

LOVE, THEATRE, AND DAMN YANKEES

By Scott Icenhower

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LOVE, THEATRE, AND DAMN YANKEES

A Ten Minute Comedy Duet

By Scott Icenhower

SYNOPSIS: Rebecca is trying to remember the good from a bad relationship so she can write a tragic romance novel, when suddenly, her FBI sister Karen rushes in to save her from... whatever. It seems Karen has many troubles of her own and needs some creative counseling. Together they realize that musical theatre and baseball do coexist and that's the ticket.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(2 females)

REBECCA BRADY (f) 20s; A melodramatic romantic.
(52 lines)

KAREN BRADY (f) 20s; Rebecca's older sister who
is an FBI agent and thinks she's
less melodramatic. *(52 lines)*

SETTING: Interior of a rustic vacation cabin in an isolated area of the mountains. Present day, afternoon.

SET: A small couch, coffee table, and a door leading to an unseen kitchen. You may also perform this title on a bare stage.

PROPS

- Memory box
- Letters and photographs
- Jump rope
- Hand gun with holster
- Newspaper or theatre magazine
- Cell phone

COSTUMES

REBECCA – Can be dressed very casually.

KAREN – Should wear dark slacks with a light colored blouse to suggest an FBI agent.

AUTHOR'S NOTE

This play lets us see two melodramatic sisters who love and need each other, but like to fight about it. If the actresses play it a little over the top, that's fine.

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AT RISE: *REBECCA is alone looking through a box of memories recalling the few precious months she shared with her boyfriend before he left due to illness. Today is the one year anniversary of his departure, and she believes he is dead. She over reacts to each item she takes out of the box. After looking at a picture, and then a letter, she pulls a jump rope out of the box. KAREN rushes in. She is on duty and has pulled her gun. REBECCA screams.*

KAREN: FBI, nobody move. You're all under arrest! *(Looks around and recognizes her sister, but keeps her gun drawn on REBECCA.)*
Rebecca? Are you alone?

REBECCA: I wanted to be, but you ruined that didn't you?

KAREN: Have you seen anybody since you've been here?

REBECCA: No, I believe that's the definition of alone isn't it?

KAREN: We got an APB on some thieves in the area. So, when I saw a car out front I...I thought you'd be here tomorrow.

KAREN sees REBECCA clutching a jump rope and thinks she might use it to hang herself.

What are you doing?

REBECCA: None of your business.

KAREN: It's that jerk you dated isn't it?

REBECCA: He has a name. It's Steve. Have some respect for the dead.

KAREN: He's not dead Becky. He just broke up with you and took your money.

REBECCA: He needed that money for the experimental medicine in Canada.

KAREN: I can't believe we're related.

REBECCA: Will you leave me alone? I want to cherish his memory.
(Hugs the jump rope and starts to cry quietly.)

KAREN: Why are you holding that rope?

REBECCA: It's a jump rope.

KAREN: What are you going to do with it?

REBECCA: (*Reminiscing.*) We were walking in the park and Steve started jumping rope with this little girl. "Cinderella dressed in yella"... he was so cute playing with her. He would have made a wonderful father.

KAREN: So why do you still have the rope?

REBECCA: It's a keepsake, a precious memory of our limited time together.

KAREN: No, I mean why do you have the rope? It belonged to that little girl. He stole a jump rope from a little girl?

REBECCA: Shut up! I'm grieving.

KAREN: Don't grieve with a rope.

REBECCA: I'll grieve any way I want to. You're not going to tell me... do you think I'm going to hang myself with this? (*Attempting to irritate KAREN by playing along and then showing her how wrong it is.*) Yes, that's a good idea. I can use this rope. I'll wrap it around my neck and throw the other two feet over a tree limb.

KAREN: Just put the rope down and step away. Let's talk.

REBECCA: You're an idiot.

KAREN: It doesn't have to end this way.

REBECCA: No, it's supposed to end this way. (*REBECCA stands up and starts to skip rope.*) Cinderella dressed in yella went upstairs to kiss her fella. By mistake she kissed a snake. How many doctors will it take? 1, 2, 3...

KAREN: (*Speaking over REBECCA.*) Stop it Becky! Put the rope down. Just think about what you're giving up. Becky, I'm warning you. Stop it or I'll -

REBECCA: (*Stopping.*) Or what, you'll shoot me? So, to keep me from committing suicide with a jump rope you're going to shoot me? Do you realize how stupid that sounds? Did mom put you up to this?

KAREN: She may have said something about Steve leaving you a year ago this weekend and that you might over react like you always do.

REBECCA: No I don't.

KAREN: Yes you do. Remember when Bobby Thompson pulled the head off of your Barbie doll? You had an elaborate funeral service, cremated the body in the fireplace and put the head in the freezer so technology could cure her in the future.

REBECCA: I was a child.

KAREN: Three years ago you were so heartbroken you tried to overdose on fudge ripple ice cream and Snickers.

REBECCA: That wasn't an overdose; it was comfort food. But you're right. I did overdo it. For the next six months my thighs couldn't pass each other without stopping to chat.

KAREN: Normal people don't do things like that.

REBECCA: Normal people don't threaten their sisters with a gun for jumping rope.

KAREN: Just give me the rope.

REBECCA: You want this rope? I'll trade you for your gun.

KAREN: You're out of your mind... that would explain it. You shouldn't be left alone. *(Starts to exit to the kitchen.)*

REBECCA: So you're leaving?

KAREN: Checking out the kitchen.

REBECCA: It's an electric stove.

KAREN stops.

And there are no sharp knives. I could spatula myself to death. You might want to hide that.

KAREN: Gas logs?

REBECCA: No. You have to chop your own firewood.

KAREN: Where's the axe?

REBECCA: You're kidding.

KAREN: Just let me be in charge of the axe.

REBECCA: You really think I might try to behead myself? Seriously, what are you doing here?

KAREN: Kyle left.

REBECCA: Oh honey, I'm so sorry.

She gets up and they hug.

Come here. Sit by me and tell me what happened.

They sit together on the couch.

KAREN: Maybe he needs his space or more time. I don't know.

REBECCA: What did he say?

KAREN: "Karen, I need my space or more time. I don't know."

REBECCA: Oh.

KAREN: Do all these theatrics you do really help you get through this?

REBECCA: They're not theatrics to me. It's just who I am. It's how I cope.

KAREN: So what were you doing?

REBECCA: I'm going to write a tragic romance novel inspired by my fated love with Steve. I was remembering so I could get myself in the mood to write.

KAREN: Sorry I broke your mood.

REBECCA: Don't you worry about that. You'll just have to find your own way to cope. Ooh, maybe you could put everything he gave you in a box and have that friend of yours on the bomb squad blow it up for you? Would that be too much?

KAREN: No, it helped a little. But the sadness came back as soon as the smoke cleared.

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