

SING LIKE A SHEEP

By Kelly Meadows

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SING LIKE A SHEEP

A Ten Minute Comedy Duet

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SYNOPSIS: Charlene thinks she’s a great singer, but over 27 million listeners disagree. After becoming an internet sensation – as a bad singer who wouldn’t leave the stage – her friend Rikki tries to convince her to take lessons. “I’m a natural!” Charlene protests. But sometimes even the most “talented” can use a little outside help. Will she take lessons? Will it help? An inspirational duo about true friendship, with a new take on Mary’s little lamb.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(2 females)

CHARLENE (f) An aspiring singer. *(45 lines)*
 RIKKI (f) Her supportive friend.
(45 lines)

CAST NOTE: Both characters play other actors as indicated in the script. Age range can be around high school age through mid-20s.

AUTHOR’S NOTE

This play has three short scenes, however no special lighting is needed. A short pause and reaction should be sufficient to convey the passage of time.

SCENE 1

AT RISE: CHARLENE is at home distraught and hiding from the world. RIKKI has been trying to comfort her and is at the breaking point.

RIKKI: (*Frustrated.*) Charlene, stop it! Stop sulking, stop pouting, and stop huddling in a corner. Your life is not over.

CHARLENE: It is over, Rikki.

RIKKI: (*Comforting.*) We all mess up.

CHARLENE: On National TV? I've gone viral. I'm a meme queen.

RIKKI: You wanted to be a celebrity.

CHARLENE: Not like this.

RIKKI: We begged you not to go. We all said, "Charlene, please don't audition for *The Choice of Voice* because (*Doesn't like to say this...*) you can't sing."

CHARLENE: (*Defiant.*) My vocals are like fine ballet: graceful and subtle, yet stunning.

RIKKI: You mean ballet like "trip and fall." (*Really frustrated with CHARLENE.*) What part of "you can't sing" has passed you by? You, as in *you*; can't, as in this is impossible for *you*; or sing, as in carry a tune. We like you, Charlene. (*A little hesitant.*) Just not your voice.

CHARLENE: (*Finally relents.*) So now you're against me too?

RIKKI: Twenty seven million, four hundred twenty two thousand, and three hundred fifty eight people all agree. That's a record. Your audition will be on the internet for years to come. (*Flippant.*) Good luck finding a job after college.

CHARLENE: (*Distraught.*) I've wanted to be a singer my whole life. Now I'll have to be an accountant!

RIKKI: Then take some lessons. Even an accountant learns their craft. Let someone teach you.

CHARLENE: (*As if this settles it.*) My Aunt Mellie said I'm a natural.

RIKKI: (*Still really frustrated that she can't get through.*) Your Aunt Mellie wears sun dresses in January.

CHARLENE: So?

RIKKI: In Montana!

CHARLENE: I'll never forget that show. So full of hope...

RIKKI, now as a host on the show, full of sarcasm and disdain, while CHARLENE takes her place as a contestant.

RIKKI: *(As the HOST.)* So, your name is...

CHARLENE: *(As a CONTESTANT, too proud, presenting herself to the hosts and the TV audience.)* Charlene Champion Thompson.

RIKKI: *(As the HOST.)* That's an unfortunate name, let's see if you live up to any of it.

CHARLENE: *(As a CONTESTANT.)* Oh, I will! I came here a Champion and I'm going home a Champion.

RIKKI: *(As the HOST.)* What ditty are you going to drop for us today?

CHARLENE: *(As a CONTESTANT. Overconfident.)* It's a familiar tune that I rewrote for modern sensibilities. It's about a young lady named Mary. And her lamb.

RIKKI: *(As the HOST.)* Seriously, you're going to sing "Mary Had a Little Lamb?"

CHARLENE: *(As a CONTESTANT.)* Very seriously.

RIKKI: *(As the HOST. Not expecting much.)* Well then, tell us about Mary. We can't wait.

CHARLENE: *(As a CONTESTANT. Prepares, then sings badly, but ferociously.)*

MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB, AND IT WAS REALLY SMALL

IF IT WAS ANY LITTLER, IT WOULDN'T BE A LAMB AT ALL.

IT FOLLOWED HER TO SCHOOL ONE DAY, ALL FULL OF POOP AND DROOL,
AND...

RIKKI: *(As the HOST.)* That's enough!

CHARLENE is shocked that HOST doesn't like it.

That lamb wouldn't even be good for stew, which means we can't even put it out of its misery.

CHARLENE: *(As a CONTESTANT. Overreacting.)* You wouldn't kill Mary's lamb. Oh my gosh. You...hate...Mary?!

RIKKI: *(As the HOST.)* Charlene Champion, you don't have what it takes. And you don't have what it takes to get what it takes. You shouldn't even *talk* about singing. Leave my sight this instant.

CHARLENE: *(As a CONTESTANT. Gets uncontrollably angry.)* You're leading my lamb to the slaughter. Your listeners are sheep anyway. They just listen to what you tell them to. Why does your opinion even matter?

RIKKI: *(As the HOST.)* Because it's my show!

CHARLENE: *(As a CONTESTANT.)* I refuse to leave this stage until I finish my song.

RIKKI: But you did leave the stage.

CHARLENE: I was dragged out by three security men. All man, all muscle, all good looks. *(Smiles.)* Kinda made it all worthwhile.

RIKKI: So far so good.

CHARLENE: It wasn't so bad being on TV, but the internet comments!

They alternate reciting internet comments.

RIKKI: The lamb could sing it better than you can.

CHARLENE: That was ba-a-a-a-ad.

RIKKI: That lamb is lame!

CHARLENE: That sheep is shamed!

RIKKI: Charlene Champion? Charlene Loser-pion!

CHARLENE: I punish my children by making them listen to you sing.

RIKKI: *(Happy.)* I work from home and make a hundred-and-two dollars a day.

CHARLENE: *(Confused.)* What's that?

RIKKI: Internet spam. What's next?

Back as commentary.

CHARLENE: What is wrong with the music industry? Putting that young girl up there to humiliate her when she obviously had no talent, and worse than that, no idea she had no talent. Women should stay home and cook, sweep the floor and have children.

RIKKI: Wow, harsh. Who knew this was 1850?

CHARLENE: My family made a play out of the comments. It opens on Friday.

RIKKI: Maybe you can do theater. Nonmusical.

CHARLENE: I'll just cook, sweep and have children. Not that I'll ever find a husband after this.

CHARLENE walks off, RIKKI walks off the opposite way, but we can see she is planning something.

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