

MIDDLE SCHOOL MANIA COMEDY DUOS FOR GUY/GIRL

A Collection of Five Skits

by
Laurie Allen



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The New Student

by
Laurie Allen

RICK: Excuse me, could you help me? I can't find my first period class.

AMY: Oh, you must be a new student.

RICK: Yes, I am. Boy, this is a big school.

AMY: I guess.

RICK: Well, I'm looking for my science class. Room SE-4.

AMY: Oh, sure. Okay, go all the way down this hall, turn left at the second hallway, then take a right, go all the way down, then take another right, go down the stairs, take a left, then a right at the next hallway and when you pass the bathrooms, take one more right and you'll be there!

RICK: Go where?

AMY: **(a deep breath)** Okay, go all the way down this hall, turn left at the second hallway...

RICK: Wait a minute! There's no way I'm going to find my way to science!

AMY: It's not that hard. Gosh, did you move here from a tiny town or something?

RICK: No, but this school is huge! It's like a hospital with all these wings and corridors. I don't suppose you have a map?

AMY: **(laughs)** To get around this little school?

RICK: It'd help. Would you mind drawing me a map to my science class?

AMY: Sure. No problem. After all, you are a new student. **(gets out a piece of paper and draws for a long time)** Here you go.

RICK: Thanks. I really appreciate it. **(looks at the map, points at it)** What is this?

AMY: The cafeteria. For a shortcut you can zig zag through the cafeteria, take a right, cut through the choir department, take a sharp turn here, go down these stairs, and notice the hall is going to wind around here, but just keep going, then if you turn after the bathrooms and count fourteen doors down on your left, you're there!

RICK: Now I'm even more confused.

AMY: Oh, it's not that hard.

RICK: Please, tell me, what kind of school is this?

AMY: What do you mean? It's just a regular school.

RICK: Right. Okay... well, forget science, could you tell me how to get to my 2nd period class? Surely it won't be as difficult.

AMY: Sure, what's the class?

RICK: English, room 821.

AMY: Oh yeah, that'll be much easier!

RICK: Great!

AMY: And you won't need a map for this one.

RICK: Sure I don't need to take notes?

AMY: **(laughing)** Of course not! Okay, English, room 821...

RICK: **(looking around)** Which way?

AMY: **(pointing)** See those stairs?

RICK: Uh-huh.

AMY: Okay, go all the way up to the 8th floor and it'll be on your right.

RICK: WHAT? THE 8TH FLOOR?

AMY: You said English, room 821... that's on the eighth floor.

RICK: The eighth floor?

AMY: That's what I said.

RICK: Please, tell me there's an elevator!

AMY: There is.

RICK: Thank goodness!

AMY: But the students are not allowed to use it... unless they're handicapped.

RICK: You mean... You mean I have to walk up eight flights of stairs to get to my English class?

AMY: What's the big deal? So you get a little exercise, my gosh!

RICK: **(looking at his schedule)** Okay, so if my math class is in room 102, it's on the first floor, right?

AMY: Well, not exactly.

End of free preview

Sibling Wars

by
Laurie Allen

SUSAN: I hate you!

JASON: I hate *you!*

SUSAN: This is all your fault!

JASON: You started it!

SUSAN: Me? *Me?* Who was yanking the remote control out of my hand?

JASON: Who changed the channels?

SUSAN: Who hit me?

JASON: Who ripped my shirt?

SUSAN: Who spilled the Coke?

JASON: Who broke Mom's new candle holder?

SUSAN: It was your elbow!

JASON: Because you shoved me!

SUSAN: I really hate you!

JASON: I really hate *you!*

SUSAN: I wish I was an only child!

JASON: Ditto, here!

SUSAN: This punishment is not fair!

JASON: It's sure not fun!

SUSAN: Being confined to this room with you until we can learn to get along is torture!

JASON: And getting along with YOU will never happen!

SUSAN: That's right. Never!

JASON: We'll die of starvation if Mom and Dad refuse to let us come out of here before we can get along.

SUSAN: They'll let us out. Eventually.

JASON: I don't know. They were pretty mad.

SUSAN: I know. Dad said this was it! He'd had it with all of our fighting.

JASON: And Mom was crying. Nope, he'll never let us out of here.

SUSAN: Oh well. I'd rather die than try to get along with a stupid brother like you!

JASON: Ditto. **(smiles)** Guess you'll miss the dance.

SUSAN: The dance? Oh my gosh! I almost forgot! I have so much to do to get ready! I need to do my nails, my eyebrows.... And Jeff will be here in... **(looks at watch)** ONE HOUR! I have one hour to get ready for my date!

