

TWO WOMEN SCENES FOR TEENS

A Collection of Six Duets for
Teen Women

by
Deborah Karczewski



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TABLE OF CONTENTS

1. <i>Paying Our Respects</i>	Page 7
2. <i>Consequences</i>	Page 10
3. <i>Surprise Sister</i>	Page 13
4. <i>Freshman Trap</i>	Page 16
5. <i>Who's the Lose Now?</i>	Page 20
6. <i>Rambo-Ella</i>	Page 23

Paying Our Respects

by
Deborah Karczewski

CAST: CAROL and BARBARA

(CAROL and BARBARA are standing in a supposed slow-moving line. It should take the entire scene for them to travel the length of the playing area, from stage right to left, which is a viewing room in a funeral parlor.)

CAROL: I've never been to one of these before.

BARBARA: I have.

CAROL: Yeah?

BARBARA: My grandfather.

CAROL: I'm sorry.

BARBARA: No, it's OK...he was real old.

CAROL: Oh.

BARBARA: But it was still pretty awful.

CAROL: Yeah.

BARBARA: My mom, she was devastated.

CAROL: Was it an accident?

BARBARA: No, he'd been sick for a long time...but even still...it's one thing knowing it's gonna happen...and then it's a whole 'nother thing when it really happens...you know?

CAROL: Yeah...well, no...but I can imagine.

BARBARA: You've never been to a wake?

CAROL: Well, I've been to funerals...but I've never actually seen a...

BARBARA: Yeah, I know what you mean.

CAROL: ...This line is really crawling.

BARBARA: There's gotta be - what - fifty people still ahead of us.

CAROL: I had no idea.

BARBARA: Me neither. That's why I came. I was afraid there wouldn't be anyone here.

CAROL: Me, too. She was always so quiet in class. I guess I figured she didn't know that many people.

BARBARA: I didn't want her to be...

CAROL: Alone?

BARBARA: Uh-huh. But was I ever wrong. Look't all those people behind us! Go figure.

CAROL: Barbara?

BARBARA: Yeah?

CAROL: What's it - you know - like?

BARBARA: ...Well...it's not that bad really. It's kind of like looking at a doll...a sleeping doll. Have you ever been to a wax museum?

CAROL: Um...no.

BARBARA: ...OK...how 'bout...have you ever been to a theme park?

CAROL: Yeah.

BARBARA: Ever see those mechanical people? Like Lincoln in that House of Presidents?

CAROL: Yeah.

BARBARA: Well, it's like that...except for the movement.

CAROL: Oh. *(The girls smile awkwardly to acknowledge people in line.)* Barbara?

BARBARA: Yeah?

CAROL: Is it...scary?

BARBARA: No, not really. It's scary to *think* about more than actually *seeing*, if you know what I mean.

CAROL: ...My parents weren't sure it was a good idea...coming without them.

BARBARA: I know. Mine would've had to take off work and... well... they've never even met her.

CAROL: Mine either. But... she was there... every day. Even if we weren't friends, we were in the same class... doing the same homework... having some of the same... experiences. I just had to come.

BARBARA: *(nodding in agreement)* I feel so awful that I didn't get to know her better before... I feel like a terrible person, Carol.

CAROL: No Barbara, no! How could we have known? You can't be friends with everyone you meet! It's not like we were ever rude to her —

BARBARA: — or mean —

CAROL: — or anything!

BARBARA: No, I guess not.

CAROL: ...But... all things considered... I feel bad, too... not guilty, really... but definitely *bad*.

END OF FREE PREVIEW

Consequence

By

Deborah Karczewski

CAST: MAUREEN and TINA

(MAUREEN and TINA are sitting in two chairs facing front, which represents a car. MAUREEN pantomimes subtle driving motions throughout. TINA speaks to break the tense silence.)

TINA: I owe you one, Sis. **(MAUREEN, quietly enraged, does not answer.)** ...Sure am lucky that you showed up. **(no response)** ...I'll pay you back... honestly, Maureen... every last dime... or **(weak attempt at a joke)** we could consider it an early birthday present.

MAUREEN: Birthday *and* Christmas for a couple of *years*.

TINA: Sure. We could do that. **(no response)** I'm really, really sorry. I... I don't know what else to say.

