A MATTER OF INTERPRETATION

Short Plays for Children
(and their adults!)

by
Matt Haldeman

BROOKLYN PUBLISHERS, LLC

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BATHROOM HUMOR  
by  
Matt Haldeman

SET: A table and two chairs.  
RUNNING TIME: 10 – 12 minutes

At Rise: A diner. Two men are seated by a small round table. 

TOM: I think its D-I-A-R-A-H-

(WAITRESS brings silverware.)

MATT: Aren’t there 2 R’s? 
TOM: I don’t know. 
MATT: It’s definitely H-E-A…or H-I-A. 
TOM: But you’re sure there’s a H? 
MATT: I don’t know. 
TOM: Well there’s no Y, I’m pretty sure of that. (pause) What’s your best guess? 
MATT: D-I-A-R-R-H- 
TOM: Shhh! (WAITRESS walks by,) Look, let’s just break it down. How many different ways are there to spell die? 
MATT: D-I-E…or D-Y-E. Or just D-I. 
TOM: And UH, is just A, right? 
MATT: OK. 
TOM: And RIA? 
MATT: R-I-A or R-E-A. 
TOM: And no H? 
MATT: Well, I guess maybe after the- 
WAITRESS: Your food will be up shortly. (exits) 
TOM: Keep it down. 
MATT: Why? 
TOM: I don’t want her to know what we’re talking about, you know? 
MATT: Why not? 
TOM: It’s embarrassing. 
MATT: It’s just a disease. 
TOM: It’s not a disease. 
MATT: Well, what is it then? 
TOM: It’s a condition. 
MATT: A condition? 
TOM: One in five men, ages 10 to 65, has experienced some sort of intestinal problem at some point in the course of his life. 
MATT: (laughing) You sound like a brochure. Wait a minute, you’ve got it. 
TOM: Got what? 
MATT: Diarr- 
TOM: Shhh. (pause) That’s ridiculous. 
MATT: No, it’s true, that’s why you refuse to go on those hot air balloon rides, isn’t it? 
TOM: Don’t be silly. 
MATT: You don’t wear those adult diapers, do you? 
TOM: Will you keep it down, she’ll hear you. 
MATT: So what if she does? 
TOM: I don’t want her to know what we’re talking about. She’ll think we’re immature. 
MATT: But we’re discussing it. 
TOM: That’s different. 
MATT: Why? 
TOM: Because you’re you. 
MATT: So I am. 
TOM: And she’s – 
MATT: Beautiful?
TOM: And sweet.
MATT: You like her.
TOM: I do not.
MATT: You do so. You can’t lie to me. You like her and you have diarr-
TOM: Shhh! (pause) Why do you need to know anyway?
MATT: What?
TOM: I mean, why do you even care about the spelling?
MATT: It’s for a crossword puzzle.
TOM: You’re doing a crossword puzzle?
MATT: I always do them at lunch. I won’t leave ‘til I’m done.
TOM: How long does it take?
MATT: Put it this way: I’m usually home for dinner.
TOM: Are you kidding? I don’t have time for this.
MATT: So you’re leaving?
TOM: Yeah.
MATT: Have you forgotten it was my mom who drove us here?
TOM: So I’m stranded?
MATT: ‘Til I’m done.
TOM: Well, can I give you a hand?
MATT: Excuse me?
TOM: Let me help you with the puzzle; maybe we’ll finish sooner.
MATT: All right fine, here’s the one I don’t get. Seven down. It says “Excessive –owel movement.”
TOM: Owl movement, like migration?
MATT: No. Excessive, blank -O-W-E-L movement. The one letter got cut off. I’m assuming it’s a B.
TOM: You don’t know for sure?
MATT: What else could it be?
TOM: I don’t know, a T?
MATT: Excessive towel movement?
TOM: Yeah.
MATT: What’s that?
TOM: When you waive your towel too much? Maybe it’s a V.
MATT: Excessive vowel movement?
TOM: (counting on his fingers) Wheel of Fortune. How many letters is that?
MATT: It’s definitely a B.
TOM: It might not be.
MATT: Are you sure?
TOM: No.
MATT: Here, let’s ask the waitress.
TOM: No, we can’t tell her what we’re doing.
MATT: Why not?
TOM: She’ll think we’re dorks.
MATT: Because we do crossword puzzles?
TOM: No, she’ll think you’re a dork because you do crossword puzzles. She’ll think I’m a dork by association.
MATT: So we can’t ask her to help us.
TOM: We can, she just can’t know what we’re doing.
MATT: How do we do that?
TOM: (thinks) If we need her help spelling something, we just get her to say whatever word we don’t know. Then we say,
‘What’s that? I’ve never heard of that. Can you spell it so I can look it up later?’
MATT: Look it up later…that’s brilliant.
TOM: What are the other ones you don’t know?
MATT: Well, I don’t know this one: an Italian dessert of lady fingers soaked in espresso.
TOM: Tiramisu.
MATT: What?
TOM: That’s what it is.
MATT: How do you spell it?
TOM: I don’t know.
MATT: Here, we’ll ask the waitress. Excuse me, what desserts do you have?
WAITRESS: We have pecan pie and apple-
TOM: How about Italian desserts?
MATT: Yeah, Italian.
WAITRESS: Guys, this is a diner.
TOM: Made with espresso.
MATT: And ladies’ toes.
TOM: Fingers.
MATT: That’s what I meant.
WAITRESS: We just have pie.
TOM: Do you make any of them with espresso?
WAITRESS: Maybe you guys want a different restaurant.
MATT: Yeah, well we can’t leave until I figure out how to spell-
WAITRESS: You don’t know how to spell?
TOM: No.
WAITRESS: At all?
MATT: I have a very rare psychological disorder that prevents me from spelling any word but my own name.
TOM: Look, you’ve got to know what we are talking about.
MATT: C’mon, espresso, lady fingers…
WAITRESS: Oh, I know, its, uh…tiramisu.
TOM: Yes, that’s it.
WAITRESS: I guess you guys really like it, huh?
MATT: Like what?
WAITRESS: Tiramisu.
MATT: I’ve never heard of it, have you?
TOM: No, what’s that?
WAITRESS: We were just talking about it, lady fingers, espresso-
TOM: Can you spell it?
WAITRESS: What?
MATT: That thing that we didn’t know what it was.
TOM: Just so we can look it up later.
WAITRESS: But I just told you what it-
TOM: Please.
TOM: Thanks.

