

DUCK HAMMER

By D. Brent Holland

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ISBN: 978-1-64479-238-4

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DUCK HAMMER

A Comedic Duet

By D. Brent Holland

SYNOPSIS: Vince goes to his friend, Brett, and gets some of the worst dating advice of all time.

TIME: Present

SETTING: Pretty much anywhere.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(2 males)

VINCE (m).....A self-realized and shallow male who has problems with the other sex. *(90 lines)*

BRETT (m).....Vince's friend. Probably just giving Vince a hard time, but who knows? *(94 lines)*

PROPS: 2 Cell phones

DIRECTOR'S NOTES: This is inspired from an actual conversation I had with a former theatre student, and I was 100 percent totally giving him a hard time. So, a thank you goes out to Vincent Costagliola, currently stationed in Alaska as a part of the USAF, for putting up with me when you asked for serious advice.

AT START: *When the lights come up, VINCE is approaching BRETT with something important.*

VINCE: Dude, I have problems.

BRETT: You're just figuring that out?

VINCE: I mean, current problems.

BRETT: So, all that other stuff of yours is in the past?

VINCE: Shut up. I have the opposite problem I usually have.

BRETT: You have reverse rectal bleeding?

VINCE: What? No. I have a girl that's interested in me.

BRETT: Is she blind?

VINCE: She obviously has great taste.

BRETT: The one that likes you?

VINCE: Yes!

BRETT: I must have missed something. She's into you, she's got great taste, and she knows what you look like?

VINCE just stares at BRETT.

BRETT: What's the problem then?

VINCE: She's really nice and all, and I feel really bad, but I'm just not into her like that.

BRETT: Why?

VINCE: Why do you think?

BRETT: Does she not speak English? Is she in prison?

VINCE: It's hard to put a finger on.

BRETT: She's hard to put a finger on?

VINCE: What? No!

BRETT: Then what's the problem?

VINCE: She's not my type.

BRETT is stumped.

BRETT: You have a type?

VINCE: Of course I have a type! I totally like smoking hot, shallow girls with a garbage personality, but rise to the level of eye candy. Duh. I'm going to have to friend zone her.

BRETT: What's the issue? Is she ugly?

VINCE: Well, no. But it's just...

BRETT: Then start dating her and see her inner beauty.

VINCE: Yeah, right. I hate sounding like an asshole, but I'm not about that. That's crap advice.

BRETT: I think it's about time you kill the duck with a hammer.

VINCE: Do what?

BRETT: Kill the duck with a hammer.

VINCE: What do you mean by that?

BRETT: It means to "do the right thing."

VINCE: No, it doesn't.

BRETT: It's an old saying.

VINCE: How could that possibly mean to do the right thing? Use it in a sentence.

BRETT: I guess the grass isn't going to mow itself... time to kill the duck with a hammer.

VINCE: I've never heard that saying.

BRETT: It was pretty common back in the day.

VINCE: Did you grow up in the 1600's or something?

BRETT: My friends all use that in text. I just send the emoji of a mallard duck and follow it with a hammer. *(Uses his phone to do so... pause.)* Oops. I didn't mean to send that.

VINCE: That's a duck and a syringe.

BRETT: *(Sending the right one.)* There. Forget the first one. Don't draw blood from a duck. That sounds gruesome.

VINCE: And murdering it with a hammer isn't?

BRETT: It's not the same thing.

VINCE: How?

BRETT: Needles.

VINCE: You're scared of needles?

BRETT: Of course not. But sticking a duck with one would be cruel.

VINCE: But you're saying that if I killed one with a hammer, that wouldn't be cruel.

BRETT: Correct. Killing a duck with a hammer would be "doing the right thing."

VINCE: So, I should, as you say, kill the duck with a hammer and date this girl. You're saying I should date a girl, who totally isn't my type.

BRETT: Considering your type is, by your own description, shallow... then yeah.

A moment passes.

BRETT: Try something new.

VINCE: Dude. I'm not physically attracted to this girl at all.

BRETT: So?

VINCE stares at him in disbelief.

