

TEEN COMEDY PLAYLETS TOO

A Collection of Six Skits

by
Kelly Meadows



Brooklyn Publishers, LLC

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Cinderella Strikes Back

by
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CAST

CINDERELLA, SISSY, and MISSY

TIME: *Near evening, right before the ball. Try, for best effect, combining the attitudes of the fairy tale with a more modern “young girl” sensibility.*

SISSY: (**calling, bossy**) Cindy? Cinderella! (**CINDY enters**) Where’s my evening gown? It’s time to go to the ball.

CINDY: It’s at the cleaners, Sissy.

SISSY: (**in disbelief**) The cleaners?

CINDY: The cleaners.

SISSY: (**snaps at her**) Well, go pick it up.

CINDY: (**unconcerned**) Too late. They’re closed. (**explaining, while MISSY enters**) You wanted me to make the bed, wash the floor, clean the kitchen, and plant a squash garden in the common area of the condo complex. Gown? Who has time?

MISSY: What about mine?

CINDY: In the laundry, Missy.

MISSY: (**aghast**) You *washed* it?

CINDY: (**again, unconcerned**) Not yet. It’s rumpled up in your hope chest. There’s not much hope for getting it ready by nightfall.

MISSY: (**bratty**) You were supposed to take it to the cleaners.

CINDY: (**like a know-it-all**) Yours is cotton. Hers is silk. We’re on a budget. You tell me.

SISSY: (**resigned to it**) We’ll just have to go like this. (**to CINDY, bossy again**) Go get the carriage ready.

CINDY: It’s in the shop.

MISSY: Well, get it out of the shop!

CINDY: I can’t, Missy. Broken wheel. Not to mention the brakes don’t work!

MISSY: Brakes! It’s a horse!

CINDY: It doesn’t know the meaning of “whoa.” Didn’t have time to train it, what with the washing, cooking, cleaning, transplanting, and doing your calculus homework.

SISSY: (**admonishing**) Did you do my history paper yet?

CINDY: (**continuing, and happily so**) And... after you both had me paint the shingles, water the plants, till 15 acres of farmland, and renew your subscriptions to *Seventeen Magazine* – why you can’t share I don’t know!! – I didn’t have time to fix a wheel on the carriage.

END OF FREE PREVIEW

My Husbands Condition

by
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CAST

CUSTOMER - a middle aged woman picking up medicine for her husband.

PHARMACIST - can be played almost any age, either male or female.

(The names of the medications are purely fictitious and not intended to represent any real medication. However, the effectiveness of the skit will depend on quick and confident pronunciation.)

PHARMACIST: (**handing CUSTOMER a bag**) Dipaxin, lopaxirol, lytomadripterol, correctamin, and hydrocorpactin. Okay, Mrs. Kessler, that’s three hundred forty-two dollars and seventy-two cents.

CUSTOMER: (**shows a plastic card**) With my insurance card?

PHARMACIST: **(Takes a look.)** Three hundred forty-two dollars and sixty-five cents. Sorry, this stuff's pretty specialized. Do you have any questions about the medication?

CUSTOMER: It's not for me. It's for my husband. Same thing every month.

PHARMACIST: So you've explained it to him, then.

CUSTOMER: Nope. He never listens, so I don't bother.

PHARMACIST: Even in health matters?

CUSTOMER: Particularly in health matters. I just mix it all in with his corned beef hash. **(like SHE's sharing a secret)** He thinks I can't cook, but the lopaxirol doesn't mix well with the hash. **(more secretive)** You do know about my husband's condition...

PHARMACIST: I'm new here, but I've heard stories.

CUSTOMER: It starts with a kind of hives, then his face breaks out into these ugly, bleeding pustules. His face looks like a giant ulcer. I tried to tell him to-

PHARMACIST: **(disgusted)** Mrs. Kessler! That's gross. I don't want to hear about it.

CUSTOMER: **(ignores it)** And because he's been taking all these pills, he gets an upset stomach every night. It's like the dishwasher. Kachunk, kachunk, kachunk. whoooosh! I can hardly sleep. He needs the hydrocortisone to combat the effect of mixing the lopaxirol and the lytomadripterol – and I'm sure the hash doesn't help. But after dinner, it smells so...

PHARMACIST: Stop it already! I just pass this out; I don't want to hear-

CUSTOMER: About my husband's condition? I have to live with it. He's a grouchy old sourpuss with cat breath, dirty underwear, and greasy hair. And kachunk, kachunk, kachunk, whoooosh!. You have no idea what it's like to clean up after that. Especially the whoooosh.

PHARMACIST: Do you have any more questions about the medication? If not, I really need to get to lunch before I lose my appetite.

