

FACE THE MUSIC

By Craig Sodaro

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FACE THE MUSIC

A Ten Minute Comedy Skit

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SYNOPSIS: Sixteen year old Lorna has dented the bumper of the family car during a trip to the mall and she's terrified to tell her father. Older sister Amelia tries to reason with her terrified sibling, but eventually gives up, labeling Lorna the world's greatest drama queen. When father Harry returns home, he's furious, and Lorna is sure it's because of the dent in the bumper. She then learns one of life's little lessons.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(2 females, 1 male)

AMELIA (f)..... 18; A high school senior, who has her feet on the ground.
(73 lines)

LORNA (f)..... 16; A junior, a brand new driver. *(92 lines)*

HARRY (m)..... 40's, their father. *(27 lines)*

SETTING: A living room.

PROPS

- 2 Coats (*Lorna, Harry*)
- 2 Cell Phones (*Amelia, Harry*)
- Bag (*Lorna*)
- Chef Hat and Spoon (*Amelia*)

SOUND EFFECTS

- Cell Phone Ring

COSTUMES: Everyday dress for all characters.

SET: Perhaps a chair or two and a small table.

AT RISE: *LORNA enters left, tosses her coat on chair as AMELIA enters right.*

AMELIA: Hey, Lorna, have fun at the mall?

LORNA: *(Nervously.)* Uh ha.

AMELIA: Meet what's-his-name?

LORNA: Ha?

AMELIA: You know, the guy you like...what's-his-name? Reminds me of spaghetti.

LORNA: Chet.

AMELIA: Yeah, Chet. Chet Boyardee.

LORNA: Volare.

AMELIA: Ha?

LORNA: His name's Chet Volare.

AMELIA: Oh, I still get hungry when I hear it. You guys had some fun, ha?

LORNA bursts into tears.

What's wrong? *(Firmly.)* Lorna, what happened? Did he try anything? *(Looking LORNA over.)* You don't have any cuts or bruises.

LORNA: No, Chet's really sweet.

AMELIA: *(Sarcastically.)* Just the thought of him brings you to tears?

LORNA: No!

AMELIA: Then what's going on? Are you sick?

LORNA nods. AMELIA feels her forehead.

Where does it hurt?

LORNA: The bumper.

AMELIA: Ha?

LORNA: The bumper.

AMELIA: You don't have a bumper.

LORNA cries loudly.

But the car does. Okay, what happened?

No response.

Lorna, you're going to have to tell Dad.

A loud wail. With horror.

The car's not totaled, is it?

LORNA: *(Shaking her head.)* I drove it home.

AMELIA: So what? Insurance companies total every wreck so they can fix the junker up and sell them in South America. Abe did a report on that for our World Problems class. So our car won't end up in Uruguay?

LORNA: No.

AMELIA: So what happened?

LORNA: The parking garage.

AMELIA: *(Frustrated.)* You parked in the parking garage? That's like trying to stick all the sardines back in the can. Did you hit someone?

LORNA: No.

AMELIA: Someone hit you?

LORNA: Ah ha.

AMELIA: You got their insurance information, didn't you? I mean, how else can we sue them?

LORNA: No.

AMELIA: Dad told us we always have to get that! Honestly, why didn't you get their information? *(With sudden horror.)* Oh, my gosh! They're uninsured. Oh, that's bad. I mean, when Dad hears that—

LORNA bursts into tears.

Stop crying! You're just making it worse.

LORNA: I can't help it.

AMELIA: Lorna, who hit you?

LORNA: A...a...a...

AMELIA: Just spit it out! Who hit you?

LORNA: A pillar!

AMELIA: *(Sarcastically.)* A pillar. A pillar just walked right up to the car and, bam, hit it.

LORNA: It was in the wrong place.

AMELIA: What a naughty pillar!

LORNA: You're just making fun of me!

AMELIA: Because you're acting like it's the end of the world.

LORNA: It is.

AMELIA: How fast were you going when...well, when the pillar hit you?

LORNA: Just that fast. (*Measures an inch with her fingers.*)

AMELIA: Okay, you were barely moving.

LORNA: I was backing up.

AMELIA: And that pillar got in the way.

LORNA nods.

So now there's a dent.

LORNA nods.

A dent in the bumper.

LORNA nods.

How big?

LORNA: (*Bursting into tears.*) It's huge!

AMELIA: Like a foot long?

LORNA: It's so big astronauts can spot it from the space station.

AMELIA: So it's like the Grand Canyon.

LORNA: I don't want to think about it.

AMELIA: (*Crossing to left.*) I'm going to take a look.

LORNA: (*Stopping her.*) No! You can't!

AMELIA: Lorna, you put a dent in the car. A dent, that's all.

LORNA: After he kills me, Dad will never let me drive again!

AMELIA: Lorna, get out of the way.

LORNA: Maybe I should run away.

AMELIA: Where would you go?

LORNA: Who cares?

AMELIA: Lorna, Dad's not going to be all that mad. He probably won't even notice the dent.

LORNA: He'll notice. He sees everything!

SFX: AMELIA'S phone rings. She answers.

AMELIA: Oh, hi, Dad.

LORNA: (*Wailing.*) See? He already knows!

AMELIA: That? Just Lorna practicing lines for a play. Hey, did she pick up the ice cream?

LORNA, terrified, runs off left.

I'm pretty sure she did. Yeah, homework's all done. She went to the mall for about an hour. Yeah, all in one piece. Sure, Dad...Dad? You're cutting out. Dad?

AMELIA shrugs as LORNA runs on left with bag. She's holding the bottom carefully. She races off right. Calling off right.

Don't worry. It'll refreeze by dessert time. Dad'll be here in a few minutes.

LORNA enters right.

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