(WAITRESS starts to leave.)

MATT: By the way, we don’t want any of it.
WAITRESS: We don’t have any- OK, I’ll cancel your order.
TOM: I think she digs me. (pause) Hey, are we done yet?
MATT: We’re good to go. As soon as we find out how to spell you know what.
TOM: This won’t take long. (WAITRESS walks by.) Excuse me, where’s the men’s room?
WAITRESS: Second door on the left.
TOM: (gets up, then comes back) Can I use it?
WAITRESS: Yeah, of course.
TOM: But what if I can’t?
WAITRESS: Uh, I don’t think I can help you there.
TOM: No, I mean I can, but what if I can’t?
WAITRESS: What are you talking about?
TOM: What if someone’s in there?

END OF FREE PREVIEW
IN SEARCH OF THE PERFECT ROOMMATE
by
Matt Haldeman

SET: 2 chairs
PROPS: A clipboard
RUNNING TIME: 8 – 10 minutes

At Rise: Two chairs. Two men.

ONE

MICHAEL: Good morning.
JOE: Hello (checks his clipboard) Michael. Please have a seat.
MICHAEL: I’ve been here since three this morning. They’re all lined up around the block. When we saw you were looking for a roommate, well, it was almost too good to be true. Hardwood floors, a skylight, satellite television, what more could you ask for?
JOE: I should warn you that I’m very picky. I’m looking for someone very specific.
MICHAEL: Fire away.
JOE: You’re not messy, are you?
MICHAEL: I’m very neat.
JOE: Do you smoke? I can’t stand smokers.
MICHAEL: I think it’s disgusting.
JOE: I like to go to bed early. Are you going to be coming home at all hours of the night?
MICHAEL: Definitely not.
JOE: Loud music?
MICHAEL: Classical…and only on my headphones.
JOE: Do you sing in the shower?
MICHAEL: Never.
JOE: Do you shower?
MICHAEL: Yes, absolutely.
JOE: And you won’t hog the bathroom?
MICHAEL: No.
JOE: Or the remote?
MICHAEL: I don’t watch TV.
JOE: And what about pets?
MICHAEL: None.
JOE: No, I mean, do you mind them?
MICHAEL: Why, do you have any?
JOE: A few. (pause) I hope that isn’t a problem.

