DUD WARS

A Ten-Minute Comedy Duet

by

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BROOKLYN PUBLISHERS, LLC

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CAST: APRYL and JILL

(The bedroom of two sisters, APRYL and JILL. APRYL is one year older than JILL. At the opening, JILL is sprawled out on two chairs, representing a bed. SHE is listening to music and singing to herself.)

APRYL: (entering like a hurricane) That's it! I have had it!
JILL: You've had what?
APRYL: It! I've had “It”!
JILL: Did I miss the beginning of this conversation?
APRYL: You've missed more than that, Jill. And you're gonna be missing a sister if things don't change around here.
JILL: (easing herself back down) Wake me when you start making sense.
APRYL: (grabbing her and bringing her to a sitting position) You're gonna listen and you're gonna do it right now!
JILL: Hey! What's the deal?
APRYL: This! (displaying an imaginary shirt) This is the deal!
JILL: Your shirt.
APRYL: You recognize it! And did I hear you say it was my shirt?
JILL: Are you going through something, Apryl? Maybe we can talk about it.
APRYL: You're going through that wall if you don't stop wearing my clothes!
JILL: Oh. That again.
APRYL: Yes! That again! And again and again and again until you realize that my stuff belongs to me!
JILL: What's the big deal?
APRYL: What's the big deal? ...The Big Deal is that I'm going to the movies tonight and my best shirt is dirty!
JILL: So wear another shirt! Nobody'll notice. Don't they still turn the lights out in the movies?
APRYL: You're missing the point!
JILL: And you're missing the movie, Apryl. Better put on another shirt.

(SHE again begins to recline)

APRYL: No! We're gonna settle this once and for all... (again jerks her up to a sitting position) ...Right now!
JILL: Hey! Easy on my sweater!
APRYL: Like you care about clothing.
JILL: It's not for me. It's your sweater. (APRYL screams, then quickly crosses away from her, too mad to speak) Oh come on. Lighten up, Ape.
APRYL: (still fuming) We need a bigger house.
JILL: We just moved in this place, Ape.
APRYL: Don't call me that.
JILL: ...and Dad said that since you'd be going to college next year we could share until August.
APRYL: From Here to Eternity!
JILL: Look, I'm sorry about borrowing your shirt, OK? I didn't know it was so...so precious to you.
APRYL: It's not..."precious"... It's just that there is something called private ownership in this country and you obviously don't believe in it.
JILL: Does that make me a communist?
APRYL: No. Just a mooch.
JILL: Thanks.
APRYL: And besides, I'd planned on wearing that shirt tonight. I mean, is that so much to ask: to be able to wear what I want when I want? I mean, is this a free country or not?
JILL: Gosh. I feel unpatriotic now.
APRYL: Very funny.
JILL: (standing, dramatically) Like...like Benedict Arnold in a stolen sweater!
APRYL: Cut it out.
JILL: I regret that I have but one shirt to give for my country.

(hangs herself with an imaginary rope and chokes)

APRYL: (looking at the shirt in her hands) And look! Milk Duds! You've got Milk Duds all over my shirt!
JILL: (in mock horror) Milk Duds, too! Oh, no!
(shoots herself with an imaginary gun and falls onto the floor)

APRYL:  (slowly walking to nearly on top of JILL) Why do I have the feeling that you’re not taking any of this seriously?
JILL:  (still on the floor, smiling) What makes you say that?
APRYL:  All right! Fine! That’s it! You wanna play the game this way, then that’s the way we’ll play it!
JILL:  Huh?
APRYL:  (picking up an imaginary box) There they are!

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