

*ALMOST MAIMED*

*By*  
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# ALMOST MAIMED

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CAST: 7 women or nonbinary

SYDNEY	Late 20s to late 30s, the kind of person who makes a chore wheel and you better follow it Or Else.
IZZY	Early 20s to early 30s, the kind of person who accidentally takes too much edibles every time.
MILLIE	Early 20s to early 30s. Does her laundry promptly but can never seem to put it away on time.
SAL	Early 20s to early 30s. Doesn't even look at the app as she swipes right on dating apps, but will at least respond once to all those messages.
NICKI	Late teens to late 20s. Relishes a good Facebook argument.
JORDAN	Mid 20s to 40s. Makes jokes about their baggage secretly hoping one day someone won't laugh.
KAYLA	Late teens to early 20s. Always trying to get a good grade in therapy, not believing that's impossible.

TIME: A version of 2019 very similar to ours.

PLACE: A few different sparse, realistic locations.

## ALMOST MAIMED

*Almost Maimed* was originally produced simultaneously in The Tank's LadyFest and at 13<sup>th</sup> Street Repertory in Rogue Theater Festival, featuring the following cast:

Sydney.....Amanda Stafford

Izzy.....Caturah Brown

Sal.....Korra O'Neill

Millie.....Jahmorei Snipes

Kayla.....Nancy Pop

Nicki.....Mariah Plante

Jordan.....Tara Nicole Murphy

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## SCENE 1

*SYDNEY and IZZY are sitting at a café together in silence. They have just gotten their coffees. Izzy is flipping through a newspaper. Sydney looks distracted. She tries her drink.*

**SYDNEY.** I knew I shouldn't have ordered a cappuccino. I guess it's just too much for them to process. *(Without looking up, Izzy hands her a part of the newspaper. When she doesn't take it, Izzy looks up.)*

**IZZY.** Do you want the Comics section?

**SYDNEY.** *(After a long look)* I want them to bring my food.

**IZZY.** Is everything okay? You seem a little off. You kept saying you wanted to try this place, I would have been fine with going back to our usual...

**SYDNEY.** I'm just... all I ordered was a cappuccino and a scone. It's really not that hard.

**IZZY.** It's busy today. *(She doesn't respond, just glances back and forth for servers and tries to get their attention.)* Is your coffee really that bad?

**SYDNEY.** I really need something else.

**IZZY.** What do you need? Here, let me get someone's attention. *(to a passing waiter)* Hey, excuse me... sorry, where's our waiter...

**SYDNEY.** Don't.

**IZZY.** I'm sorry. You just seem unhappy.

**SYDNEY.** I know. You don't have to say sorry. You didn't do anything.

**IZZY.** You're right. I'm sorry. Oh, now that was awkward.

**SYDNEY.** What time are you picking me up tonight? *(Stares at her.)* Izzy.

**IZZY.** I thought we weren't doing anything until tomorrow. Party's on

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Friday, right?

**SYDNEY.** Today is Friday.

**IZZY.** So when do you want me to come? Seven?

**SYDNEY.** Actually. I want to talk about... (*gestures to the space between them*) ... this.

**IZZY.** This?

**SYDNEY.** Yes

**IZZY.** The table?

**SYDNEY.** Our relationship

**IZZY.** I know. (*She laughs eagerly. Sydney doesn't. Izzy stops to drink.*)

**SYDNEY.** I think we have an imbalanced relationship.

**IZZY.** What does that mean?

**SYDNEY.** It means I'm putting more into this than I'm getting out of it.

**IZZY.** ...What does that mean?

**SYDNEY.** Okay, this morning, before we got here, I had to call you four times before you woke up. I feel like all I ever do with my life is keep you organized, and I've already told you a thousand times that-... if you would just listen-... I need more than this.

**IZZY.** We weren't even doing anything else today.

**SYDNEY.** Maybe *you* weren't. Look, if you want to continue to be in a relationship with me, you need to put more work into it than just asking me where your phone charger is three times a day.

