

TEEN COMEDY PLAYLETS: THIRD TIME'S A CHARM

A Collection of Six Skits

by
Kelly Meadows



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Not at Any Price

by
Kelly Meadows

CHARACTERS

TOURIST
SHOPKEEPER

SETTING

At a small shop or booth in an exotic country

(TOURIST is looking over SHOPKEEPER's wares, which for the most part can be pantomimed, and eventually picks up an object and admires it. This can be something like a small decorated box, a little carved animal, a mug, or any other object.)

TOURIST: *(deliriously happy)* I love it! It's the perfect vacation souvenir! *(brusque, looking forward to a fight)* How much?

SHOPKEEPER: *(can speak with an accent, although not from any country in particular)* I'm glad you like it! Ten dollars.

TOURIST: Ten? *(getting into "haggle" mode, trying to talk the SHOPKEEPER down in price)* For ten it should be gold. Make it nine!

SHOPKEEPER: *(doesn't understand)* It's not nine. It's ten. *(shows the bottom of the object which has a small sticker)* See? Price tag says it's ten.

TOURIST: Ten? You make me laugh! Make it eight.

SHOPKEEPER: What are you trying to do? You walk into my shop and tell me my merchandise is worthless!

TOURIST: *(explaining)* That's why I'm here. I'm on a haggling tour.

SHOPKEEPER: *(never heard of such a thing)* A haggling tour? I have to suffer for your good time!

TOURIST: Yes. I love to haggle. In my country no one haggles. Everyone just does what I want. *(imitating how things are at home, annoyed with everyone's complicity)* What's for dinner? Catfish? *(acting as if it's not fine)* Oh that's fine! What's on TV? Oh I love the *Rugrats!* *(feigning excitement)* Coupon? *(acting like a too-nice sales clerk)* Here – 20% off! *(shakes head and instantly changes demeanor)* I can't take it any more! I want conflict and I want it *(shakes SHOPKEEPER briefly)* now!

SHOPKEEPER: *(conversely disgusted)* You want conflict? You should have my family. I go home and it's "What, more lentils? I want rice!" It's "I don't want to watch Jerry Lewis; I want to see the football match from Nigeria!" I live with an extended family of 18. Mother, father, aunt, uncle, some people we don't even know how they got here. One TV. At home, I haggle. At my shop, I'm the dictator. So when I say it's ten, it's ten. *(hands object to TOURIST)*

TOURIST: *(hands it back)* This piece of junk? You insult me! You enrage me!

SHOPKEEPER: *(still not interested in haggling)* It's not going to work.

END OF FREE PREVIEW

A Dime's Worth of Difference

by
Kelly Meadows

CHARACTERS

CLERK, trying to sell the combo
CUSTOMER, trying not to buy it

These characters can be played as all sorts of people from different walks of life – be creative!

SETTING

A fast food counter

CLERK: *(disinterested)* Can I help you?

CUSTOMER: I'd like to have one of your Sir It's Urgent Burgers and an order of Wingadingding Onion Rings.

CLERK: Do you want the King Thing of Wingadingding Onion Rings? Or just the Big Thing of Wingadingding Onion Rings?

CUSTOMER: Just the regular. **(CLERK looks disappointed, as if trained to do so.)** No extra rhyme, sorry.

CLERK: **(still not all that interested)** Would you like it as part of our Big Mambo Combo?

CUSTOMER: Not really. Just the Urgent Burger and the Wingadingding Ring Thing. Actually, it's not really that urgent. I can wait.

CLERK: It's a dime cheaper to get the Big Mambo Combo. And it comes with a Load o' Soda.

CUSTOMER: I don't want a combo. And why is it cheaper to get more?

CLERK: **(with a "don't ask me" look)** It's our Ocean of Commotion Promotion.

CUSTOMER: What a notion! I don't want the Load o' Soda.

CLERK: **(starting to get more of an attitude, as if this never happens)** Well, just buy it and give it away. You look really stupid if you don't.

CUSTOMER: I have nowhere to stow a Load o' Soda. I can pay more for less. Though I'll probably never come back, thanks to your Ocean of Commotion.

