

MIDDLE SCHOOL MANIA COMEDY DUOS FOR GIRLS

A Collection of Five Skits

by
Laurie Allen



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Chances

by
Laurie Allen

KAREN: (*approaches MRS. SMITH*) Excuse me, Ma'am?

MRS. SMITH: Yes?

KAREN: I'm selling raffle tickets for my theater class, and I was wondering...

MRS. SMITH: NO! NO, NO, NO, NO!

KAREN: But...

MRS. SMITH: I SAID NO!

KAREN: You don't have to get so mad. I was only going to ask if you'd like to buy a raffle ticket.

MRS. SMITH: I am so tired of wasting my hard earned money on buying a chance to win this, a chance to win that... I might as well throw my money down the toilet!

KAREN: But this is for a good cause. Even if you don't win, you can feel good about helping our theater class earn money to go to New York.

MRS. SMITH: Oh, sure! I should feel good about helping a bunch of spoiled brats go on a trip of a lifetime! And what about me? Do I get to go anywhere? Do I win a prize? No, I just keep working hard so groups like your theater class can run off and have a great time! Well, no thank you! I'm keeping my money! Maybe I'll save it and go to New York myself!

KAREN: Okay. I'm sorry I asked. (*starts to leave*)

MRS. SMITH: So... what does the winner get?

KAREN: The owner of the winning raffle ticket gets one hundred dollars worth of groceries.

MRS. SMITH: Groceries? No TV? No Stereo? No cash? BUT GROCERIES?

KAREN: What's wrong with groceries? We all have to eat.

MRS. SMITH: Now that's something to get excited about! Froot Loops and lunchmeat! Oh, let me have fifty of those tickets! I want to win some pork and beans, tuna fish, canned soup and potted meat!

KAREN: Really? You want fifty tickets?

MRS. SMITH: No! Are you crazy?

KAREN: Ma'am, please! Just buy one ticket. One. It's only a dollar. Look, I need to sell at least five hundred. Help me out. Please.

MRS. SMITH: No thanks. I'd lose. Always do.

KAREN: But maybe this is your lucky day!

MRS. SMITH: HA!

KAREN: You'll win a hundred dollars worth of groceries for only one dollar!

MRS. SMITH: Whoopee.

KAREN: Plus...

MRS. SMITH: Plus?

KAREN: A bonus gift.

MRS. SMITH: What bonus gift?

KAREN: Free theater tickets to all our plays this year!

MRS. SMITH: I hate plays.

KAREN: Then you could give the tickets away as Christmas presents.

MRS. SMITH: I don't buy Christmas presents.

KAREN: Birthday presents?

MRS. SMITH: I don't buy those either.

KAREN: Give them away to your friends?

MRS. SMITH: What friends? Look, I don't have to worry about what to do with my free theater tickets because I'm not going to win free theater tickets because I'm not buying a stupid raffle ticket! Okay?

KAREN: Okay. But you'll be sorry...

MRS. SMITH: And why would I be sorry?

KAREN: Because I just have this feeling that number 346 is the winner. And you would've bought number 346.

MRS. SMITH: Oh, you don't know which ticket is the winner.

End of free preview

Small Talk

by
Laurie Allen

JAN: (**approaches DORIS, who is sitting on a bus**) Excuse me, but may I sit here with you?

DORIS: I'd prefer to sit by myself, if you don't mind.

JAN: But I don't see any more seats. This bus is pretty full.

DORIS: Are you sure?

JAN: Well, except for one at the very back.

DORIS: Really, I'd prefer to sit by myself.

JAN: (**sits down**) I'll be quiet. You won't even know I'm here. (**looks back**) That guy back there looks kinda scary. I'd rather sit by you. You look nice. (**SHE smiles at DORIS.**) I'm meeting some of my friends downtown. Where are you going?

DORIS: Would you please mind your own business and leave me alone?

JAN: Whoa! What is your problem? I was only making small talk!

DORIS: I prefer to sit here and be quiet. If you don't mind!

JAN: You must be a very lonely person.

DORIS: Excuse me?

JAN: You prefer to sit by yourself and not talk to anyone. That's sad.

DORIS: I assure you, I am not a lonely person.

JAN: Then what? A little on the snotty side?

DORIS: WHAT?

JAN: You think you're better than everyone else on the bus? Too good to sit next to someone? Too good to speak to someone?

DORIS: You don't know what you're talking about!