MAUREEN: Good. Then shut up.

(There is a long, awkward silence.)

TINA: Maureen, Mr. Reynolds *said* that he knew you weren't involved. He *said* that he'd give me a break this time. So, it's all over, OK? Let's just forget about it, all right?

MAUREEN: I've never been so embarrassed in my entire life.

TINA: I'm SORRY - Geez!

MAUREEN: *You're giving me attitude? You?*

TINA: Well, how often do I have to apologize? I'm sorry! It'll never happen again! Can we drop it already?

MAUREEN: Tina, I could have been fired!

TINA: But you weren't!

MAUREEN: And that makes everything OK?

TINA: Well, doesn't it?

MAUREEN: NO! **(another awkward silence)** If you needed those clothes so badly, why didn't you just *ask* me?

Employees get a big discount! We could have put them on layaway! You could have asked me to *lend* you the money!

You could have asked Mom or Dad! But *shoplifting*?

TINA: Because I *didn't* need them so badly.

MAUREEN: Then why?

TINA: Because I *wanted* them so badly. That's why!

MAUREEN: **(shaking her head in amazement)** I am not hearing this!

TINA: Oh, now don't start sounding so high and mighty —

MAUREEN: — Tina, maybe - just maybe - I could understand you for stealing if we were poor - if we were starving!

Maybe I could understand if you were a little kid and didn't know any better! But you don't need to steal and you're in high school!

TINA: Would you lay off? I was just having a little fun. Nobody got hurt. What's the big deal?

MAUREEN: You know, it's a good thing I have to keep my hands on the steering wheel 'cause I feel like ripping out your hair! I - WORK - THERE!

TINA: That's why Mr. Reynolds let me off the hook! He said that since you were such a hot shot employee, he'd let me off with paying the bill and staying out of his store! See? Being the sister of Miss Perfect really paid off!

MAUREEN: Tina, I am busting my butt trying to help pay for college next year. Do you have any idea how hard it's been trying to keep up my grades *and* working all these hours? Now Mr. Reynolds will be watching me like a hawk. How can I make you see what you've done to me? Nobody got hurt? *I* got hurt!

TINA: **(beginning to show some guilt)** Sorry. **(awkward silence)** I know it was stupid - I do. It's just that I was bored and —

MAUREEN: — Bored? Bored? Try TV! Try video games! How 'bout reading a book? Hey, that's a unique thought!

TINA: **(deflated)** I know. You're right.

MAUREEN: And let's forget for a minute about how you could have gotten *me* fired. Let's forget about how stealing is sneaky and cowardly and immoral, OK? Let's concentrate on *you*. Stealing is against the law, you twit! Mr. Reynolds would have had every right to call the police!

TINA: (**tearful**) You think I don't know that? When I was alone in that office while Mr. Reynolds was out phoning you, I didn't know if I was going to be arrested or what! All I could think of was - would I have to go to reform school? Would this mess be in the newspapers? Would I have to pick up garbage on the highway for community service? Don't look at me like I'm an idiot, Maureen. I was scared out of my skin!

MAUREEN: Well, sorry if I don't feel too much pity. (**awkward Pause**) ...Actually... to be honest... I'm sorta *glad* to see you so upset.

TINA: (**quietly**) What a pal.

MAUREEN: No - seriously. What got me the angriest was that you were acting so... cool... like none of this had any effect on you.

END OF FREE PREVIEW

Surprise Sister

By

Deborah Karcewski

CAST: LEEZA and STEPHANIE

LEEZA: Stephanie?

STEPHANIE: Leeza?

LEEZA: So... you did come.

STEPHANIE: Yup...

LEEZA: Oh - sorry... Come on in.

STEPHANIE: You sure?

LEEZA: Yeah, come on in.

STEPHANIE: Is anybody... are they...

LEEZA: ...No, it's OK. Mom and Dad are out.

STEPHANIE: (**entering**) OK... thanks... Nice house.

LEEZA: Yeah well... thanks... Have a seat.

STEPHANIE: (**sitting**) OK... thanks. (**LEEZA giggles.**) What?

LEEZA: Nothing... I'm sorry... It's just that we keep thanking each other. Sounds weird.