BRETT: Maybe you will be in a week or two.

VINCE: That's doubtful.

BRETT: Give it six months. If you're not into her in six months, you probably never will be and then you can bail.

VINCE: I need to friend zone her.

BRETT: Nah. You can just fake your death. After six months, you can't friend zone her.

VINCE: No, no, no, no. I'm not going to date a girl I'm not into for six months. Well, not again anyways.

BRETT: I was just about to remind you of her.

VINCE: I'm saying I need to friend zone her now.

BRETT: This may be just what the doctor ordered.

VINCE: Should I ask Allison how to friend zone her? She's an expert at it. I should know.

BRETT: Nah. Take the girl and say this: "Right now, I'm not really into you... but I have some hope that will pass and we can be a pretty sweet duo. Imma give it six months and see if you grow on me. Now let's go get something to eat."

VINCE: I don't want to date someone I don't think is totally hot. I'd rather be in a toxic relationship with eye candy and a garbage personality.

BRETT: That's honesty at a pretty unusual level, compadre.

VINCE: I am what I am.

BRETT: But it's only six months. In a life that should last in excess of eighty years, six months is not too much to ask for.

VINCE: Dude.

BRETT: You can have a different girl on the side, maybe one that's more like your normal type or maybe another experimental relationship. It's a win/win.

VINCE: That makes no sense whatsoever.

BRETT: Kill the duck with a hammer, dude.

VINCE: Are you hinting at the fact that you want me to stop coming to you with my problems.

BRETT: Not a bit. You'd know if that were the case. (*Texts duck and hammer to VINCE.*)

VINCE: Yeah, yeah... duck hammer. (*Texts emojis back.*)

BRETT: What does that mean?

VINCE: It means "Cut the crap."

BRETT: It's a guy getting a haircut and a poop emoji. You're saying I should try to trim my hair while dropping a deuce?

VINCE: Cut the crap!

BRETT: My hairstylist wouldn't go for that at all.

VINCE: (*After a beat.*) I think I've made it very clear that I am really, really picky.

BRETT: That's still in the air. You have a track record. Your track record makes it seem that you aren't that picky at all.

VINCE: I'm going to friend zone her, dude.

BRETT: She already has a dude? Why would you want to be friends with that guy?

VINCE: I'm going to friend zone her, comma, dude.

BRETT: I was about to ask if I knew the guy.

VINCE: Do I just be like... "You're not exactly what I'm looking for, and I'm shallow, so... nah."?

BRETT: No.

VINCE: Then what should I say?

BRETT: You should whomp that duck with a hammer and say, "Sup my less-than-ideal chica, wanna go back to the crib and make some real big cookies"?

VINCE: (*Getting his phone back out.*) Hang on, let me try that.

BRETT: For real?

VINCE: NO! I'm not sending that! (*Typing on his phone.*) I just googled "killing the duck with a hammer" and nothing showed up.

BRETT: Heresy!

VINCE: See? (*Showing him the phone.*)

BRETT: You must have googled it wrong.

VINCE: What should I have googled?

BRETT: Try “why dating a different type of girl is good for my self-esteem and well-being.”

VINCE: No thanks.

BRETT: You will be enlightened.

VINCE: I don’t even want to imagine the ads I’d get on my phone if I Google searched that. Big brother would think I have lost my mind.

BRETT: It’s like eating Peruvian food from a can. It’s alright, but by no means the same as being in Lima.

VINCE: Are we still talking about the same thing?

BRETT: We’re talking about you dating a girl you don’t find beautiful at the cost of being shallow, right?

VINCE: She’s not my type! Maybe she is totally beautiful to someone else! I’m just not into her!

BRETT: Same difference.

VINCE: No. That’s like saying Hitler was not nice. It doesn’t give the whole picture.

BRETT: I thought you said she wasn’t ugly.

VINCE: I mean, she doesn’t look like a capybara or something.

BRETT: A capybara?

VINCE: Yeah. It’s a...

BRETT: I know what it is. That’s just a weird comparison. Odd choice of words.

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