

# **ROCK, PAPER SCISSORS, BOMB!**

A Ten-Minute Comedy Duet

by  
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*Brooklyn Publishers, LLC*

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***An empty stage. Two actors, MINDY and MARGARET, have their backs to the audience. The same actress plays MARGARET, A VOICE, and JOAN.***

A VOICE: Your attention please. There is one ticket left. Repeat. There is only one ticket remaining. It will be distributed on a first-come, first-serve basis. Thank you.

***(There is a beat of silence, then MINDY and MARGARET both rush out of nowhere to be first in line. They tie.)***

MARGARET: That ticket is mine!

MINDY: No it's not!

MARGARET: I was here first!

MINDY: Liar. I got here first.

MARGARET: Go away.

MINDY: No!

MARGARET: You're in my way.

MINDY: I know you are, but what am I?

MARGARET: I beg your pardon?

MINDY: Ew! Listen to you talk, Miss High Society.

MARGARET: Great heavens. You're acting like a child.

MINDY: Same to you. Stuck like glue. You are ugly and smell, p-yew!

MARGARET: Do your parents know you're out of the house?

MINDY: Oh, ha, ha. You're so funny I forgot to laugh.

MARGARET: Your wittiness astounds me. Would you please get out of my way and allow me to get the ticket that is rightfully mine?

MINDY: "Rightfully yours?" Listen to you. I don't see your name on any signs around here.

MARGARET: You heard the announcement. The first person here gets the ticket.

MINDY: I was the first person here.

MARGARET: My dear. I'm terribly sorry, but I was first in line.

MINDY: No, I was.

MARGARET: I was.

MINDY: No, I was.

MARGARET: Look, sweetheart. ***(taking out purse)*** Here's a fifty-dollar bill. Why don't you take this and go buy something really nice with it?

MINDY: Fifty bucks? Who do you think you are?

MARGARET: How about a hundred?

MINDY: I wouldn't sell out for a thousand.

MARGARET: How about two hundred? Someone else will take the ticket if we don't work this out.

MINDY: Right. So move.

MARGARET: My dear, we must compromise—

MINDY: If you were here first, how come you're trying to bribe me?

MARGARET: I'm taking the high road. Two hundred dollars. What do you say?

MINDY: No deal. I was here one millisecond before you.

MARGARET: Millisecond? How utterly absurd. ***(MINDY looks around.)*** What ever are you doing?

MINDY: Looking for a surveillance camera.

MARGARET: A what?

MINDY: One of those cameras that records everything. It'll have a tape of us both coming up and we can replay it. You know. Like when there's a close horse race.

MARGARET: How gauche.

MINDY: Whatever. Anyway, it'll show I was here first, even if it's just by a millisecond. Have you seen a close finish at a horse race?

MARGARET: I'm afraid I don't race horses, my dear.

MINDY: They slow down the action real slow, and the winning horse stretches out its neck—

MARGARET: And heaven knows your neck is longer than mine. Ha ha. ***(MINDY looks at her.)*** So. I thought perhaps—

MINDY: Say that again.

MARGARET: Perhaps we compromise by—

MINDY: No. The thing about the neck.

MARGARET: Oh. That. Forget it.

MINDY: You said mine was longer than yours.  
MARGARET: It's just—  
MINDY: Hey. I know when somebody's making fun of me. I'm not gonna stand here and let you insult me.  
MARGARET: Good. Go home.  
MINDY: **(takes out cell)** I'm calling the police.  
MARGARET: I beg your pardon?  
MINDY: You heard me, Cruella. First you cut in line. Then you try to take what's not yours. And now you're verbally abusing me.  
MARGARET: Because I said you had a long neck?  
MINDY: You did it again!  
MARGARET: Please, calm down.  
MINDY: **(on cell phone)** Police? Yes. Homicide division, please.  
MARGARET: Homicide?  
MINDY: You're a potential threat. I feel like you could pull a gun out of your purse and try to murder me at any moment.  
MARGARET: You're insane!  
MINDY: Don't you raise your voice at me! **(into phone)** Help! Help!  
MARGARET: I'm not raising my voice.  
MINDY: You nearly hit me!  
MARGARET: Oh, for heaven's sake!  
MINDY: **(into phone)** Hello? Hello? Yes, officer. This is an emergency. What? No, there hasn't been a murder yet. It's an attempted murder in progress.  
MARGARET: This is the most ridiculous thing I've ever heard!  
MINDY: **(into phone)** Yes, the potential murderer is right here. You want to talk with her?  
MARGARET: What?  
MINDY: **(offering phone)** Here. Take it.  
MARGARET: I'm not going to—  
MINDY: **(into phone)** She says she's not talking to you. **(to MARGARET)** He says in that case he'll have to come down here. **(into phone)** Right. We're at Broadway and Vine.  
MARGARET: Surely you're joking!  
MINDY: **(into phone)** She's threatened me. . .  
MARGARET: I never threatened you!  
MINDY: And tried to hit me.  
MARGARET: I'm *about* to hit you.  
MINDY: See! She did it again. Can I make a citizen's arrest?  
MARGARET: **(outraged)** Give me that phone.  
MINDY: **(stopped)** Huh?  
MARGARET: I must put a stop to such nonsense this instant.  
MINDY: **(into phone)** Oh. *Now* she says she wants to talk!  
MARGARET: Give me that phone! **(MARGARET takes the cell phone and tries to converse with the person on the other end. As SHE is attempting to talk, MINDY slips past her and goes offstage, where SHE gets the ticket.)**  
Hello, officer, look. We're both in line to get tickets and this woman is absolutely crazy. I didn't do anything to her and I never threatened to do anything to her, and yet she's—hello? Hello? Is anybody— **(SHE realizes she has been duped. Enter MINDY, holding the ticket and smiling.)** You filthy liar.  
MINDY: I got the ticket, didn't I?  
MARGARET: Give me that ticket this instant.  
MINDY: Possession is nine tenths of the law, and I possess this ticket. Sorry Brunhilde.  
MARGARET: You say the most hurtful things. My name isn't Brunhilde. My name is Mrs. Margaret Worthington-Smythe.  
Mrs. Worthington-Smythe, to you.  
MINDY: You've got to be joking.  
MARGARET: Now give me that ticket.

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