

TEEN COMEDY PLAYLETS

A Collection of Six Comedy Plays

by
Kelly Meadows



Brooklyn Publishers, LLC

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Air Uganda

by
Kelly Meadows

CAST

SWAMI RAMBLEONANANDA - a very old, educated, wise individual living on a remote mountain in Nepal

DISCIPLE - a young student who's tracked down the SWAMI in search of enlightenment.

(Both parts can be played by either male or female.)

DISCIPLE: *(tired after having flown and hiked a long way, perhaps tossing a backpack on the ground)* O Great One – I have come to you seeking the secrets of the universe.

SWAMI: *(can't be bothered)* Like I'm going to tell you? Go away!

DISCIPLE: But Great One!

SWAMI: My name is not "Great One." It is *(with a flourish)* Swami Rafsanjani Rambleonananda.

DISCIPLE: *(can't handle it)* Nickname?

SWAMI: O Great One. And don't forget the O. Actually, my buds call me O-G-O. But if you're ill mannered enough to show up uninvited, I don't think I should trust you with the secrets of the universe.

DISCIPLE: *(with a sense of adventure)* But I have journeyed long and far to learn from you! Through the South Sea Islands...through the ravages of the Russian winter...through the ports and markets of Zanzibar...

SWAMI: *(can't believe it)* Zanzibar? This is the most remote mountain in the Himalayas. Why did you go through Zanzibar?

DISCIPLE: I had to. I flew Air Uganda.

SWAMI: *(amazed)* Air Uganda goes to Zanzibar?

DISCIPLE: That's what I said. But it's part of Tanzania. It's just a little ways to the east.

SWAMI: *(assessing the DISCIPLE)* You look – if nothing else – American, rude, impetuous, and insistent. I'd say Brooklyn. What were you doing on Air Uganda?

DISCIPLE: *(resigned)* Travelocity.

SWAMI: *(doesn't understand)* Travelocity?

DISCIPLE: Dot com. And I thought you knew everything. *(not getting through, so explains further)* I flew for \$250.00, but I had to make connections in Chicago, Los Angeles, Tokyo, Moscow, Kampala, Zanzibar, and then Katmandu.

SWAMI: Air Uganda goes to Katmandu? You shining me on?

DISCIPLE: How would you even know where Air Uganda goes and doesn't go?

SWAMI: I have gathered all the philosophical knowledge of the known world and I'm stuck here on a remote mountain in Nepal. And believe me, a remote area of Nepal is about as remote as you can get. It's all I can do not to go crazy. So I study travel schedules. Obviously, I need a new one from Air Uganda.

DISCIPLE: I understand, O Great One.

SWAMI: Don't call me that! To you, I'm Swami Rambleonananda.

DISCIPLE: I didn't come here to argue. I'm tired, and if I don't get to my hotel by six, they'll cancel my reservation.

SWAMI: You should always hold it with a credit card.

END OF FREE PREVIEW

Six Characters in Search of Page Two

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CAST

PROFESSOR, a bit snooty and arrogant

STUDENT, frustrated and pushy, in a conversation after class. Both characters can be either gender.

PROFESSOR: I need to talk to you about your playwriting assignment.

STUDENT: Yes, professor?

PROFESSOR: I don't like it. In fact, it stinks!

STUDENT: Well there goes a year's worth of self-esteem – what's wrong with it?

PROFESSOR: For one, no character development.

STUDENT: It's a one-page play!

PROFESSOR: **(ignoring it)** Six characters! **Six! (dejected)** And I know nothing about any of them.

STUDENT: It's hard to fit six characters on one page.

PROFESSOR: No back story, no imagination, no insight into the human condition, and your plot is atrocious.

STUDENT: How could you expect me to get six characters, a back story, plus the human interest element all into one page?

PROFESSOR: Because that was the assignment.

STUDENT: Well it's a vindictive assignment. And what would *you* know about making things interesting? We've been taking this class for eight weeks and you have yet to demonstrate any knowledge of the word "interesting."