CUSTOMER: Yes, I have a very important question. Why after paying three hundred forty-two dollars and seventy-two cents-

PHARMACIST: **(breaking in)** Sixty-five cents.

CUSTOMER: It barely makes a dime's worth of difference. Let me finish.

PHARMACIST: I'd rather not. The bleeding pustules have ruined my appetite for prune pudding.

CUSTOMER: Prune pudding? I love it, but I dare not, with my husband's condition. What I would like to know, if it's not too much to ask-

PHARMACIST: It is-

CUSTOMER: **(talks over it)** Is how come this expensive, meticulously prescribed, and ridiculously complicated assortment of dipaxin, lopaxirol, lytomadripterol, correctamin, and hydrocortisone **(loud, in PHARMACIST's face)** isn't working?

PHARMACIST: Simple. **(looks away)** Cat breath! **(to CUSTOMER)** The dipaxin reacts with the lopaxirol and counteracts the correctamin, leaving you with the lytomadripterol and the hydrocortisone, which together, in this combination, most probably account for the greasy hair, the whoooosh, and the noxious odor.

CUSTOMER: Really? So I should stop nagging him about his hygiene.

PHARMACIST: Exactly. There's nothing he can do about it except start a new regimen of medication.

CUSTOMER: Then why did they prescribe all this? Between the grease, the blood, and the kachunk, kachunk, kachunk, whoooosh, I can hardly stay married!

END OF FREE PREVIEW

Three Guys, Two Tickets

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CAST

BRYAN, ERIC and SHAUN

(BRYAN, ERIC, and SHAUN are high school or college aged. SHAUN is a bit younger. They're really pumped about their latest acquisition.)

BRYAN: **(so excited)** Well, we got 'em. The last two tickets to the hottest band in...

ERIC: The world!

SHAUN: The universe!

BRYAN: **(upstaging)** The galaxy!

SHAUN: (**his sense of proportion is ruined**) The universe is bigger than the galaxy.
BRYAN: Whatever! We got 'em!
SHAUN: (**excited**) Two tickets to Boys Bleeding Blue!
BRYAN: (**over the top**) We are gonna rock out, dudes!
SHAUN: (**back to reality**) Well, two of us are. One of us is just going to stay home with a geology textbook.
BRYAN: (**thinking out loud**) Three boys, two tickets. (**over-confident**) One of you (**almost like a put down**) ...boys.... is gonna rock out with Bryan – Bryan being me – and one of you is gonna rock out to... geology.
SHAUN: (**with an over-developed sense of justice**) Why are *you* getting a ticket? I don't see the justice.
BRYAN: I'm the biggest fan they have, Shaun!
SHAUN: No, I am!
ERIC: Eric, Eric being me, has got ya both beat. I have all the Boys Bleeding Blue CD's, a bootleg Boys Bleeding Blue album on cassette tape...
SHAUN: What's a cassette tape?
ERIC: You wouldn't know, you're not old enough... I also have in my possession a Boys Bleeding Blue bobble head doll set, and a Boys Bleeding Blue poster above my bed, one on the door... Plus the lunch box, the t-shirts, and the entire BBB feature film Burger King cross merchandising action figure assortment. (**that settles it**) So I have to go.
SHAUN: No you don't. You already have the paraphernalia. You live it day in and day out. You've crossed the line from idol worship into maniacal obsession.
ERIC: (**condescending**) Shaun... dude... boy! No one will stop me from seeing this concert! Not even the president of the United States.
SHAUN: (**realistic, again**) I don't think the president of the United States cares.
ERIC: Then he won't stop me.
BRYAN: The security guard will if you don't have a ticket.
ERIC: I *will* have a ticket.
BRYAN: (**confident, once again**) That's up to both of you. Someone decide and call me later.

(HE starts to leave, the others pull him back)

ERIC: I think me and Shaun should go, dude boy.
BRYAN: Don't call me dude boy.
ERIC: Then don't act like a dude boy, Dude Boy!
BRYAN: Stop it! I told you not to call me that.
ERIC: (**playing really sarcastic**) I... like... don't like... like... your attitude, dude... like you're gonna go and we have to fight over the other ticket? It's very un-Bryan to be so selfish. Or so we thought.
SHAUN: Yeah. If there's gonna be a fight we should all get involved!
ERIC: Yeah, let's brawl it out. We'll see who bleeds blue, and then *he* can go.
BRYAN: Blood *is* blue. It only turns red when exposed to oxygen.
ERIC: Oh, now you're a science boy! I'm impressed. Why don't you stay home and be a lab animal! See how missing the best concert in the world affects a rodent brain.
BRYAN: I'll experiment all right. I'm going to melt your BBB CDs. And I'm going to take your bootleg cassette and-
SHAUN: (**insistent**) What's a cassette?
BRYAN: (**brusque**) We told you you're not old enough.
ERIC: (**has an idea**) Well if Shaun's not old enough, then he shouldn't go.
SHAUN: I wanna go! You just said I should go.
ERIC: I'm changing loyalty. We might just win on this age thing.

