes!

TRACY. Because I just couldn't wake up another morning as me.

ELEANOR. I know!

TRACY. And I made a plan and was going to just end it all.

ELEANOR. Yes!—

Wait.

What?

TRACY. I had it all planned.

ELEANOR. You—

TRACY. This isn't something I was going to—

It's not in the PowerPoint—

but you make me feel—

And this is exactly what I hoped for.

Because I realized I can never be Constance Rumblemeyer.

But I don't have to be.

And I thought,

That's it!

My name!

My boring name that thousands of other women have.

Throw a party and bring all the female Tracy Joneses of the world

together and they'll teach me how to live with being who I am!

How to be Tracy Jones!

Like you and your amazing life!

And so instead of going through with my plan to—

I'd follow my new plan and bring us all together.

And I said, "Screw you, Constance Rumblemeyer!" and threw away
the pills and picked up the phone and called here!

And I woke up this morning more excited than I've been in...

Forever!

And I got here and even though I sat and sat and no one was coming

I kept thinking—

They're just late! They're just late!

That's what it is.

Somebody has to come! They just have to!

And then you came!

You understand me!

You see me!

This is all I wanted!

*Tracy is crying and holding Eleanor's hands. Maybe Tracy's
grabbed onto her and is hugging her. After a moment, Eleanor
smiles at her and—*

ELEANOR. I shouldn't've come.

She extricates herself, gathers her bag, and heads to the door.

TRACY. What do you mean?

ELEANOR. You've been so generous.

TRACY. Where are you—

ELEANOR. It really was a lovely time—

TRACY. I don't understand—

ELEANOR. I never should've—

TRACY. YOU HAVE TO STAY!!

Just as Eleanor is about to exit, Jillie rushes in and the door slams into Eleanor again.

JILLIE. ABKK all filled out and—

Oh my God!!!! I did it again!!

TRACY. *(To Eleanor.)* Why are you leaving?!

JILLIE. *(To Eleanor.)* No! Don't leave!

ELEANOR. I need to get back to my—my things and—

TRACY. *(Rushing to Eleanor and grabbing her hands.)* I thought we understood each other!

ELEANOR. You're a very nice person.

TRACY. Then why are you leaving?!

JILLIE. *(Grabbing a celery tray.)* Do you want some celery?

TRACY. No!

JILLIE. How about some hot or iced tea?

TRACY. No!

JILLIE. I have a green chai that—

TRACY. I HATE CHAI!!!!!!!!!!

ELEANOR. Bingo!!!

(Racing to her card and checking off a final box.) "Find a Tracy who hates chai!"

That was a really specific one.

TRACY. I put it in so someone would have to talk to me!

JILLIE. What can I do to provide succor?

TRACY. You can't!!!

ELEANOR. I'll find you a whole bunch of Tracy Joneses!

JILLIE. There must be something—

TRACY. There's not!

ELEANOR. I will!

JILLIE. There's always something.

TRACY. No!

JILLIE. But I—

TRACY. No!

JILLIE. Let me provide you succor.

TRACY. (*Grabbing the celery tray. Celery flies everywhere.*) Fuck your succor!

I bought a star!!!!!!!!!!!!

That's the prize!

I mean everyone was gonna get it anyway but I was gonna say,

“We're all winners because we're together so *everyone* gets it!”

I bought a real honest-to-God star and named it the Tracy Jones star so wherever we are when we feel alone and just want to give up and—

we can look up and it's there and none of us has to feel so...and now you're leaving just like everyone!

They come in, get their checking account set up and then leave.

And when I contact them afterwards to see if they want to,

I don't know,

talk more about their accounts and maybe go see a movie then Constance Rumpelmeier files a complaint and I'm taken off of new accounts and put on probation!

Tracy breaks down in uncontrollable sobs.

Silence.

That is except for Tracy's sobs.

After a while, they fade.

JILLIE. This has escalated beyond my capabilities as your personal-

party-server-slash-host-with-the-most so I'm getting my Funtime-Fugleman to help you.

TRACY. What the hell's a fugleman?!

ELEANOR. Oh! It's a leader or supervisor—originally a soldier in front of a regiment that—

JILLIE. My Funtime-Fugleman can help. Her name is Lacey. I know it's not Tracy, but it's close.

TRACY. No!

JILLIE. Yes. Tracy and Lacey sound very much—

TRACY. You're not getting a fugleman!

JILLIE. But I don't know what to do to help you.

TRACY. You're staying right here!

JILLIE. Then how can I get Lacey to—

TRACY. No!

She starts throwing celery at Jillie.

ELEANOR. What are you doing?!

TRACY. Nobody leaves this room until I say so!