PROFESSOR: Departmental studies show that four-point-three out of five students find me interesting. Apparently I'm over your head.

STUDENT: I'm paying 700 dollars to take the course. It's your duty to be interesting.

PROFESSOR: Perhaps. But no matter how bored you are, I can still flunk you, and your only recourse is to whine about it on an evaluation form, which I'll throw away before it ever gets to the department chair.

STUDENT: Either way, six characters in a one-page play is ridiculous.

PROFESSOR: You need to learn to write within constraints.

STUDENT: This isn't constraint! This is bondage! And if you'll notice, the character of the professor was excruciatingly dull – very much based on life.

PROFESSOR: Yes. And the young students were enthusiastic about learning and always did their homework on time. Very much based on lies.

STUDENT: I like my characters.

PROFESSOR: But I'm the professor, so I'm the one you have to impress. It's called writing for your audience.

STUDENT: I paid the 700 bucks, so I'll pick whatever market I choose, namely... me. If you *did* like it, it would by nature have to be dull.

PROFESSOR: It *is* dull. And I still don't like it. So your next assignment is to write something that's boring, yet enchanting. Oh, and I want you to cut some lines out of this.

STUDENT: Cut? It's only a page! I'll have to mute three of my characters! Renege on the conflict! I can't!

PROFESSOR: You can!

END OF FREE PREVIEW

Flushed With Embarrassment

by
Kelly Meadows

CAST

SARAH
JEANNIE
KEITH

(SARAH, JEANNIE, and KEITH are at a table in a coffee house, a little bit jumpy. They're all college aged, single, sort of trendy, with an eye on the door to the bathroom at the back of the place. While most of this should take place seated around a table, there's still a lot of opportunity for movement and expression.)

SARAH: ***(looking towards the back of the coffee house)*** Who is *in* there?

KEITH: Yeah, when's she coming out of there?

JEANNIE: ***(takes umbrage)*** *She?* You *would* think it's a woman, wouldn't you?

KEITH: Statistically-

JEANNIE: ***(cutting him off)*** Statistically?

SARAH: ***(cutting her off, threatening KEITH)*** Statistically *what?*

KEITH: ***(knows it all)*** Statistically women take longer in the bathroom than men. Usually twice as long. This suspect's taken about fifteen times as long. Case closed. Fee-male.

JEANNIE: Sorry, Keith. "Man Reading Magazine." I've seen the Norman Rockwell painting.

SARAH: My dad used to polish off the Sunday *New York Times*, including the stock reports.

KEITH: I hope she's not reading Dostoyevsky.
SARAH: (**frustrated**) Is he ever coming out?
KEITH: She!
JEANNIE: He!
KEITH: I'll bet ya, Jeannie. If it's a woman, I'm next; man, you're next.
JEANNIE: In *this* place? Half the time you can't tell.
SARAH: What kind of cheapo coffee house has one bathroom? I have to touch up my eyeliner!
JEANNIE: (**agitated**) I have to adjust my... (**pause, looks at KEITH, who's all too anxious to hear, so SHE settles back down**) outfit.
KEITH: Well, excuse me, (**looks between them**) Jeannie... Sarah... but... I have to go.
SARAH: (**in disbelief**) What? Just like a man. Nobody does *that* in there! It's mainly for checking yourself in the mirror.
KEITH: It's a coffee house. It's my third mocha. (**shouts**) Hey! Will ya hurry it up in there?
JEANNIE: Sorry, I'm first. I really need to adjust my... (**they exchange glances again**) outfit.
SARAH: I'm sure it was a ladies room originally. There's a full size mirror, a comfy loveseat, some plug-in air freshener, and a pink cellular phone that rings to the tune of "Oops, I Did It Again."
KEITH: You're right! We never get all that. We don't even get soap half the time.
SARAH: So – you have no right to go in there at all. (**assertive**) And I'm first, Jeannie.
JEANNIE: Are not!
SARAH: Am too.

