

I'VE GOT MY STANDARDS

By Craig Sodaro

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I'VE GOT MY STANDARDS*A Ten Minute Comedy Skit***By Craig Sodaro**

SYNOPSIS: As Lauren prepares for a date with her boyfriend, she briefs her sister Kit on her high standards. She and her friends must be perfectly groomed, use a strong vocabulary, enjoy classical music, and exhibit maturity in everything they say or do. Kit takes the lesson with a grain of salt, especially when Lauren's date enters and she sees how they translate into reality.

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

- LAUREN (f) A high school senior who prides herself on her mature standards.
(72 lines)
- KIT (f)..... Lauren's eighth grade sister who's a classic tomboy.
(72 lines)
- TRENT (m)..... Lauren's boyfriend, perfect in her eyes. *(6 lines)*

SETTING

Lauren's room with a small dressing table left, a fancy stool or pouf, a chair with various pieces of clothing draped on it. The table is set with makeup and various beauty supplies.

COSTUMES

Modern, everyday dress. Kit should wear sports clothes while Lauren should wear a casual dress outfit. Trent wears sandals with no socks, a sleeveless T-shirt with an open old shirt over it, worn jeans, and unkempt hair. In other words, he's fashionably laid-back.

PROPS

- Soccer ball
- Make-up (including mascara and at least two tubes of lipstick)
- Two Choker Necklaces (one bright and one sparkling)

SOUND EFFECTS

- Car Horn
- Pounding

AT RISE: *LAUREN sits at dressing table applying makeup with great care. She's humming "I Feel Pretty" when a soccer ball thrown from offstage right hits her in the back.*

LAUREN: Hey!

KIT: *(Runs on right.)* Sorry, Lauren! My kick went wild.

LAUREN: You won't score a goal that way.

KIT: You won't tell Mom, will you?

LAUREN: I'm beyond snitching on my little sister.

KIT: I'm not so little. I'm in eighth grade.

LAUREN: Eighth grade was a lifetime ago, Kit. A lifetime.

KIT: Wow, you're sure acting nice all of a sudden.

LAUREN: Why shouldn't I?

KIT: No reason. But you're usually running around like Lady Macbeth slamming doors and screaming.

LAUREN: You know who Lady Macbeth is?

KIT: Everybody knows who she is.

LAUREN: All right, then, who is she?

KIT: Mr. Macbeth's wife. His crazy wife. His ambitious wife. His killer wife.

LAUREN: Well, I'm completely reformed. I've given up crazy, ambitious and killing.

KIT: Why?

LAUREN: Someday you'll understand.

KIT: Oh, I think I understand it right now. You're in love with Trent Davis Sterling and you're going out again tonight, so that's why you're putting on the dog.

LAUREN: Kit! Must you be so rude?

KIT: Sorry, poor choice of words. You know what I mean.

LAUREN: Do you think I've got enough mascara on?

KIT: Any more and you'll look like a raccoon.

LAUREN: That wasn't nice.

KIT: Sorry. Don't ask me stuff like that because I don't care.

LAUREN: But, Kit, you've got to care about how you look.

KIT: No, you don't.

LAUREN: You'll learn all about the powers of attractiveness in sociology class.

KIT: I'll wait. 'Til then, I'll just chill.

LAUREN: But I mean, look at you!

KIT: What?

LAUREN: You should do something with your hair.

KIT: Mom wouldn't let me get a Mohawk.

LAUREN: I mean something nice. Something attractive.

KIT: Like yours? It just hangs there.

LAUREN: *(Pleased, flipping her hair.)* It does, doesn't it?

KIT: *(Sarcastically.)* Whoa! You're blinding me with all that shining luster!

LAUREN: I think it's very important that a person should take perfect care of their hair. It's one of my...well...standards.

KIT: I didn't know you've got standards.

LAUREN: Of course I do! I have standards I hold myself to and standards my friends need to live up to.

KIT: I thought you gave up the Lady Macbeth stuff.

LAUREN: Kit, every adult has standards, or at least should. I mean how else would I know how to get ready to go out tonight?

KIT: Where are you going?

LAUREN: Dinner and a concert at the college.

KIT: Who's jammin' at the concert?

LAUREN: Mozart's 8th Symphony and Verdi's Prelude to *La Traviata* among other pieces.

KIT: I thought it was a music concert.

LAUREN: You're impossibly young, so you're forgiven.

KIT: Gee, thanks. I guess you only want to go to highbrow stuff.

LAUREN: I have my standards. *(Picking up two chokers.)* Which choker goes best with my dress? *(Holds them up one at a time.)*

KIT: It depends on what you want to say.

LAUREN: *(Surprised, pleased.)* Maybe you're not so young after all.

KIT: So you want Trent Davis Sterling to salivate when he sees you? Or be hopelessly intrigued?

LAUREN: Your vocabulary's improving.

KIT: We have to learn a new word every day in Chapman's class.

LAUREN: Perfect. That's another of my standards. A strong vocabulary.

KIT: Does Trent Davis Sterling have one?

LAUREN: His suits me just fine.

KIT: (*Pointing to one choker.*) I'd go with that one. He's really not going to salivate no matter which one you wear. I just like the word salivate.

LAUREN: Can we drop it?

KIT: You got other standards?

LAUREN: Of course. I like my friends to wear nice shoes.

KIT: Well-shod like a horse.

LAUREN: Another vocabulary word?

KIT: Yeah, I'm batting a thousand. So how come?

LAUREN: How come what?

KIT: How come you want everybody well-shod?

LAUREN: I hate to see dirty feet.

KIT: Oh.

LAUREN: Besides, I think it's very rude. And I don't like people who are rude.

KIT: None of your friends are rude?

LAUREN: No.

KIT: Not ever?

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