JILLIE. Ouch!

ELEANOR. (*Who's also been hit with some flying celery.*) Celery hurts!

JILLIE. That's because it's ninety-five percent water. That's what makes it a great cooling agent to go alongside spicy wings.

ELEANOR. Tracy—
Please stop throwing the celery.

TRACY. No!

No one is leaving here!

She now grabs a wing, brandishing it as a weapon while she rushes to block the door.

ELEANOR. ...

Are you threatening us with a boneless wing?

JILLIE. (*To Tracy.*) Do you want me to bring you a boned wing instead?

TRACY. (*Dropping the wing and picking up a bowl and a squeeze bottle of buffalo sauce.*) I'll throw this hot sauce at you!

JILLIE. That would hurt.

In our "Hot Sauce: Friend or Foe?" training they told us about a server who didn't wash his hands after handling a whole tray of the extra-spicy-habanero-chipotle-citrus-lime-ghost-pepper-Satan's-Blood wings and he touched his eye and he's blind now.

That's why it's so important to wash your hands.

And sanitary reasons.

ELEANOR. Put the hot sauce down.

TRACY. Why?

So you can leave?

Just win at Bingo and then leave?

I paid for this room and we're going to use it!

I am not leaving this spot until every name tag is handed out and people have their drinks

and their food and we've played the game and given the prize and done the PowerPoint and mingled and had the cake and—

The door slams open and knocks Tracy to the ground. The bowl of hot sauce drenches her as she falls and she drops the squeeze bottle. The door opener is Mackenzie.

MACKENZIE. Oh my God!

You're bleeding! She's bleeding!!!

ELEANOR. It's just hot sauce!

JILLIE. (*Rushing to help Tracy.*) Don't touch your eyes!

MACKENZIE. Are you OK?!

JILLIE. Don't touch your eyes!!!

MACKENZIE. Can I help?!

ELEANOR. Wait!

All immediately stop their yelling.

You speak English.

JILLIE. The Schwartzbaum-Shapiro-Gonzalez quinceañera is—

MACKENZIE. At seven.

Yes. I heard that.

I'm not here for that. I'm here for—

JILLIE. Are you a Tracy Jones!

MACKENZIE. Yes.

Yes I am.

JILLIE. *(To Tracy.)* Tracy! He's another Tracy! *(As she's rehearsed.)* We are so glad that you've been able to join us and be our kith and kin.

TRACY. He's a man.

MACKENZIE. Uh... Yes I am.

TRACY. This is a party for only women Tracy Joneses.

MACKENZIE. *(Trying to pull it up on his phone.)* Did I miss that on the—?

(He rereads the invite.) "Greetings and salutations to all with the name Tracy Jones!

That's Tracy with a 'y,' not 'ey,' 'ie,' and definitely not 'ee'—
...Jones Street Bar and Grill..."

JILLIE. The Place for Wings (and Things).

MACKENZIE. *(To Jillie.)* It doesn't say that.

"No RSVP necessary...
party for..."

He reads the part that says it's for women only.

Oh.

Oh no. I'm such an idiot!

JILLIE. It's all right!

Grabbing a name tag that she puts on Mackenzie.

(Doing the "bit.") "Oh! What's your name?"

MACKENZIE. Um. Tracy?

JILLIE. *(Trying to keep the shtick going.)* "They're Tracy, too!"

ELEANOR. *(Heading to the door.)* I really should—

JILLIE. *(Blocking the door.)* No!

MACKENZIE. It's over.

I knew I should've come in sooner.

JILLIE. You're here now! You got your name tag and let me get you a drink—

MACKENZIE. No thank you. I've been here since they opened. Drinking. I kept trying to work up enough courage to come in— And I almost left when the bartender got sick?

JILLIE. Austin.

MACKENZIE. Yes, Austin.

He looked kind of green?

I thought it was the lighting because they have these green lights above the bar.

JILLIE. They're supposed to be festive.

MACKENZIE. They're not.

Austin said the fun time fogleman? put them up?

I laughed and pretended I knew what that meant and Austin smiled but it wasn't the green lighting because Austin apologized and then threw up in a silver champagne bucket.

JILLIE. It's a Boisterous Birthday Bucket.

We wear them on our heads when there's a birthday!

ELEANOR. (*To Jillie.*) I really—[need to leave.]

MACKENZIE. Austin tried to leave before he [threw up]—

I mean he was evidently feeling like he was gonna [throw up]—

And he was really nice to me—

but he said he couldn't leave the bar unless someone else was there to take over.

But there was something about day care workers and a sponsor—

And it was sad because no one would take over until he actually... you know...

He gestures as if throwing up.

