

# DISCONNECT

## By John C. Havens

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**CAST: CUSTOMER and CLERK**

*(This sketch is intended for two performers of any gender. It is intended to be very silly and fun.)*

**AT RISE: CLERK is standing center stage, looking to the right. CUSTOMER enters, looking confused.**

CUSTOMER: Pardon me?

CLERK: Yes?

CUSTOMER: Do you know where the deodorant is??

CLERK: Yes, I do. **(pause)**

CUSTOMER: Would you mind telling me where it is?

CLERK: No, not at all. **(pause)**

CUSTOMER: Well, where is it?

CLERK: In the deodorant aisle.

CUSTOMER: Wow. Good call. I hadn't thought of that.

CLERK: Really? Gosh, it seems so... obvious.

CUSTOMER: I guess so. Never mind, I'll find it by myself.

CLERK: Hey, look, I didn't mean to be rude. I just like answering people with exact answers.

CUSTOMER: Even if you know what they really mean about something?

CLERK: Sure. It's sort of like a hobby.

CUSTOMER: Like when someone says, "Can I go to the bathroom?" you say...

CLERK: I don't know, can you?

CUSTOMER: I really hate when people do that.

CLERK: I'm just into people clarifying what they need. It's all about communication.

CUSTOMER: I guess you're right. So if I was to ask you, "What part of the deodorant aisle is the deodorant located in," then you'd say...

CLERK: Next to the cologne.

CUSTOMER: Great. And if I was to say, "Where is the cologne located," you'd say...

CLERK: Next to the deodorant. **(pause)**

CUSTOMER: But that doesn't help me.

CLERK: I don't mean to be unhelpful. I'm just here to communicate on a friendly level.

CUSTOMER: I see.

CLERK: You might think about bribing me.

CUSTOMER: Pardon me?

CLERK: Bribing me. If you're really anxious to get that deodorant, you might want to slip me a couple of bucks and I could just go get the deodorant for you.

CUSTOMER: Do I look like an idiot?

CLERK: No, but you smell like one.

CUSTOMER: There's no need to be rude.

CLERK: Fair enough. What I meant to say was, your odor is quite pungent. It makes my nostrils flare like this. (*flares nostrils and inhales quickly*)

CUSTOMER: That bad, huh?

CLERK: Bad is a moralistic term which I don't think needs to be attributed to a natural body function. Everyone sweats. And in fact, Americans are the only people who get so caught up in it.

CUSTOMER: How do you mean?

CLERK: Well in France, they don't bathe for like weeks at a time and no one seems to care.

CUSTOMER: Really?

CLERK: No. I was exaggerating.

CUSTOMER: That actually doesn't help communication. In fact, it's sort of a lie.

CLERK: True. But along with my desire to communicate to people, I also really enjoy teasing people at times.

CUSTOMER: I see. Well, that works out quite well because I enjoy being teased.

CLERK: Do you?

CUSTOMER: I do.

CLERK: So if I were to say that outfit you're wearing looks like yak vomit, you'd say...

CUSTOMER: Oh, thank you.

CLERK: Or if I said something akin to, oh I don't know, being near you makes me want to chew off both my wrists, you'd say...

CUSTOMER: Splendid.

CLERK: Well, this works out rather well, doesn't it.

CUSTOMER: I'll say. I do have a rather demanding side, however. I like to yell at people I don't know.

CLERK: Well, what a wondrous turn of events! I enjoy being ordered around by total strangers!

CUSTOMER: You've got to be joking with me.

CLERK: I'm not.

CUSTOMER: Because you said you have that teasing thing...

CLERK: I know, but this time I'm serious. Here, when I'm being serious, I'm going to wrap my arm around my head (*CLERK wraps arm*)

**around head**) hop up and down (**hops up and down**) and sing the theme song from “The Bodyguard” with Kevin Costner and Whitney Houston. “And I....eeeeiiiiii....will always love you...ooooh”

CUSTOMER: That seems fair enough. NOW STOP JUMPING UP AND DOWN!

CLERK: (**stops**) There’s no need to...oh!

CUSTOMER: I told you.

CLERK: You had me there for a minute.

CUSTOMER: I’m not kidding, though. I REALLY, REALLY ENJOY YELLING AT PEOPLE I DON’T KNOW.

CLERK: How do I know I can believe you, though? Maybe you’re just a real joker and you’re pulling a fast one on me.

CUSTOMER: Well, when I’m absolutely telling the truth, I’ll just...criss-cross my knees like I was doing the Charleston (**criss-crosses knees**), and make the sound of a lovesick bison. (**CUSTOMER makes a loud mooing sound**)

CLERK: That sounds just like a bison I heard on NOVA.

CUSTOMER: (**stops criss-crossing, etc.**) YOU’RE LYING TO ME!

CLERK: No, I..., wait a second. (**wraps arm around head, jumps up and down**) And I...eeeeiiii...will always love you....uuuu....oh...

CUSTOMER: ALL RIGHT! I BELIEVE YOU. NOW CLUCK LIKE A CHICKEN.

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