

DUD WARS

By Ken Bradbury

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CAST: APRYL and JILL

(The bedroom of two sisters, APRYL and JILL. APRYL is one year older than JILL. At the opening, JILL is sprawled out on two chairs, representing a bed. SHE is listening to music and singing to herself.)

APRYL: **(entering like a hurricane)** That's it! I have had it!

JILL: You've had *what*?

APRYL: It! I've had "It"!

JILL: Did I miss the beginning of this conversation?

APRYL: You've missed more than that, Jill. And you're gonna be missing a sister if things don't change around here.

JILL: **(easing herself back down)** Wake me when you start making sense.

APRYL: **(grabbing her and bringing her to a sitting position)** You're gonna listen and you're gonna do it right now!

JILL: Hey! What's the deal?

APRYL: This! **(displaying an imaginary shirt)** This is the deal!

JILL: Your shirt.

APRYL: You recognize it! And did I hear you say it was my shirt?

JILL: Are you going through something, Apryl? Maybe we can talk about it.

APRYL: You're going through that wall if you don't stop wearing my clothes!

JILL: Oh. That again.

APRYL: Yes! *That* again! And again and again and again until you realize that my stuff belongs to me!

JILL: What's the big deal?

APRYL: Wha... **(flabbergasted)** ...The Big Deal is that I'm going to the movies tonight and my best shirt is dirty!

JILL: So wear another shirt! Nobody'll notice. Don't they still turn the lights out in the movies?

APRYL: You're missing the point!

JILL: And you're missing the movie, Apryl. Better put on another shirt.

(SHE again begins to recline)

APRYL: No! We're gonna settle this once and for all... **(again jerks her up to a sitting position)** ...Right now!

JILL: Hey! Easy on my sweater!

APRYL: Like you care about clothing.

JILL: It's not for me. It's your sweater. **(APRYL screams, then quickly crosses away from her, too mad to speak)** Oh come on. Lighten up, Ape.

APRYL: **(still fuming)** We need a bigger house.

JILL: We just moved in this place, Ape.

APRYL: Don't call me that.

JILL: ...and Dad said that since you'd be going to college next year we could share until August.

APRYL: From Here to Eternity!

JILL: Look, I'm sorry about borrowing your shirt, OK? I didn't know it was so...so precious to you.

APRYL: It's not...“precious”... It's just that there is something called private ownership in this country and you obviously don't believe in it.

JILL: Does that make me a communist?

APRYL: No. Just a mooch.

JILL: Thanks.

APRYL: And besides, I'd planned on wearing that shirt tonight. I mean, is that so much to ask: to be able to wear what I want when I want? I mean, is this a free country or not?

JILL: Gosh. I feel unpatriotic now.

APRYL: Very funny.

JILL: **(standing, dramatically)** Like...like Benedict Arnold in a stolen sweater!

APRYL: Cut it out.

JILL: I regret that I have but one shirt to give for my country.

(hangs herself with an imaginary rope and chokes)

APRYL: **(looking at the shirt in her hands)** And look! Milk Duds! You've got Milk Duds all over my shirt!

JILL: **(in mock horror)** Milk Duds, too! Oh, no!

(shoots herself with an imaginary gun and falls onto the floor)

APRYL: **(slowly walking to nearly on top of JILL)** Why do I have the feeling that you're not taking any of this seriously?

JILL: **(still on the floor, smiling)** What makes you say that?

APRYL: All right! Fine! That's it! You wanna play the game this way, then that's the way we'll play it!

JILL: Huh?

APRYL: (*picking up an imaginary box*) There they are!

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