STOP TALKING
A Ten-Minute Comedy Duet

by
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CAST: RACHEL and MARY

AT RISE: As the scene opens, RACHEL and MARY are standing at a bus stop.

RACHEL: Excuse me, but do I know you?
MARY: No, I’m sure you don’t. (turns away)
RACHEL: Sorry, I don’t mean to be rude. It’s just that I know I’ve seen your face somewhere.
MARY: I seriously doubt it.
RACHEL: Did you ever teach at the local school?
MARY: No, I didn’t. In fact, I’ve never taught school in my life. If it’s all the same to you, I’ve had about enough enlightening conversation for one day.
RACHEL: Okay by me. I’ll shut up.
MARY: Thanks. I appreciate it.
RACHEL: Appreciate?
MARY: Your silence! Remember?
RACHEL: Oh sure. I don’t have much to say, anyway. I’m just waiting for the bus. What are you doing here?
MARY: That’s rather obvious, isn’t it. We’re at a bus stop.
RACHEL: I suppose. I have to catch this bus home everyday. It gets so boring and you look like a person I could converse with easily.
MARY: Young lady, I thought we were going to observe a few moments of silence. I’ve had a tough day and you’re giving me a headache.
RACHEL: No problem.
MARY: Thanks!
RACHEL: I know when to back off.
MARY: (annoyed) Thanks again!
RACHEL: (playfully) I’ll just zip my lip.
MARY: Please! I would appreciate it so much. If you’ll just stay over there and do your own thing, I’ll stay over here and relax from my stressful job.
RACHEL: Sure, I’ll be glad to oblige.
MARY: Okay. Fine.
RACHEL: And what kind of job is it that stresses you out so much?
MARY: I work for…never mind. There’s no reason to get into that. You don’t know me. I don’t know you. In a moment the bus will come and we’ll never see each other again.
RACHEL: Yes, but for this single moment in time, we’re here together. I could help you immeasurably, and I would never ask for anything in return. Just talk to me. Let it all out. I’m here for you.
MARY: Would you really like to help me?
RACHEL: Yes.
MARY: THEN LEAVE ME ALONE!
RACHEL: Okay, okay. Hey, I’m not upset that you just yelled at me.
MARY: Good. I didn’t mean to yell. But I’m hardly in a talkative mood.
RACHEL: Of course...
MARY: Glad you understand.
RACHEL: I mean, if you don’t want to talk, you don’t want to talk. Am I right?
MARY: You are.
RACHEL: Sometimes you need a little quiet time. *(MARY closes her eyes and rubs her temples, as if suffering from a headache)* Am I right?...or am I right?
MARY: *(yelling louder with each yes)* YES...YES...YES!!!
RACHEL: *(backing up)* Whoa! Touchy little thing, aren’t you?
MARY: *(in a whiney voice, looking like SHE wants to cry)* What on earth do you want from me?
RACHEL: *(insulted)* Dang! I’m sorry, lady. I apologize if I was being such a bother. I didn’t understand. I’ll really be quiet now.
MARY: Apology accepted and thank you for your silence.
RACHEL: *(pause)* Because I just hate it when someone keeps talking...and talking...and talking...and...
MARY: *(interrupts her)* HELLO!!
RACHEL: *(notices that SHE’S been blabbing on)* Oh, sure. I’ll be quiet.
MARY: Good.
RACHEL: No talking.
MARY: Great.
RACHEL: I’ll just sit here and mind my own business.
MARY: *(pauses, and glares at RACHEL)* Are you finished?
RACHEL: Yep. All talked out.
MARY: Finally. That’s good, because I feel like little blood clots are forming in my head.
RACHEL: *(long pause, as they both stare straight ahead)* Aspirin?
MARY: Huh?
RACHEL: Ever try aspirin for those clots?
MARY: Oh for the love of...