JAN: Oh, sure I do! I've known people like you before! (**dramatic**) I'm so important! I'm so beautiful! I'm much better than all you little people!

DORIS: Has it ever occurred to you that maybe I just enjoy a little peace and quiet? A time to gather my thoughts, prepare myself for the day...

JAN: Okay! Okay! I'll be quiet! Excuse me! (**short pause**) So, where did you say you were going?

DORIS: I didn't say.

JAN: I could guess.

DORIS: I thought you said you were going to be quiet!

JAN: To work?

DORIS: (**opens a sack and begins eating a cookie**) I'm just going to ignore you.

JAN: Yum! Did you make those cookies? Can I have one? You have plenty. Just one?

DORIS: No.

JAN: You have got to be the rudest person I have ever met! You don't want anyone to sit with you. You don't want anyone to talk to you. You don't want to be friendly and offer your new friend a cookie. I guess you'd be happy if I just sat here and didn't say a thing!

DORIS: Yes! Thank you!

JAN: (**after a short pause**) I just think it's so sad.

DORIS: What?

End of free preview

Breaking Up

by

Laurie Allen

LISA: What should I say?

CHRISTY: Dear John...

LISA: You mean, Dear Eric...

CHRISTY: Dear Eric... The last three months have been great, but...

LISA: **(writing)** Dear Eric... The last three months have been great, but...

CHRISTY: But...

LISA: But...

CHRISTY: But I need my freedom!

LISA: That's good! **(writing)** But I need my freedom!

CHRISTY: I want us to always be friends...

LISA: **(writing)** I want us to always be friends...

CHRISTY: And you could always go out with my best friend, Christy.

LISA: What?

CHRISTY: What?

LISA: You? Him go out with you?

CHRISTY: Well, I *do* like him.

LISA: You never told me that!

CHRISTY: So?

LISA: SO?!

CHRISTY: Well, he was your boyfriend. I wasn't going to tell you that. But if you're dumping him...

LISA: You like him?

CHRISTY: Yeah. So?

LISA: So, what is it that you like about MY BOYFRIEND?

CHRISTY: I don't know.

LISA: Tell me!

CHRISTY: I don't know. Lots of things.

LISA: Like what?

CHRISTY: Like... His sense of humor. He always has something funny to say. And he's always in a great mood. I love that about him! He's so much fun to be around.

LISA: What else?

CHRISTY: Well, he's smart. He's always helping us with our math. And he explains the problems so well. I've done better the last three months in math than I've done all year. I just really admire him.

LISA: Anything else?

CHRISTY: Well... he's cute.

LISA: You think so?

CHRISTY: Oh yeah. He's got the cutest grin. And his eyes. I could just melt in his eyes.

LISA: So... you want MY BOYFRIEND? You'd do that to me? Your best friend?

CHRISTY: No, Lisa, I wouldn't do that to you! But if you don't want him... If you're going to break up with him...

LISA: Maybe I am and maybe I'm not.

CHRISTY: Maybe?

LISA: Maybe I'm having second thoughts about breaking up with him.

CHRISTY: Lisa, for the past week all you've done is complain about Eric. "I hate his stupid laugh. I hate the way he sings in my ear when we dance." I think it's romantic, but anyway...

LISA: You want him to sing in your ear?

CHRISTY: Well, it wouldn't bother me!

LISA: Well, Christy, he's not going to sing in your ear!

CHRISTY: But you said you wanted to write him a Dear John letter! You said you wanted to break up!

End of free preview

Gym Class

by
Laurie Allen

(Two girls sitting on the floor)

KATIE: I hate gym class.

SYDNEY: Me, too. I hate exercise.

KATIE: Me, too. *(begins to polish nails)*

SYDNEY: *(digs into backpack and finds candy)* Want some?

KATIE: Thanks. *(pause)* Sydney, is Coach Preston screaming at us?

SYDNEY: I think so. *(hollers)* What? Exercise? *(to KATIE)* He wants us to exercise. *(hollers)* Coach Preston, we don't feel good?... What?... Too bad? *(to KATIE)* He said too bad.

KATIE: *(they stand)* Great! I'll probably mess up my nails!

SYDNEY: This is not fair! I'm hungry.

KATIE: *(hollers)* Okay, Coach Preston, okay! *(Slowly they begin to do jumping jacks. After about two or three they stop.)* Okay, we did some exercise. *(They sit down.)*

SYDNEY: Do you want to read my note from Brandon?

