

# STOP TALKING

A Ten-Minute Comedy Duet

by  
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**CAST: RACHEL and MARY**

**AT RISE: As the scene opens, RACHEL and MARY are standing at a bus stop.**

RACHEL: Excuse me, but do I know you?

MARY: No, I'm sure you don't. **(turns away)**

RACHEL: Sorry, I don't mean to be rude. It's just that I know I've seen your face somewhere.

MARY: I seriously doubt it.

RACHEL: Did you ever teach at the local school?

MARY: No, I didn't. In fact, I've never taught school in my life. If it's all the same to you, I've had about enough enlightening conversation for one day.

RACHEL: Okay by me. I'll shut up.

MARY: Thanks. I appreciate it.

RACHEL: Appreciate?

MARY: Your silence! Remember?

RACHEL: Oh sure. I don't have much to say, anyway. I'm just waiting for the bus. What are you doing here?

MARY: That's rather obvious, isn't it. We're at a bus stop.

RACHEL: I suppose. I have to catch this bus home everyday. It gets so boring and you look like a person I could converse with easily.

MARY: Young lady, I thought we were going to observe a few moments of silence. I've had a tough day and you're giving me a headache.

RACHEL: No problem.

MARY: Thanks!

RACHEL: I know when to back off.

MARY: **(annoyed)** Thanks again!

RACHEL: **(playfully)** I'll just zip my lip.

MARY: Please! I would appreciate it so much. If you'll just stay over there and do your own thing, I'll stay over here and relax from my stressful job.

RACHEL: Sure, I'll be glad to oblige.

MARY: Okay. Fine.

RACHEL: And what kind of job is it that stresses you out so much?

MARY: I work for...never mind. There's no reason to get into that. You don't know me. I don't know you. In a moment the bus will come and we'll never see each other again.

RACHEL: Yes, but for this single moment in time, we're here together. I could help you immeasurably, and I would never ask for anything in return. Just talk to me. Let it all out. I'm here for you.

MARY: Would you really like to help me?

RACHEL: Yes.

MARY: THEN LEAVE ME ALONE!

RACHEL: Okay, okay. Hey, I'm not upset that you just yelled at me.

MARY: Good. I didn't mean to yell. But I'm hardly in a talkative mood.

RACHEL: Of course...

MARY: Glad you understand.

RACHEL: I mean, if you don't want to talk, you don't want to talk. Am I right?

MARY: You are.

RACHEL: Sometimes you need a little quiet time. (**MARY closes her eyes and rubs her temples, as if suffering from a headache**) Am I right?...or am I right?

MARY: (**yelling louder with each yes**) YES...YES...YES!!!

RACHEL: (**backing up**) Whoa! Touchy little thing, aren't you?

MARY: (**in a whiney voice, looking like SHE wants to cry**) What on earth do you want from me?

RACHEL: (**insulted**) Dang! I'm sorry, lady. I apologize if I was being such a bother. I didn't understand. I'll really be quiet now.

MARY: Apology accepted and thank you for your silence.

RACHEL: (**pause**) Because I just hate it when someone keeps talking...and talking...and talking...and...

MARY: (**interrupts her**) HELLO!?!

RACHEL: (**notices that SHE'S been blabbing on**) Oh, sure. I'll be quiet.

MARY: Good.

RACHEL: No talking.

MARY: Great.

RACHEL: I'll just sit here and mind my own business.

MARY: (**pauses, and glares at RACHEL**) Are you finished?

RACHEL: Yep. All talked out.

MARY: Finally. That's good, because I feel like little blood clots are forming in my head.

RACHEL: (**long pause, as they both stare straight ahead**) Aspirin?

MARY: Huh?

RACHEL: Ever try aspirin for those clots?

MARY: Oh for the love of...

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