

MY NAME IS TAMMY

By Jerry Rabushka

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MY NAME IS TAMMY

A Ten Minute Comedy Duet

By Jerry Rabushka

SYNOPSIS: Cree and Tammy are sharing space at a coffee shop; she gets a phone call that's not for her but refuses to simply hang up. Rather than move away, Cree opts to try to study next to her but as time goes on she starts to drive him nuts and eventually pull him into her bizarre conversation.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(1 female, 1 male)

CREE (m)..... A college student studying for an exam. *(32 lines)*

TAMMY (f) A young lady oblivious to his need for her to be quiet.
(33 lines)

COSTUMES

CREE – Is informal student-conservative—t-shirt or buttons, jeans, nothing flashy.

TAMMY – Is flamboyant, and she's very distracting in everything she does, including her attire.

SETTING: A coffee shop.

PROPS

- ☐ Biology Textbook
- ☐ Pen and Paper
- ☐ Cell Phone

SOUND EFFECTS

- ☐ Phone Rings

SET

There's a table between the comfy chairs, and on the whole it seems this is designed for two people that are "together" to occupy these chairs, so that it puts people uncomfortably close if they're not acquainted.

AUTHOR'S NOTE: Have fun with it!

Do Not Copy

AT RISE: *CREE is in a comfy chair reading a large textbook. He is occasionally making/taking notes, studying for an exam. Shortly after, TAMMY enters and sits in a comfy chair nearby. CREE not thrilled about TAMMY, but since it's not his chair, he'll make do. TAMMY has a cell phone with her, shortly after she sits down SFX: Phone rings, TAMMY answers. The more she talks, the more visibly annoyed CREE becomes.*

TAMMY: Hello... What? I can't hear you. (*Louder.*) I said I can't hear you! ... No, I heard you say "what did you say," but before that, I didn't hear that.... No... I don't think you have the right number. You need to talk to someone else. Uh... okay...

To CREE, who isn't particularly interested and trying to ignore her, which is practically impossible.

Wrong number.

She puts the phone down, and there's a short uncomfortable silence—she looks to him as if he'll talk to her, and he gives her a look and goes back to his book—after which the phone rings again. CREE subtly registers annoyance.

Hello?...What? I still can't hear you. Oh... No, that's not me. My name is Tammy.... (*Louder.*) I said, my name is Tammy. I don't think I can help. I said, my name is Tammy! ...you want what? Oh... I see, (*Thinks it over.*) maybe you need to talk to someone whose name isn't Tammy.

CREE about jumps out of his chair, then tries to settle down.

No... I said my name is Tammy! Oh... Josette? That doesn't sound anything like Tammy. (*To CREE.*) Do you know a Josette?

CREE does not answer.

Nope, he doesn't know Josette either. My name is-... then why did you ask if you already knew? (*To CREE.*) Are you sure you don't know where Josette is?

CREE: (*Not looking at her.*) France, I guess.

TAMMY: He says why don't you try France... oh, you already did? (*To CREE.*) He already did. (*Into phone.*) Maybe Italy can help. Well no, they don't speak French there. Scratch that.

CREE: (*At the end of his rope.*) Will you go away or hang that up?

TAMMY: I have to go, bye! (*To CREE.*) Why did you make me hang up? I was trying to find Josette.

CREE: She's not here.

TAMMY: (*Explaining as if he's five years old.*) I know that. That's why I'm trying to find her.

CREE: How can you find her if you don't know who she is?

TAMMY: How big can France be? Why are you so sure that-

CREE: I'm trying to read. I have to study for an exam.

TAMMY: Oh... (*Pause.*) Am I bothering you?

CREE: What do you think?

TAMMY: I'm not even talking to you! I'm talking to this guy.

SFX: Phone rings.

See, here he is again.

CREE: (*Like he's trying to talk a gunman out of shooting.*) Tammy? Tammy, put it down.

TAMMY puts the phone down slowly and it stops ringing.

TAMMY: How did you know my name? You're nosy.

CREE: Through no fault of my own.

TAMMY: What's *your* name?

CREE: I'm afraid to tell you. You might try to find me later. In France.

TAMMY: No really, what is it?

CREE: (*Resigned that she won't stop.*) It's Cree.

TAMMY: Nice to meet you. My name is Tammy.

CREE: (*Overreacting, never wants to hear that again.*) I know! (*Calming down, seeing she doesn't understand his reaction.*) I know.

TAMMY: What kind of name is Cree?

CREE: It's *my* name, that's what kind it is.

TAMMY: If it's *your* name, you should know what kind it is.

CREE: It's just my name. Like your name is Tammy. But not that often.

TAMMY: Is it French? (*Great idea.*) Maybe you can find Josette.

CREE: It's a Native American tribe. Cree. It's very subtle and distinctive and only to be shared with people who need to know. Not with random people on the phone who are looking for random other people in other countries. Maybe you should call an international detective agency. I'm very busy and under a lot of pressure.

TAMMY: Why don't you move?

CREE: Move? To what, France?

TAMMY: Away from me. If I'm bothering you. Anybody can sit anywhere.

CREE: This is my spot. It's always my spot. And you should respect my spot.

TAMMY: Okay. (*After a pause.*) So what do you want to do about Josette?

CREE: Nothing. She isn't even real! I came to a nice quiet coffee house like I always do to have a nice quiet place to study and you won't allow it.

TAMMY: (*After a pause.*) Cree.

CREE: Cree.

TAMMY: What are you reading? I like romance.

CREE: It's biology.

TAMMY: Oh. So it's birds and bees. It's romance, but scientific!

CREE: You could say that.

TAMMY: I did say it. (*Pause, looks over at the book.*) What a boring book. (*Another pause.*) What if you and I started a romance?

CREE: I need to study.

TAMMY: We're just getting to know each other. Let's turn to the romance page and see if it talks about...us.

CREE: I'm studying the digestive system. And right now, mine is backing up.

TAMMY: Did you get to the intestines yet?

CREE: No. I'm still on the esophagus.

SFX: Phone rings again.

TAMMY: Oh here they are again.

CREE looks at her, exasperated.

You don't want me to get it, do you?

CREE: It might be the end of our romance, but I think you should risk it.

TAMMY: I'll just put a stop to it. *(She picks up and starts talking immediately.)* Look, you can't keep calling me. There's this guy here trying to study and he wants me to be quiet. He's kinda being controlling, yeah. I told you... my name is *(Something stops her.)* oh... *(To CREE.)* It's for you.

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