END OF FREE PREVIEW

Space Case

by
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CAST

(Names aren't mentioned in the play, but are included to make rehearsal easier.)

RULA - woman who always follows the rules
SHOOTER - A man who wants to conquer and subdue Mars

SHADOW - A woman who just wants comfortable shoes

MARTIAN - A resident of the red planet, male or female

SETTING

On Mars, as the first three are disembarking a space ship

RULA: **(stepping off a space ship and looking around in awe)** I can't believe we're finally here!

SHOOTER: **(ready to conquer it)** Mars! The red planet! Now... to become a colony of earth!

SHADOW: **(not overly concerned with being on Mars, but instead with herself)** Do you think that red goes with my outfit? I wanted something to match the terrain.

RULA: **(in disbelief)** Six inch heels?

SHADOW: **(trips and falls)** Ow! A crater! Can we go home and get my flats?

SHOOTER: **(confident and colonial, pulling SHADOW up)** Not until we colonize. Then they'll make flats for us here! Now, the first thing we need to do is subjugate the indigenous population.

RULA: That's against the rules! **(SHOOTER gives her a dirty look)** Subjugation is *not* in the manual. **(gets out a book and flips a few pages until SHE finds it, and shows it to SHOOTER)** We're only allowed a slight assertion of superiority, and that... out of earshot of the inhabitants. This isn't the 19th Century, you know.

SHOOTER: **(closes her book and tosses it away)** Who's going to know? I'm here for conquest! I'm here to break the rules! I'm here to earn a place in history!

SHADOW: I'm here to find a man.

SHOOTER: **(happily)** I'm the only man here.

SHADOW: **(turns away from him)** Then I'll wait.

RULA: Stop that! We have work to do! We have to set up camp.

(Gets her manual, while MARTIAN enters and taps her on the shoulder.)

MARTIAN: Pardon me, earthlings, but you must abort the attempted colonization mission!

SHOOTER: I say we shoot first, ask questions later!

RULA: Nope. Manual says ask first, then shoot if, and only if, answers are unsatisfactory. **(points out a passage to MARTIAN)** That okay with you?

SHADOW: **(goes to the MARTIAN)** Sir, I have a question. Where can I get my hair done? After three months in that rocket ship, you know... it's just flat. **(trips again)** I wish my shoes were.

SHOOTER: **(to MARTIAN, threatening)** You'd better give her a satisfactory answer.

MARTIAN: **(firmly)** Mission must be aborted.

RULA: What for? Do you just like saying the word "abort?"

MARTIAN: Yes! Abort and terminate are two of my faves. We've aborted several missions that didn't heed to our warnings. First of all, we don't like people who come from a planet made of gaaaaaa! Jupiter? Saturn? Uranus? They've all tried. They've all failed. They've all gone home. So to be honest, at this juncture, we Martians are very tired of rolling out the welcome mat.

SHOOTER: Well you won't get rid of earth that easily. We've got 15 more rocket ships on the way.

SHADOW: Good. Maybe someone has an extra pair of flats.

RULA: **(trying to rationalize)** We don't want much. Just a small plot of land. Something... about the size of Vermont. **(reading from her book)** First, we want to bring up astronauts, then we'll import criminals and other incorrigibles, and after that, undesirable women to keep them occupied in the wake of our inevitable advancement.

MARTIAN: Let me explain. It's a small planet. Vermont takes up significantly more space, comparatively speaking. Besides, you won't be happy with Vermont. Nobody's ever happy with Vermont. Suddenly they want to add New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Maine... you're going to try, predictably, to make it the entirety of New England.

SHOOTER: **(still haughty)** How do you know about New England?

MARTIAN: After they won the Super Bowl. **(mocking)** Suddenly every colony has to be the size of New England. It's really ugly if someone wins from California.

END OF FREE PREVIEW

Concerto Non Troppo

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CAST

Characters, all can be M or F

THE CONDUCTOR - a very officious pompous person trying to deal with a crisis.

CHRIS - A violinist prepared to play the wrong music.

TERRY - A patron to the symphony, who happens to know the piece Chris won't play.

CONDUCTOR: **(to an imagined audience of 1,000 classical music lovers)** For our next piece, we'd like to introduce violinist Chris Mathias, who is going to join us for Bach's Violin Concerto in E major!

CHRIS: **(confused)** No I'm not. I'm doing Vivaldi's Concerto in d minor.