**IZZY.** You don't need to do that. I'm an adult, too.

**SYDNEY.** Where's your charger right now?

**IZZY.** ...My place? (*Sydney climbs onto the table and crawls across their drinks. She reaches into Izzy's shirt and pulls out her heart. Izzy's chest spurts and within a minute, blood is all over her clothes and Sydney's hands. Once Sydney has ripped it completely loose, she drops the heart on the table.*)

**SYDNEY.** I'll be at your apartment by six to drop off your stuff.

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Including your charger. Don't come to my apartment. (*glancing at all the blood*) I just got the carpet cleaned. (*She gets off the table and shakes off her hands. To server offstage:*) Can I get a to-go bag?

**IZZY** (*struggling*): And some more napkins. (*Blackout.*)

### SCENE 2

*In dim light, we see two women having sex.*

**SAL.** (*Breathless*) Where do you want me to go?

**MILLIE.** What? Like off the bed?

**SAL.** Like left or right?

**MILLIE.** Oh... I guess to the right... your right... no never mind, my right...

**SAL.** I can go faster?!

**MILLIE.** Was that a question or... Yes!

**SAL.** Yes?!

**MILLIE.** Yes, faster! (*Sal increases the speed.*) Yes! Faster!

**SAL.** I can still go faster-

**MILLIE.** Oh fuck! (*Increased noises on both sides, the bed shifts, then a loud splat is heard. They stop moving. Silence.*)

**SAL.** ...Did you just come?

**MILLIE.** Well...

**SAL.** Like, a lot?

**MILLIE.** Well, that wasn't-

**SAL.** I'm gonna turn the light on. (*Sal turns the light beside the bed on. Millie is lying with her head over the edge of the bed. Her skull has come open. Part or all of her brain is lying on the floor under her in a bloody pile.*)

**MILLIE.** Did you just... fuck my brains out?

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**SAL.** You said go faster.

**MILLIE.** I need my brain more than I need my vagina, you moron. You focused on the wrong organ.

**SAL.** I didn't mean to!

**MILLIE.** I sure hope not! Has this ever happened to you before?

**SAL.** No. I should ask you the same thing.

**MILLIE.** What? Shut up. Hang on. *(She feels around her head and starts to turn around to look at her brains.)*

**SAL.** Wait, don't move, what if that's not safe?

**MILLIE.** I don't think-

**SAL.** *(Interrupting, laughing)* Ha, you CAN'T think, get it?

**MILLIE.** Shut up! I was going to say I don't think it's like a concussion. I need to get up.

**SAL.** Do you want to go to the emergency room?

**MILLIE.** No. I'm not going to a hospital and explaining this.

**SAL.** I can help. What do you want me to do?

**MILLIE.** It might be too intimate--

**SAL.** Well, think of how we got here.

**MILLIE.** Good point.

**SAL.** Can I just push them back in?

**MILLIE.** You can try. *(Sal gets on the floor next to the pile of brains.)*

Certainly not without washing your hands. *(Sal exits for a moment. Sound of washing hands.)*

**SAL.** You know, that's what you told me to do tonight before we got into bed.

**MILLIE.** I'm careful about my most valuable parts. Clearly not careful enough, though.

**SAL.** What's that supposed to mean?

**MILLIE.** What?

**SAL.** Never mind. *(She comes back and sits down next to the pile of*

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*brains, inspecting it for the best approach.)*

**MILLIE.** Hurry up!

**SAL.** I guess your patience is somewhere in this pile.

**MILLIE.** Yeah, so is my sense of humor. What's taking you so goddamn long?

**SAL.** Sorry, I just want to do this right. I screwed up this night enough as it is. *(A moment of silence as Sal thinks and Millie lets her think. Sal starts to stuff a handful into Millie's ear.)*

**MILLIE.** Am I really the one who's brainless here?

**SAL.** Yeah, that won't work.

**MILLIE.** You know, actually, I can do it myself. I just realized I'm not really comfortable with you doing this. You can just go.