TWO

JOE: (checking his clipboard) So, Aaron, before we go any further, I should warn you that I do have pets. I know that makes some people uncomfortable.
AARON: I guess I could handle a cat.
JOE: Or two?
AARON: Or two.
JOE: What about a dog?
AARON: Dogs are ok, I guess. Why, do you have a dog?
JOE: No. (pause) I have two.
AARON: Two dogs?
JOE: Is that a problem?
AARON: I don’t know. Do they fight with the cats?
JOE: Sometimes.
AARON: Is it bad?
JOE: Sort of.
AARON: How bad is it?
JOE: They fight like, like, like…
AARON: Like cats and dogs?
JOE: Yeah. *(pause)* Is that going to be a problem?

THREE

JOE: *(checking his clipboard)* And Trevor, I just want to let you know that I have two dogs.
TREVOR: OK.
JOE: And a cat.
TREVOR: Just one?
JOE: Well, that depends.
TREVOR: On what?
JOE: Do you consider a tiger a cat?
TREVOR: Yes.
JOE: Oh. In that case I have three. *(pause)* Is that going to be a problem?

FOUR

NICK: You have a tiger?
JOE: Two.
NICK: Two! What do you need two tigers for?
JOE: Well, for protection of course.
NICK: Protection? Against what?
JOE: Against the gorilla. *(pause)* Did I mention I have a gorilla?
NICK: No.
JOE: Is that going to be a problem?

FIVE

OSCAR: You have a gorilla?
JOE: Is that a problem?
OSCAR: Don’t gorillas have bad tempers?
JOE: Just don’t interrupt him when he’s watching *Tarzan*. And don’t sleep in his bed.
OSCAR: Where does he sleep?
JOE: Anywhere he wants.
OSCAR: Is he housebroken?
JOE: Of course. He even gets me my paper in the morning.
OSCAR: Is he quiet?
JOE: Quiet as a mouse. *(pause)* Come to think of it, he’s quieter than all my mice. You get twenty or more mice together and they’ll keep you up half the night.

SIX

DAVE: Is he quiet?
JOE: Very.
DAVE: And gentle?
JOE: He wouldn’t hurt a fly. *(pause)* And I would know; we have millions of ’em.

END OF FREE PREVIEW
A MATTER OF INTERPRETATION
by
Matt Haldeman

SET: Three chairs and a desk to put the money in

PROPS: A gun

RUNNING TIME: 10 – 12 minutes

At Rise: A small room. There are three chairs in the middle and there is a desk far off stage left. The MOB BOSS is sitting in the chair at the farthest stage right. HE is clearly impatient and not happy about waiting. Finally, the KING appears. HE walks in and shakes the MOB BOSS’s hand.

MOB BOSS: Hello.
KING: What?
MOB BOSS: Hi.
KING: What?
MOB BOSS: Do you speak English?
KING: I’m sorry, I don’t speak English.
MOB BOSS: What’s going on?
KING: Look, if you’ll just wait a sec-
MOB BOSS: What?

(They both pause for a second. The MOB BOSS is clearly perplexed.)

MOB BOSS: Bonjour, je m’appelle Don Fettucine.
KING: Look, we’re getting nowhere, if you’ll only-
MOB BOSS: Ola!
KING: (shakes his head) Nope.
MOB BOSS: Gesundheit?
KING: (angrily) Stop!
MOB BOSS: Yo quiero Taco Bell?
KING: Not another Word!

(They both sit down, but neither is sure what to do. After a few seconds, the INTERPRETER enters. SHE immediately walks over and shakes the MOB BOSS’s hand.)

