

THE RAFT

A TEN-MINUTE COMEDY DUET

by
Kristyn Leigh Robinson



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CHARACTERS

HELEN

STEVE, her husband

(Assorted Voices, both male and female (these can be pre-recorded but must be played at a low volume to indicate distance; if they're live, the actors should stand offstage.)

HELEN and STEVE are on a raft in the middle of the ocean. THEY both wear pajamas and lifejackets. HELEN sits facing away from STEVE. SHE is obviously angry. When the lights come up, THEY sit in silence for several beats. STEVE turns around to look at her every now and then before HE speaks.

STEVE: You can't stay mad at me forever.

(HELEN says nothing.)

STEVE: And you can't keep refusing to speak to me.

(HELEN still says nothing.)

STEVE: I mean, it isn't like there's anyone else out here to talk to, and, well, *(begins to laugh)* let's face it, we all know you can't go for long without talking!

(His laugh fades as HELEN turns to glare at him, then turns away again.)

STEVE: Oh, come on, honey...

HELEN: Don't you "come on, honey" me!

STEVE: HELEN...

HELEN: I mean it. I don't want to hear another word from you until we're picked up by a passing ship.

STEVE: I don't think that's the kind of thing that just happens in real life, hon –

HELEN: Shut up, STEVEN.

STEVE: You know, it isn't like I did it on purpose.

HELEN: Is that supposed to be funny?

STEVE: No.

HELEN: You sank an ocean liner.

STEVE: Yeah, but –

HELEN: The one we were on.

STEVE: I know –

HELEN: On our honeymoon.

STEVE: I know, but –

HELEN: Shut up.

STEVE: I'm just saying –

HELEN: Shut up.

STEVE: I'm just saying, there are two sides to every story.

HELEN: *(turning to face him)* Oh, really? There are two sides to every story? Okay, STEVEN, I'm listening. Please explain to me how this story has two sides.

STEVE: I just wanted a ham sandwich.

(There is a short beat.)

HELEN: I'm sorry, I don't see what this has to do with the fact that an hour ago, I was sleeping in our cabin on a cruise ship on our honeymoon, and now I'm sitting in a raft out in the middle of nowhere because the ship is at the bottom of the ocean.

VOICE: *(in the distance)* Help!

STEVE: It probably didn't make it all the way down yet, I mean, it just sank like a couple of minutes ago.

HELEN: Is that really the point? *(a beat, then almost tearfully)* You ruined my honeymoon!

VOICE: *(distant)* Help me!

STEVE: What was that?

HELEN: I don't know. Nothing. Stop trying to change the subject.

VOICE: *(still distant)* SHARK! Help! HELP!!!!!!

(We hear a splash and then several screams which continue at a distance through the next several lines.)

STEVE: You said you'd listen to my side.

HELEN: *(snapping)* Fine. Fine. What? What is it?

STEVE: *(laughing a nervous and too-loud laugh)* One day, we're really going to look back on this and laugh...

HELEN: Are you going to tell me this story or not?

STEVE: I wanted a ham sandwich.

HELEN: You said that already.

STEVE: So I went down to the kitchen.

HELEN: Yeah... so far, I'm just not hearing anything about a big hole in the boat.

STEVE: But the kitchen was closed.

HELEN: And of course you didn't decide to just come back to the room.

STEVE: I thought I'd take a look around the ship.

HELEN: And?

STEVE: You don't want to know.

HELEN: STEVE. I've waited my entire life to go on my honeymoon. I think I deserve to know why I'm spending it on a raft in the middle of the ocean.

STEVE: Okay, well, you know how I like to know how things work, right? So I went to the engine room. With my tool belt.

HELEN: I changed my mind. I don't want to know.

STEVE: Told you.

VOICE: *(in the distance)* It's coming this way!

(There are some screams.)

HELEN: Don't speak to me

VOICE: *(in the distance)* Help me! It has my leg! Oh, goodness! HEEEELLLLLLLLLP!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

ANOTHER VOICE: Oh, my goodness, Harry!

(Splash, screams, then silence.)

STEVE: *(beat)* Moon sure is pretty. *(beat)* You know, honey, we do have the entire ocean to ourselves...

(HELEN looks at him and HE gives her a suggestive look.)

HELEN: You're kidding, right?

STEVE: Well...

HELEN: You're not actually suggesting that this is an appropriate time to ask me if I want to mess around?

STEVE: It was just a thought.

HELEN: Think about something else. *(turns away)*

STEVE: I don't understand why you're so upset.

HELEN: *(incredulous)* You don't understand why I'm so upset? We're on a raft out in the middle of the ocean! I spent ten months planning our wedding, talking to caterers, florists, checking out halls for the reception, dealing with the menu, the color scheme, the seating chart, and, yes, planning the honeymoon, and where did it all get me?

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