CONDUCTOR: **(still trying to be official)** No, it's Bach, in E major.

CHRIS: **(argumentative)** Vivaldi, in d minor.

CONDUCTOR: **(official, but with an edge)** We've *rehearsed* the Bach.

CHRIS: **(imitating the conductor)** I've *pa-racticed* the Vivaldi.

CONDUCTOR: Well you can't do the Vivaldi. No one else knows the Vivaldi. The next time I suggest checking the program before showing up to play the wrong music.

TERRY: **(enters and taps conductor on the shoulder)** Excuse me... I play the Bach.

CONDUCTOR: **(sarcastic)** How convenient. And who are you?

TERRY: Terry Howarth. No one plays the Bach better than I do. I came to reaffirm my suspicion that I am the best Bach you can find. Now it appears your poor planning will deny me that simple pleasure.

CHRIS: Sorry... no Bach. You can just take your Bach to the future, because we're not doing it at present.

CONDUCTOR: We have a thousand people here who want to hear the Bach.

CHRIS: No, we have a thousand people here who want to hear me! The program specifically says... me! They don't care if I play Bach, Vivaldi, Tchaikovsky, Rimski-Korsakov, Copeland, or Michael Jackson.

CONDUCTOR: I care if you play Michael Jackson.

TERRY: I care too. I wanted to hear you play the Bach.

CHRIS: You just wanted to hear me mess it up.

TERRY: Exactly. Since you obviously don't know it, I think I'm going to get my wish after all.

CONDUCTOR: It's my wish that you both be quiet, or I'm going to put on a CD and fake it. **(they are both very surprised at this)** Oh, we've done it before. I had a flautist fall ill and she had no wind. No one knew the difference until the CD started skipping in track three, and she threw up at the same time. It was a memorable – if slightly inaccurate – representation of the Mozart second concerto.

TERRY: Chris isn't ill, just ill prepared. You should have already practiced this anyway instead of leaving it up to chance.

CHRIS: I'm sorry. You said you'd have the orchestra ready when I got here. Now who's ill prepared?

CONDUCTOR: **(to the audience)** Ladies and gentlemen, we have a small issue on our hands.

END OF FREE PREVIEW

Anatomy Class

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CAST

PROFESSOR and FARLEY

PROFESSOR: **(at a lectern, with a book)** If you'll turn to Chapter 12, you'll see that today's anatomy lesson covers the-

FARLEY: **(seated somewhere in the classroom, though chances are SHE'll rise when riled)** I think we'd better *keep* it covered.

PROFESSOR: Pardon?

FARLEY: My mother always taught me when I'm in public to keep it covered.

PROFESSOR: Miss Farley, this is an anatomy class. We treat all parts of the body equally.

FARLEY: You're going to have to skip *part* of Chapter 12.

PROFESSOR: (**mortified**) And flail ourselves headfirst into Chapter 13? Go to the legs before we get past the hips?

FARLEY: Heavens no! I'm not going to sit in a class full of college freshman boys and have you talk about "parts" mentioned in Chapter 13.

PROFESSOR: Ma'am, everybody has those parts. It's simply a-

FARLEY: (**interrupting, as usual**) A gentleman doesn't mention that in front of a lady.

PROFESSOR: Then how do you expect me to teach this class if I can't mention the-

FARLEY: I just told you not to mention it.

PROFESSOR: It's an elbow!

FARLEY: Sure, it's an elbow now, but who knows where you're planning to take this!

PROFESSOR: You need to take it-

FARLEY: Where? I'm paying to take this course, and I expect the lecture to follow the strict bounds of decency. There are only so many parts you can talk about before you get to places that are strictly - unmentionable!

PROFESSOR: What would those parts be?

FARLEY: Obviously, I can't tell you. That's why they're unmentionable. Somebody needs to grow up.

PROFESSOR: Somebody needs to open her mind to clinical terminology.

FARLEY: Let me teach you some clinical terminology. (**Goes to the PROFESSOR and points into the book.**) This is called a whatchamohoosie. This is called a thingamadoodle. This is called a "we don't talk about that," and *that* is called Uncle Henry's.

PROFESSOR: (**dumbfounded**) Uncle Henry's what?

FARLEY: That's what my mother called it. He wasn't really my Uncle Henry. And this here?

PROFESSOR: This here?

FARLEY: That's called "where the sun don't shine."

PROFESSOR: It is? I thought your family used that name for brains.

FARLEY: We never needed a name for brains. Now, back to Chapter 12. I'm here to learn.

PROFESSOR: I've learned far too much already. (**to the class**) Today we're going to discuss joints.

FARLEY: Joints! I don't think so!

END OF FREE PREVIEW