CLERK: Just save the dime and save face. You can pour the soda down the toilet for all I care.

CUSTOMER: Why don't *you* drink it!

CLERK: After it's been down the toilet?

CUSTOMER: Can you just take my order so I can get out of here?

CLERK: I feel like I'm cheating you if I can't talk you into the Big Mambo Combo with a Load o' Soda.

CUSTOMER: It's a 66 ounce soda. I'll have to haul it home in a tanker.

CLERK: Well, leave it at the counter. Then you can say you forgot it instead of going for the half meal deal.

CUSTOMER: Why don't you just say I got it and charge me for it anyway?

CLERK: Inventory. We'd have to account for the extra glass. I'd actually be cheating you even though you're paying less.

CUSTOMER: What's cheating me is trying to talk me into something I don't want. And it's pushy.

END OF FREE PREVIEW

Do What You Will

by
Kelly Meadows

CHARACTERS

PAT, CHRIS, and ALEX

(The three rather greedy grandchildren interested in Grandma's will. At the start, they're all teary and unhappy. The set can simply be someone's living room, a couple chairs, or even outside. Experiment with different ages and personality types with these characters.)

ALEX: I can't believe it!

CHRIS: Grandma's... gone!

PAT: Gone... forever!

ALEX: I only wish I could have seen her one more time.

CHRIS: **(breaks the mood, and they all stop crying at once)** Yeah, yeah, yeah, right. What did she leave us?

PAT: **(pushy)** Can I have that blue vaz?

ALEX: What's a vaz?

PAT: It's a vase for snobs. Now, I want the blue vaz. **(explaining)** It's antique chic.

CHRIS: I thought Grandma wanted us to put her *in* the blue vaz.

PAT: **(still pushy)** Well then I best take it now, and we'll use a baggie. **(like it's no big deal)** I want the Chevy.

ALEX: That's *my* Chevy! I drove her to the doctor every day in that Chevy. And cleaned up after...

PAT: I drove her to church!

ALEX: Pat! She quit going to church ten years ago!

PAT: Oh. No wonder we fought over it.

CHRIS: I drove her to see... **(slinky)** a gentleman.

PAT: **(never knew)** Grandma?

CHRIS: Yeah, he looked like Ben Affleck at 80. But not bad, for 80. Or for Ben Affleck.

ALEX: **(as if because of this, HE/SHE deserves more)** I put up with doctor visits all the time. Gynecological, ontological, ophthalmological, endocrinological, and just plain ill-ogical. I smell like cough medicine, **(but on the bright side!)** but I've never had to subscribe to a magazine in my life!

PAT: **(slowly, to ALEX, tempering this for a reaction)** Grandma said she wanted to leave *you* **(making it big)** diddly squat!

ALEX: (*dismayed*) Diddly squat?

PAT: (*self-assured*) Diddly squat. (*bragging*) I have her will. (*pulls out some papers, everyone fights to take a look*)

ALEX: Already?

CHRIS: Good going!

PAT: (*jumps back, still holding the will*) We were in church, and she said she'd rather die than listen to another dull sermon. So we got to talking about a will. We were sitting next to a lawyer, so he signed it and made it legal. And she said, "I want to give Alex diddly squat."

ALEX: (*incensed*) After all I did for her?

CHRIS: (*anxious, still grabbing, but PAT holds it back*) What else did she say?

END OF FREE PREVIEW

Panic Night

by

Kelly Meadows

CHARACTERS

JULIE, who doesn't really want to study

VLADIMIR, from Russia, but knows his American History

TAYLOR, who's got a few dates confused

JULIE: (*leading a study group, who oddly enough, has no notebooks out*) Okay, who was president in 1980?

VLADIMIR: (*self-assured*) Carter.

TAYLOR: (*also self-assured, and now combative*) Reagan.

(*VLADIMIR gives TAYLOR a look of disgust; TAYLOR pushes him down.*)

JULIE: (*trumping them all, whether SHE's right or wrong, SHE holds up a history book in triumph with a foot on top of VLADIMIR*) It's Ford!

VLADIMIR: (*from the ground*) Uh uh.

