

THE GARAGE SALE

TEN MINUTE PLAY

By Mike Willis

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THE GARAGE SALE
A Ten Minute Comedy
By Mike Willis

SYNOPSIS: Mrs. Williams and her seventeen-year-old daughter, Samantha, are moving to a smaller home and agree to have a garage sale to sell items that they haven't used or worn in a long time. However, Samantha has had second thoughts about parting with any of her things. While her mother runs to get change, Sam manages to discourage all potential buyers from purchasing any of her things by concocting outlandish stories associated with each item. Cursed rollerblades and smelly sweaters top the list and will have you thinking twice about your next garage sale purchase.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(2 female, 1 male, 2 either; gender flexible)

- SAMANTHA "SAM" WILLIAMS (f)..... A seventeen-year-old girl.
Samantha prefers to be called Sam and is a bit of a tomboy. She is dressed in jeans, a baggy football jersey and running shoes. *(100 lines)*
- MRS. WILLIAMS (f) Samantha's mother. Mrs. Williams is around forty. She is dressed casually in jeans, sweatshirt and running shoes. She looks like an older version of her tomboy daughter. *(41 lines)*
- GEORGE "GEORGIE" SCHWINGL (m).... An obnoxious thirteen year old boy. *(53 lines)*
- EMMA (m/f) A classmate of Samantha's. *(24 lines)*

MRS. SCHWINGL (m/f)..... Georgie’s mother, about forty years old. She is a snob.
(10 lines)

AUTHOR NOTES

The Garage Sale has flexible casting and is easily staged on a bare stage with props. The roles of Emma and Mrs. Schwingl can be played by male actors with minor changes. The play was originally conceived to compete in high school one-act play festivals and forensics competitions.

PRODUCTION HISTORY

The Garage Sale was first performed as a staged reading at Platteville High School, Platteville, WI in November of 2009 with the following cast:

SAMANTHA WILLIAMS Rachel Andrew
MRS. WILLIAMS Tiffany Lange
GEORGIE SCHWINGL Jaron Frederick
EMMA Phoebe Moore
MRS. SCHWINGL Erin Gleason

SETTING

The setting is the driveway of the Williams house. A long table or series of tables spans the center-stage area. The tables are filed with an assortment of clothes, stuffed animals, sports equipment and knick-knacks. There is a card table and chair down-right. On the card table there is a cash box. A sign down-left reads, *Garage Sale Today*. Boxes of miscellaneous sale items litter the ground under the tables.

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AT RISE: MRS. WILLIAMS enters from stage left. SHE rearranges a few items on the table and then exits stage right. SAMANTHA enters from stage left and crosses to the table. SHE glances off-stage nervously and then grabs a box from under the table and quickly empties its contents on the floor. SHE then begins filling the box with sale items from the table. Once the box is full, SAM exits back off stage-left. MRS. WILLIAMS re-enters from stage right and crosses to the table where SHE notices the items scattered on the floor. MRS. WILLIAMS then examines the sale items on the table before crossing stage left.

MRS. WILLIAMS: (Shouting.) Sam...Samantha!

SAM: (From off-stage.) What?

MRS. WILLIAMS: Would you come out here for a minute?

SAM: Do I have to? I'm kinda busy...

MRS. WILLIAMS: Samantha Williams, come out here this minute!

(SAM enters from stage left.)

SAM: What, Mom?

MRS. WILLIAMS: What, Mom?! You know what.

SAM: I'm not sure I follow you.

MRS. WILLIAMS: Well then... why don't you just *follow* me to the table? (MRS. WILLIAMS crosses upstage of the table and SAM follows.) What do you see?

SAM: A bunch of stuff.

MRS. WILLIAMS: Yes, a bunch of stuff. But the "bunch" seems to have gotten smaller. Yes, this is definitely a smaller *bunch*.

SAM: Really?

MRS. WILLIAMS: Really.

SAM: Huh.

MRS. WILLIAMS: Now, what do you make of that?

SAM: Thieves?

MRS. WILLIAMS: No, I'm thinking singular as opposed to the plural. Yes, I'd say whoever took our stuff acted alone.

SAM: What makes you think so?

MRS. WILLIAMS: Call it instinct.

SAM: Wow, just like on CSI. Maybe you should go to work for the police department?