**SAL.** I can't just leave you alone after this happened... after I did this to you.

**MILLIE.** Wouldn't be the first time.

**SAL.** So this *has* happened before? A little warning would have been nice.

**MILLIE.** I didn't think talking about that time I got cerebral fluid on my quilt would turn you on. *(Sal says nothing, goes to the bathroom and comes back out with a few paper towels. She starts a process of cleaning the brains off, but this quickly results in just blood, some goo, and ripped paper towels getting everywhere. Millie sees the struggle.)*

**MILLIE.** I'm sorry. I didn't think it would happen again. I thought it just happened that one time with some asshole because I felt awkward and had no clue what I was doing at the time.

**SAL.** I'm sorry, too. I should have been focusing more on you. I could tell your heart wasn't in it.

**MILLIE.** It's that obvious, huh? *(A moment of silence. Sal laughs.)*

**SAL.** Get it? Your heart's not in it? Cause it's your brains...?

**MILLIE.** I get it. *(She tries not to laugh, but very soon completely loses it, pleasantly surprising Sal. Soon her laughter starts to sound like crying.)*

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I'm really sorry. You were obviously expecting something casual for both of us and I ruined it. So much for trying to avoid being awkward. I'm crying and you've got the wrong fluids all over you and--

**SAL.** We don't have to be casual if you don't want to be. I think sometimes it's harder to be casual about this stuff. (*Sal reaches out to grab her hand. This makes it covered in brains.*) Oh, gross. Sorry.

**MILLIE.** It's okay. (*She looks around and finds hand sanitizer. While Sal talks, she rubs some of the brains with it.*)

**SAL.** You weren't the first to ruin being casual. I always try really hard to... make girls feel good and then it just backfires. You shouldn't feel bad about it. I mean... don't lose your head over it.

**MILLIE.** I'll try to be open-minded. (*Sal sits on the bed and they carefully start to put them back, almost cuddling, both women giggling intermittently. Fade to black.*)

### SCENE 3

*IZZY is sitting on a park bench. Her shirt is torn and bloody with a gaping wound on his chest and he is pale and sad. The heart that Sydney had torn out is crudely attached to her sleeve. KAYLA walks up to her. Izzy is happy to see a girl coming to talk to her.*

**KAYLA.** Hi there! Sorry to bother you, do you know how to get to Main Street?

**IZZY.** Yes, it's right over— (*She accidentally whips her wrist too fast in her direction. Blood splatters on the girl's face. She screams and runs away.*) ...Sorry! It was a bad breakup! Do you want a napkin or...?! (*She looks at the wound.*) Some people just can't handle a girl who's open. (*Blackout.*)

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**SCENE 4**

*SAL is at a bar, a friend's party, something like that, generally satisfied and surrounded by people and music but not overwhelmingly so. NICKI wanders in. Maybe Nicki knows that Sal is going to be there, but maybe Nicki is trying hard not to be seen looking for her. Sal spots Nicki first, spends a moment really considering not talking to her, but for some reason...*

**SAL.** Nicki. Hey.

**NICKI.** Hey! Oh, hey! Sal! I didn't know you'd—how do you know Millie?

**SAL.** We went to college together.

**NICKI.** That's cool. She and I worked together.

**SAL.** I know. I remember.

**NICKI.** You remember that?

**SAL.** That's how she introduced you.

**NICKI.** Right.

**SAL.** Can I start over?

**NICKI.** What?

**SAL.** I managed to already make this awkward somehow.

**NICKI.** I think that was me. (*SAL spins in a little circle, as if to refresh the conversation.*)

**SAL.** Nicki. Hey.

**NICKI.** Sal. Hey. What are you drinking?

**SAL.** Rosé.

**NICKI.** Rosé?

**SAL.** Yeah. Is that... cool? It's what the kids these days are drinking.  
Haha.

**NICKI.** That's so... cool, but, I thought you said you didn't like wine.

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**SAL.** When did I say I didn't like wine?

