

IT'S NOT BLUE

A TEN-MINUTE COMEDY DUET

by
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CAST: 2 Females (note: if this is not performed as a competitive drama piece, feel free to use a larger cast to play the various characters)

PART 1

The CUSTOMER is a teenage girl, and the clerk, ALYSSA, is slightly older (perhaps early 20s) and knows very little about customer service. This can be performed with no set and pantomiming, or a small counter or store setting can be used if desired. At the beginning, the CUSTOMER is looking at an item that's on a high shelf behind the counter.

CUSTOMER: Can I have that blue one, up there?

ALYSSA: Oh, uh . . . We don't have it in blue.

CUSTOMER: It's right behind you. The blue one.

ALYSSA: *(a bit snippy)* It's aquamarine.

CUSTOMER: *(can't believe the attitude SHE's getting)* I still want it. And it's blue.

ALYSSA: Call it blue if you think it's blue. It's not for sale.

CUSTOMER: Then what's it doing up there?

ALYSSA: That's our not-for-sale rack.

CUSTOMER: Why would you have a rack of stuff that's not for sale?

ALYSSA: *(a bit aggravated and rude)* Can't you find something in here you want?

CUSTOMER: *(getting a bit testy)* Perhaps you have a blue one, for sale, in the back.

ALYSSA: *(in general, SHE speaks with a lot more authority than SHE actually has)* We don't have a back.

CUSTOMER: *(can't believe it!)* No back? What good is a store without a back?

ALYSSA: Every time a store is out of something, people like you think we have more of it *(mocking the CUSTOMER)* in the back. Like we just have an identical store right behind this one, except it has exactly what you want.

CUSTOMER: *(trying to digest this)* So . . .

ALYSSA: *(impatient and disinterested, but curious)* So . . .

CUSTOMER: So do you have one in back?

ALYSSA: Why would we have an extra one of something that's not for sale? Oh, I know, then we could frustrate *two* customers instead of one!

CUSTOMER: Why would you have anything that's not for sale to begin with in a retail store that's barely managing to survive in today's economy? Starbucks had too much for sale and no one knew what to buy. *You* show us things people want and hog them to yourself.

ALYSSA: People who use that product live the lifestyle that this store supports. Our target customers already have one before they come in here. Hence, it's not for sale.

CUSTOMER: So I can't have it.

ALYSSA: It's one of a kind. So no.

CUSTOMER: You just said everyone had one.

ALYSSA: Like *you* always tell the truth.

CUSTOMER: So I'm supposed to see that and buy everything else next to it. "Mom, I'm not buying an outfit, I'm buying a lifestyle. They're half off." *(as mom)* "Ok, honey, could you pick up an outdoor lifestyle for your father? I want to get him off the couch so I can vacuum." What lifestyle exactly do you sell here? Contemporary college know-it-all? Hip hop wannabe? Emo-slash-Anime? That hair over the eye thing drives me nuts.

ALYSSA: There is only one lifestyle available at this location. *(THEY start having two conversations at once, the second a lot more congenial.)* And me too. It's so cartoonish.

CUSTOMER: What lifestyle would that be? And you're right, what is with those people?

ALYSSA: You're supposed to know before you come in here. And I think it's a fake cry for help.

CUSTOMER: *(getting back on track)* I don't want this lifestyle. I'd rather go Goth.

ALYSSA: Maybe you should shop at Shoe Carnival! That sounds like the lifestyle you deserve!

CUSTOMER: *(insulted)* I work there! *(storms out)*

PART 2

The CUSTOMER's MOTHER comes in to speak with the STORE MANAGER. Either actress from part one can play either role in part two.

MOTHER: *(very suburban and snooty, as if her needs and ideas are far more important than anyone else's)* Excuse me, but may I speak to the store manager?

MANAGER: *(SHE's about the same way, so both of them are pretty much full of themselves. The MANAGER is most likely too "out of style" to be working at a store like this.)* I am the store manager. So yes, you may speak to me if you so desire.

MOTHER: *(sizing her up)* You're not very appropriately dressed for your position.

MANAGER: I'm dressed in accordance with the lifestyle targeted by this retail institution. *(already annoyed by MOTHER)* How may I help you?

MOTHER: This lifestyle isn't flattering on you. Particularly your hips.

MANAGER: I don't subscribe to this lifestyle, nor agree with it. I do, however, sell it. How may I help you? Are you even interested in being helped?

MOTHER: Your sales clerk was disrespectful to my daughter. I want to report her. I believe her name was Alyssa, according to the tag.

MANAGER: Why can't your daughter report her? If she's old enough to subscribe to this lifestyle, she's old enough to do her own reporting.

MOTHER: She's traumatized. She wanted that blue item that's up there behind you . . .

MANAGER: You mean the aquamarine item . . .

MOTHER: Don't argue with me.

MANAGER: There's no argument. This isn't a forensics debate. It's just not blue.

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