

IT'S ONLY POLITICS

A TEN MINUTE PLAY

by
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SANDY: Where have you been? You're late!

KAREN: Sorry, but I got held up.

SANDY: How could you do this to me? You ripped my evening to shreds.

KAREN: Don't be paranoid. I didn't set out to hurt you. I'm just running late. It happens to millions of people each day. Why get all psycho about it?

SANDY: I'm getting psycho because I'm psychologically damaged.

KAREN: You're okay. You just tend to over-react at times.

SANDY: Karen, I really wanted to go to this meeting, and you left me high and dry.

KAREN: It wasn't my fault. I actually did get held up. I decided to get a manicure after work, and it took forever.

SANDY: A manicure! You were doing your nails?

KAREN: Of course not. I was having them done. Andre is terrific. (*holds out hands*) What do you think?

SANDY: I was sitting here waiting . . . watching the clock . . . hoping against hope that you wouldn't do this to me again.

KAREN: Do what?

SANDY: Leave me stranded after making definite plans!

KAREN: I don't remember saying anything about definite plans.

SANDY: Karen, you either make plans or you don't. You said you would come by and pick me up at 6:30. I don't believe in asking someone to swear on their ancestor's grave. If you say you'll do something, your word should be good.

KAREN: My word is great. It's my timing that's lousy. I seem to be late for everything.

SANDY: There's no excuse. People who are habitually late always wait too long to start getting ready, or worse yet, they just don't make being on time a high priority.

KAREN: Maybe you're right. It just always seems like I'm in a rush... constantly a few minutes behind schedule. I probably inherited it from my grandparents.

SANDY: Don't think tardiness is an inherited trait.

KAREN: What I mean to say is, they drove me to it with their incessant need for punctuality.

SANDY: As much as you'd love to condemn those of us who show up on time, it is not a character fault to be punctual. In some societies, it's even considered polite.

KAREN: My grandparents were obsessed with time. They brought a whole new ugly meaning to the word punctuality.

SANDY: You mean they were always early, don't you?

KAREN: That's it exactly.

SANDY: It's a habit that wouldn't do you any harm, Karen.

KAREN: I was scarred as a child. My grandparents gave me a phobia of being early. You should feel sorry for me. I'm a disturbed young woman.

SANDY: You've got that right!

KAREN: My grandparents were excruciatingly early for everything. They stayed with us one summer, and I thought I was going to grab an ax and start chopping up relatives. I was taking summer school, and I had a job. They knew when both began, and they stayed on my back from three whole hours before any event started until the moment I stumbled out the door. I will say this. For that summer, I was always on time.

SANDY: Amazing.

KAREN: I had to spend a lot of time in the confessional that summer. I was hatching some wicked plans.

SANDY: I've known the feeling for the last hour. I don't buy that excuse for a minute. My grandparents were early for everything, and it didn't cause me to run screaming into a fog of perpetual tardiness.

KAREN: You didn't have the job of looking for my grandparents at noon on the day of my sister's wedding. We were all going to have a nice, big lunch together. The wedding didn't start until 4:00 that afternoon, but Grandma and Grandpa disappeared mysteriously, and yours truly was sent in for the rescue team. After an hour of searching everywhere, I found them... seated in the chapel. They had actually shown up four hours early in order to get a good seat!

SANDY: So? I waited for eight hours once in order to get a good seat at a concert.

KAREN: This was different. My sister's wedding wasn't as crowded as a rock concert. They could have shown up ten minutes early and still had a decent seat. In fact, the families of the betrothed get good seats regardless of when they arrive.

SANDY: You don't get it, do you? It's rude to be late. I'm politically active, and I didn't want to miss this meeting.

KAREN: We can still go. So we're a bit tardy to a Young Republicans' meeting. Big deal!

SANDY: It is a big deal to me, Karen! You got into this for social reasons, but I want to be involved in the local political process.

KAREN: So what's stopping you? We can get there in ten minutes.

SANDY: Forget it. It's too late.

KAREN: Why do you have such a hang-up about being a bit tardy? You just walk in, smile bashfully, and go sit in the back.

SANDY: Two or three minutes constitutes being tardy. Thirty minutes is not tardy--it's called being late!

KAREN: Oh, Sandy, you exasperate me. Let's just go. Maybe we'll meet some cute guys there tonight. If you think about it, walking in late is almost better.

SANDY: Better?

KAREN: Sure! You create a natural stage for yourself. All eyes follow as you walk to your seat.

SANDY: Well, have fun. Maybe you'll get lucky and they'll build a runway in the middle of the room. (*mimes doing this*) Then you can prance back and forth while the guys rate you from zero to ten.

KAREN: I'd rate a ten, don't you think?

SANDY: You don't want to know what I think! Now, if you'll excuse me, I'm about to shut myself in my bedroom and read a book.

KAREN: You're not going? We can still make it, Sandy.

SANDY: It's too late, Karen. The meeting only lasts an hour. We would get there in time for a few closing remarks and refreshments.

KAREN: Perfect!

SANDY: Maybe for you! Making a grand entrance doesn't appeal to me. Believe it or not, some of the Young Republicans truly care about the great causes in life.

KAREN: I care.

SANDY: Are we even in the same conversation?

KAREN: I doubt it. You're awfully high-strung about this. Listen, I'm as Republican as you are, Little Miss Volunteer. I just happen to have a life.

SANDY: Yes, and you're ruining mine!

KAREN: If politics is your whole life, then it's trashed already.

SANDY: Pardon me if I happen to care about the larger issues of the day. Don't you care about the cause. What about the elections coming up?

KAREN: Sorry you missed the meeting, but be realistic. That part is over. Let's go mooch some snacks and smooch some guys. Those are my big issues of the day.

SANDY: Fine! You'd better leave now before they scarf up the free food . . . food meant for real volunteers.

KAREN: Well, if you feel that way, and since you're not going with me, I might do something different.

SANDY: What's up?

KAREN: Last week, I noticed they had the Young Democrats meeting down the street. I thought I might...

SANDY: Karen, you wouldn't!

KAREN: I saw two or three really cute guys going in there.

SANDY: No... you couldn't turn your back on us and join the enemy, could you?

KAREN: Well... those guys were really cute.

SANDY: Karen, you can't just flit from one political group to another simply because one political group has better dating prospects.

KAREN: Who knows, there might be a Kennedy there tonight. Wouldn't that be something?

SANDY: Ooooh! Yuck!

KAREN: You don't think about politics when you're cuddling.

SANDY: (*moves past KAREN*) Get out of my way.

KAREN: Where are you going, Sandy?

SANDY: I'm going to confession!

KAREN: Hey, I might be there later myself.

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