

LOVERS IN THE PARK

A Ten-Minute Comedy Duet

by
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CHARACTERS:

BROC LEE – Young man, mid-twenties

JEAN – Young woman, mid-twenties

**Both characters will also play VOICE character, turning away from audience to show transition.*

TIME: Present

PLACE: A park. There is a bench in the center of the stage.

(It is dark on stage. A VOICE is heard.)

VOICE: This is a ten-minute play. The running time is about ten minutes. There is no intermission. There is no program. There are no director's notes. You have to pay attention. There is a woman on stage. A small pool of light illuminates her.

(Lights up on WOMAN)

VOICE: She is a smart, young, intelligent woman...

WOMAN: Thank you.

VOICE: ...but she can be self indulgent.

WOMAN: Oh.

VOICE: Her name is Heidi.

WOMAN: Can I be called Jean instead? Heidi sounds like a horse.

VOICE: Yes, that is fine. Lights up on a man. Mid twenties, not big, not small, not short, not tall...

MAN: *(turns toward audience, then WOMAN turns away and becomes VOICE)* That helps.

VOICE: Not a genius, but not an idiot, not especially handsome, but not ugly...

MAN: What am I?

VOICE: Not laughable but not entirely serious either...

MAN: Will you please tell me what I am?

VOICE: He too can be self-indulgent. His name is Broc Lee. First name Broc. Last name Lee.

MAN: Quick question. Can I be called Devon? I always liked that name.

VOICE: No! First name Broc. Last name Lee.

BROC: But...

VOICE: Lights up on a bench. *(The lights obey.)* Jean and Broc Lee are in a park. They are sitting on the bench. *(Both seem to be forced onto the bench.)* The title of the play is *Lovers in the Park*.

(JEAN and BROC LEE look at each other.)

JEAN: Are there any other characters? *(no answer)* Hello? Voice? He must be gone. I've never been set up like this before. *(SHE offers her hand.)* Hi, I'm Jean.

BROC: Hi... *(briefly looks up at the sky)* I'm Devon.

VOICE: First name Broc. Last name Lee.

BROC: Why not just Call--iflour? Or Squ--ash? *(no answer.)* Ridiculous. Hi, I guess I'm Broccoli.

JEAN: *(finds this funny)* You put up a good fight.

BROC: Thanks.

JEAN: Besides, I like Broc Lee better than Devon. Devon sounds British. *(silence)* Well... *Lovers in the Park*, huh? What a title.

BROC: Not very vague is it.

JEAN: *(laughs)* I guess we should feel grateful its not *Two Orangutans Fight in the Park*.

BROC: At least then I would have some kind of idea what to do. Just jump around and fight.

(HE starts imitating an orangutan.)

JEAN: You must have practiced that.

BROC: **(HE stops abruptly.)** Yes. It never makes people laugh as much as I hope. I always tried to be a funny guy, but I've succeeded more in scaring people.

(HE goes to the bench to sit down.)

JEAN: Maybe that's because you *are* scared.

BROC: **(BROC stops and looks at her. HE clears his throat, trying to brush off the comment.)** The voice never said you were a psychologist.

JEAN: He said I was self indulgent.

BROC: Yeah. Me too.

(Pause; they both look around.)

BROC: What do we do now?

JEAN: What would be the self-indulgent thing to do?

BROC: Complain about our names.

JEAN: The title of the play is *Lovers in the Park*.

BROC: I know.

JEAN: Well, what do lovers do?

VOICE: **(BROC turns and does VOICE.)** Jean and Broc Lee begin dancing. **(Again, both are visibly forced to comply.)**

JEAN: I guess they dance.

BROC: You know, I really hate that name. And why are we dancing in a park with no music? What kind of play is this?

JEAN: I guess we could just imagine the music.

BROC: Imagine the music?

JEAN: Imagine it being the most beautiful music you have ever heard.

BROC: Country or jazz?

JEAN: Just listen. **(They are gliding across the room. BROC begins to loosen up a little and stops resisting the moves. JEAN leads.)** Soon you'll hear it. It's soft.

(We start to hear a hint of music. It is Phillip Glass's Closing for Glassworks.)

BROC: I think I can hear it.

JEAN: Just keep moving.

BROC: I normally don't like classical music.

JEAN: Don't talk.

BROC: It's beautiful.

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