

JUST CLONING AROUND

A Ten-Minute Comedy Duet

by
David Burton



BROOKLYN PUBLISHERS, LLC

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CAST: GEORGE and CLONE

SETTING: The hospital, following GEORGE's cloning operation

GEORGE: Yes doctor, I'm doing fine. I feel a bit drained, but I guess that's to be expected. What's that? It's all over? You've completed the surgery? Was it successful, Doc? Were you able to clone me? **(pause)** Yes? So there's actually a clone of 'yours truly'? Wow! Another George Foster... Huh? He wants to see me? My clone wants to meet me? No, I don't need to wait until tomorrow. I'm not that tired. Well, I'm tired, but at this moment, curiosity is the stronger emotion. Go ahead and send him...correction, send *me* in. Hey, that sounds pretty bizarre. Send me in to meet myself. What a novel concept! I'll never have to use a mirror again. This should be a momentous occasion. I'm not so sure the world deserves another one of me. But hey, I guess everyone has to do his part in making the world a better place. Thanks again, Doc. Later. **(pause, gets up and paces)** Boy, I'm nervous. What if this guy is ugly? What if he's a nerd? I always seemed perfectly acceptable. But I've never been able to sit back objectively and observe myself.

CLONE: **(enters)** Hi there, pal.

GEORGE: Whoa! Unbelievable! It's really me...I mean, it's really you. I mean...

CLONE: **(turns like he's modeling)** Are you impressed?

GEORGE: That's an understatement. You're...You're...

CLONE: What?

GEORGE: Incredible **(hugs the CLONE)** I always knew I was good looking. You should have been a male-supermodel. You are one gorgeous guy!

CLONE: Uh...George.

GEORGE: You're beautiful, man!

CLONE: Well, thanks. But if it's all the same to you, let's stick to adjectives like handsome, rugged, good-looking. Those allusions to femininity make me a bit...

GEORGE: Nervous?

CLONE: Yes.

GEORGE: I certainly understand. I feel the same way.

CLONE: Of course you do. We're essentially identical.

GEORGE: True. Suppose my head is still a bit cloudy from the surgery.

CLONE: That's okay. You'll be your old self again soon. Scrapin' up those women with a spatula!

GEORGE: Hey! I always use that phrase.

CLONE: So do I.

GEORGE: Well, it sounds kinda' dumb when you say it.

CLONE: What do you mean?

GEORGE: Nothing. You just sound like a backwoods hillbilly when you talk that way.

CLONE: But that's your favorite saying.

GEORGE: Only when I'm saying it.

CLONE: Hate to shock you into reality, George. There's no discernible difference in the way we talk. Same voice...same inflection...same body language. Face it. I'm you, buddy boy.

GEORGE: You're a copy. It's like videotapes. Any copies you make decrease the quality of the original. Not that you're a bad copy.

CLONE: News flash, George. I had a long talk with the doctor. I'm made from your D.N.A.. I am no cheap copy. I'm part of you. More appropriately, I am you. Or maybe you're me.

GEORGE: You'd better learn your place, Clone Boy, or I'll have that doctor put you back.

CLONE: In your dreams, George! I'm not your private property. I'm as real as you, and nobody's pushing me into oblivion. Put a temporary hold on that gigantic ego of yours.

GEORGE: Let's not move into the absurd. You know good and well that the doctors just created you. I'm the one that's been alive. I've had all the experiences. I'm the one who goes to work each day. Who endured all the hard times in my life? I did. Who worked his way through college? I did...I'm responsible for my accomplishments, not you. You have to agree with that.

CLONE: Well, I don't.

GEORGE: What? Are you crazy?

CLONE: Shouldn't you say, "Are we crazy"? Despite what you think, I've had every experience you've had. It's not like they put me on a zerox machine and ran a ditto. They took me from you. I'm as much you as you are.

GEORGE: Hardly!

CLONE: I've been through everything, the same as you. Do you remember the high school prom? Senior year?

GEORGE: What a dream...Nellie Corkle. I remember like it was yesterday. Her lips tasted just like...

BOTH: Strawberries.

GEORGE: Hey!

CLONE: What?

GEORGE: That's a bit personal.

CLONE: I know. It's one of my most cherished memories.

GEORGE: I'm not sure if I like this. Nellie and I...That was a one-on-one kind of thing.

CLONE: Well, like it or not, I was there. Sounds more like a threesome, George.

GEORGE: Nellie would smack you for saying that.

CLONE: She *did* smack me...or us. Of course, that was for *biting* her ear instead of nibbling on it.

GEORGE: I was inexperienced!

CLONE: You were stupid!

GEORGE: Let's not talk about that. It's depressing. She never let me kiss her after that night.

CLONE: Us...I was deprived of her kisses too, George. No Nellie lip-locks because *you* couldn't distinguish an ear from a roast beef sandwich.

GEORGE: I thought you and I shared *all* our experiences. That means you bit Nellie's ear as well.

CLONE: No, you must have been alone for that one.

GEORGE: Huh?

CLONE: Somehow when the doc cloned you, he must have forgotten to clone your stupid side.

GEORGE: I hope I'm not looking into a mirror here. You're totally obnoxious.

CLONE: Of course. You and I have always been like that. Do you remember the little joke we played on Jimmy back in 7th grade?

GEORGE: Sure. Too bad about what happened. He should have been more careful.

CLONE: Ha! Who do you think you're talking to? You're the reason Jimmy spent two months in the hospital. Just because no one found out doesn't mean you...

GEORGE: You mean *we*.

CLONE: No. In this case, I'll be happy to give you full credit.

GEORGE: Geesh, what a total jerk! I've never disliked myself before now.

CLONE: It's like watching home movies of yourself, isn't it? We've always liked being wise guys.

GEORGE: This is spooky. Can't say I like it, you sharing intimate dates from my past...knowing the shame of my deep, dark secrets. Maybe I'll pay to reverse the surgery.

CLONE: Fat chance! I already told ya', I'm not going anywhere. Besides, I've been around exactly as long as you have...in a manner of speaking. If anyone needs to disappear, I elect you. Give me a few of the credit cards, and I'll do fine on my own.

GEORGE: **(shaking head)** I didn't think you'd be so disagreeable.

CLONE: Seems to run in the family.

GEORGE: I don't understand. If we have identical D.N.A., if we're essentially the same, why would we ever argue? Wouldn't we think the same way?

CLONE: We do. I mean, we share the same intellectual and emotional level. To any given situation, we would tend to react the same way. But as of the time we split, our individual experiences started affecting us differently. For instance, while you slept this afternoon, I conversed with the doc. I understand more about this cloning process than you do. At least for now.

BOTH: We'll just have to be careful. **(beat)** I'm talking here. **(beat)** I hate that! **(pause)** Listen...**(pause)** You don't...I can't...

GEORGE: Can I speak alone for a moment?

CLONE: The floor is yours.

GEORGE: You never answered my question. If we're identical, why do we disagree on everything?

CLONE: Because we're both disagreeable people. We're each a little selfish and self-centered. We both want things to be to our own advantage.

GEORGE: I don't buy that. I'm not disagreeable or selfish.

CLONE: It's the main reason your first marriage failed. You know that.

GEORGE: There are lots of reasons my marriage failed.

CLONE: Yes, but you know deep inside that you ruined things with Mary by never giving in...by always having to get your way. You know you blew it, George.

END OF PLAY