

# MIDDLE SCHOOL MANIA COMEDY DUOS FOR GUYS

A Collection of Five Skits

by  
Laurie Allen



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## Mistaken Identity

by  
Laurie Allen

MR. GARZA: Do you know why I called you into my office?

ANTHONY: No sir.

MR. GARZA: You're telling me you don't know why?

ANTHONY: Yes sir.

MR. GARZA: Maybe you should think a little harder.

ANTHONY: My conscious is clean.

MR. GARZA: Then you must have a way of suppressing guilt.

ANTHONY: Uh... no sir.

MR. GARZA: I'm the principal of this school and I know everything that goes on. Believe me.

ANTHONY: I'm sure you do, sir, but...

MR. GARZA: There always has to be one!

ANTHONY: One?

MR. GARZA: One student who makes my school year a living nightmare!

ANTHONY: Me? You're talking about me?

MR. GARZA: School only started three weeks ago and here you are.

ANTHONY: Uh... why am I here?

MR. GARZA: But it's good to know which students I need to be watching. Because believe me, I will be watching you!

And the teachers will be watching you, too! And believe it or not, I have spies within this school. They, too, will be watching you!

ANTHONY: Spies?

MR. GARZA: Yes!

ANTHONY: Wow!

MR. GARZA: So you get this straight, young man, you are our number one problem in this school and your every move, your every turn will be watched!

ANTHONY: But I still don't understand.

MR. GARZA: I don't care if you understand! You know, maybe you should do some community service. Perhaps cleaning toilets on Saturday.

ANTHONY: But...

MR. GARZA: I'll speak to your parents about it.

ANTHONY: But...

MR. GARZA: You're not getting out of this, young man!

ANTHONY: But...

MR. GARZA: And I would like you to meet with our school counselor at least three times a week. Maybe, *maybe* she can help.

**End of free preview**

## The Dance

by  
Laurie Allen

***(Two nerdy guys at a dance)***

KARL: Why don't you go ask Michelle to dance?

RALPH: She'll say no.

KARL: But we're at a dance. We're supposed to dance.

RALPH: You go ask her.

KARL: But you're the one who likes her.

RALPH: Then go ask someone else.

KARL: I will. In a minute. ***(pause)*** Do you know how to dance?

RALPH: I guess. Do you?

KARL: Well, I'm not that good. Actually, I think I'm bad.

RALPH: ***(demonstrates in a very nerdy way)*** You just move around like this, see?

KARL: Yeah.  
RALPH: Try it.  
KARL: Okay. (**dances in a very nerdy way**) How's this look?  
RALPH: Looks good to me!  
KARL: Hey, we're good!  
RALPH: Now all we need is a girl.  
KARL: Oh, I like this song, don't you?  
RALPH: (**nodding**) Me, too.  
KARL: (**dancing**) I've got the beat, baby, yeah, I've got the beat!  
RALPH: (**dancing**) I can feel the rhythm, oh, yeah!

**(Suddenly they both stop and stare straight ahead.)**

KARL: (**hollers to someone across the room**) NO, WE'RE NOT!  
RALPH: (**hands on hips**) We were practicing!  
KARL: Don't worry about what we're doing!  
RALPH: Yeah, mind your own business!  
KARL: Guess we looked stupid dancing together.  
RALPH: Yeah. You know, we really need to ask a girl to dance. Before they all think... you know.  
KARL: You're right, but...  
RALPH: What?  
KARL: I've never danced with a girl. Ever!  
RALPH: Me neither.  
KARL: But that shouldn't stop us, right?  
RALPH: Right. You go first.  
KARL: Me? Okay, okay. (**starts to walk off, then turns back**) What do I say?  
RALPH: Do you want to dance?  
KARL: But what if she says no?  
RALPH: Walk away.  
KARL: Okay, here it goes.

**(As HE walks off, HE quietly repeats, "Do you want to dance?" After a moment, HE returns.)**

RALPH: What'd she say?  
KARL: (**angrily**) What do you think? I'm standing here with you instead of out there on the dance floor. Your turn!  
RALPH: Okay, fine. I'll show you how it's done.  
KARL: Be my guest.  
RALPH: Just watch me in action.

**(HE leaves, then returns quickly.)**

KARL: Rejection is hard, isn't it?  
RALPH: What's our problem?  
KARL: We're not the most popular guys at school.  
RALPH: Okay, so we ask an unpopular girl to dance.  
KARL: Okay, but who?  
RALPH: (**scanning the room**) How about... Betty.  
KARL: She'll be thrilled. It'll probably be the first time anyone's ever asked her to dance.  
RALPH: (**frowning**) She's okay, except for the pointy glasses and braces and her hair... it's strange... how does she make it frizz out, or maybe she doesn't make it frizz out, maybe it's just her.  
KARL: Go for it! I want to see this! Yes! You and Betty on the dance floor!  
RALPH: Okay. Okay! I came here to dance and I'm going to dance, even if it's with poor Betty! Besides, after all those other girls see me on the dance floor, they'll all want to dance with me! So here I go! (**exits, then returns quickly**)  
KARL: What happened?  
RALPH: What do you think?  
KARL: She said no?  
RALPH: Do you see me on the dance floor?  
KARL: Okay, okay, let me do this. I'll ask... let's see, uh... I guess, Joannie.  
RALPH: (**makes a face**) Joannie? Are you sure? I mean, yeah, I'm sure she'll say yes.  
KARL: I'm sure she will!  
RALPH: Well, good luck!

