

SEND IN THE CLONES

A Ten-Minute Comedy Duet

by
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CAST: DOCTOR and PATIENT, male or female

AT RISE: One performer seated, one performer standing. Initially one performer will be playing the DOCTOR and the other the PATIENT. The DOCTOR has on a lab coat of some kind, which hides his/her costume underneath. Initially the DOCTOR and the PATIENT are a bit heightened in their behavior, almost slap sticky.

DOCTOR: Ready to get cloned?

PATIENT: Of course I am! Half the housework, double the dates, sign me up doc!

DOCTOR: All right, I'll start getting ready.

PATIENT: Hey, doc, is this gonna hurt at all?

DOCTOR: No more than if I took a foot long syringe and inserted salt into your eye. **(pause)** Just kidding! No, seriously, it's quite painful. But only very briefly.

PATIENT: Briefly being –

DOCTOR: Well, for some patients, it's just a few seconds. Others the pain lasts around...oh...five to ten years.

PATIENT: That's quite a difference in responses, isn't it?

DOCTOR: Hey, who's the doctor here, huh? **(laughs)** Yes, yes it is. But hey, only a little while ago we were cloning cows and sheep, and that was just from one embryo to another. I'm actually going to make a second you.

PATIENT: Well, fantastic. I'm ready when you are.

DOCTOR: Great. I'm just gonna get that huge doctor thingy and do that procedure that involves that internal organ of yours.

PATIENT: My heart?

DOCTOR: Nope.

PATIENT: Spleen?

DOCTOR: Nope.

PATIENT: Liver?

DOCTOR: Nope.

PATIENT: **(DOCTOR says no to all of these)** Brain? Solar plexus? Fibula? Tibula? Patella? Scalp? Lungs? Adam's apple? Epiglottis? Stomach? Hair follicles? Large intestine? Small Intestine? Elbow?

DOCTOR: Nope. Wait, did you say heart?

PATIENT: First thing I said.

DOCTOR: Sorry, I thought you said, "harp".

PATIENT: That doesn't make any sense.

DOCTOR: Exactly. Look, I'm going to clone you now. Try not to move or I might make four of you.

PATIENT: Then I could be a small boy **(girl)** band.

DOCTOR: Okay, here we go.

(DOCTOR goes behind PATIENT and takes off his/her lab coat while PATIENT writhes about and makes loud gurgling noises. HE/SHE may scream if desired, or any other motions that are humorous and silly. After a moment of this, the DOCTOR jumps from behind the PATIENT dressed exactly like the patient, with his/her hair combed the same way, etc. The idea is that it should be obvious that the DOCTOR is now supposed to be the PATIENT's clone. From this point on, the characters will now be referred to as REAL and CLONE.)

REAL: Oh my gosh! **(points at CLONE)**

CLONE: Oh my gosh! **(points to REAL)**

REAL: You look just like... **(points at self)**

CLONE: I look just like **(points at REAL)** I mean... **(points at self)** I'm your clone.

REAL: Wow, this is cool. **(They start to mirror each other's actions. REAL puts one hand up in the air, CLONE follows. REAL puts other hand in the air, CLONE does the same. REAL starts to move hands around, CLONE mirrors. Until CLONE sneezes all over REAL.)** Nasty!

CLONE: Sorry! Sorry. **(starts to rub noses)** Won't happen again.

REAL: I hope not. **(They start to mirror each other again. REAL leans to the right, CLONE follows. REAL leans to the left, CLONE follows. Then REAL turns around and touches toes. CLONE starts to do the same then turns around and kicks REAL in the behind.)** Ow! Hey!

CLONE: Oh, gosh, sorry, sorry. Don't know what happened.

REAL: Wait a second, are you like the evil me or something?

CLONE: *(Puts pinky to side of lip, a la Dr. Evil)* I'm not sure, number one. Maybe the doctor put me on the wrong setting or something. Let me check. *(CLONE picks up shirt and looks at navel)* Oh, wait a second. I'm set on "slapstick."

REAL: Slapstick?

CLONE: Yeah, it happens sometimes in the cloning process. Things get kind of...hey, you got something on your shirt.

(CLONE puts his finger on REAL's shirt. When REAL looks, CLONE pokes him in the nose)

REAL: *(annoyed)* Yeah, that's real funny.

CLONE: Hey, newflash wet blanket, I was cloned from you. So part of you must like slapstick, am I right?

(CLONE goes to poke REAL in the eyes. REAL blocks it by putting hand in between eyes, ala Three Stooges.)

REAL: Oh, a wise guy eh? Nyuk, nyuk, nyuk.

CLONE: What's your setting?

REAL: Excuse me?

CLONE: Your setting. The little button in your navel? I'll tell you what your setting is.

REAL: I didn't know I had one.

CLONE: Hello, Dimwit McStupid, I'm your clone! If I've got the navel thing, so do you.

REAL: *(lifts his shirt and looks at his navel)* Well, I'll be. There it is. I've never noticed it before.

CLONE: You probably just thought it was lint.

REAL: You gotta problem with that?

CLONE: What's the setting say?

REAL: "Regular." Regular? What does that mean? Is it like gas? Regular or no-lead?

CLONE: No, it just means you're set to be "normal" like everyone else.

REAL: Well, that's no fun.

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