JULIE: (*no one believes her; VLADIMIR takes her foot off and gets up*) Isn't it? Who cares anyway? What is this – ancient history?

VLADIMIR: It was Carter. (*as if this is an unusual feat*) My father was alive in 1980. He said it was Carter.

JULIE: (*snooty*) How would you know? Aren't you Russian or something?

VLADIMIR: They had to learn American history. The Russians always rewrote their own to suit themselves.

TAYLOR: (*grabbing the book*) Can't we just look it up?

JULIE: (*Grabbing it away, they have a fight over it but JULIE wins and throws it far away.*) No, we have to see what we know off the top of our head. (*rationalizing*) We can't use the book on the test.

TAYLOR: We're cramming! What a stupid way to study.

JULIE: I hate studying. I'm taking the easy way out.

VLADIMIR: See? It helps to keep the same dictator year after year. That way, you always know who the president is. (*a bit spooky*) Besides, if you get the wrong answer, you'll never be seen again.

TAYLOR: (*argumentative*) It was Reagan.

VLADIMIR: (*fighting back*) Carter.

TAYLOR: (*as if!*) Fine. I'll pass - you won't.

JULIE: (*Finally, SHE knows something! SHE takes center stage to announce.*) Reagan wasn't president till 1981.

TAYLOR: Oh, like you were there!

JULIE: I read the book. (*No one believes that either.*) Reagan came after Ford.

VLADIMIR: Four years after. (*smugly*) It's on page 352.

JULIE: Oh, who died and made you an authority? I don't know why I study with you two. No one knows anything.

VLADIMIR: You used to study with Tom and Josie. What made you switch allegiance?

JULIE: They kicked me out when I convinced them that China was in North America.

TAYLOR: But it is! Right next to Greenland! My geography teacher said so.

END OF FREE PREVIEW

The Doctor Won't See You Now

by
Kelly Meadows

CHARACTERS

AN OLD WOMAN, who's apparently very ill
NURSE, who doesn't believe her
SECOND OLD WOMAN, who wants to be sick too
MAN, trying to cheat his way in to the doctor

(At a desk or a doctor's window is a NURSE, or receptionist. SHE's very busy and doesn't want to be bothered. An OLD WOMAN approaches nervously. SHE knocks quietly, but the NURSE doesn't respond. SHE knocks again, quietly, and no response. Finally SHE bangs on the table. The NURSE looks up, still disinterested, and goes back to work.)

WOMAN ONE: Can I see the doctor now? I'm very ill. **(pause)** Very ill.

NURSE: Sorry, he's already with a patient who, from the looks of things, is much sicker than you.

WOMAN ONE: Nope, I'm really very ill. Very, very ill. **(coughs)** Besides, I've been waiting for three hours. I'm getting cramps just sitting here being ignored.

NURSE: That's your problem; you showed up four hours early.

WOMAN ONE: That's because I'm-

NURSE: Very ill, I see. You've been doing just fine, laughing at those magazines.

WOMAN ONE: It was *Newsweek*. If I'm laughing at *that*, I must be pretty sick. Though presidential policy – there's a joke! **(tries to barge her way through)**

WOMAN TWO: **(pulls back WOMAN ONE, almost threatening the NURSE)** Don't you let her in ahead of me. **(The two of them scuffle.)** She does this all the time. She shows up early and tries to butt her way in front of people with a legitimate appointment.

WOMAN ONE: It's hard to wait when you're sick as a dog.

WOMAN TWO: Then why don't you spend those three extra hours with some Theraflu? **(to NURSE)** I won't take but a minute of his time. I have a quick question about bowel control.

NURSE: How quick?

WOMAN TWO: If I don't ask now, it won't matter.

WOMAN ONE: **(moves away)** Well, hold it. **(WOMAN TWO shoots her an agonizing look.)** The question, I mean.

MAN: **(enters, overconfident)** Out of the way, ladies. Me and the doc are old friends. He wants my advice about his golf swing.

NURSE: **(SHE's an old hand at this, and nothing fazes her.)** Sorry, been tried. He doesn't play golf.

MAN: What kind of doctor doesn't play golf? He's a quack!