JASON: Better call him and tell him you can't go.

SUSAN: How can I call him? Do you see a phone? This is unbelievable! I need at least two hours to get ready!

JASON: Sure you don't need three? I mean, look at your hair!

SUSAN: Shut up! **(looks at watch)** Fifty-eight minutes until Jeff will be here! What am I going to do? And I don't even know what I'm going to wear!

JASON: Did you forget you're not leaving this room until we get along?

SUSAN: SHUT UP! I have a date in... in... fifty-seven minutes! What am I going to do?

JASON: Be nice to me.

SUSAN: I'd rather die!

JASON: Fine with me. Hope Jeff isn't mad at you for canceling your date.

SUSAN: I didn't cancel it! I can't get to a phone, remember?

JASON: Wow, he'll be even more mad that you didn't even have the courtesy to call.

SUSAN: SHUT UP!

JASON: No problem. **(whistles)**

SUSAN: I need out of here! I've only got fifty-six minutes! I've got to get ready!

JASON: Maybe if you said you were sorry. Tell Mom it was all your fault and you've learned your lesson.

SUSAN: Me? My fault? You started it, not me!

JASON: That's not how I remember it.

SUSAN: **(pacing)** What am I going to tell Jeff? I'm grounded? I have to stay in my room as if I was five years old?

JASON: Dad said you were acting like you were five years old.

SUSAN: He said we were both acting five years old!

JASON: Well, you started it!

SUSAN: Did not!

JASON: Did too!

SUSAN: Did not!

JASON: Did too!

SUSAN: Shut up! Fifty-five minutes! I've got to get out of here! I have to get ready! Maybe if I put my hair up it won't take so long...

End of free preview

Class Talk

by
Laurie Allen

(DEBBIE is writing on the board, "I will not talk in class.")

DEBBIE: Mr. Lewis, my arm is tired.

MR. LEWIS: Fifty times, Debbie.

DEBBIE: Can I take a break?

MR. LEWIS: No.

DEBBIE: Did you know that on average girls talk three times more than boys?

MR. LEWIS: That's interesting. Now write!

DEBBIE: We don't do it on purpose. There's actually been studies that show it's a part of our make up. It's what makes girls and guys different. Guys like to think about intellectual things and girl like to talk about their feelings.

MR. LEWIS: Well, you need to learn to control your feelings during my class, Debbie. Unless you're participating in the classroom discussion, you need to keep your mouth shut.

DEBBIE: Do you really think this is a fair punishment?

MR. LEWIS: Do you think you could hush and concentrate on what you're writing?

DEBBIE: Okay, sorry. ***(writing)*** This is like elementary school. Writing on the board. I will not hit Johnny. I will eat my vegetables. I will not talk in class. Don't you think you could come up with something a little more mature? How about a sincere apology and another chance?

MR. LEWIS: You've had several chances, Debbie.

DEBBIE: Or you could put me in the back of your class where I'm not so tempted to talk. And you know, it's not always my fault that Becky leans over and asks, "How's it going?" I just get started and I can't shut up.

MR. LEWIS: You need to shut up and get busy, Debbie! NOW!

DEBBIE: I'm sorry. Really. Like I said, I don't mean to talk too much. Maybe I should put tape across my mouth. You know, put masking tape all over my mouth before I enter your classroom?

MR. LEWIS: WRITE!

DEBBIE: But that would look stupid.

MR. LEWIS: DEBBIE!

DEBBIE: ***(writing)*** I will not talk in class, I will not talk...

MR. LEWIS: You're talking!

DEBBIE: I'm just talking about what I'm writing.

MR. LEWIS: Think about it in you head and be quiet!

DEBBIE: Mr. Lewis, do you think something is wrong with me?

MR. LEWIS: Excuse me?

DEBBIE: I mean, do you think I have a problem?

MR. LEWIS: Yes, you talk too much.

DEBBIE: Do you hate me?

MR. LEWIS: I don't hate my students, Debbie.

DEBBIE: Are you mad at me?

MR. LEWIS: Yes!

End of free preview

Truth or Dare

by
Laurie Allen

MELISSA: You don't like my idea?

RANDY: I didn't say that.

MELISSA: Then why are you frowning?

RANDY: **(smiles)** I'm not.

MELISSA: Well, you're the one who said we could do whatever I wanted to do.

RANDY: And I'm fine with it.

MELISSA: **(smiles)** Okay. Let's get started. You go first.

RANDY: Me?

MELISSA: Yes!

RANDY: **(unenthusiastic)** Okay. Truth or dare?