MRS. WILLIAMS: (*Smiling.*) Well, if I was working for the police department, I'd put out an all-points bulletin for a young girl who lives in the neighborhood and was last seen wearing jeans and running shoes.

SAM: Mom... how can you be so sure it was me?

MRS. WILLIAMS: Easy, the only *stuff* missing from the *bunch* is yours. My stuff is still part of the bunch.

SAM: (*Whining.*) But we're selling a lot of my good stuff!

MRS. WILLIAMS: Sam, we talked about this. Our new place doesn't have near the space that we have here; we have to downsize, get rid of some things.

SAM: But...

MRS. WILLIAMS: We talked about this...and agreed, remember? (*SAM remains silent.*) Remember, Samantha?

SAM: Yes, I remember.

MRS. WILLIAMS: Good. Now tell me how you remember our agreement.

SAM: We would both get rid of a few things so we have enough room in our new apartment.

MRS. WILLIAMS: Because...

SAM: Because the new place is beautiful and in a great neighborhood. But...

MRS. WILLIAMS: But what?

SAM: It's small.

MRS. WILLIAMS: Sacrifices, Sam. Sometimes in life you need to make sacrifices.

SAM: I know, but couldn't you sacrifice more of your stuff so I can keep mine?

MRS. WILLIAMS: Sam...

SAM: I know... I'm being selfish. I'll put it all back.

MRS. WILLIAMS: (*Hugging SAM.*) You'll see, it won't be so bad. The clothes we're selling we haven't worn in years and some of the other things we still have two or three of. We'll never miss these things.

SAM: I guess.

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MRS. WILLIAMS: Now, go get your things and put them back on the table. I want you to watch the store while I run to the bank and get more change for the cash box. *(SAM exits stage left as MRS. WILLIAMS crosses to the card table and opens the cash box. SAM reenters carrying the box and begins to replace the things that she had removed from the table.)*

MRS. WILLIAMS: Sam, I'm going to run to the bank now. I won't be long.

SAM: What if someone comes and wants to buy something?

MRS. WILLIAMS: Then sell it to them. There should be enough change in the cash box until I get back.

SAM: How do I now how much to charge for things... and what if they have questions about something we have for sale?

MRS. WILLIAMS: Almost everything has a price tag on it, but if something doesn't you'll just have to negotiate a price. As far as any questions, just tell them what you know about the item they're interested in.

SAM: *(Skeptical.)* Negotiate?

MRS. WILLIAMS: You can do it. It will be fun, you'll see. I'll be right back. *(MRS. WILLIAMS exits stage right. SAM looks in the cash box and then crosses to the table. SHE picks up a baseball glove and is fielding invisible ground balls as GEORGIE enters from stage right.)*

GEORGIE: Hey, Sam, you havin' a garbage sale?

SAM: Garage sale.

GEORGIE: Looks like garbage to me.

SAM: Very cute. Well, you know what they say, "One man's trash is another man's treasure."

GEORGIE: Who says that?

SAM: Everyone.

GEORGIE: Well, I don't say it. What I say is, "One man's trash is just one man's trash." Or maybe, "Samantha's trash is still Samantha's trash." Hey, that was a good one, don't ya think? *(GEORGIE laughs, quite pleased with himself.)*

SAM: No, I don't think. All right, Georgie, did you stop by just to be cute, or do you wanna buy something?

GEORGIE: *(Pointing at the ball glove on SAM'S hand.)* Maybe... how much is that ball glove you got there?

SAM: You don't want this glove. As a matter of fact, I can't sell you this glove.

GEORGIE: Why not? I've got money.

SAM: Because, Georgie... uh, this is a girl's glove.

GEORGIE: How can you tell?

SAM: The name on it. See, right here. *(SAM shows GEORGIE the name of the glove maker.)*

GEORGIE: Wilson?

SAM: That's right, Wilson... That stands for *Mary Wilson*. She was a singer with some old girl group. This glove has her name on it, so it's a girl's glove and that's why I can't sell it to you. It wouldn't be right, me selling you a girl's glove. What you need is an Ed Rawlings, a Mickey McGregor or a Nick Nike.

GEORGIE: Do you have one of those?

SAM: One of what?

GEORGIE: A baseball glove by Rawlings or Nick Nike.

SAM: Nope. All I've got is this *Mary Wilson*.