STEPHANIE: (**giggling nervously**) I guess we're kinda looking for —

LEEZA: —the right thing to say.

STEPHANIE: Yeah.

LEEZA: Listen... I... I'm glad you called.

STEPHANIE: Really?

LEEZA: Really.

STEPHANIE: Because I was afraid you'd —

LEEZA: — Freak out?

STEPHANIE: Yeah and —

LEEZA: — Hang up?

STEPHANIE: ...This is so - how do I put this - like a dream. I thought about what it'd be like. I didn't know if I'd hug you - or cry - or run away.

LEEZA: Me too.

STEPHANIE: ...But it's...

LEEZA: What?

STEPHANIE: ...sorta nice... you know? It's kinda...

LEEZA: ...familiar?

STEPHANIE: ...Yeah.

LEEZA: I was afraid it was a big mistake. I thought that maybe they gave you the wrong person, the wrong address. I thought... maybe you were just some crank, some nut case. But... this is real, isn't it?

STEPHANIE: ...I think so... Did you tell her?

LEEZA: No. I thought you'd rather tell her yourself.

STEPHANIE: Thanks.

LEEZA: Sure.

STEPHANIE: ...You do look a lot like me. It's strange. And we even —

LEEZA: — think alike?
STEPHANIE: Yeah...
LEEZA: ...Um... are you hungry?
STEPHANIE: No thanks. I'm OK... Do I look like her?
LEEZA: Mom?
STEPHANIE: Um-hmm.

END OF FREE PREVIEW

Freshman Trap

By
Deborah Karczewski

CAST: JOSIE and MARSHA

(JOSIE walks in SL and goes to her locker, real or pantomimed. SHE looks at it in surprise, puts down her book bag, and searches the floor. Then SHE stands, opens her locker and gasps.)

JOSIE: What the heck? Whose stuff is this?

(As JOSIE scrutinizes the contents of her locker, MARSHA, dressed unconservatively, enters SR.)

MARSHA: Problem?

JOSIE: I... um... Do you know who all this belongs to, Marsha?

MARSHA: Sure do.

JOSIE: ...Well... who?

MARSHA: Me.

JOSIE: ...But this is my locker.

MARSHA: **(opening her purse for a nail file)** Yes, I know that.

JOSIE: ...Do you... Have you seen my lock?

MARSHA: Mmm-hmm.

JOSIE: ...Well... Where is it?

MARSHA: You see, Poopsie —

JOSIE: — It's Josie —

MARSHA: You see, Poopsie, you're in high school, now. It's a whole different world here.

JOSIE: I'm beginning to see that.

MARSHA: In middle school the kids don't push their locks all the way closed. That way they don't have to go through the whole ordeal of going through the locker combination in between classes.

JOSIE: That's true.

MARSHA: But here in high school, if you leave your lock like that, you could be robbed. You see?

JOSIE: Well... thanks. I'll remember that.

MARSHA: Any time, Poopsie. That's why I've decided to let you be my "go-for." No need to thank me again.

JOSIE: Your gopher?

MARSHA: **(filing her nails)** Um-hmm.

JOSIE: I... I'm not sure I understand.

MARSHA: Listen, Poopsie. I'm a senior, right?

JOSIE: Yes.

MARSHA: And you - you're a freshman.

JOSIE: OK, but —

MARSHA: — *I'm* in the market for someone to, let's say, help me make my senior year more, shall we say, more comfortable.

JOSIE: But —

MARSHA: — And you, Poopsie - *you* need someone to show you the ropes. There's all sorts of traps just waiting for innocent freshmen to fall right into. For example - how much did you pay for your pool pass?

JOSIE: Oh, well, one of the senior boys offered me a really great deal. He said that his brother decided to go to a private school at the last minute, so I could have his pool pass for half price.

MARSHA: Uh-huh. How much?

JOSIE: Only five dollars, but I told him I'd have to wait 'till tomorrow 'cause I didn't have the cash on me.

MARSHA: Sit down, Poopsie.

(The girls sit on the floor and lean back on their lockers.)

JOSIE: It's, uh, Josie. Do you think I blew the deal, Marsha?

MARSHA: Kid, this high school doesn't *have* a swimming pool.