KING: Well, it’s about time.
INTERPRETER: (to King) A thousand apologies, your majesty. (to Mob Boss) Hello, nice to meet you, I’m sorry that I’m late.
MOB BOSS: Ah, finally someone I can understand. Will you please explain what’s going on?
INTERPRETER: Certainly, let me present to you King Ali-Fafa. Seven months ago your organization lent him a substantial amount of money, ten million dollars in fact.
MOB BOSS: Okay.
INTERPRETER: He is so indebted to you that he has made his first trip to the United States in order to personally deliver the money to you.
MOB BOSS: So he doesn’t speak English?
INTERPRETER: Not a word.
MOB BOSS: Please to meet you, your majesty.
KING: What?
INTERPRETER: He said it’s very nice to meet you.
KING: Oh, well thank you very much!
MOB BOSS: What?
INTERPRETER: He says thank you.
MOB BOSS: Very well, ask him if he had a pleasant flight.
INTERPRETER: (to King) Did you enjoy your flight?
KING: Goodness no. We were delayed over an hour at the gate and then spent another hour on the runway. And I was sick to my stomach the whole time and of course the food they gave us didn’t help and the floor kept shaking and I was sure we were going to crash and I must have used about seven of those little bags that they give you.
INTERPRETER: (to MOB BOSS) Uh, yes, he did.
MOB BOSS: Very well, let's get down to business. So, does he have the money?
INTERPRETER: I would assume so, let me ask him. (to KING) Do you have the money?
KING: Oh yes, it's all in the desk.
INTERPRETER: (to MOB BOSS) He says it's – (to KING) all of it?
KING: Of course.
INTERPRETER: Ten million, in that desk over there?
KING: Non sequential, untraceable, small American bills, like I was instructed.
INTERPRETER: (to MOB BOSS) He says that...
MOB BOSS: Yes?
INTERPRETER: Well, the thing is...
MOB BOSS: What?
INTERPRETER: He doesn't have the money.
MOB BOSS: He doesn't have any of it?
INTERPRETER: None.
MOB BOSS: So he flew halfway across the world to personally deliver money that he doesn't have?
INTERPRETER: Look, I'm just the interpreter.
MOB BOSS: Well, why don't you ask when he's going to get the money?
INTERPRETER: (to KING) Do you think the Sox can go all the way this year?
KING: Excuse me?
INTERPRETER: Do you think they can win it all?
KING: I guess so; they have a decent pitching rotation.
INTERPRETER: Good point. (to MOB BOSS) He's not going to get the money.
MOB BOSS: (beginning to get agitated) Ask him again and this time indicate what a serious problem he has if the answer is no, I don't care if he's King of whatever or not. Does he have my money?
INTERPRETER: (to KING) Do you like his haircut?
KING: Excuse me?
INTERPRETER: His haircut, he's worried that it makes him look fat.
KING: What kind of question is that?
INTERPRETER: Hey, I'm just the interpreter.
KING: No, tell him he doesn't look fat.
INTERPRETER: (to MOB BOSS) It doesn't look good.
MOB BOSS: He refused?
INTERPRETER: Flat out.
MOB BOSS: Does he know what will happen to him if I don't get my money?
INTERPRETER: Let's find out. (to KING) Did you pee on the rug?
KING: What?
INTERPRETER: He thinks you peed on the rug.
KING: I didn't.
INTERPRETER: Look, somebody peed on the rug.
KING: Well, it wasn't me.
INTERPRETER: Then tell him that.
KING: I didn't pee on your rug.
INTERPRETER: Louder.
KING: I didn't pee on your rug!
INTERPRETER: Once more. And stand up this time.
KING: (standing up and shaking his head) I DIDN'T PEE ON YOUR RUG!
INTERPRETER: There you go. He didn't pee on your rug.
MOB BOSS: What?
INTERPRETER: I mean, he doesn't have your money. He says you'll have to kill him to get it.
MOB BOSS: Oh, that can be arranged, believe me.
KING: Is he mad, he looks mad?
INTERPRETER: (to KING) A little bit.
KING: What did I say?
INTERPRETER: He's a Mets fan. (to MOB BOSS) Why don't we wait until everyone has had a chance to cool down and then we can discuss this like rational ad-
MOB BOSS: No, tell me what he said.
INTERPRETER: I'm sure that he didn't mean it.
MOB BOSS: What did he say?
INTERPRETER: May I remind you that I am just the interpreter and-
MOB BOSS: Just tell me.
INTERPRETER: He said he doesn’t like your haircut. He says it makes you look fat.
MOB BOSS: That’s it! You tell him, no I’ll tell him. You just signed your death warrant, buddy!

(HE stands up, looks at the KING and moves his hand across his throat.)

KING: Did you see that? He’s really upset now, isn’t he? And it’s not about baseball, is it?
INTERPRETER: (to KING) No, everything’s fine, don’t worry about it.
KING: How can you say that, did you see what he just did?
INTERPRETER: Yeah, so?
KING: So? He did the off with your head signal.
INTERPRETER: No, that’s not it.
KING: Don’t tell me that wasn’t it. I’ve done it and I know what it looks like.
INTERPRETER: Oh, no, you’ve got it all wrong, he was just motioning that he, uh, well, has had it up to here. (puts her hand to neck)
KING: With what?
INTERPRETER: Um, well, with, the, uh, the emergence of these young teen rock groups, like the Backstreet Boys and N’Sync that have catapulted onto the musical stage and captivated adolescent girls in the same way that artists like the Beatles did nearly a half century ago.
KING: What kind of stupid, pointless, idiotic meeting is this?
INTERPRETER: Will everyone just get off my back! I’m just the interpreter.
MOB BOSS: Stop talking to him, stop, ok, that’s it. (pulls out a gun)
KING: Oh, my gosh!
INTERPRETER: What?
KING: He’s got a gun!