END OF FREE PREVIEW

Product Analysis

by
Kelly Meadows

CAST

HUSBAND and WIFE, perhaps in their 40s. CLERK can be male or female, part can be played as several different ages and attitudes, for instance, old man who knows it all, young and enthusiastic health nut, etc...

CLERK: (**talking to self, scanning groceries, as HUSBAND and WIFE are on the other side of the checkout. A simple set up can be used as the checkout lane, or it can all be pantomimed.**) Mouthwash, soap, squash, (**under his/her breath**) it's rotten; milk, chocolate milk, (**with growing distress**) eggs, eggs, eggs, eggs... (**with an attitude**) don't you think you've got a few too many eggs here?

WIFE: (**can't believe the question**) Pardon?

CLERK: (**to HUSBAND**) Do you know how bad this many eggs are for you?

HUSBAND: Uh...

CLERK: (**to WIFE**) It's premeditated murder! You're trying to kill him with cholesterol!

WIFE: Nothing else works. (**short pause for reaction**) Look, I make him an omelet every morning. Eggs, sausage, ham, bacon, tomato, onion, five cheeses – Monterrey, cheddar, mozzarella, provolone, and jack – and pepperoni. It's cheaper than a pizza, and doesn't taste much different.

HUSBAND: Wakes me up! Great taste!

CLERK: Have you ever tried egg substitute?

HUSBAND: Doesn't wake me up. No taste.

CLERK: Maybe, but look at that stomach on you. (**instructing**) Egg substitute, low fat cheese, fat free bacon, and eliminate the pepperoni! (**looking over the rest of the order**) And, you can also get plain label frosted flakes for 64 cents less, with 15 percent more vitamin B-6. What you sacrifice in taste, you make up for in nutrition. (**to WIFE, almost singsongy**) Someone's just not a smart shopper, and someone doesn't love her husband enough to feed him nutritious meals.

WIFE: Excuse me, isn't your job just to ring through the groceries?

CLERK: Yes, that's my job. I spend all day with money in my hand, and none of it's mine. I handle food I can't eat. I say have a good day *to* people I can't have a good day *with*! So I'm on a mission to give my shoppers not just what they want, but what they need. A mission to improve their quality of life. With a slob like you, it will be simple. So, you put those eggs back, and-

WIFE: (**righteous**) I will not!

HUSBAND: (**to WIFE, a bit wimpy**) Maybe you should. I didn't weigh this much before we got married.

WIFE: That's because your mother can't cook. Your father weighs 120 pounds because he's afraid to put a fork in her food.

HUSBAND: You *need* to put a fork into talking about my mother, because you're done!

WIFE: That's why we never go to her place on Thanksgiving. The only turkey she knows how to stuff is your father. Now, **(to CLERK, hostile)** ring up those eggs!

CLERK: I will not! It's bad for his heart. What are you getting that's good for him? **(more congenial, with a brilliant idea)** Have you tried those fruit and cereal bars? Perfect for the family on the run. Tell him you love him, and get him out of the house!

HUSBAND: I can't run any more. Ever since she's been cooking up those three-egg four-meat five-cheese omelets at six every morning.

WIFE: You said you loved them!

HUSBAND: I do love them, but I lost my place on the softball team.

CLERK: What about that fit and trim man you married? Don't you want *him* back? Look at all these poor choices you're making. **(to HUSBAND, indicating WIFE)** Not to mention the poor choice *you* made.

HUSBAND: I just eat. I was raised to just eat. For years I didn't know what good food was. When mom made steak, we used them for dress shoes. We used her dumplings as croquet balls. We used her spaghetti to torment the biology teacher. You have no idea how relieved we were when she started buying bottled water.

END OF FREE PREVIEW

Will Work for Food

by
Kelly Meadows

PROPS

a "will work for food" sign

AT RISE: A wealthy Englishman driving a car, passes a BUM on the street. A BUM, lower class, holding a "will work for food sign." It works well for the DRIVER to have a British accent, but this is optional.