**NICKI.** That time I texted you. Like six months ago. After I spent the night for the first time. You said in bed that night you needed to test out a new scone recipe. And I said I loved scones. And I said that I could come by that weekend and bring some wine. And you said.

**SAL.** I said I loved rosé. So what's the problem--

**NICKI.** So then I texted you the next day and you never responded. And I called the day after that. And Facebook messaged too. And it said you read the message but never responded. So then I decided to try to just leave you alone. But I got drunk a couple weeks ago. And messaged you again to point out you hadn't responded to me for six. Months. And that if you didn't want to have wine and scones with me then you could have just said so, you didn't have to spend that one night staying up until dawn talking to me and planning our next three dates and pretending like you wanted to have wine and scones with me. But you just texted back and said,  
*(scrolling through messages)*

**SAL.** I know, I'm sorry, this was a dick move--

**NICKI.** *(Reading the message)* "Sorry, the thing is, I don't like wine." *(An awkward silence. Nicki just stares at the wine in Sal's hand. Sal stares anywhere else.)*

**SAL.** I wasn't the last one to respond then. So I didn't technically ghost you. So it's not totally—

**NICKI.** Except then I said that I would have brought whatever you liked if you would have only told me.

**SAL.** Oh.

**NICKI.** Yeah.

**SAL.** I just didn't see that message. I promise that's all. *(Nicki reaches down into her skirt or shirt, she pulls out a long gooey red cord, like an umbilical cord... or maybe not, just something from deep within her. She offers it to Sal, who does not take it.)* I shouldn't have ghosted you. I'm

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sorry. But I really just didn't know what to do. I couldn't think of something to say that wasn't more hurtful in my mind than just not responding. But I should have figured that you deserve honesty and to figure out what's more hurtful for you. You really did nothing wrong. It was just me. Not wanting to commit. And not knowing how to say it. And I'm sorry because you obviously think we had a connection and I should have respected that.

**NICKI.** We did have a connection.

**SAL.** We did.

**NICKI.** You know it.

**SAL.** Can I start over?

**NICKI.** Sure. *(Sal does her little circle.)*

**SAL.** Hey. *(Nicki offers the connection. Sal takes it, gets kind of bloodied, but then gives it back.)* Nicki, I'm sorry. But I don't feel I can take this right now. *(Sal wipes her hands and exits. Nicki is left alone. After a long pained moment, she starts to exit too, leaving the connection in a long path behind her like a wedding train.)*

## SCENE 5

*Sydney enters in a bathrobe, messy hair, general post-coital look.*

**SYDNEY.** I've really got to get going soon.

**JORDAN.** *(From offstage)* Stay a while.

**SYDNEY.** It's been a while for me. Hey, can I borrow a shirt from your closet? Mine's a little—

**JORDAN** *(Running into the room)* Hold on. I don't have anything clean in there. It's a total mess.

**SYDNEY.** I don't care. I dated Izzy, remember? I'm used to messes. I'll drop it off after I do some laundry and stuff later, I promise. I just need

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something to throw off the whole walk of shame look.

**JORDAN.** Hey, you just got out of a relationship. No one will judge. That's how we both got over it when you broke up with me.

**SYDNEY.** Jeez, I didn't sleep with that many people. My total body count in my life has to be less than ten. (*She tries again to open the closet. Jordan holds it shut.*) If we're going to be actual friends with benefits again then we can't have weird secrets, Jordan. (*She opens the closet. A huge trunk or suitcase is there, with a range of blood stains old and new. There might be a puddle under it.*) When I used the phrase 'body count', I was totally kidding... like I meant sex, not... did you kill people to get over me?

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