JOSIE: It doesn't?

MARSHA: No.

JOSIE: Gosh, maybe I *do* need someone to hang me by the ropes.

MARSHA: *Show* you the ropes.

JOSIE: Yeah... but what's a gopher? I thought it was some animal that gets into the garden.

MARSHA: Not that kind of gopher! The kind that fetches! You know, a go-for. Like go-for this and go-for that. Go-for a cup of coffee 'cause I'm thirsty. Or go-for my homework 'cause I left it in study hall.

JOSIE: Oh! A go-for!...But... why are your things in my locker?

MARSHA: Well, Poopsie, since I've agreed to be your bodyguard, I thought it would help us both out if I moved some of my stuff in. On the one hand, being a senior, I have way too much stuff to fit in one locker. Look. ***(MARSHA stands and indicates items in JOSIE's locker.)*** There's my portable CD player, my makeup case, my curling iron... That's my diary over there... Oh, and those are the clothes my mom saw me wearing when I left. Of course, I keep my real clothes in my bookbag and change as soon as I get off the bus.

JOSIE: But how does this help *me*?

MARSHA: Silly girl. Do you think the upperclassmen will push smoking paper scraps through the slats of your locker if they know *my* belongings are in there? Would anyone *dare* to spray paint a locker that *I* share? Being lockermates with me is better than getting an electric alarm system!

JOSIE: I... uh... appreciate your help, but... um... maybe I should... uh... learn to stand up on my own. I mean... maybe... if I show that I'm not afraid... well maybe... they won't bother picking on me.

MARSHA: Ever hear of a swirlie?

END OF FREE PREVIEW

Who's the Loser Now?

by

Deborah Karczewski

CAST: DONNA and LESLIE

(LESLIE and DONNA are sitting on a living room floor and laughing hysterically. They seem giddy as if under the influence of drugs or alcohol.)

DONNA: ***(giggling)*** Shhhhh. We'll wake up my family.

LESLIE: ***(trying to stifle laughter)*** I can't help it - you're just too funny! And then what did he say?

DONNA: Well, so then he said, ***(mimicking someone with a stuffy nose)*** "You just want to be friends? Fine. I don't need a ten ton truck falling on my head to get the point!" And he stepped on the gas and rammed smack into the "no parking" sign! ***(Both girls roll with laughter.)*** Shhhh, Leslie!

LESLIE: Oops! Sorry! Man, you are such a riot! When I went to that lame party, I thought, "Like ewwwwwww, what a bunch of losers."

DONNA: Me too. What a drag.

LESLIE: I mean, what was she thinking? She invited every lowlife in the school!

DONNA: And the music?

LESLIE: Ugh, bor-ing! ***(DONNA giggles in agreement.)*** Who would've guessed that you and I would, you know, hit it off?

DONNA: Yeah, we've always sorta hung out with different crowds.

LESLIE: I never even thought you knew I, like, existed.

DONNA: ***(giggling)*** Sure I did, you goof! I guess we just went in different directions, traveled different paths, if you catch my drift.

LESLIE: Yeah, you've always been one of the "popular kids." No insult intended.

DONNA: Oh, I'm not that popular.

LESLIE: Let's be honest, honey. You've got the brains, the guys, the looks —

DONNA: — Now wait a minute - You're pretty cute yourself.

LESLIE: Oh, I know. It's just that the school is - what am I trying to say - the school is divided into three classes.

DONNA: ***(giggling)*** English, history, and bio?

LESLIE: (**giggling**) I'm serious, Donna! No, it's the popular kids, the regular kids, and the lowlifes.

DONNA: The lowlifes?

LESLIE: Yeah. You're in the popular crowd. I'm one of the regulars, and then there's the lowlife losers: the dweebs, the blacks, the Hispanics, the Jews, the retards... you know. But like anyway, I was really glad when you suggested we split that party and invited me over. I didn't even know where you lived before!

DONNA: (**giggling**) Yeah, well I thought it'd be more fun than watching Ol' Nasal Nose drooling as I walked by.

LESLIE: I hear you! What an idiot! He really drove into the street sign?

DONNA: He didn't know he had shifted into reverse! (**The girls react with peals of laughter.**) OK, so now you tell me about your weirdest date.

