

PAPA'S LAST WISH

A Ten-Minute Comedy Duet

by
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**If performed for contest, where props or costumes may not be used, everything in this duet can easily be mimed. Otherwise, something resembling an urn should be used. A large bottle or pitcher would probably suffice.*

**DYLA may be played by a male, if desired. In that case, the name would be DYLAN and only stage direction pronouns would be changed.*

CAST: BETH and DYLA

SETTING: The swimming pool room of the local YMCA. At rise, BETH (can wear a dark dress and a hat with a veil on it) stands at the edge of the pool. SHE carries an urn. DYLA enters, wearing a swimsuit, if costumes are used. A whistle hangs from a lanyard around her neck. SHE watches BETH quizzically as SHE mumbles and chants. BETH is near tears. SHE kisses the urn, takes the top off, and raises it above her head.

BETH: Ashes to ashes. Dust to...

DYLA: Excuse me. Miss...?

BETH: Shhh. This is a private ceremony.

(BETH tips the urn ever so slightly. DYLA rushes towards her.)

DYLA: Ma'am.

BETH: Is something wrong?

DYLA: Yes.

BETH: What?

DYLA: Uh...um...your...shoes. They're not rubber soled. You could slip on the wet tile and crack your head open. It's the rule here. You know, liability and stuff.

BETH: I understand. You don't want any lawsuits. I'll leave as soon as I'm finished. **(SHE tips the urn again)** Ashes to ashes...

DYLA: Are you a member here? I don't think I've seen you before, and I can't let you use the pool unless you're a member.

BETH: Oh, I'm a member.

DYLA: Do you have a card?

BETH: Of course.

DYLA: May I see it please? Just to make sure everything's up to snuff.

BETH: Well, okay.

(BETH rummages through her purse and produces the card. SHE hands it to her. DYLA studies it.)

DYLA: Beth Bower?

BETH: Yes.

DYLA: It says you've been a member for over seven years.

BETH: That's probably right.

DYLA: So how come I've never seen you before?

BETH: This is actually my first time here. Papa loved this place so much, he bought memberships for everyone in the family.

DYLA: **(Handing her back the card.)** Generous man.

BETH: The best.

(SHE kisses the urn again and tips it toward the water. DYLA doesn't know what to do for a moment. SHE quickly blows her whistle. BETH is so startled SHE almost drops the urn. SHE glares at DYLA. DYLA looks at her for a moment and then pretends to point at someone in the pool.)

DYLA: Uh...HEY YOU! No rough-housing in the pool. **(To BETH)** Sorry about that. Just have to do my job and keep people safe.

BETH: It's commendable.

DYLA: Perhaps you'd like to go somewhere quieter, more private, to finish your ceremony.

BETH: Thank you, but I have to stay here. I'll just focus more and shut out the world around me. You go do your job.
Don't worry about me. (**SHE tips the urn**) Ashes to...

DYLA: Ahh...I'm sorry Ma'am, but I can't let you do that. Not in the pool. Okay?

BETH: You're the lifeguard here.

DYLA: Yes.

BETH: Your name is...oh, what was it?...Dyla something-or-other?

DYLA: That's right.

BETH: My father was Herb Bower.

DYLA: I don't think I know...

BETH: He had butterflies on his swim trunks.

DYLA: Herbie. Yeah. He's one of my favorite people. Always telling jokes and... (**realizing the implications of the urn.**)
Oh. I'm sorry about your loss.

BETH: Thank you. It's been a difficult week for me. (**sniffling**) I just need to put Papa to rest and then I can get on with my life.

DYLA: You're going to put him to rest here?

BETH: This was his favorite place in the world. The camaraderie, you know. He spoke very highly of you.

DYLA: But here?

BETH: It was his last wish.

DYLA: This is a swimming pool, a public swimming pool. People swim here. In the water.

BETH: Yes. Papa wanted to keep swimming forever.

DYLA: I'm afraid I can't let you do it. For health reasons.

BETH: I don't see how this could be bad for my health.

DYLA: Not your health. Other people's health. I can't have a dead man floating in the swimming pool, even if he is cremated and in tiny, little pieces.

BETH: I thought you said he was one of your favorite people.

DYLA: He was. I loved Herbie, but...

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