GEORGIE: That's a bummer. *(SAM takes the ball glove and crosses to the cash box. GEORGIE continues looking and finds some rollerblades.)*

GEORGIE: Hey, you got some rollerblades here. They look like they might fit, too.

SAM: Ohhh, boy.

GEORGIE: What?

SAM: Nothing.

GEORGIE: You said, oh boy. Are you going to tell me these are girl's rollerblades? It doesn't say *Wilson* on them.

SAM: No, they're...well, they're...no, I'd better not say. You want to buy them?

GEORGIE: I don't know, is there something wrong with them?

SAM: Does it look like there is something wrong with them?

GEORGIE: No, they look all right.

SAM: Well, then they must be all right.

GEORGIE: But you said, "ohhh, boy."

SAM: I did, didn't I?

GEORGIE: Yes, you did. Why did you say that? What's wrong with the rollerblades?

SAM: It's not my place to say, I—

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GEORGIE: (*Demanding.*) Sam, tell me what's wrong with these rollerblades!

SAM: They're cursed.

GEORGIE: Cursed?

SAM: Yep.

GEORGIE: I don't believe you.

SAM: Believe what ya want, but it's the truth. You want to buy them?

GEORGIE: Well, I don't know... How did they get to be cursed?
(*SAM crosses to GEORGIE and starts speaking as if telling a ghost story.*)

SAM: It happened awhile back. Those roller blades belonged to my... uh, *my brother* and...

GEORGIE: You don't have a brother.

SAM: Not anymore, (*SAM looks to heaven.*) bless his sweet brotherly heart.

GEORGIE: Is he dead?

SAM: We'll get to that. Anyway, the day he got those blades, he went downtown and was skating all over the place. He got so he was pretty good, so he went over to Hoadley Hill and—

GEORGIE: That big hill down by the railroad tracks?

SAM: That's the one. Now, be quiet while I tell you about the curse. So he heads down Hoadley Hill, and he gets going real fast, and just when he gets near the bottom an old woman steps out from behind a garbage dumpster. She was dumpster-diving for food, and he hits her and knocks her down and—

GEORGIE: Did he kill her?

SAM: No, he didn't kill her! He just toppled her over. Now, shut up and let me finish. Anyway, when he finally gets stopped and goes back to see if the old woman is all right, she starts yelling at him. She wasn't mad because she'd been hurt, no, she wasn't mad because of that. She was mad because when she fell, she dropped all the food she had just gotten from the dumpster, and—

GEORGIE: That food was probably dirty already if it came from the dumpster.

SAM: You're interrupting again.

GEORGIE: Sorry.

SAM: To make matters worse, when she fell, she landed on a bag she had been carrying and broke a small mirror that was in the bag. And you know what a broken mirror means?

GEORGIE: Seven years bad luck?

SAM: Exactly. So, she was mad, real mad. She told my brother she was a voodoo woman and that she was going to put a curse on him and his rollerblades for causing her to drop her food and break her mirror. So, she danced around and started chanting (*SAM dances around GEORGIE while SHE chants.*) “Rollerblade Boy, your fate is made, Rollerblade Boy, there are debts to be paid, Rollerblade Boy, you cannot win, Rollerblade Boy, a curse on you and all your kin.” Then her eyes rolled back in her head, and poof, she was gone.

GEORGIE: Where did she go?

SAM: Don’t know, but those rollerblades have brought nothing but bad luck ever since.

GEORGIE: You’re pulling my leg?

SAM: I wish I was.

GEORGIE: What kind of bad luck?

SAM: Well, at first it was just a fall here and there, but then, well, one day, my brother was rollerblading, and wham, from out of nowhere he gets hit by a taxi.

GEORGIE: A taxi!? There ain’t no taxis around here.

SAM: I know, but there was that day. Weird, isn’t it?

GEORGIE: Did he get killed?

SAM: No, not yet. But he did lose a leg.

GEORGIE: What!?

SAM: Yep, right below the knee. Part of his leg and his foot was still laced up in the rollerblade when the police dropped it off at the house. The doctors fitted him with a wooden leg, but he never rollerbladed after that.

GEORGIE: Which one?

SAM: What?

GEORGIE: Which rollerblade still had your brother’s leg and foot in it?

SAM: Uh, let’s see... (*Pointing at one of the rollerblades.*) that one. (*GEORGIE drops the rollerblades.*) So, you think you might want to buy those rollerblades?

THE GARAGE SALE

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