

# CASUAL FIGHTS

By Olivia Arieti

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# CASUAL FIGHTS

*A Ten Minute Comedy Duet*

**By Olivia Arieti**

**SYNOPSIS:** Generally, people date and afterwards fight, but for Bill, a very talkative fellow and Vicky, a rather reserved librarian, it seems to go the other way round.

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

*(1 female, 1 male)*

VICKY KANE (f)..... 20s; Elegant but not sophisticated. Has a neat appearance. *(38 lines)*

BILL BERRY (m)..... 20s; Wears casual clothes, jeans, boots. Outgoing, talkative type. *(38 lines)*

**TIME:** Afternoon.

**SETTING:** The Park. A bench.

## PROPS

- Book
- Newspaper

**AT RISE:** *VICKY is sitting on a bench reading a book, BILL arrives with his newspaper.*

**BILL:** *(Sits down, looks around, and looks at VICKY.)* Quite hot here, huh? *(No reply.)* Luckily the park isn't too crowded...they said the city was empty, everyone at the beach. Except you and me, it seems.

**VICKY:** I don't like the beach, actually.

**BILL:** Oh, you don't? What a coincidence, neither do I. I prefer the mountains. Probably you do, too?

**VICKY:** *(Annoyed.)* Well, yes, I guess so... *(Goes back reading.)*

**BILL:** Yeah, I definitely am the mountain type! Fresh air, beautiful views...when you're up there, you sort of get lost in the infinite. Have you ever tried anything of the kind, Miss?

**VICKY:** No, not exactly. I used to go to the mountains some time ago but don't recall any particular emotion. If you don't mind, Sir, I'd like to go on reading now.

**BILL:** So you're not the sensitive type, just as I supposed. Whoever would remain breathless in front of such beautiful sights. I imagine you never get too deeply involved in anything.

**VICKY:** *(Looks at him.)* I didn't say that.

**BILL:** You implied it, Miss. I couldn't be mistaken.

**VICKY:** Maybe, you could.

**BILL:** You know, it's not good for women to be too self-controlled. I prefer the sensitive ones, much more emotional and understanding.

**VICKY:** I believe I am understanding enough. No one has ever told me the opposite. *(Closes the book.)* But if I may, it seems to me that you are the conceited type and extremely presumptuous too.

**BILL:** You don't know me, lady. I've been in the voluntary service, served in the canteen for the poor, used to take care of the old, been a scout too. I bet you don't even know what a "brownie" is. Just look at the way you're dressed.

**VICKY:** What's wrong with my clothes?

**BILL:** Too trendy, too accurate and most of all, too expensive. Only your shoes must cost two hundred bucks, each one, perhaps.

**VICKY:** Impossible. I always buy things on sale. You instead, look rather sloppy; you couldn't care less about what you're wearing.

**BILL:** As a matter of fact, I don't care at all. With my old jeans on, my old boots, I feel great. As my dad used to say, "As long as a man has his boots on, he's a man, no matter where he goes."

**VICKY:** You don't even shave.

**BILL:** No need to; I don't have to show up in any downtown office every morning. -As long as I have my boots on-

**VICKY:** You've just said so. Pretty repetitive for your age.

**BILL:** Hey, what are you, a doctor? Or worse, a psychologist? I can't stand them, I can't.

**VICKY:** I am a librarian, Sir, and am most happy to be one.

**BILL:** (*Laughs.*) Boy, I knew it, I knew it. I was sure you were.

**VICKY:** Oh, were you? I wonder how.

**BILL:** The one who always creeps in behind your back scaring you to death with that terrifying, Sssssh! Bet you've never had a boyfriend.

**VICKY:** What the nerve! Besides being conceited, you're also offensive.

**BILL:** Strange you don't wear glasses.

**VICKY:** Indeed! Wonder what you do, instead? Probably you're a grave digger, you need boots for that, I'm sure.

**BILL:** Not at all, my dear. I'll tell you what I do, for you certainly aren't able to guess; I am a writer.

**VICKY:** (*Laughs.*) So you are... I imagined something of the kind. I bet you don't even earn enough to pay for your rent.

**BILL:** Enough for my cigarettes and a good bottle of wine.

**VICKY:** Of course, the outdated Bohemian. The true artist stereotype, the one who sleeps in an old and stinking garret, smokes and drinks and now and then writes a few lines or paints a pink-blue sky with a marshmallow cloud.

**BILL:** (*Shakes his head.*) Your knowledge of art is extremely painful, Miss. (*Pause.*) I reckon you never go beyond the titles of the books you handle.

**VICKY:** I would consider it useless stating all my credits and qualifications.

**BILL:** I need no credits or qualifications to wander in the unknown paths of creativity, the ones you certainly have never tread.

**VICKY:** Never even dreamed of. A cousin of mine who was an artist too, ended up in the gutter.

**BILL:** He must have been a gambler then; that sort of guys end up there quite often.

**VICKY:** He wasn't a gambler. Probably, you are.

**BILL:** No sir, never gambled in my whole life, never even played Bingo.

**VICKY:** Of course, you don't like risks, don't have the courage, I presume.

**BILL:** How dare you say such things to me? Do you know I've been two years on the front spying the enemy and reporting at my own risk, every single step to the General? I even got a medal for it.

**VICKY:** So you're also a spy? I suspected it from the beginning. Many of your kind hide under vague sorts of employment, and when less you expect it, you find yourself involved in an international conspiracy.

**BILL:** Probably you came to this conclusion because you have something to hide. Wonder what it is? The silent elegant unsuspected librarian turns out to be the female copy of Jack the Ripper or the great-granddaughter of Mata Hari.

**VICKY:** (*Gets up.*) This is too much! I won't take anymore. I might even sue you for your implications.

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