DRIVER: **(pantomimes getting out of his car)** Well, get in.

BUM: Get in? Dude, I don't "get in."

DRIVER: Yes, in. I see you're holding a sign that says, "will work for food."

BUM: What of it?

DRIVER: I thought you'd come over and tidy up a bit. You know. A little dusting, vacuuming, oh, and the litter box. My daughter's supposed to facilitate that, but she's allergic to cat poop, poor thing. **(the BUM just stares at him in disbelief)** Yes, you do that, and I'll have my wife cook you up a nice hot pot roast. She'll be so glad for the help.

BUM: I don't work for food, dude.

DRIVER: I'm sorry, but you do. Either you come home and clean up, or I'll have you cited for fraudulent representation. False advertising, as it were. **(thinks it over)** Oh, you're afraid we won't feed you, that's what it is. Not to worry. She cooks plenty. Never learned how to halve a recipe, that woman. I keep saying divide by two, but-

BUM: **(cutting him off)** A thoughtful person would never take advantage of a homeless man by *expecting* him to work for food. I have as much intention of working for food as they do of feeding me for the work.

DRIVER: Well then, I'm afraid you've met your match. Why should I pay a cleaning service seventy five dollars when you'll do the same job for a pot roast? Or if you'd rather haggle, I'll do the cat box, and we'll renegotiate your salary to a tasty bowl of rice pudding.

BUM: I won't. It's all a ploy to make me seem more sympathetic. When I outright panhandled, I'd get nothing but rude remarks. **(disgusted with human nature)** Or a quarter. Now that I appear willing to work at a ridiculously unfair exchange rate, dude, I'm bringing in about two hundred bucks a day. Pretty soon, I'm going to get a new sign, and then I'm going to start a pyramid scheme. I won't have to stand here ever again.

DRIVER: So it's bait and switch. You bring people into the store for a trombone and make them buy the whole orchestra! I know your kind, and you won't get away with it!

BUM: I think I will. The media's very soft on the homeless these days, you know. **(starts to walk off, the DRIVER grabs the BUM, and tries to force him into the car)** I'll have you cited for kidnapping!

DRIVER: **(lets him go)** Maybe you should just go home!

BUM: (**aghast!**) Home! Go home! Why don't you just send Louis XIV to a democracy! Home! (**pouts**)
DRIVER: If you're making two hundred dollars a day, you certainly have a place to live!
BUM: (**regains his composure**) Nope. I like it under the bridge. They've just let me move to a higher part of the ramp. And now I control the boom box. Metallica, man! Rock and roll will never die!
DRIVER: It will, and none too soon. (**friendly**) Now you must come home with us, and we'll give you a nice place to sleep.
BUM: You would? Jolly! You wouldn't make me work for it, would you?
DRIVER: Of course not. We'll have the chauffer drop you out here all day long and then take fifty percent of what you bring in!
BUM: That's an awfully big cut, don't you think?
DRIVER: Oh, and you'd have to prepare your own food if you've no intention of cleaning up. I'm never allowed a smidgen of pot roast until I do a bit of tidying myself, and I must say you'd have to live under the same rules. Oh, she's a strict one, that little woman!
BUM: (**offended**) Rules? You don't seem to get it, man. I don't have rules. I'm free as a bird. Nobody tells me what to do. I pay no rent, no taxes, no-
DRIVER: You're miserable, of course. The only bird you're free as is a condor who's lost its natural habitat and is reduced to eating road-kill in Memphis between the hours of five and seven- thirty p.m.
BUM: I *do* eat it! And actually, I'm pretty happy.
DRIVER: No, you're not. I was watching Leisa Wigman, Channel Five beat reporter. (**thinking about her**) Blonde, and luscious. (**catches himself, clears his throat**) She went down to this neck of the woods and told us all you people were miserably wretched, and we should all do something about it. So, we collected eight hundred thirty four dollars for you at church, but decided at the last minute we'd rather spend it on a debutante ball. Nonetheless, you seemingly refuse to budge.
BUM: Yeah, Leisa gave us free cheeseburgers. Free cheeseburgers, dude. Then she took me for a swim in her pool. Nice lady, that Leisa. Except I forgot about waiting an hour after you eat before you swim. She wasn't so nice after that.