END OF FREE PREVIEW
ROLE OF A LIFETIME
by
Matt Haldeman

SET: Two chairs and a table
PROPS: A wig and an apron
RUNNING TIME: 8 – 10 minutes

At Rise: The school cafeteria. A few other diners are seated. CLIFF is seated, and LUNCH LADY DORIS is wiping down his table. HE likes her and HE wants to get her attention. SHE wipes down the table and loads the dishes in a very business-like manner, pretending not to notice him.

CLIFF: There’s something about you, Lunch Lady Doris. Something that just screams “STAR!” I don’t know if it’s the elegant manner in which you plop the mashed potatoes on my plate, or the way that hairnet accentuates your eyes, but it’s something. From the moment you put an extra piece of meatloaf down on my tray, I knew you were going places.

LUNCH LADY DORIS: What do you want, kid?
CLIFF: Let me guess, you want to be an actress, huh? Your name in lights. I can see it now. LUNCH LADY DORIS! There are places you go in this city, you just gotta say my name. Clifford Applebee. Kind of roles off your tongue, doesn’t it? Clifford Applebee. Clifford Applebee. Sometimes, you don’t even have to say the whole thing. Just my first name. Just ‘Cliff.’ And bam, you’re in. No audition, nothing. You name it. TV, music, Broadway-

LUNCH LADY DORIS: Actually, I’m a writer.
CLIFF: I knew it. The way you write those tempting menu options on the Specials Board. Creamed Chipped Beef over toast. Meatloaf over noodles. Tell you what, honey. You go get your script, I know you got it hidden somewhere back there, and I’ll take a gander at it. And while you’re at it, grab me an OJ and a basket of those curly fries.

(LUNCH LADY DORIS exits. Soon afterwards, MAX enters.)

MAX: (wearily) Another F! And in pottery! I could understand if it was in math, or science or something. But pottery? I mean, I made a pot. It holds water. You can eat soup out of it. Shouldn’t that at least be worth a D?
CLIFF: Hey, so Ms. Pearcy didn’t like it, who cares?
MAX: I wanna, Cliff. I wanna say, “Who cares?” But I can’t. What if they’re right?
CLIFF: What if they’re right? They’re never right!
MAX: One rejection I could handle. Even ten. But twenty? Thirty? You know, I got kicked off the soccer team?
CLIFF: Big deal, so did a lot of people.
MAX: Yeah, but I don’t even play, I’m the water boy. And then in music, Mr. Glauser said I was the worst singer the school chorus had ever had. I don’t even sing. I lip sync. And this, this tops everything. Marcia told me she couldn’t go with me to the dance anymore. So I say why, and she says, oh, it’s ‘cause of my grandfather. So I say, what, is he sick, and she says, no, he’s my date. You hear that Cliff? She’d rather go to the dance with her grandfather! At what point do you say, hey, maybe they know something I don’t?
CLIFF: That’s life. You gotta let it slide off you. You know, Sally left me.
MAX: Your girlfriend left you?
CLIFF: She sat me down, said, ‘Cliff, you are quite possibly the worst looking, least attractive, most annoying male on the face of the earth.’
MAX: But you two were so happy together! How can you be so calm?
CLIFF: Big deal! Do I have my head buried in a gallon of Rocky Road, crying and feeling all sorry for myself?
MAX: I guess not.
CLIFF: And do you know why?
MAX: Why?
CLIFF: I’ll let you in on a secret. I’m not who you think I am.
MAX: You’re not?
CLIFF: You know me as Cliff Applebee, devastatingly handsome, occasional studier, erratic, but enthusiastic golfer, and watcher, periodically, of The Adventures of the Robotic Mouse. When there’s nothing else on, of course.
MAX: And that’s not you?
CLIFF: No, that’s my character.
MAX: Your character?
CLIFF: Like in a play. Except, in real life.
MAX: Why can’t you just be you?
CLIFF: I got tired of being me a long time ago.
MAX: But why?
CLIFF: I got tired of the rejections. Please rewrite this! You can do better! This is not your best effort! I got tired of the nerves, the guilt, the worry, the fear. Now I’m just an actor playing a part.
MAX: What, you just woke up one morning, and decided-
CLIFF: Waking up’s the best. I don’t call it morning. It’s lights up! And you know those awkward pauses in the middle of conversations? I don’t have those anymore! I just yell ‘LINE’!
MAX: So you’re telling me this isn’t really a school cafeteria, it’s some sort of stage? And that Lunch Lady Doris isn’t really a lunch lady, she’s some actress just waiting for her big break? And all this, these napkins, this silverware, this table, they’re all just props? And I’m, I’m, I don’t even know what that makes me.
CLIFF: No, no, they’re real. She’s real. You’re real. I’m the one playing a part. And that’s the beauty of it. The reactions you get are so genuine, so human. For instance, I failed eighth grade today.
MAX: You’re being held back?
CLIFF: Big deal! Now I don’t particularly agree with the decision. It just so happens I don’t think it makes dramatic sense for my character to fail school. I mean, c’mon, can’t I play a smart character, just once? But the point is, had I been held back, I’d be crying in the boy’s bathroom right about now. But it wasn’t me, it was my character.
MAX: You aren’t afraid what your mom will say?
CLIFF: Tell me this: what’s an actor’s worst fear? Not getting the part. Well I got news for you buddy: you can’t lose this part. You should try acting. It will relax you like you wouldn’t believe.
MAX: But I am an actor!
CLIFF: Even better. A play within a play. Think of the fun, the dramatic irony. Which reminds me: Cliff told Marcia you still wet the bed.
MAX: You did what?
CLIFF: Not me, Cliff. I hate to say it, but he’s not a very nice character.
MAX: You told Marcia that I wet the bed?
CLIFF: (deliberately) Not…me…My…character…did. C’mon, man, we’re best friends. I would never do that to you.
MAX: This is ridiculous.
TWO PERSON CONVERSATION
by
Matt Haldeman