LESLIE: Oh, I don't even have to think about this one. It's gotta be Ted the Meathead.

DONNA: Ted Goldman?

LESLIE: (**laughing**) The one and only. What a sucker!

DONNA: Wasn't he suspended this week for a locker full of drugs?

LESLIE: (**laughing**) Yup, that's the one.

END OF FREE PREVIEW

Rambo-Ella

by

Deborah Karczewski

CAST: TWO and ONE

(Girl ONE, terrified, runs onto the bare stage representing woods. SHE is chased a few paces later by Girl TWO who hurls herself on Girl ONE's back, tackling her to the ground. A struggle ensues during which grunts and gasps are heard. TWO turns ONE face up and, sitting on her, pins ONE's arms above her head.)

TWO: (**screaming**) You slut! You half-eaten worm! I hate you!

ONE: (**panic stricken**) What is going on? It was just dinner and dancing!

TWO: You lying scum! Danny doesn't dance!

ONE: Well, he did with me!

TWO: Yeah? And what else did he do with you? Huh? Did you do it on the first date? Didja? Or have there been more of these secret little meetings?

ONE: (**struggling to get up but not succeeding**) No! This was our first date! All we did was get a burger and dance at the club! I swear!

TWO: Danny doesn't dance!

ONE: (**screaming back**) Well he did with me!

(There is a long stare-down. Finally, Girl TWO jumps off of Girl ONE but stands as if ready to pounce. ONE gets up painfully, rubbing her bruises and picking off leaves.)

ONE: What the heck is wrong with you? (**no answer**) Are you out of your mind? (**no answer**) Who do you think you are anyway?

TWO: (**quietly**) ... I'm Danny's girlfriend.

ONE: Well yeah, I sort of figured that one out.

TWO: I don't let anyone mess with Danny. You hear?

ONE: I hear.

TWO: Yeah?

ONE: Yeah, but read my lips : all - we - did - was get a burger and go dancing. And besides, I had no idea Danny even had a girlfriend!

TWO: Well, he does.

ONE: OK, fine. I get the point. So Rambo-ella, Rambo-ina, Rambo-ette or whatever your name is, can I leave or what? (**no answer**) Can you see how ridiculous this is? (**no answer**) Look, I get assaulted by a female lunatic as I'm walking up my driveway, dragged into the woods behind my house, thrown to the ground - enough already! I'm outa here!

TWO: (**stepping to block Girl ONE from exiting**) Wait.

ONE: What now?

TWO: ... How'd it happen?

ONE: Give me a break! What does it matter how it happened? He's all yours. I'm not interested, OK? I don't need to be a rocket scientist to realize that a second date might not be a good idea! OK?

TWO: **(with a new, pained, and pathetic tone)** Please?

ONE: **(After studying Girl TWO for a while, Girl ONE's anger melts, and SHE sits on the ground.)** I've gotta be nuts.

TWO: **(sitting)** ...Please?

ONE: **(sighing)** ...It's really not a big deal. In fact it's a *total* not big deal. I was walking my dog... wearing my headphones... and I guess I didn't realize I was moving to the music. When I looked up, this guy was watching me. One thing led to another, and he asked me out. We had a burger, a couple-a dances, and that's it. Then he dropped me off at the bottom of my driveway, and I practically get my brains splattered by you know who.... OK?... It's over... Let's get outa here. These woods are giving me the creeps... Lucky for us the stars are out or else... **(Girl TWO puts her face in her hands as SHE is now crying.) (kindly)** Oh man... listen... it's OK. I'm not going to... like... tell anybody about this. OK? **(no answer)** Look... I'm sorry that he - that I - that we hurt your feelings. OK? **(no answer)** Take my advice and... and dump the guy. You don't need this, you know?

TWO: I'm pregnant.

ONE: What?

TWO: ...I went to his house to *tell* him... and I saw him walk out all dressed up. It was weird 'cause I've never seen him wearing anything but baggy jeans. I couldn't get up the nerve to talk to him, so I sort of... followed him. I lost track of him a couple of times, but I was able to tail him to your house. **(Girl TWO takes on a lost and helpless tone)** ...What am I going to do?

END OF FREE PREVIEW