

# SOUNDS LIKE

A Ten-Minute Comedy Duet

by  
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## **CAST: PATSY and CHARLOTTE**

PATSY: About time you got here. I was about to walk over to the deli for a sandwich.

CHARLOTTE: Sorry. Had a must-do type job at the last moment and then Sharon called and that took time.

PATSY: What's on her mind?

CHARLOTTE: Oh, nothing. Just the usual Sharon gab.

PATSY: Then what took so long?

CHARLOTTE: She's had a few problems. Of course, I'm not at liberty to discuss any of this with you. She told me in the strictest confidence, and you know how I am about keeping secrets.

PATSY: Sure. That's why I'll know everything in about thirty seconds.

CHARLOTTE: What?

PATSY: Spill it.

CHARLOTTE: No!

PATSY: Come on, Charlotte. Let it out. You know it's killing you.

CHARLOTTE: Never!

PATSY: That acid is eating away at your stomach lining. You'll have to tell me.

CHARLOTTE: How would you feel if I betrayed you?

PATSY: Relieved. Besides, telling you something is not setting it in stone, you know. It's sorta' like asking Monica Lewinsky to keep a secret.

CHARLOTTE: That's not fair. I keep every secret I'm told.

PATSY: I'm still waiting for the first one.

CHARLOTTE: **(look of amazement)** Are you saying I have a big mouth?

PATSY: No, I didn't mean it that way. I guess I can understand you wanting to keep something quiet.

CHARLOTTE: Good.

PATSY: Look, what if I guessed. That wouldn't be telling. You'd be home-free and we'd be having an intelligent conversation by now.

CHARLOTTE: You'd never guess.

PATSY: I'll bet I would.

CHARLOTTE: Not a chance.

PATSY: Maybe not. But we could make a game of it. Sorta' like charades. How about it?

CHARLOTTE: You're nuts.

PATSY: Maybe so. But let's try it. What have you got to lose? I'll never get it, anyway...your words.

CHARLOTTE: **(pauses, dying to tell...hesitantly)** Okay, let's give it a try.

PATSY: Here we go. Hit me with your best clue.

**(CHARLOTTE holds up 1 finger, takes it down, holds it up again, then points to her ear)**

PATSY: Ear...ear wax!

CHARLOTTE: Patsy! You know how to play this game.

PATSY: Sorry.

CHARLOTTE: Now concentrate and stop acting stupid.

PATSY: Okay.

CHARLOTTE: Charades – take two. **(holds up 1 finger, takes it down, holds it up again, then points to her ear)**

PATSY: First word, first syllable, sounds like...

**(CHARLOTTE points to herself)**

PATSY: You – your stomach - **(CHARLOTTE shakes her head no)** Me?

**(CHARLOTTE points behind her)**

PATSY: Your butt.

CHARLOTTE: **(CHARLOTTE stops, puts hands on hips, and throws a dirty look at PATSY)** Do you want to try this or not?

PATSY: All right. Just chill a second. I haven't played this game in a while. Go ahead. I'm ready now.

**(CHARLOTTE points to herself again)**

PATSY: You? (**CHARLOTTE shakes head no and points behind herself**) Past pronoun. Him? Her? She?

(**CHARLOTTE nods yes – holds up two fingers**)

PATSY: Second word.

(**CHARLOTTE ironing**)

PATSY: Ironing – she – ironing – iron – she-iron – sheiron – SHARON.

CHARLOTTE: Yes. (**Action and dialogue must go very fast now. CHARLOTTE holds up a finger on each hand, close together indicating a small word - then makes a mound with her hands**)

PATSY: Sharon and hump, bump – no round, hill...

(**CHARLOTTE to ears – sounds like**)

PATSY: (**jumping up and getting into it**) Sounds like, Hill. – Bill, Sharon and Bill...

(**CHARLOTTE rubs her stomach—indicating pregnant**)

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