SET: A bare stage
PROPS: None
RUNNING TIME: 8 – 10 minutes

At Rise: Two men stand talking. No set.

MATT: Topic…
MIKE: Current events.
MATT: Uneventful.
MIKE: Religion.
MATT: Too controversial.
MIKE: The weather.
MATT: Not controversial enough.
MIKE: Politics.
MATT: Too political.
MIKE: The Olsen twins.
MATT: (strongly) NO!

(Pause.)

MIKE: Television?
MATT: Television.
MIKE: Barney.
MATT: Big purple dinosaur?
MIKE: That's the one.
MATT: I love you. You love me?
MIKE: Know any other big purple dinosaurs?
MATT: No.
MIKE: Barney it is then.
MATT: Concerning…
MIKE: Barney: love him or hate him?
MATT: Love him.
MIKE: Hate him.
MATT: Finished?
MIKE: Finished.

(pause)

MATT: Topic…
MIKE: Women.
MATT: In general?
MIKE: No, specific.
MATT: Who?
MIKE: Your sister.
MATT: Concerning?
MIKE: Concerning your sister and me. Together. Romantically.
MATT: No chance.
MIKE: Your rationalization.
MATT: She's too good for you.
MIKE: Evidence?
MATT: The Christmas party.
MIKE: Agreed. Change of subject?
MATT: Okay.
MIKE: Your sister and me. Romantically.
MATT: Already discussed.
MIKE: In light of the porch incident.
MATT: Tell me more.
MIKE: Her, me, and a goodnight kiss.
MATT: My porch?
MIKE: Uh huh.
MATT: Estimated time of lip contact?
MIKE: The entire chorus of Brown Eyed Girl.
MATT: Including the 'la ti da?'
MIKE: Especially the 'la ti da.'
MATT: Hands?
MIKE: Around her waist.
MATT: Tongue?
MIKE: Didn't move.
MATT: Eyes?
MIKE: Closed.
MATT: My porch?
MIKE: Oh yeah.

(Pause. MATT is thinking.)

MATT: Even in light of the porch incident, I still remain opposed to the possibility of you and my sister as a couple.
MIKE: Even considering that we are married-
MATT: Even so.
MIKE: -and have two children.
MATT: I'm afraid it doesn't change anything.
MIKE: Why not?
MATT: I don't like you.