

SOUTH MEETS WEST

A Ten-Minute Comedy Duet

by
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CAST:

FRANK-a man dressed somewhat like a cowboy, jeans, boots, a plaid flannel shirt, a slouchy cowboy hat. He has a long straw that he occasionally puts in his mouth. He is a slim man who walks with his shoulders slightly stooped from a lot of horseback riding. He is enthusiastic and pleasant. He talks with a slight “cowboy” accent, a Western twang.

SALLY-a young woman wearing a beautiful, well-tailored suit or dress. She looks very well put-together and is extremely well groomed with not a hair out of place. She has a slight Southern accent.

AT RISE: We see a sparse room with straight-backed chairs on either side. The chairs face each other directly. A sign over one door says “COMPUTER DATING SERVICE.” There is a receptionist’s window at one side of room. Although we don’t see anyone in there, we hear the loud noise of clicking computer keys behind the small sliding glass window. As though many people are working in that area. FRANK is the only one in the room, HE is sitting stiffly on a straight-backed chair. HE looks grim.

***NOTE:**For contest purposes, where costumes and props are not allowed, this play can easily be performed without either.

FRANK: I wonder why I haven’t been called in. *(puts head in hands)* I’ve been waiting all day! *(Main door opens a crack. FRANK jumps from nervousness. Silently, SALLY comes into the room and sits quickly in a chair and stares at the wall. SHE looks like SHE’S in agony. SALLY and FRANK try to avoid each other’s gaze)* Warm in here. *(coughs slightly)*

SALLY: Mercy, yes. *(coughs slightly)*

FRANK: This flannel shirt I’m wearing is not the coolest thing in the world.

SALLY: Why are you dressed in such a covering, if I may be so bold to ask?

FRANK: *(chews or mimes chewing on a piece of straw and looks at her intently)* They said to come dressed as we usually dress. They want us to look natural. This is it.

SALLY: *(snobby)* I see. *(awkward silence)*

FRANK: What a clickity-clacking those computers are making in there—just a-matching up people right and left, I would judge.

SALLY: Yes, I hope so.

FRANK: The computer is a mighty fine piece of machinery.

SALLY: I dare say it is.

FRANK: You from around here?

SALLY: Mercy, no.

FRANK: Newcomer in town?

SALLY: Slightly.

FRANK: How slight?

SALLY: I’m on vacation here.

FRANK: Is that so? Well, I’ll be diggity-dogged.

SALLY: You have a very unique way of speaking.

FRANK: *(modest)* Unique! Now, ain’t that somethin’ to be called unique! Mighty fine.

SALLY: *(deadpan)* Yes.

FRANK: So you’re just a-visitin’?

SALLY: Yes, Suh. I’m in Chicago to see my brother and his family. They told me about this computer dating service.

FRANK: Mighty nice of them.

SALLY: But I do live in Chal’ston, South Carolina.

FRANK: *(slaps his knee)* Where the peaches come from! Whoo-eeee!

SALLY: *(annoyed at his ignorance concerning the South)* Peaches is from Georgia, Suh.

FRANK: Not to be rude, Ma’am, but all those Southern states seem the same. They’re a big blur to me.

SALLY: Well, that is a bit rude of you to say. After all, it’s where I come from.

FRANK: *(mops brow with a huge red handkerchief)* Whew! Hot in here.

SALLY: *(dabs at her forehead with a tiny lace handkerchief)* Yes, yes! I’m fairly sweltering. Don’t these Chicago people know anything about good air conditioning?

FRANK: Where I come from, Wyoming, we got God's natural air a-blowin' through the wind. (*fans himself with his hat*) It's somethin' to be in this stuffy office. I'm more used to Wyoming.

SALLY: Wyoming. Isn't that near Seattle?

FRANK: Why, no, Ma'am. We're mostly in the Rocky Mountains – under Montana, above Colorado.

SALLY: Oh, I never get those states right. The West seems all the same to me. One big blur. (*They both laugh, then each quickly looks away. There is a long, embarrassing pause.*)

FRANK: Well, well...and if that isn't about the most delicate little frock I've ever seen on anyone. You're absolutely shimmery!

SALLY: (*fans herself with her tiny handkerchief so fast that her hair flies all around her face*) Why, I don't think I've heard the word "frock" used in many a year. And shimmery! I don't think I've ever been called shimmery. It's mighty pleasing. (*says in a very business-like voice and nods her head for emphasis*) You are very sweet.

FRANK: (*fiddles with the rolled up sleeves of his shirt*) Wow! It's HOT in here!

SALLY: Why in the world did you leave God's air in Wyoming, if I may be so bold to ask?

FRANK: I'm here on a computer convention, Ma'am. See, I'm computerizing my entire farm – everything, the milkin' of the cows, the shearin' of the sheep, the buildin' of the fences, even the diggin' of the holes.

SALLY: (*snooty*) Farm? Do people still farm?

FRANK: Ma'am, it's a fine profession. And farms are now as neat and clean and tidy as can be, just as modern as all get-out. (*takes out or mimes taking out a toothpick and starts to clean his nails*)

SALLY: Suh, are you actually cleaning your nails – NOW?

FRANK: Oh, I do beg your pardon. Darn old habits of mine. (*puts toothpick quickly in shirt pocket*) Where's my manners?

SALLY: I'm asking the same question. I teach at a charm school in Chal'ston, so I cannot abide bad manners, as you can imagine.

FRANK: Oh, I can imagine. I can imagine. No uncouthness. No. I always say charm is a mighty fine thing to have.

SALLY: Yes.

FRANK: Yes.

SALLY: (*coughs delicately*) How long have you been sitting here, Suh?

FRANK: Ma'am, I've been sittin' here almost all day.

SALLY: All by yourself?

FRANK: No. There have been those that have come and those that have gone. And there's still me. Sitting and waiting.

SALLY: Did they tell you what the problem is?

FRANK: No. They only say I'm difficult to place. Now that's a fine thing to tell a guy.

SALLY: Yes.

FRANK: (*gets up and paces in circles*) What's *wrong* with me?!

SALLY: (*looks away from him*) Don't worry. Something will turn up for you.

FRANK: I was in agony even thinking about coming here!

SALLY: I know what you mean.

FRANK: I mean, this is a Lonely Hearts Club, let's face it.

SALLY: Oh, no, no, no. This is Computer Dating, Suh. Let us not use the word lonely.

FRANK: Oh, heck...I only came here to see what it was all about. I'm not really serious about it.

SALLY: Yes, that's what I say.

FRANK: Sure. All my friends have tried computer dating. I mean, it's just a joke, isn't it?

SALLY: (*fans herself with her handkerchief frantically*) For me it is. Certainly.

FRANK: (*forced*) Me too. (*both give very artificial laughs*)

SALLY: But, mercy, *you've* been here all day. And they still haven't found anybody for you...I mean...

FRANK: It's sad. I admit.

SALLY: (*snooty*) That's why I've arrived here late in the afternoon. I know I'm going to be placed. I'm not one of those who must *wait*. It surely takes longer to match some of the odd... (*stops, as SHE realizes what SHE'S said*) I mean, different people.

FRANK: So you think they'll find a computer date for you right away?

SALLY: Well, I do teach at a charm school, and I am known to have a certain amount of charm.

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