MELISSA: Ummm... Dare!

RANDY: Dare? Okay, I dare you to act like a duck.

MELISSA: Oh, my gosh! That's so embarrassing!

RANDY: It was your idea.

MELISSA: You're right. Okay, I'll do it. **(SHE acts like a duck, quacking, etc.)** Okay, now my turn. Truth or dare?

RANDY: Truth.

MELISSA: Okay... Have you ever cheated on one of your girlfriends?

RANDY: Yes.

MELISSA: You have?

RANDY: My turn. Truth or dare?

MELISSA: **(a bit upset)** Truth.

RANDY: Have you ever cheated on one of your boyfriends?

MELISSA: **(quickly)** No! My turn! Truth or dare?

RANDY: Truth.

MELISSA: Have you ever cheated on me?

RANDY: Well...

MELISSA: YES OR NO?

RANDY: No. My turn. Truth or dare.

MELISSA: **(smiles)** I'm glad you haven't ever cheated on me. I never thought you would.

RANDY: Truth or dare?

MELISSA: Dare.

RANDY: I dare you to act like an infant.

MELISSA: **(laughs)** Okay! **(SHE sucks her thumb and cries like a baby.)** My turn. Truth or dare?

RANDY: Truth.

MELISSA: Have you ever lied to me? I mean, about anything?

RANDY: Yes.

MELISSA: **(upset)** You have?

RANDY: My turn. Truth or dare?

MELISSA: About what?

RANDY: Truth or dare?

MELISSA: Truth.

RANDY: Have you ever lied to me?

MELISSA: No! Truth or dare?

RANDY: Dare.

MELISSA: I dare you to tell me what you lied to me about!

RANDY: You can't do that!

MELISSA: Yes, I can!

RANDY: That's not how this game works.

MELISSA: Okay, fine! I dare you to kiss me!

RANDY: Okay. **(HE kisses her cheek.)**

MELISSA: Gee, thanks.

RANDY: Truth or dare?

MELISSA: Truth.

RANDY: Have you ever wanted to break up with me?

MELISSA: No! Why would I want to do that? My turn! Truth or dare?

RANDY: Truth.

End of free preview

The Debt

by
Laurie Allen

SON: Mom, can I borrow twenty?

MOM: Twenty what?

SON: Come on, Mom! Twenty dollars!

MOM: Borrow?

SON: I'll pay you back.

MOM: When?

SON: When I get a job.

MOM: When?

SON: Mom! Come on! Please!

MOM: Son, have you noticed how you're always asking to borrow money and you're always promising to pay me back?

When are you going to pay me back?

SON: Come on, Mom, it's just a saying.

MOM: So you're lying?

SON: I'm not lying.

MOM: So you plan to pay me back?

SON: Sure, sure, I will.

MOM: Good! When?

SON: When I get a job.

MOM: And when will that be?

SON: I don't know!

MOM: You're old enough to get a job right now.

SON: I'll look around tomorrow, okay?

MOM: Great!

SON: So, can I borrow that twenty?

MOM: Only if it's a loan.

SON: Sure, mom, just a loan. **(takes the money from her)** Thanks.

MOM: Do you even realize how much you owe me?

SON: How much I owe you?

MOM: **(grabs a legal pad and studies it)** It's really added up. Twenty here, twenty there. Fifty here, a hundred here...

Okay, this was only fifty cents, but you promised to pay me back.

SON: We've already been through this, Mom. I'll look for a job tomorrow and when I get one, I'll never ask you for another dime.

MOM: **(looking at the legal pad)** You should be happy that I don't charge interest.

SON: Funny, Mom.

MOM: But we need to set up a payment plan.

SON: WHAT?

MOM: **(flipping through the pages)** I think it'll take at least seventy-two months.

SON: WHAT? Seventy-two months? Mom, that's... uh... uh...

MOM: Six years. Six years at three fifty a month will cover the twenty-five thousand, two-hundred you owe me.

SON: WHAT?

MOM: **(turning the pages)** Oh, look! Right here! Remember this? When you were six years old you asked to borrow fifty dollars for that train set.

SON: MOM! WHAT IS THIS?

MOM: I keep good records. Oh, and remember when you were ten, and you just had to have that skateboard? I suggested you wait until Christmas, but you begged cried and promised you'd pay me back. Remember? Oh, look, this was from last year when you got into that trouble at school and needed to borrow sixty-five dollars to replace that math book you ruined. Remember?

SON: Mom, is this a joke?

MOM: No, Sweetheart.

END OF FREE PREVIEW