

A PRESCRIPTION FOR EMBARRASSMENT

By Jerry Rabushka

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A PRESCRIPTION FOR EMBARRASSMENT

A Ten Minute Comedy Skit-Play

By Jerry Rabushka

SYNOPSIS: You're about to face your biggest fear – that the pharmacist will laugh at your medical malady. Two young people with an “embarrassing problem” just want to get their prescriptions and go, but it's not so easy when two elderly pharmacists find their problems to be so... funny! What kind of a racket do these ladies have going on anyway? This piece gives a cast of four a great opportunity to incorporate nonverbal expression along with the spoken word.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(2 female, 1 male, 1 either; gender flexible)

GREG KELTER (m).....A young man with an embarrassing medical problem (*29 lines*)

SARAH HONEYWELL (f).....A young lady in the same boat (*28 lines*)

MRS. KONIG/ MR.KONIG (m/f) ..An elderly pharmacist; Pronounced Kay-nig (*30 lines*)

MRS. ELLAMAE KOHLER (f).....Konig's elderly business partner; Pronounced Kay-ler (*22 lines*)

SETTING: the counter of a small drug store. For a simple set, a couple chairs in a “waiting area” and a table to serve as the counter will work just fine. Props such as pens, papers, and credit cards can be pantomimed if needed. Note how much of the humor in this piece comes from what “isn't” said, and in reactions to what other cast members say or do.

NOTES: While it's a short play, costumes can say a lot about the characters. The pharmacists have been coming to work in the same place for a long long time. They're NOT up to date on fashion. Or if they are, they don't do a good job of it. Also, character-wise, they don't see a need to “rush,” and take their time getting things done. GREG and SARAH's costumes could be business casual, for example, or something a lot more informal. They don't have to “match.”

AT RISE: *As the scene opens, GREG enters, or is already at the counter, but he's not sure what to do. After he bounces around a little bit, we can see that he doesn't want to be there.*

MRS. KONIG: *(Enters, having noticed him from the back.)* May I help you, young man?

GREG: *(A little embarrassed.)* Hi, uh... I have this prescription...

MRS. KONIG: Okay, let's take a look.

GREG hands it to HER, but looks away.

What seems to be the trouble?

GREG: I'd really rather not talk about it.

MRS. KONIG: *(Reassuring.)* We're professionals. We fill all our prescriptions without judgment or embarrassment.

GREG: *(Still worried.)* That's why I came here.

MRS. KONIG: *(Looks closer.)* Ohhh my.... *(Looking at the prescription, then looking at GREG, repeatedly, until he's very self-conscious. If desired, MRS. KONIG can put on a pair of reading glasses to look it over, then look at GREG over the top of them.)*

GREG: *(Defensive.)* What?

MRS. KONIG: *(With much sympathy, shaking her head with sympathy, calling to her business partner.)* Oh, my. Come here, Ellamae.

MRS. KOHLER: *(Coming in to find out what's happening.)* What's wrong with him?

MRS. KONIG: Look at this.

Shows MRS. KOHLER the prescription; it should be obvious that these women have worked together for many years; most customers would find them annoyingly "grandmotherly".

MRS. KOHLER: Doctors these days. Can't read a thing they write. We're lucky anyone gets the right medication around here. *(She puts on reading glasses, or uses a magnifying glass to read the prescription.)* Oh...*(Realizes more succinctly what it is.)* Ohhhh!

MRS. KONIG: *(Sympathetic, talking about GREG as if he's not there.)* He must be having a real hard day.

A PRESCRIPTION FOR EMBARRASSMENT

MRS. KOHLER: The itching...

MRS. KONIG: And the discomfort!

MRS. KOHLER: Poor thing must be miserable! *(Both ladies agree.)*

GREG: *(Feels really awkward.)* Could you... uh... please just... fill it so I can go?

MRS. KOHLER: It must be very hard to “go” with the problem you have.

GREG: Just fill my prescription please. Without the commentary.

MRS. KONIG: We care about our customers. If you itch, we itch.

MRS. KOHLER: I hope this works for you. It's a very powerful prescription. Well, have a seat.

MRS. KONIG: *(With a little smile.)* If you can.

GREG sits down.

Let's see if we have any of this left.

They both get busy. Depending on the set, they can start looking through messy drawers or shelves, throwing things around, etc. SARAH enters with a prescription waiting to be noticed, but they won't pay her any attention as they are trying to take care of GREG.

SARAH: *(SARAH makes some noises but no one seems to care.)*

Uh... excuse me. Is anybody here?

MRS. KOHLER: *(Scolding.)* Why didn't you say something? You just stood there like a deadly virus that no one notices until it's too late. *(Big, and mostly fake, smile.)* How can we help you?

SARAH: I have this uh... prescription to fill.

MRS. KONIG: Well, you've come to the right place.

GREG: *(To no one in particular.)* No you haven't.

MRS. KONIG: *(Cheerful!)* We've been filling prescriptions for 50 years. Let's take a look. *(She takes SARAH'S prescription and starts to look, looks from the paper to SARAH repeatedly like she did with GREG, then after a few times bursts out laughing.)*

SARAH: *(In disbelief.)* What?

MRS. KONIG: *(Laughs again.)* Come here Ellamae!

MRS. KOHLER comes to look and bursts out laughing as well.

GREG: You should just have a seat. This may be awhile.

SARAH: Can you just fill my prescription so I can go?

MRS. KOHLER: You'd like that, wouldn't you? *(To MRS. KONIG.)*

They wait to see the doctor until their problem is out of control, then it's rush rush rush to the pharmacist! *(To SARAH.)* Next time, don't wait so long, young lady. It's hard to get here when you're in a coma.

SARAH: This isn't funny.

MRS. KONIG: Well... let's see about that... *(To GREG.)* Come here, young man.

GREG: I'm afraid to come there.

MRS. KONIG: Oh come on.

HE comes up and SHE shows him the paper. He tries not to, but starts to laugh too.

SARAH: Stop it, it isn't funny!

GREG: At your age?

SARAH: What about my age! Can you just give me my medication? *(To GREG.)* If it's so funny what are you here for?

GREG: *(Stops laughing immediately and shouts like an angry child to try to silence her.)* That's not your business!

SARAH: I think it is, now!

MRS. KOHLER: Come here.

SARAH does and SHE whispers something.

SARAH: Oh my. You must be experiencing horrible itching. And discomfort.

GREG: You have no idea.

MRS. KOHLER: That itching is the worst. But the discomfort comes pretty close.

GREG: How do you stay in business? You're gossipy and you humiliate your patients.

MRS. KOHLER: We provide excellent customer service. Why just the other day, people were telling us how they enjoyed doing business with the Kohler-Konig Pharmacy.

A PRESCRIPTION FOR EMBARRASSMENT

MRS. KONIG: That would be us. Mrs. Kohler and Mrs. Konig. You young people have gotten yourselves into quite the predicament that you expect us to fix in no time flat.

SARAH: That's what you're supposed to do. Just give us the prescription. You're being judgmental and you're humiliating us.

MRS. KOHLER: Not really. Some conditions are just funny. Like yours.

They laugh, but continue trying to fill the prescriptions.

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