

IN THE TRAP

By Carl L. Williams

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IN THE TRAP*A Ten Minute Comedy Skit***By Carl L. Williams**

SYNOPSIS: Fore! A rich businessman and his wife stumble upon a mysterious man sitting on their ball in a sand trap. It turns out the mystery man already knows the wife, his old high school classmate! But nostalgia cannot keep him from his mission of justice. He knows of the businessman's corrupt practices and infidelity, and isn't afraid to confront him.

CAST OF CHARACTERS*(1 female, 2 male)*

MIKE CABOT (m) 30's; A private investigator with a wry sense of humor. *(48 lines)*

WARREN WILLIS (m) 30's; A rich, arrogant and corrupt businessman. *(44 lines)*

PHYLLIS WILLIS (f) 30's; Warren's attractive and pleasant wife. *(16 lines)*

TIME: Present, afternoon.**SETTING:** Sand trap on a golf course.**COSTUMES**

MIKE – Casually dressed.

WARREN and PHYLLIS – A golfing outfit.

PROPS

- Golf Club
- Golf Ball
- Golf Bag
- A Summons
- A Photo

PRODUCTION NOTES

This play can be produced on a bare stage. Any scenery, such as sand to represent the sand trap, is strictly optional.

PRODUCTION HISTORY

- Scriptwriters/Houston Ten by Ten, Houston, TX, August 17-19, 2007.
- Stormy Weather Players Pregnant Chad New Plays Festival, Cornwall-on-Hudson, NY, August 24-25, 2007.
- The Riverside Arts Council, Riverside, CA, November 3, 2007.

Each production resulted from winning a playwriting competition.

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AT RISE: MIKE, is sitting in a sand trap.

MIKE: (*Anguished, looking up.*) Oh, the terrible sun! Relentless! Merciless! (*Looks around.*) And all around me...nothing but this horrible sand, stretching endlessly away! Sand and sand and nothing more. I will surely perish here!

WARREN: (*Enters, with a golf club. Stops and glares at MIKE.*) Excuse me.

No response from MIKE.

I said, excuse me.

MIKE: I might. First you have to tell me what you've done.

WARREN: What do you think you're doing here?

MIKE: I'm in the middle of a great adventure. I'm lost in the far reaches of the desert, slowly wasting away.

WARREN: You're sitting in a sand trap...on the golf course at St. Martin's Country Club. A private club, I might add. And more than that, you're sitting on my golf ball.

MIKE: What?

WARREN: I saw it land there, just before you sat down.

MIKE: So that's what it is. (*Reaches under him and pulls out a golf ball.*) What a relief. I thought I had developed hemorrhoids.

Tosses the ball to WARREN.

WARREN: (*Angry.*) Do you know what you've done?

MIKE: More to the point, do I know what you've done?

WARREN: This constitutes an improved lie, and now I have to do a drop, costing me a stroke!

MIKE: Sounds complicated. Why not just throw the ball over there somewhere? Toward that little flag.

WARREN: That would be cheating!

MIKE: Oh. Cheating's not good, is it?

WARREN: Of course not.

MIKE: That's common knowledge, isn't it?

WARREN: Then you should know it, being as common as you are.

MIKE: Common? How many other guys do you find sitting in sand traps? But I see plenty of decked-out dudes like you, strolling around the course. So which of us is common?

WARREN: If you don't leave, I'll call security. How would you like that? Huh? I'll have you hauled off to jail!

PHYLLIS: *(Enters, carrying a golf bag.)* Warren? Warren, what's the problem?

WARREN: I found this—this—person lounging here in the sand, interfering with my game.

MIKE: *(Stands up, brushes himself off.)* "Lounging" makes it sound more comfortable than it was.

PHYLLIS: *(Looks at him closely.)* I know you!

WARREN: What? You know this—

MIKE: Person.

WARREN: You know him, Phyllis?

PHYLLIS: We went to high school together! You're Mike Cabot.

MIKE: And you're Phyllis Murdock.

PHYLLIS: I always wondered what became of you.

MIKE: I wondered, too. About you, I mean. So...you're a caddy now?

WARREN: She is not! She's Mrs. Warren Willis.

MIKE: Oh, no...no, wait—that would make you Phyllis Willis!

WARREN: There's nothing funny about that!

MIKE: You're right. It's not funny at all, if you're Mr. Willis.

PHYLLIS: Mike, what are you doing here?

WARREN: I already asked him that. He won't give a straight answer.

MIKE: Of course I'll give a straight answer. I'm exploring the Sahara.

WARREN: See?

PHYLLIS: You're exploring the Sahara in a sand trap?

MIKE: It would take forever to explore the real Sahara. And where would I sleep at night? No, it's better this way, exploring a microcosm that represents the larger reality.

WARREN: *(Snide.)* Very philosophical. But some of us prefer making our mark in the real world.

PHYLLIS: Warren's the CEO of the Asbury Holding Company.

MIKE: And what does your holding company hold?

WARREN: I doubt if you would understand. Let's just say I manage investments.

MIKE: Your own or someone else's? Or do they start out as someone else's and end up as your own?

WARREN: What do you mean?

MIKE: How could I mean anything when I'm not bright enough to understand?

PHYLLIS: Don't mind Mike, Warren. He was always a character. *(Laughs.)* One time in Mr. Harwell's class he wrote on the blackboard, "Mr. Harwell is hot for Miss Johnson," the English teacher. When Mr. Harwell came in and saw it, he grabbed for an eraser, but Mike had glued down all the erasers. So Mr. Harwell is up there frantically wiping the board with his sleeve, and everyone's just dying, trying not to laugh.

WARREN: What a wit.

MIKE: So that's what you remember about me. That I was a character.

PHYLLIS: Why not? I think you enjoyed being the class character.

MIKE: Probably not as much as you enjoyed being the most popular girl...a swirl of frills and curls and eager optimism. Your face was always full of smiles. Has life gone well for you?

WARREN: She married me, didn't she?

PHYLLIS: *(Sounding not altogether sure.)* Yes, I'd say my life has gone well. I'd say that. And you...what do you do when you're not...exploring?

MIKE: A little of this, a little of that.

WARREN: And a lot of nothing.

MIKE: We can't all be captains of finance. Or lieutenants. Or even corporals. I'm just a foot soldier in the proletariat.

WARREN: Sounds communistic.

PHYLLIS: Mike's too much of an individualist to be a communist.

MIKE: I can't get over the fact you actually do remember me.

PHYLLIS: Why shouldn't I? You remembered me.

MIKE: Yes, but you were always the queen or princess or sweetheart of whatever big event was going on, with your picture in the school paper.

PHYLLIS: Only because you put it there, since you were the one taking the photos. Did you go on with journalism?

MIKE: No, but I still take a fair number of pictures.

WARREN: *(Contemptuous.)* Reporters. There's an occupation for you.

MIKE: Don't like reporters much, huh?

WARREN: They're parasites.

PHYLLIS: Warren has had some business difficulties lately, and the press has been so unfair, making all sorts of allegations.

MIKE: Making them, or reporting them?

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