

# THE CENSORED PLAY

Ten Minute Comedic Duet

by

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David J. LeMaster and Derald Mabbitt  
(with special thanks to Miles Comer)

*(A blank stage. 1 and 2 may be either male or female. 1 speaks as a television announcer. The set may be a kitchen, but the director may also choose to mime the action.)*

1: Tomorrow on the XYZ Network, the network television premier of the most controversial film in the last decade, "Drugs, Sex, Violence, and Naked Women," edited for television. This film is suitable for all viewing ages. And now we return to tonight's production of "Blood, Lust, Death," edited to avoid offending anyone's sensibilities. So, if you're touchy - just get over it!

*(Lights up on a kitchen. There is a table center stage with a bowl of fruit. To stage left is a cupboard door. Enter 2 from stage right. HE's frantic and tries to hide under table. It doesn't work. HE takes a pear from the bowl of fruit. Then, HE runs to the cupboard and hides inside. Pause. Enter 1, holding a banana as a gun. HE looks around the room, then notices the cupboard. HE holds his banana on the cupboard and calls.)*

1: Come out of the cupboard! I know you're in there.

2: It's not me. It's someone else.

1: **(pause)** Come on! With your hands in the air.

2: **(finally, 2 exits, holding the pear)** Okay. You got me.

1: Put down the pear.

2: No.

1: I've got you covered with this banana.

2: Yeah, but my pear's bigger than your banana.

1: Don't make me use this, pal-sie. Give it up. Come on. **(2 hesitates, then surrenders. 1 puts the pear in his pocket.)**  
All right. Where are the drugs?

2: What drugs?

1: That shift you keep putting up your nose all the time, you armhole.

2: You mean **(reaches into pocket)** this Dristan nasal spray? **(pulls out nasal spray and blows into each nostril)**  
Here. Have some.

1: I'm not using that shift, you father mocker. You've been selling that fussing kaka to school kids, haven't you?

2: It's not like they can't get it somewhere else.

1: You oughta be ashamed.

2: Go to heck.

1: All right, you mother hubbard. Where's the girl?

2: Some place you'll never find her.

1: Yeah? You wanna play rough?

2: Fuss you.

1: **(smacks 2 in the face)** I said, where's the girl?

2: She's my sister! **(smack)** She's my daughter! **(smack)** She's my sister and my daughter!

1: What the heck are you talking about?

2: I'm just saying things to get you to stop slapping me.

1: Listen, you lousy mustard. You've got five seconds to talk or I'm going to use this ax handle on you! **(grabs an ax handle)** No? All right. You asked for it. **(uses the ax handle to poke at the bottoms of 2's feet)**

2: Hey! Quit that. That's really annoying.

1: **(keeps poking)** Don't like it, huh? Here! Have some more.

2: You can take that freaking ax handle and you can stick it up your nose.

1: Oh, tough guy, huh? How about if I give you a wedgie?

2: I laugh at your wedgie.

1: I'll give you a super-atomic wedgie.

2: You haven't got the sand.

1: Rats, he's tough.

2: Forget you.

1: Forget me? Forget you! I'll squeegee your diphthong so hard you'll be walking around with dangling participles. I'm going to split your infinitive wide open, you gerund forker!

2: Kiss my chiropractor.

1: Oh, yeah? How about if I put your hand in this warm glass of water? **(HE does; long pause)** Shucks. He's got a bladder of stone.

2: Give it up!

- 1: All right, wise guy. If I can't make you talk, I'll bring in someone who can.
- 2: Ah, go genuflect yourself. **(1 leaves. 2 tries to escape. HE searches the room, then finally ends up facing the audience and miming himself into a glass box against the invisible "fourth wall." Enter 1 as a woman. SHE poses at the door.)**
- 1: I hear you've been a bad, bad boy. **(walks into the room and muzzles against him)** Aren't you going to tell me where the girl is? **(HE doesn't answer but appears interested.)** How about if I show you my mints? Wouldn't you like to put your lips around these? **(Sudden transition into a commercial: 1 becomes an announcer; 2 mimes driving a car.)**
- 1: The new Ferbata Land-Tractor, fully loaded, starts at just \$399,995. That's right, just \$399,995. That's more than most people make in a year. It'll impress the snot out of your neighbors. Why settle for mundane styling, less power, and a shift-stick you only have to use once in awhile. Your neighbors will beat their heads against the wall when they see how you totally trumped them in your awesome land machine. With genuine leather seats from a cow you picked out yourself! And act now for a five hundred dollar dealer incentive cash back rebate!
- 2: **(as driver)** And driving is such a breeze! I'd rather own this car than have children!
- 1: The Ferbata Land-Tractor. And now, back to "Blood, Lust, Death." **(Sudden transition back to scene. Something has obviously happened. 2 glares at 1.)**
- 2: Sorry, Toots. That doesn't rotate my tires. I like to truck toys.
- 1: Oh! You dirty toy trucker.
- 2: You think you can come in here with that shirt-eating grin, waving your mints in my face and I'm just going to sing like a canary, you poopie-head?
- 1: Please?

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