NURSE: Lacrosse! And nobody's an expert in that. **(like a drill sergeant)** Now quick! Insurance cards, all of you!

WOMAN ONE: **(proudly, and searching through a purse that has 50 years of Kleenex in it)** Mine covers every malady in the book. No matter what I've got, it's paid for. I'd never get so sick if I didn't have this card.

WOMAN TWO: I don't have one. **(proud)** I'm just winging it.

NURSE: No insurance?

WOMAN TWO: Don't need it. **(more to WOMAN ONE)** It's just an incentive to get sick!

WOMAN ONE: I've been sick for decades! *She* doesn't need it. She's one of the **(acts snooty)** "nouvea sick." I'm totally versed in the art of hypochondria. I put my last insurance company out of business. **(proud of herself)** They were an HMO, and they still couldn't say no!

MAN: I'm a malpractice insurance salesman. He'll want to see me *before* he looks after these old coots.

NURSE: *This* doctor doesn't make mistakes.

WOMAN ONE: Then how come after 30 years I'm still sick as a dog?

NURSE: *My dog isn't* sick.

WOMAN ONE: Wait till he gets to be my age.

NURSE: In dog years, he's 175.

MAN: **(to WOMAN ONE)** I'd say you got that dog beat by 20.

END OF FREE PREVIEW

Princess and the Pique

by
Kelly Meadows

CHARACTERS

THE PRINCE

THE QUEEN

THEIR SERVANT

(can be either male or female, and play in a variety of demeanors)

PRINCESS from a foreign land

SETTING

The new PRINCESS' guest chamber.

PRINCE: (*kind of spoiled and whiny*) I want a real princess this time, Mama! (*PRINCE accents second syllable of Mama*) Last time you fixed me up with some pretender from an orphanage off the coast of Majorca. (*taking a stand*) My consort *must* be of royal blood.

QUEEN: She lied to us. We found out her dog's name was Princess and she had nothing to do with royalty... other than following our scandals in the *Enquirer*. We sent her away in disgrace. And chains!

PRINCE: (*disagrees*) Disgrace? She's the Queen of Belgium! Those people have no imperial standards. Criminal court indeed.

SERVANT: (*assuring everyone things will be different*) We've devised a surefire method to determine if she's of royal blood, Your Majesty.

QUEEN: What scheme have you for us this time, Servant?

SERVANT: Research indicates that princesses are a delicate and finicky lot. Therefore, tonight she will sleep in luxury. Twelve mattresses, fifteen featherbeds... (*sneaky*) and under that, I'm putting... a pea.

PRINCE: Pea on a mattress? Eeewww!

SERVANT: The vegetable, you pea brain!

PRINCE: (*trying to get SERVANT in trouble*) Mama, he's calling me names again!

QUEEN: (*cutting him off*) No, he's simply appraising your intellect. Continue, Servant.

SERVANT: (*explaining, scientifically*) If she has the delicate nature of a princess, she'll notice the pea right away. She'll squirm like a football player at a police inquiry. Of course, if she's a hemophiliac like most European royalty, we'll have a bit of explaining to do.

PRINCESS: (*enters quickly, takes a look way up high, and says crossly*) How do you expect me to get up there?

QUEEN: Pardon me, Miss?

PRINCESS: (*official, but not so polite*) I'm Her Royal Highness Gertrude Annie Brunhilde Consuela de Todos Los Domingos. You can call me Your Highness for short, and "Her Highness" behind my back. Now. (*curt*) How do you expect me to get up there?

SERVANT: (*trying to calm her wrath*) We had that specially prepared for Your Highness de Todos Los-

PRINCESS: (*cutting him off*) Yeah, whatever. Are you going to fly me up there in a helicopter?

PRINCE: (*defending the situation*) It was designed with Your Highness' comfort in mind.

PRINCESS: (*to the QUEEN about the PRINCE*) Who is he?

QUEEN: That's your intended, Your... uh... Highness.

PRINCESS: Well, what does he "intend" to do? Stow me out of reach like a second set of Tupperware? I turned down Queen of Belgium because I thought you people were civilized. I didn't realize I had to pack an extension ladder.

END OF FREE PREVIEW