KATIE: Sure. *(takes the note and reads)*

SYDNEY: I'm going to write him back. *(gets paper and pen and writes)* Dear Brandon...

KATIE: Sydney, Coach is screaming at us again.

SYDNEY: What now? I'm trying to write my boyfriend a note!

KATIE: And I'm trying to read his note. *(hollers)* What? Do we have to?

SYDNEY: *(hollers)* Coach, my stomach hurts. And her head hurts.

KATIE: From him screaming at us.

SYDNEY: *(hollers)* What? *(to KATIE)* He doesn't care.

KATIE: I heard. Okay, here we go again. *(They stand, and then begin to jog in place.)* It's hard to read this note while jogging.

SYDNEY: Katie, are you getting tired?

KATIE: Yes. Do you think we can quit now?

SYDNEY: Coach isn't looking.

KATIE: Good, then let's rest. *(They sit down.)*

SYDNEY: *(hollers)* But, Coach, we're resting!

KATIE: *(hollers)* We're tired, Coach!

SYDNEY: He doesn't care. Okay, here we go again.

(They stand & jog in place.)

KATIE: I wish this wasn't a required class.

SYDNEY: Me, too.

KATIE: I know! Let's jog over to the bleachers and hide behind them.

SYDNEY: Good idea. And let's smile and wave at Coach as we're jogging so he won't think anything. *(They jog, waving and smiling.)* Think he can see us here?

KATIE: I don't think so.

SYDNEY: Good. Now all we have to do is hide out here and wait for the bell to ring. *(They sit down.)* This was a great idea.

KATIE: Thank you. But I wish I had my backpack.

SYDNEY: Stay here. I'll jog back over there and get it. *(SHE jogs over to the backpack, smiling and waving at Coach, gets the backpack, starts back, smiling and waving, but then stops and hollers.)* What?... Just jogging around...

The backpack?... A little weight to make my workout harder. *(smiles, waves, then jogs over to KATIE)* That was close.

KATIE: Coach doesn't have a clue.

SYDNEY: He'll never miss us. Do you have any gum?

KATIE: Sure. *(digs into backpack)* Here.

SYDNEY: Thanks. And let me have some paper and a pen. I need to write a few notes.

KATIE: Ditto.

End of free preview

Mr. Miller

by
Laurie Allen

(Two girls standing outside a room at a funeral home.)

CARI: Well, are we going in?

HOLLY: Wait! Have you ever seen a dead person before?

CARI: On TV.

HOLLY: Are you scared?

CARI: Of what?

HOLLY: I don't know.

CARI: Holly, he's dead.

HOLLY: I know. So there's nothing to be afraid of. It's just a dead person. No big deal. He can't see us. He can't hear us.
He's dead.

CARI: Exactly. So, let's go in.

HOLLY: Wait!

CARI: What?

HOLLY: Did you like Mr. Miller?

CARI: Did I like him?

HOLLY: Yeah, did you like him?

CARI: Honestly?

HOLLY: Honestly.

CARI: I couldn't stand him.

HOLLY: Me neither.

CARI: But that doesn't matter now. Let's just go in the room, sign the book and say our good-byes. Besides, everyone at school is doing it.

HOLLY: You're right. It's the right thing to do.

CARI: So, let's go.

HOLLY: Wait!

CARI: What?

HOLLY: Why didn't you like Mr. Miller?

CARI: Why? Well, he gave out too much homework. That's one reason.

HOLLY: I barely passed his class last year.

CARI: And he was very strict. Sloppy handwriting, minus ten points! Misspelled word, minus ten points! Heading wrong, minus ten points!

HOLLY: It was my worst class.

CARI: Mine, too.

HOLLY: And I was going to have him again next year.

CARI: Not now. ***(Pause as they turn and smile at each other.)***

HOLLY: Thank heaven.

CARI: A blessing.

HOLLY: We're bad.

CARI: No, we're truthful.

HOLLY: But we're not glad he's dead... ARE WE?

CARI: No! We're sorry he's dead! But... we won't miss him.

HOLLY: He shouldn't have been so mean.

CARI: Maybe he's sorry now.

HOLLY: Do you think so?

CARI: I hope so.

HOLLY: Okay, let's get this over with.

CARI: Wait!

HOLLY: What?

CARI: Do you really want to go in there? Do you actually want to see Mr. Miller? Dead!

HOLLY: Honestly?

END OF FREE PREVIEW