

PAPER BAG

A COMEDY DUET

by
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CINDY and ROGER enter and walk to the imagined front doorstep of CINDY's family residence. CINDY is wearing a tastefully decorated paper bag over her head. ROGER also has a paper bag, which is decorated in a goofy, comical style and which he has hidden away.

CINDY: Well, here we are.

ROGER: Yeah.

CINDY: Wanna come in for ice cream? Daddy churned it himself.

ROGER: Gotta get up early tomorrow. For work.

CINDY: That mean "no?"

ROGER: Yeah.

CINDY: Daddy put fresh peaches in it.

ROGER: Yeah. Well.

CINDY: Pealed the peaches myself.

ROGER: Cool, but I can't.

CINDY: My baby-brother adds blue food coloring to his.

ROGER: Cool.

CINDY: Turns his tongue blue.

ROGER: Cool.

CINDY: Not really.

(Awkward pause)

ROGER: Yeah Cindy, our second date.

CINDY: And I had so much fun.

ROGER: You did?

CINDY: Uh-huh. You really know how to ice skate.

ROGER: Took lessons as a kid.

CINDY: It shows.

ROGER: You weren't so bad yourself.

CINDY: Not as good as you.

ROGER: Oh, I don't know.

(Awkward pause)

ROGER: Yep. Our second date.

CINDY: Numero dos.

ROGER: Si.

CINDY: Isn't Spanish class fun at school?

ROGER: Yeah.

(Awkward pause)

ROGER: I was thinking 'bout maybe a third date.

CINDY: I accept.

ROGER: Really?

CINDY: *(Meaning yes)* Uh-huh.

ROGER: Cool.

CINDY: You like to say "cool."

ROGER: Yeah.

(Awkward pause)

ROGER: You know, Cindy, I was thinking.

CINDY: You were?

ROGER: Yeah.

CINDY: About what?

ROGER: I was thinking, like maybe, on the next date, you wouldn't wear that paper bag.

CINDY: This one?

ROGER: Yeah.

CINDY: I won't.

ROGER: Really?

CINDY: I'll wear a different one.

ROGER: Huh?

CINDY: I make each bag special to match my outfit.

ROGER: Your outfit?

CINDY: Girls never wear the same outfit two dates in a row.

ROGER: They don't?

CINDY: No, that'd be tacky.

ROGER: Right.

CINDY: Didn't you wear those same pants and shirt on our last date?

ROGER: Yeah.

CINDY: Girls can't do that.

ROGER: It'd be tacky.

CINDY: Uh-huh.

ROGER: Thanks for pointing that out. 'Bout girls and their outfits.

CINDY: You're welcome.

ROGER: What I meant, though . . .

CINDY: What you meant?

ROGER: Was like, you know, something different.

CINDY: Different?

ROGER: Yeah, like maybe you wouldn't wear any bag at all.

CINDY: Not wear a bag?

ROGER: Yeah.

CINDY: Over my head?

ROGER: Yeah.

CINDY: On a date with you?

ROGER: Uh-huh.

CINDY: Where my friends can see me?

ROGER: I guess.

CINDY: I'm sorry, Roger. I can't.

ROGER: You can't.

CINDY: Can't.

ROGER: But —

CINDY: Just not possible.

ROGER: Okay . . . Why not?

CINDY: Am I pretty, Roger?

ROGER: Duh. You were voted the best-looking girl in class.

CINDY: Correct.

ROGER: And most popular.

CINDY: Correct again.

ROGER: I wasn't voted anything.

CINDY: And yet, I still went out with you.

ROGER: Twice.

CINDY: And said yes to a third date.

ROGER: Wow . . . But —

CINDY: See Roger, I'm not one of those stuck-up girls.

ROGER: You're not?

CINDY: Who date only the popular boys.

ROGER: You've gone on dates with lots of popular guys.

CINDY: You're not listening. If I were stuck-up, that's all I would date.

ROGER: Popular guys.

CINDY: Yes.

ROGER: But since you're not stuck up —

CINDY: Here I am, on a date with you.

ROGER: Wow . . . Am I lucky or what?

CINDY: Gee Roger, you're making me blush.

ROGER: I am?

CINDY: Can't you tell?

ROGER: No. I can't see your face.

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