I probably shouldn't've kept drinking after all that.

But I did.

I'd been thinking about coming—

I saw the invitation and, well, the blimp—

But obviously missed the part about—

But regardless I was afraid that I would [chicken out]—

So I got here early so I wouldn't—

But when Austin threw up I thought maybe that was a sign and then

I was just gonna go home but I knew if I went home then I'd just—

So I kept getting some more drinks and then thought,

OK, Tracy, just do it.

So I paid and left a big tip for the girl who took over for Austin.

Though I thought about maybe not leaving it because she didn't come until well

she *had* to.

So I didn't think that was very nice.

If she had come when he first said he didn't feel well he wouldn't've had to throw up in that bucket.

And it was a nice looking bucket.

But maybe she *couldn't* come?

I've never worked in a place like this so I shouldn't be throwing stones.

...

TRACY. You're a man.

MACKENZIE. (*Heading to the door.*) I'll go.

ELEANOR. (*Blocking him.*) No! She needs another Tracy.

(*Heading to the door.*) I should go.

JILLIE. (*Blocking Eleanor.*) No!

(*To Tracy.*) Tracy—

Tracy's right.

He's a Tracy!

MACKENZIE. It's OK.

He attempts to exit.

JILLIE. (*Stopping Mackenzie from exiting.*) But you're still a Tracy!

And there's a lot of food.

MACKENZIE. Oh. I had a ton of that Snacky stuff they had at the bar—

JILLIE. Scintillating Scrumptious Snak-Ens.

MACKENZIE. (*To the others.*) Have you had any?

It's just crackers and pretzels with a bit of cayenne pepper but the cayenne makes all the difference.

JILLIE. It does! There's some here!

MACKENZIE. Oh no.

I really should—

He again attempts to exit.

ELEANOR. As should I—

She again attempts to exit.

JILLIE. (*Blocking the door.*) NO!

As your personal-party-server-slash-host-with-the-most my one job is to make sure everyone has a good time!

(*Party host/DJ mode—maybe she does the Floss?*) Are you all having a good time?!

They all look at each other awkwardly.

So no one is leaving the Funtime Party Zone yet.

(*To Mackenzie.*) You're really a Tracy, right?

MACKENZIE. Why would I lie about that?

ELEANOR. (*To Jillie.*) I really need to—

MACKENZIE. See. (*Getting out his ID.*) Austin carded me.

(*Because they carded him.*) They're really nice here.

He hands his ID to Tracy who looks at it.

You can see I'm an organ donor.

Oh, that's probably not good that I drank so much.

ELEANOR. (*Panicking to Jillie.*) Please let me go.

JILLIE. (*To Mackenzie.*) She bought you a star because you're all winners!

Isn't that neat?

ELEANOR. (*To Jillie.*) Can you please just—

JILLIE. So you have your name tag, you've already had a lot to drink—

But do you want some black coffee?

That's what my mom drinks when she comes home from the paint and (*Air quote fingers.*) "sips" that she does every weekend.

And Tuesdays.

And Wednesdays. And—

ELEANOR. (*Her final attempt.*) I really just—

JILLIE. No!

Jillie pours or squirts hot sauce onto Eleanor's shoes.

They stare at the shoes.

I'm so sorry.

It slipped.

ELEANOR. It's all over my shoes.

JILLIE. Yes.

(An idea forming.) Yes! It is!

Give me your shoes!

ELEANOR. What?

JILLIE. You can't track it all over the place and leave a sticky mess. I'll take your shoes and wipe them off and you just wait / right here while I—

ELEANOR. No, I can just—

JILLIE. Give me the shoes!!

All look at Jillie.

Please.

She smiles.

I'll clean them real quick and then you can be on your way.

Eleanor warily take off her shoes and gives them to Jillie.

Thank you.

Pulling herself together, Jillie grabs Snak-Ens and gives them to Mackenzie.

Here are some Scintillating Scrumptious Snak-Ens—

Mackenzie excitedly takes them.

ELEANOR. *(Heading to exit with Jillie.)* I can follow you and—

JILLIE. No! Kith and kin aren't allowed to walk around the main serving floor without their shoes.

No shirts, no shoes, no pants, no service.

I will be right back with your clean shoes and I'll get some more seltzer for your clothes, Tracy.

MACKENZIE. Bring some white vinegar and cold water. If you sponge some vinegar onto the stain after flushing it from the back with cold water it should get it right out.

JILLIE. Well isn't that something! Isn't that a great idea, Tracy?

I'll get everything and, in the meantime, *(Handing Mackenzie a Bingo card.)* play the game and do the prize and maybe even start the PowerPoint!

THIS PLAY IS NOT OVER!



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