END OF FREE PREVIEW

Well Behind Schedule

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CAST

CHEERY, WHINY, GRUMPY, and HARRIED.

Characters can be of either gender, and should make the most of their character trait.

(The scene takes place at a bus stop, with people who would prefer to mind their own business, if only everyone else would be quiet. This is GRUMPY's first time at the bus stop.)

WHINY: Does anybody know what time it is?

GRUMPY: It's 8:15. I thought the bus was supposed to be here at 8:02.

CHEERY: It's not coming. We'll have to wait for the next one!

HARRIED: I hope not! I don't have all day.

CHEERY: (**note the rhyme**) Yes you must, or you wouldn't take the bus.

GRUMPY: The next one's not scheduled until 8:46.

HARRIED: I can't wait that long! And I certainly don't want to waste my time with you people for another thirty-one minutes.

WHINY: And who knows if *that* one will show up?

GRUMPY: (**to HARRIED**) Yeah. Drive if you're in such a hurry.

CHEERY: Well, (**claps hands**) we might as well make the most of it. Let's play a game.

GRUMPY: A game?

HARRIED: I don't have the interest or the patience for your silly games!

CHEERY: Oh, but you do! We all have time for games. This is called "What did you have for breakfast?" I started off with a nutritious fruit cup, followed by some low fat yogurt, a dollop of cottage cheese – garden style – and then I whipped up a most delicious batch of buttermilk pancakes. Who's next?

GRUMPY: What kind of game is this?

CHEERY: Oh, it gets better. I've used it to pass the time at the airport, and I've had up to 73 people at the Northwest Airlines ticket counter swapping recipes. **(stunned silence)** Well, you know how long they take. And it was Detroit, so nobody knew any better. Now, **(to WHINY)** what did you have?

WHINY: Just a bowl of cereal.

CHEERY: What kind? Did you put any fruit on it?

HARRIED: **(to CHEERY)** You're the fruit, you overripe strawberry.

CHEERY: Shh! I'm getting ideas.

HARRIED: I am truly frightened.

WHINY: I just had milk and Corn Crunchies. And I didn't have enough milk, so I scratched the roof of my mouth on the cereal. I hope I don't catch something. Owww!

CHEERY: Someone's forgetting that breakfast is the most important meal of the day.

HARRIED: Breakfast is nonsense. There's work to be done.

CHEERY: Oh, what a dreadful parent you must be!

HARRIED: I beg your pardon! My children are efficient, managed, and extremely well organized. We spend approximately four and a half minutes together each day in a quality discussion of political issues, topped off with a sports recap and a brief look at the weather. It's hardly dreadful.

CHEERY: Two cups of dreadful, a dash of selfish, and a spoonful of spite. What a sorry batch of children you're baking.

GRUMPY: As long as I don't babysit them, I don't care.

CHEERY: Someone's in a bad mood this morning.

GRUMPY: My car broke down. It's going to take a week to fix it and cost five hundred dollars, or I wouldn't be sitting here at the bus stop with a bunch of losers talking about pancakes.

CHEERY: Speaking of which, what *did* you have this morning?

GRUMPY: I don't eat breakfast.

CHEERY: **(scandalized)** You don't eat breakfast! You sloth! Well this week we're going to work on changing a very destructive pattern.

HARRIED: It's none of my business, but will you stop trying to force your will on the rest of us "civilized" people?

CHEERY: My will? **(laughs)** Trust me, I'm not leaving a dime of it to you! Now **(to GRUMPY)** since you're going to be here for several days, tomorrow I'll whip you up a nice batch of pancakes.

END OF FREE PREVIEW