FANGS FOR THE MEMORY

A TEN-MINUTE COMEDY

by

Eddie Cope & Jim Bain

BROOKLYN PUBLISHERS, LLC

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AT RISE: Sally, a bright woman, is reading at her desk in a small office. Phone rings.

SALLY: (into phone) Sally’s casting... no, can’t help you, dear. We specialize in casting horror films. You’re welcome.
(hangs up)

(Knocking on door.)

SALLY: Come in

(BILLY JOE enters. He speaks with a hillbilly accent and wears a red-haired toupee and glasses.)

BILLY JOE: Hello?
SALLY: Yes?
BILLY JOE: (nervous) Uh... I'm Billy Joe Martin.
SALLY: So?
BILLY JOE: Uh, I'm pleased to meet you.
SALLY: What can I do you for?
BILLY JOE: Ah seen yer ad in the paper... Ah jis got in from Oklahoma.
SALLY: I can believe that.
BILLY JOE: And I want to apply.
SALLY: Sorry, kid. I need horror-picture actors.
BILLY JOE: Well, I used to go to the haunted house back home... and—
SALLY: (snapping) You're not what I'm looking for.
BILLY JOE: But I drive a monster truck.
SALLY: Forget it.
BILLY JOE: You ain't prejudice a-gin small town folk, are ya?
SALLY: Of course not.
BILLY JOE: Good. Now I want you to meet the real me.

(BILLY JOE takes off red-haired toupee and glasses; then starts to remove shirt.)

SALLY: (surprised) Whoa... what are you doing?
BILLY JOE: Just want to prove I'm an actor who can play any part.
SALLY: Well, keep your shirt on... 
BILLY JOE: (meekly) -Sorry.
SALLY: --Save the strip tease, Billy Joe... if that's your real name.
BILLY JOE: Real name's Howard Walker.
SALLY: Figures.
BILLY JOE: I'm in Actors Equity, Screen Actors Guild, Dramatists Guild and many other wonderful organizations.
SALLY: Impressive... but you're not right for the part.
BILLY JOE: (pleading) Look, lady. I'm desperate.
SALLY: Have you ever given a really scary performance?
BILLY JOE: Oh yeah. I scared my mother-in-law half to death.
SALLY: How'd you do that?
BILLY JOE: I asked her daughter to marry me.
SALLY: Okay, I've heard enough.
BILLY JOE: (begging) Please, I'll do anything to get a part.
SALLY: Fine. (SALLY holds up a plastic comb.) Here's a comb. Go part your hair.
BILLY JOE: I get the message. I'm leaving. (exits)
SALLY: Not soon enough.

(SALLY busies HERSELF at her desk, shuffling papers. PAUL enters.)

PAUL: Good morning.
SALLY: Yes?
PAUL: Here for the gig.
SALLY: You from Oklahoma?
PAUL: No.
SALLY: Okay, enter.
PAUL: Enter? Should I cross stage center?
SALLY: You can genuflect for all I care.
PAUL: You won’t regret this.
SALLY: I’ve heard that before. What’s your best part?
PAUL: Actually... I perform using my entire body.
SALLY: Oh, a comedian?
PAUL: No, I’m serious. I’m Paul Fondren... a graduate of the Madam Pushkin Academy of Action and Culinary Arts.
SALLY: Not impressed.
PAUL: I’m also a member of the Food-Service Theatre Association of America.
SALLY: You’re losing points here. Can you act?
PAUL: Like a raving lunatic.
SALLY: Have you had any gigs doing horror?
PAUL: Sure, worked all the best dinner theaters in America.
SALLY: Which shows?
PAUL: “Dracula Throws A Virgin Into The Volcano.” I played –
SALLY: --Don’t tell me. The virgin?
PAUL: No, the volcano. See I wore this fire proof suit, and –

(SALLY covers ears with her hands.)

SALLY: Don’t wanna hear anymore.
PAUL: I also emoted in “The Wolfman Goes Ape.”
SALLY: How ’bout emoting across the street?
PAUL: (sadly) You mean I don’t get cast?
SALLY: Sorry. My clients are looking for an actor who is more of (thinking) an actor.

(PAUL drops to his knees)

END OF FREE PREVIEW