KARL: Thanks! (**exits, then returns quickly**)  
RALPH: Ah-oh. What'd she say?  
KARL: In your dreams, you moron!  
RALPH: Man! No one wants to dance with us.  
KARL: There has to be someone.  
RALPH: How about Mrs. Price?  
KARL: Our English teacher?  
RALPH: If she says no, maybe it's a sign we should go home.  
KARL: I'm not dancing with Mrs. Price!  
RALPH: Or maybe we should just walk out there on the dance floor and cut in on some guy.

### End of free preview

## Men Are from Jupiter

by  
Laurie Allen

DAVID: Is this a joke?  
GREGG: No.  
DAVID: You want me to help you write a love letter?  
GREGG: Yes! It's the only way Brittany will take me back.  
DAVID: What did you do?  
GREGG: It wasn't my fault! It was Nicole's fault!  
DAVID: What did Nicole do?  
GREGG: She kissed me! And unfortunately, Brittany saw the whole thing! I tried to explain that I was innocent, but she didn't believe me.  
DAVID: So you have to write her a love letter?  
GREGG: To prove my love.  
DAVID: So... was Nicole a good kisser?  
GREGG: (**smiling**) Yeah.  
DAVID: You like Nicole?  
GREGG: (**smiling**) Yeah.  
DAVID: So skip the love letter. Go after Nicole.  
GREGG: Nicole only kissed me on a bet. She has a boyfriend.  
DAVID: Oh.  
GREGG: So, are you going to help me?  
DAVID: Sure, why not?  
GREGG: Dear Brittany...  
DAVID: Wrong!  
GREGG: Dear Brittany is wrong? Look, I'm not going after Nicole. Her boyfriend's huge and I don't want to get beat up!  
DAVID: No, write... Darling.  
GREGG: Oh yeah! Darling! (**writing**) Darling... What's up?  
DAVID: Wrong! Darling, how could you doubt my deep love for you?

### End of free preview

## Too Young to Die

by  
Laurie Allen

EARL: Yep, it's sad.  
GUS: Yep. One day you're sixteen, the next you're seventy-six.  
EARL: Where did the time go?  
GUS: (**snaps**) Went like that!  
EARL: I don't want to be seventy-six.

GUS: No problem, Earl. You're eighty-six, remember?  
EARL: Oh, yeah.  
GUS: Must be that Alzheimer's.  
EARL: Shut your mouth, Gus! I meant I *feel* seventy-six!  
GUS: Well, ya *look* eighty-six.  
EARL: Well, *you* look like you're almost dead!  
GUS: Yep. It's sad.  
EARL: It's depressing.  
GUS: Who wouldn't be depressed? Our life is almost over.  
EARL: I guess... but ya know what?  
GUS: What, Earl?  
EARL: If we make it to one hundred, we've still got another fourteen years.  
GUS: You're right! We can still do a lot in fourteen years!  
EARL: I could write that book.  
GUS: I could find me a new love.  
EARL: **(laughs)** So you can cuddle up with a wrinkly old gal?  
GUS: Nah, I'm goin' for a younger gal. Maybe someone in their sixties.  
EARL: If she'll have you.  
GUS: She'll have me.

**End of free preview**

## **Pathetic Poetry**

by  
Laurie Allen

JERRY: This is a stupid assignment.  
TONY: You don't like poetry?  
JERRY: Like poetry? Are you serious?  
TONY: Robert Browning, Robert Frost, William Shakespeare, Sir Walter Raleigh...  
JERRY: Sir Walter who?  
TONY: Poetry is an art. A means of expression.  
JERRY: Well, I don't care to express myself. Give me some science fiction, a western, even a play, but poetry? Yuck!  
TONY: What have you got so far?  
JERRY: Roses are red.  
TONY: You can't use that!  
JERRY: Why not?  
TONY: It's not original!  
JERRY: I'll make it original. Roses are red, and sometimes yellow, I've even seen pink, but white's for this fellow.  
TONY: That's bad!  
JERRY: Well, duh! I hate poetry!  
TONY: Dig down deep.  
JERRY: Deep?  
TONY: Your feelings. Your deepest feelings.  
JERRY: Okay. Roses are red, and poetry stinks, I'd rather smell a flower, than write a stupid poem.  
TONY: You're not trying! That was terrible!  
JERRY: I'm trying! I'm trying!  
TONY: Not hard enough.  
JERRY: Well, let me hear what you have.  
TONY: **(clears his throat)** Her memory left my heart as though it was a withered rose...  
JERRY: Are you serious?  
TONY: I longed for that day when the sun was bright and when hope filled the air. When the day was fresh and smelled new. When the rose was full of color and life and my heart was full of love.  
JERRY: I'm going to throw up!

**END OF FREE PREVIEW**